The Bookman

VOLUME XXXIX.

OCTOBER, 1910—MARCH, 1911.

London:

HODDER AND STOUGHTON,

WARWICK SQUARE, E.C.

CONTENTS.

OCTOBER, 1910—MARCH, 1911.

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VOLUME XL.

APRIL—SEPTEMBER, 1911.

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The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 232. VOL. XXXIX. Subscription rate 8s. per annum post free. JANUARY, 1911. PRICE SIXPENCE. Published Monthly.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

The February BOOKMAN will be a William Morris Number, and will contain special articles on Morris and his work by Edward Thomas and Holbrook Jackson. Other important articles in the February number will include "Lord Acton's 'French Revolution,'" by Dr. William Barry; "Goldsmith," by T. E. Page; "William Sharp," by Arthur Ransome; "The Beaux and the Dandies," by Lewis Melville; "Douglas Jerrold and *Punch*"; "The Views of Vanoc," "Overland to India," by Archibald R. Colquhoun, etc., etc.

Mr. Heinemann is publishing cheap editions of Mrs. Garnett's translations of Tolstoy's "Anna Karenine" and "War and Peace."

Most of the volumes included in Mr. Frôwde's "World's Classics" series are reprints. One that was not is Mr. Aylmer Maude's translation of Tolstoy's "Essays and Letters," which first appeared in the series about seven years ago, and reached a second impression in the year following. These "Essays and Letters" are of particular value as revealing very frankly and clearly much of Tolstoy's innermost self, his ideals and beliefs, his views on religion, on life, death and eternity, and his thoughts on this world, its social wrongs and the ways in which they can and must be righted. In none of his writings, perhaps, has Tolstoy been more outspoken than in these, the publication of nearly two-thirds of which has been prohibited in Russia.

The *Century Magazine* is now published in this country by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. In the forty years of its existence the *Century* has won a place for itself that is second to none of the American magazines in point of artistic and literary excellence as well as of popularity. Probably no American magazine has ever met with greater success on this side of the Atlantic. The January number contains long instalments of Robert Hichens's new serial, "The Dweller on the Threshold," and of A. C. McGiffert's vividly dramatic Life of Martin Luther; an article by Madame Maeterlinck on her performance of "Pelleas et Mélisande"; and short stories and miscellaneous articles by well-known authors. The *Century* has always been noted for its illustrations, and the artists who will supply its colour-plates and other pictures during the present year include Joseph Pennell, Arthur Rackham, Charles

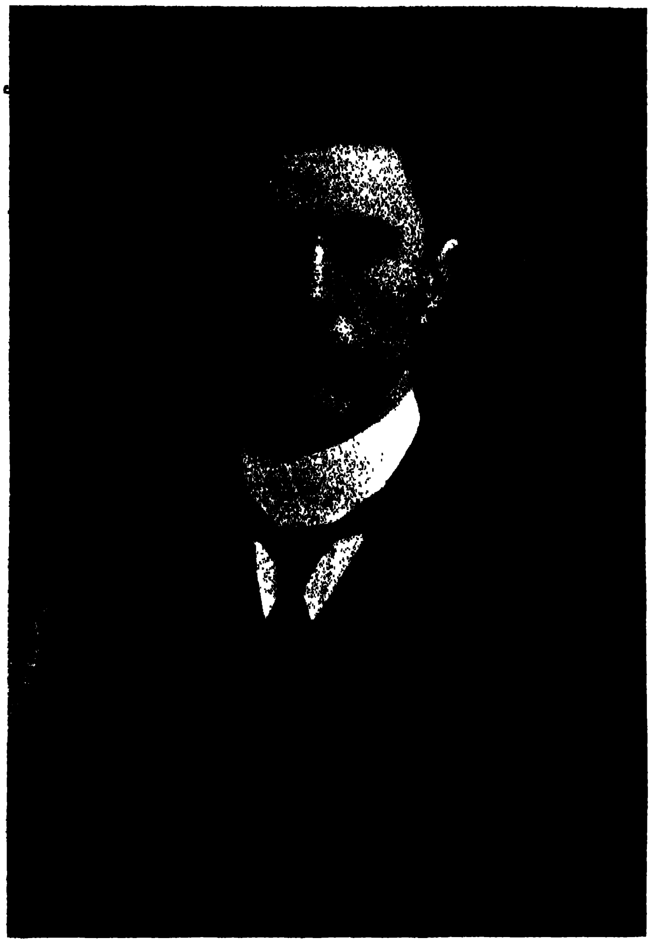


Photo by J. Russell & Son. **Mr. R. A. Scott-James,**
Literary Editor of the *Daily News*, whose new book, "An Englishman in Ireland," is reviewed on p. 202.

Dana Gibson, André Castaigne, and other such famous workers with brush and pencil. The programme for the year is of exceptional interest, and comprises articles on "The Trade of the World," on College Life, and a wide variety of subjects, William Winter contributing a series on "Shakespeare on the Stage" and Timothy Cole on "A New Series of Old Masters." After glancing through the January number of the *Century* one is not surprised that a general idea should obtain that the American magazines are superior to the English.

From the Priory Press comes an uncommonly interesting sixpenny booklet on "London's Dialect," by Mr. MacKenzie MacBride. London is happy in finding such a scholarly and impartial Scotsman to vindicate her native dialect. Mr. MacBride makes it abundantly clear that the Cockney has no reason to be ashamed of his manner of speech, and that those who despise and attempt to reform it do so in ignorance. We strongly recommend the book to that L.C.C. Committee that was recently sitting in conference on "The Teaching of English in London Elementary Schools"; it is not complimentary to the conclusions at which the Committee arrived, but it gives sound and excellent reasons for thinking that their proposals are mischievous and will tend to destroy a beautiful and historic speech. This is a concise and valuable contribution to a subject of real importance, and all those who are interested in the dialects not only of London, but of the Midlands, the North, and of Scotland, will do well to read Mr. MacBride's attractive and brilliantly written defence of them.

Messrs. Appleton are publishing in February the first volume of "The American Year-Book," a record of events and progress in America during 1910. It aims especially at supplying the requirements of sociologists, scientists, journalists, and men engaged in public affairs.

Although "The Broad Highway," which Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. publish, is, so far as the public are concerned, Mr. Jeffery Farnol's first book, he has been writing fiction for some eight or nine years past. His brilliant romance of eighteenth-century England was written over three years ago and occupied two years in the writing, during part of which time Mr. Farnol was employed in scene-painting for the Astor Theatre in New York. He was born thirty years back in Birmingham, but has lived nearly all his life in Kent. Another story of Mr. Farnol's that is to be published shortly is called "The Money-Moon"; it was written before "The Broad Highway," and, as its title sufficiently suggests, is of a much lighter character. He is at present working on a new romance dealing again with the days of the Prince Regent, and hopes to have it ready for publication in the autumn.

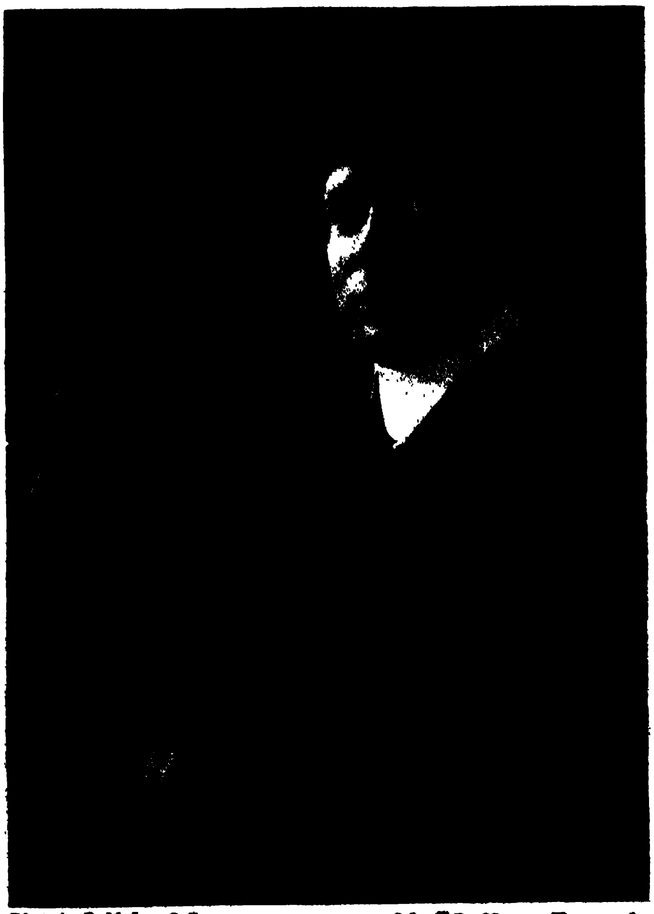


Photo by Rolf, Lee, S.E. **Mr. Jeffery Farnol.**

Since writing his introductions to the various volumes of Dickens's works that have appeared in Everyman's Library, Mr. G. K. Chesterton has discovered a good deal more to say about Dickens, his times and his characters. He has therefore been revising and enlarging his introductions and they have been collected and are to be published in a separate volume by Messrs. Dent & Sons. Mr. Chesterton has written two entirely new chapters for this book, one being "An Introduction to Introductions," and it will contain some hitherto unpublished portraits of Dickens taken by a friend.

Mr. Christopher Stone, whose "Scars," "They Also Serve," and "The Noise of Life" have given him place among the most promising of our younger novelists, has issued a volume of poems and prose poems that he is calling "Lusus," and Prince Alexander of Teck has consented to accept the entire proceeds from the sale of this book towards the "Prince Francis of Teck Memorial Fund" for the endowment of the Middlesex Hospital. It is published at five shillings and can be obtained from Messrs. Hatchard, Messrs. Bumpus, Messrs. Truslove & Hanson, or from Mr. Christopher Stone, The Hill, Witley, Surrey.



Photo by Thomas Lewis, Birmingham. **Mr. G. K. Chesterton,**
In the garden of his house at Beaconsfield.
A new portrait.

According to the American *Bookman*, the most popular novelist in America to-day is an Englishwoman—Mrs. Florence L. Barclay, whose story, "The Rosary," heads the list of best-selling novels in America by over a hundred points. Messrs. Putnam, who are the publishers of Mrs. Barclay's books here and in America, have published editions that total two hundred thousand copies within twelve months, and already Mrs. Barclay's new novel, "The Mistress of Shenstone," has reached its seventeenth thousand.

Almost every new month brings us the first number of a new magazine. A few months ago it was the *Tramp*, now grown into one of the brightest and most literary of the popular monthlies; then came a new quarterly, the *Beau*, the second number of which is about due; then followed *T.P.'s Magazine*, which met with an immediate success and begins the New Year with the first of a striking series of cover designs, and an attractive list of well-known contributors. Two other new magazines are the *Vineyard*, from Mr. Fifield, a new monthly very attractively produced and devoted to literature, art, and educational affairs; and the *Open Window*, a dainty monthly miscellany of stories, poems, articles, and drawings published by Mr. Locke Ellis. Neither this nor the *Vineyard* makes what is regarded as a popular appeal; but that is no reason why they should not be popular, for they are full of interest, and the taste of the general public is no such negligible quantity as some people seem to imagine.

Messrs. Herbert & Daniel are publishing a neat and useful "Music Lovers' Diary," edited by Ada M. Ingpen. It contains all the usual "Diary" information, with spaces for daily entries, and in addition gives concise biographies and portraits of famous composers, instrumentalists, conductors, and several pages of handy notes about concerts and musical recitals, and dates of first productions. For frontispiece it has a portrait of Mr. Henry S. Wood.

Mr. Arthur Ransome, who is engaged upon a new book on Hazlitt for Messrs. Methuen, would be much obliged if any one possessing original letters or unpublished documents concerning Hazlitt would kindly lend them to him for the purposes of this

work. All such letters and documents should be addressed to him, under cover to Messrs. Methuen, 36, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.; every care will be taken of them and after they have been copied they will be safely returned.

Those of our readers who are in the habit of framing our presentation portraits will be interested to know that Mr. D. J. Rider, of St. Martin's Court, makes a special style of standardised frames to hold pictures of that size. The frames are in black or white woods, are exceedingly neat and tasteful in design, but inexpensive, and they offer a novel advantage in that they enable every man to do his own framing; a series of buttons round the frame keeps the board at the back firmly in position without the need of paste or brads. It is a capital improvement in the art of framing and one that is sure to be largely appreciated.

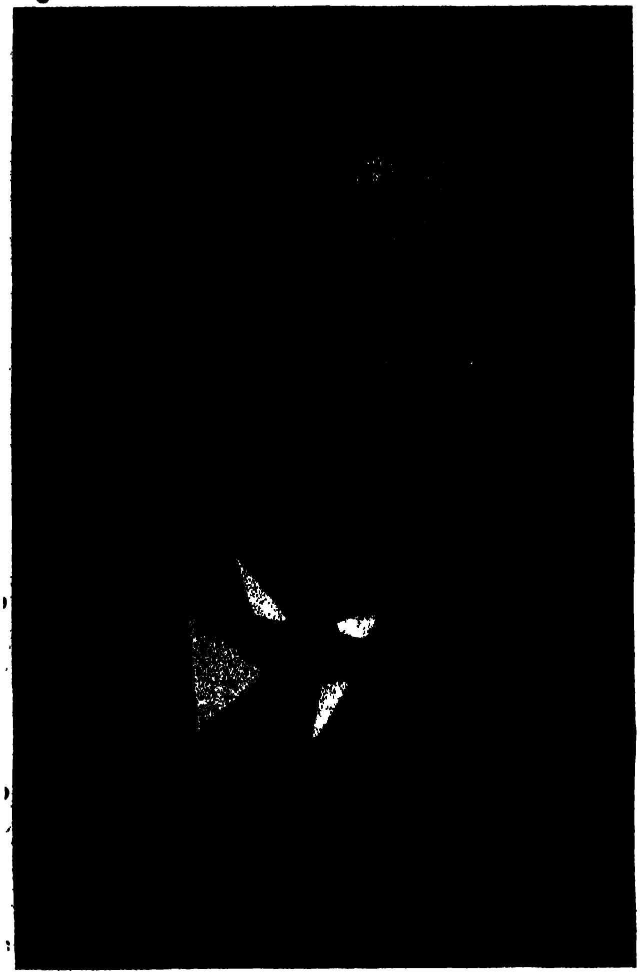


Photo by Lizzie Caswall Smith. **Mr. Clement K. Shorter.**

We congratulate Mr. Clement Shorter very heartily on the attainment of his editorial majority. Twenty-one years ago, on January 1, 1890, he entered the offices of the *Illustrated London News* as editor of that paper, and he has since had under his control three of the most popular of present-day illustrated journals. Nowadays, not content with editing the *Sphere* and writing his weekly Literary Letter for it, he usually finds time to write one or two books in the course of the year; a few weeks ago Messrs. Cassell published his "Napoleon in his Own Defence," and he is at present engaged upon a full and authoritative Life of George Borrow.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing this spring the Collected Lyrics of Mr. Herbert Trench.

We are much indebted to the leading London booksellers who have kindly supplied us with information from which we have been able to compile the following list of—

BOOKS THAT HAVE BEEN SELLING BEST IN LONDON, DURING THIS SEASON.

Lord Rosebery's Life of Chatham.
Monypenny's Life of Disraeli.
Kipling's "Rewards and Fairies."
"The Sleeping Beauty," Illustrated by Dulac.
"The Rhinegold and Valkyrie," Illustrated by Rackham.
Frank Reynolds's "Pickwick."
Sir Lewis Mitchell's Life of Rhodes.
Turner's "Golden Visions."
"Peter Pan," Illustrated by Rackham.
Shaw-Sparrow's "Frank Brangwyn."
"The Ancient Mariner," Illustrated by Pogány.
Markino's "Japanese Artist in London."
Marie Hay's "The Winter Queen."
Bland and Backhouse's "China Under the Empress Dowager."
Maskell and Gregory's "Old Country Inns."
Lloyd's "Two Russian Reformers."
"Letters to my Son."
"Unexplored Spain."
Comyn's "Service and Sport in the Sudan."

The best-selling NOVELS have been:

Howards End.
Clayhanger.
Simon the Jester.
Lauristons.
Mr. Ingleside.
The Rosary.
Rest Harrow.
The Mistress of Shenstone.
At the Villa Rose.
The City of Beautiful Nonsense.
The Dop Doctor.
Dancing Days.
The Osbornes.
The Broad Highway.
The Human Chord.
The Wonderful Bishop.
Sacrifice.
Dear Loyalty.
Princess Galva.
A Spirit of Mirth.
The Brassbounder.
The Wreck of the Golden Galleon.
The Diary of a Nobody.

For much assistance with the illustrations in this number our thanks are due to Messrs. Methuen, Messrs. Blackwood, Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co., Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., Mr. John Lane, Messrs. Constable, and Messrs. Truslove & Hanson.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JANUARY, 1911.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best compliment in not more than eight lines of original verse to any well-known living author, artist, dramatist, or actor.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR DECEMBER.

I.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to MISS JOSEPHINE GREGORY, of 3, Oak Villas, Manningham, Bradford, for the following:

ON THE WOOL TRACK. BY C. E. W. BEAN. (Alston Rivers.)

" Little Bo Peep
Has lost her sheep
And can't tell where to find them."
Nursery Rhyme.

We also select for printing:

THE GREAT OFFENDER. BY VINCENT BROWN. (Chapman & Hall.)

" Says he, ' I'd better call agin ' ;
Says she, ' Think likely, mister ' ;
Thet last word prick'd him like a pin,
An'—wal, he up an' kist her."
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, *The Coortin'.*

(Alice Hind, 4, North Road, Devonshire Park, Birkenhead.)

PUBLIC SCHOOL LIFE: WESTMINSTER. BY TEIGNMOUTH SHORE. (Pitman.)

" There I was birched! there I was bred!
There like a little Adam fed
From Learning's woeful tree!"
TOM HOOD, *Ode on Clapham Academy.*

(Miss A. Watson, Heathside, Fleet.)

BACON'S ESSAYS.

" So after a time this little pig died,
He died of *felo-de se,*
From trying too hard to say Umph, umph, umph,
When he only could say wee, wee."
From SCOTT GATTY'S *Book of Songs.*

(Miss E. A. Pearson, Heath House, Fleet, Hants.)

II.—It has been difficult to arrive at a decision in this Competition Such a large number of poems on " London " have been sent in, and many in different ways are so nearly equally good. After careful consideration, however, we have awarded the PRIZE OF THREE BOOKS to MISS MATTIE K. A. NESBITT, of 23, Waldegrave Road, Upper Norwood, S.E., for the following (from which a superfluous second verse is omitted):

LONDON.

A Queen of Cities, though but meanly clad,
Whose face, beneath her smoke-grey veil, is sad,
Perhaps because of all the weary ones
Who never in her shadow may be glad.

Proudly she waits, and in her hands she bears—
Or so man thinks—those gifts for which he cares:
Honour and wealth, and keys that open doors
Which he must pass to mount Fame's golden stairs.

Yet loved she is, though marked with many a stain,
Though blind to human loneliness and pain:
The secret of her magic power is Life,
And Life to Life shall never call in vain.

We award extra prizes of ONE BOOK each to B. MOORE, of Trevone, 41, Glenwood Road, Catford, S.E., for a good sonnet on " London, from a Suburban Hill " ; and to E. M. PURKIS, of 16, Arthur Street, Gloucester, for a poem in blank verse that is somewhat extravagant and over-violent in expression, but impresses one by its evident sincerity of feeling. We also specially commend the poems sent in by G. M. Baillie Reynolds (London, W.), Beatrix Terry (London, S.W.), F. H. R. Poole (London, S.W.), Miss E. A. Pearson (Fleet), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), Sophie Trevor (Bolton), Hilda W. Darlow (Chippenham), R. G. Wyatt (London, E.), Miss S. Waller (Boscombe), Mrs. Emily Yeo (Oakhampstead), J. Gregory (Bradford), Kitty Gallagher (Newport, Mon.), Ronald Harley (Birmingham), David Whitelaw (Paisley), Miss E. M. Kennedy (Southport), Carrie Lewis (Brixton, S.W.), J. H. Langlois (Leeds), H. L. Mawson (Leeds), E. H. Visiak (Brondesbury, N.W.), A. H. Mannington Sayers (Sheffield), Alec. W. Westmore (Liscard), Dorothy Tweedale (Southport), Rev. Fredk. Balch (Montrose), James E. Ruddle (Trowbridge), Charles Webb (King's Lynn), H. P. Bayne (Glasgow), S. A. Doody (Boscombe), C. Lewis (Brixton, S.W.), James Smith (Aberdeen), Mrs. J. E. Kirkland (Glenfarg), Laurence Tarr (East Ham, E.), Arthur Waghorn (Addiscombe), George Brown (Edinburgh), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Birmingham), E. Briggs (Old Charlton), Mrs. Sybilla Stirling (Glenfarg), and C. W. Guest (Hull).

III.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than one hundred words is awarded to MISS FLORENCE DUNFORD, of 74, Osborne Road, Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne, for the following:

THE OSBORNES. BY E. F. BENSON. (Smith, Elder.)

No weighty problems here. Just one question clamouring through the book: What is the hall-mark of a true gentleman? One watches the surface qualities of the aristocratic Austells, breeding, birth, perfect manners, allied to no real nobility of heart, go down before the commonplace vulgarities of the wealthy Osbornes, who beneath their banality display the gold of genuine goodness. The book possesses inimitable touches. The picture of a perspiring Mr. O. in Venice—his resplendent " missis " entertaining the nobility—these and many others, with pathos running like a vein between, make delightful reading.

Among the best of the other reviews received are:

LIFE OF BENJAMIN DISRAELI. BY W. F. MONYPENNY. (Murray.)

Such a subject demands—one almost feels must inspire—enthusiasm. Mr. Monypenny's able and conscientious work would leave us cold if it did not leave us disappointed, perhaps a little annoyed. One longs vainly for such appreciation as Disraeli's own tribute to Lord Lyndhurst. And one regrets the impossibility of a memorable phrase from that master-craftsman of gentle ironies on the subject of his own memoir. A lightsome touch is born not made, and is tenderly akin to all humanity; so has S. G. Tallentyre evoked Voltaire. A life of Disraeli remains to be written.

(W. M. Lodge, 7, Gatestone Road, Upper Norwood.)

CHINA UNDER THE EMPRESS DOWAGER.
BY J. O. P. BLAND AND EDMUND BACKHOUSE. (Heinemann.)
This would prove a still more popular volume than it already is if the authors had chosen a style less ponderous. It is not an after-dinner volume, but demands the hour when one is alert and vigorous. The world surely has never had such a picture before of any monarch whose autocracy, tyranny, and despotism seemed to paralyse all who came beneath her power. Her strange combination of character is revealed in the barbaric treatment accorded to members of her court and her attitude towards the opium curse. The Empress should prove a most attractive study for the keen psychologist.

(A. H. Mannington Sayers, 18, Taptonville Road, Sheffield.)

We also specially commend the reviews sent in by J. F. Headley (Wimbledon, S.W.), Irene Pollock Lalonde (Bath), Bertha R. M. Hetherington (Carlisle), Ronald Harley (Birmingham), Bertha C. Priestley (London, W.C.), Sophie Trevor (Bolton), Miss E. Rippon (Hull), J. R. Ellaway (Basingstoke), Gwendoline C. Perks (Norwich), Joan Harvey Hall (Aberdeen), Effie Lane (Hampstead, N.W.), G. E. Wakerley (Nottingham), Irene Inchbold (Streatham, S.W.), E. C. Dixon (Newcastle-on-Tyne), H. P. Bayne (Glasgow), A. S. Barnard (Walsall), Miss van der Pant (Folkestone), and Miss J. A. Jenkins (Birmingham).

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to MR. WILLIAM MORRISS, of 15, Wilkinson Street, Sheffield.

"THE BOOKMAN" GALLERY.

WILLIAM HALL GRIFFIN.

IT is always sad when a man who his friends hoped would be able to do much good work is cut off in his prime; it is especially sad when years have been spent on an important task and the end comes before the labour has resulted in a lasting record. Two years ago those who knew Professor Hall Griffin were shocked at his sudden death; the publication of "The Life of Robert Browning," the book which he left half-written, is some consolation, for they now know that his labours have not been wholly in vain.

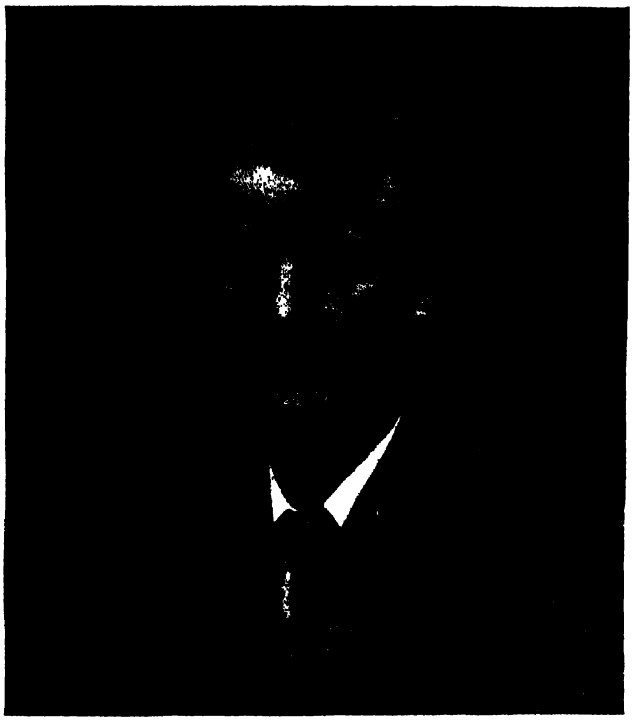
Griffin was born at Rochester, U.S.A., on March 22, 1857, but his father, Colonel James Theodore Griffin, came to London when the boy was five years old. Griffin entered University College School, then in Gower Street, in 1870, and afterwards proceeded to the College, where I met him about 1878, at lectures by Henry Morley and others. He graduated at the University of London in 1880, after spending some months in Paris, but bad health necessitated a voyage to Australia and New Zealand in 1881-2. Two years later he became a master at his old school, and in 1889, after work as a University Extension lecturer, he succeeded Morley as Professor of English at Queen's College, Harley Street. There, apart from teaching, he did much good work as Bursar. In 1897 he lectured in the United States, and in 1905 he was appointed lecturer in English at the Birkbeck College. He was very popular with the members of his classes, one of whom wrote of his "irrepressible energy, unfailing good humour, genial chaff, and cheery optimism, clothed in a ruggedness of expression to which a magnetic personality gave all the meaning."

Much teaching left comparatively little time for writing; but among other things, Griffin completed (in 1895) the eleventh volume of "English Writers," left unfinished at Henry Morley's death, contributing to it chapters on several poets and dramatists, and a very useful bibliography. In 1897 he prepared a revised and enlarged edition of Mr. Austin Dobson's "Handbook of English Literature"; but his main interest during all these years was in the preparation of his work on Browning. I met him near the poet's grave at the burial in the Abbey in 1889, when he was already collecting materials; four or five years ago I found him in Venice, studying the curious old books that had been in Browning's library, and which had had so marked an influence on his poems. Every opportunity was seized by Griffin to visit scenes in Italy and elsewhere associated with Browning's life or writings, and the photographs taken by him added greatly to the interest of the lectures which he delivered, and have been of good service as illustrations to the "Life." In 1902 he prepared, for Messrs. Methuen's "Little Library," a volume of "Selections from the Early Poems of Robert Browning," with Notes and Introduction, a book which suggests how valuable would have been an annotated edition by the same hand of the whole of the works. Some articles relating to Browning were published in the *Contemporary*, and *Monthly*, and then, on December 16, 1907, Griffin died, after a week's illness. His death was hardly noticed in the Press, for he was rarely seen at literary gatherings, partly because he had little leisure, and partly because he found his chief pleasure in his home circle of wife and children and mother, who were often joined by his sister, the wife of Mr. E. V. Lucas.

Half of the "Life of Browning" was written—that is, up to the poet's marriage—and the materials for the remainder had been collected. It was decided that the papers should be entrusted to another hand, so that the book might be completed on the lines on which it had been begun, and thus as little as possible be lost to the public. Mr. H. C. Minchin, who was asked to undertake the difficult work, had had no previous experience as a biographer, but he was known as a lover of good literature, and Griffin's friends should, I think, feel grateful for the manner in which he has carried out his delicate task. Like Griffin, Mr. Minchin gave most of his time, after leaving Oxford, to teaching; but he has managed to write a short novel, "The Arcadians" (1899), and (with Mr. Robert Peel) a

book on "Oxford" (1905). Besides these, he has published "A Little Gallery of English Poets," an edition of Cowley's Essays, "Simples from Sir Thomas Browne's Garden," and biographical studies in the *Fortnightly Review*.

The "Life" which has now been published * is the standard biography of Browning. Griffin knew the poet's sister, Miss Sarianna Browning, and his son, and received much assistance from them and from many others who could furnish first-hand information. He was able to use for the first time an important "find," the diary of Alfred Domett, Browning's early friend, and the inspirer of "Waring," and the four volumes of "Letters" privately printed by Mr. T. J. Wise, besides some others that are new to the public. The great feature of the book is its careful setting-out of the facts of the poet's life, and the circumstances which led to his choice of subjects. Inaccurate statements in earlier works annoyed Griffin, especially when they were the result of copying by one writer from another, without taking the trouble to verify or make independent research. He felt that the need was not so much for more dissertations on the poems themselves and explanations of their real or supposed difficulties, as for a full and reliable account of the writer's life, of the surroundings in which he did his work, and of the sources of the poems.



Professor W. Hall Griffin.

If Griffin had lived to make full use of the materials in which he had saturated his mind, the book would, no doubt, have been richer in detail, and we should have had more that was new about the latter part of Browning's life. The account of "The Ring and the Book," for example, might have been expected, by any one who had heard Griffin lecture on the subject, to be much fuller. No doubt the notes he left on some points were meagre just because he was himself so familiar with the subject. The book gives much interesting information respecting the history of Browning's plays, and his relations to the theatre. He was essentially dramatic, and if he had lived in the days of James I. many of his poems which are not dramatic in shape would no doubt have been plays, and would therefore have been easier to follow. Much of the difficulty found in understanding some of his work is due to the rapid change of point of view, and to the condensed style, which would present no stumbling-blocks if the poems were in dramatic form. Browning's mind often moved too quickly for his pen, and obscurities due to over-condensation would largely have disappeared if the form had been dialogue.

The latter part of the volume contains well-judged remarks on Browning's character, and on his views about religion; and we are given some criticism of his work by other poets; but the earlier portion is, almost inevitably, the most valuable, because we there have the advantage of the materials having been put together by their collector with loving care, and a knowledge of his intentions which could not be possessed by any one else, and also, because in these opening chapters there is a clear account of the early environment of the boy, his education for his future work, and the influence upon him of his remarkable father, a Bank of England clerk, who took much interest in out-of-the-way learning, and collected books on many subjects by forgotten writers. Browning delighted in these works, and the existence of this library is in many cases the explanation of his choice of subjects for his poems, and of the recondite learning in which they abound. And the books merely supplemented what he learned from his father himself, in history, legends, art, music, languages. We are told that in later years Kinglake, after stopping with Browning at a country house where there was a large library, came away "quite astounded at his learning."

The new "Life" will not render obsolete the first biography, by Mrs. Sutherland Orr, because her long friendship with the poet gave a unique interest to her work; and studies like Professor Dowden's had a different aim from that of Griffin's book; but within the limits which the writer set for himself the new biography is of great value. Well ordered and well written, conspicuous for good sense and sanity, it will occupy the first place, and will not easily be superseded. Griffin's optimism, his staunchness to friends, his adherence to the good and brave and noble in life, his love of accuracy, his unaffectedness and frankness—all this brought him into sympathy with Browning's nature, and qualified him to give a truthful and sympathetic picture of the poet.

GEORGE A. AITKEN.

* "The Life of Robert Browning; with Notices of his Writings, his Family and his Friends." By W. Hall Griffin. Completed and Edited by Harry Christopher Minchin. With 37 Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

The Booksellers' Diary.

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THE READER.

JOSEPH CONRAD: AN APPRECIATION.

By Perceval Gibbon.

THERE should be in many minds a fresh recollection of that evening when Captain Marlow called on the great merchant of the islands in the matter of Lord Jim, and was summoned to speak with him in the grave, lamp-lit room which housed his famous collection of butterflies. It is a property of the art of Joseph Conrad that the incidents and transactions with which it deals lodge themselves in one's memory hardly less securely than the images of one's own experience; and therefore one recalls less clearly the mere equipment of that room than the tone of the interview which took place there, and something patient and ironical in the elder man and his tale of the rare and beautiful insect in the case before him, whose capture was achieved upon a day of loss and tragedy. And as he speaks, one gains the impression that for this collector his glazed mahogany cases are repositories of memory; each of their contents perpetuates an hour; and, like the beads of a rosary, they are significant, not in themselves, but in what they certify and commemorate.

The sense one gathers in the collector's room of being in the presence of a life that has been shaped and directed by many remote and exotic influences returns again at the conclusion of a re-reading of Joseph Conrad's works, for these too are the memorials of a career that drew to its goal by ways of adventurous experience. There is not one that has not its roots in actuality and was not stimulated to fruition by the ardent force of imaginative memory. "Imagination, not invention, is the supreme master of art as of life," he says in his yet uncompleted "Reminiscences," and adds thereto his theory of literature: "An imaginative and exact rendering of authentic memories may serve worthily that spirit of piety towards all things human which sanctions the conceptions of a writer of tales, and the emotions of a man reviewing his own experiences." Here, I believe, we have the key to Mr. Conrad's method. Imagination, the faculty of whole vision that sees men and women, not as detached and arbitrary figures, but as the product of circumstances, environment, heredity, and in relationship to their world and their neighbours—this enlarges and gives force to a wide and varied experience of life on many seas and in many ports. In all his books there is no figure without its *raison d'être*, its justification for existence. Here and there in his tales one meets with a man who seems for the moment unaccountable, such as Mr. Verloc in "The Secret Agent," and James Wait in "The Nigger of the *Narcissus*"; and these, by the mere fact of their hidden origin, are figures of mystery. But for the rest, his sailors and landsmen alike trail behind them unbreakable links with humanity; they have families and friends; and they are what they are for reasons which the story makes apparent. The massive Captain in "Typhoon" has a difficult wife in England, and the wife of the chief engineer lives with his mother; the two distant women set the men in a living perspective and complete them.



Photo by G. C. Beresford. **Joseph Conrad.**

It is fifteen years since the author first exemplified his theory of literature with the publication of "Almayer's Folly," and since then a dozen volumes have made their appearance to further confirm it. The book had a success, as it could scarcely fail to have, if only for the sake of its sweet and pliant prose; but it also served to forecast the tendencies and preoccupations of the new force in English literature which its advent announced. Written partly at sea, partly in London lodgings, it had none of the immaturity which is the token of literary callowness; re-read in the light of Mr. Conrad's later achievements, it is still a true "Conrad," and its subject, fatherhood, is one that still engages him. Here, already, we see figures

moving against a dark and mighty background; Almayer comes into view and is thrown into higher relief by his surroundings; and while he broods upon the verandah of his "new but already decaying" house, his eyes dwell on the great river flowing past, "indifferent and hurried." Here, too, is that art of rendering the *flavour* of a situation, of reproducing the impression which results from the total of its ingredients, so that the reader gains from it the mood, the hue of thought, which a spectator or actor would carry from the scene. It is, I think, in "Lord Jim" that this delicate and illuminating faculty gains its highest expression; that wonderful book, shifting its scene among the ports of Mr. Conrad's Islands, lighting up like the moving beam of a search-light one thronged arena of action after another, is a monument alike to the power and acuteness of his observation and the vital force of his imagination. A hundred pages from it suggest themselves as illustrations of those qualities which are peculiarly Mr. Conrad's; it is a treasure-house whose varied riches bewilder selection, and one is reduced to an arbitrary choice. Take then those pages which describe the abandonment of the pilgrim steamship, when one moment was sufficient to undo and unmake a man. With what a vastness of conception the crisis is set out! We perceive the gallop of panic-stricken minds, goaded to a frightful apprehensive lucidity, so that each passing instant is gravid with its incident; and the slow march of the event itself, intolerably delaying the dreaded climax. And for a further commentary, take also Captain Marlow's meeting with the French lieutenant in the Australian café, when the finding and salvage of the steamboat is related. The lieutenant had the look of a curé, elderly and mild, and the mind of a seaman and a gentleman. One sees him in his chair, with his glass before him, and hears the deliberation of his speech; he is a finished figure, a man based solidly on reality, whom one can summon before one's eyes at will.

It is no part of my purpose to attempt a commentary on each of Mr. Conrad's works, but no treatment of this subject could be adequate which omitted mention of "The Nigger of the *Narcissus*." Though Mr. Conrad is commonly referred to as a sea-writer, this is the only full-length novel of the sea which he has yet written, unless one takes into account "Typhoon," which, besides being shorter, has more the character of a long "short story." But "The Nigger of the *Narcissus*" is a thing unique, a *genre* in itself; no other writer has attempted anything of the kind. From Bombay harbour to London Docks the voyage of the full-rigged ship *Narcissus* is the theme. With the strictest fidelity to truth, Mr. Conrad takes his vessel under sail from the neighbourhood of the land, and all that belongs there; he carries no women aboard to make tragedy and leaves none behind for the sake of sentiment. The vicissitudes of deep water and the humanity of seamen are his materials, and there is also James Wait, the nigger, with his pose of a dying man and the real death creeping upon him. And there is always the ship present like a living personality, the domesticity of her fo'c'sle and the statecraft of her officers. It is the life of the sea as men know it who have carried their straw mattresses on board, and made a bunk the temporary headquarters of their lives, as Mr. Conrad was wont to do in his time, before he reached the status of an officer and was on his way to a command; and because his dependence is upon imagination, the inspired and sympathetic vision that enlarges truth and gives it "effective existence," and not upon invention alone, "The Nigger of the *Narcissus*" is a document as well as a work of art.

It is a wide and crowded world which lies open in the pages of these books, and unforgettable characters inhabit it. Nostromo with his good name, to which he has sacrificed his opportunities of fortune; Captain Whalley, going blind upon the bridge of the *Sofala*; Kurtz, in "Heart of Darkness"; Comrade Ossipon, in "The Secret Agent," with his curls and his shoddy soul; poor Falk, who could not live down his meal of human flesh; and very many others—they are the material upon which Mr. Conrad exercises that spirit of piety towards all things human which is a part of his literary creed. He has assembled them from their wharves and decks and hiding-places, and set them forth in an English as distinguished and characteristic as it is apt and lucid, so that for many of them their place is definite and permanent in the literature of the language. They are the specimens which he has acquired in many years of man-collecting; and the wonder and perfection of them signalises a life that has not passed in conventional roads of development.

When Mr. Conrad "passed for master," he tells in his "Reminiscences," the examiner who signed his certificate—"he was short, plump, with a round, soft face in grey, fluffy whiskers, and fresh, loquacious lips" —remarked that he had never heard of a sailor of Mr. Conrad's nationality in "our service." That was because Mr. Conrad was by birth a Pole, the native of a country which has no seaboard, whose people are purely agricultural. The boy who was eventually to find a foremost place as an English writer had far enough to go before he could realise his ambition to become a British seaman. In the "Reminiscences," he explains that this ambition was not regarded as reasonable by his relatives, and a tutor was specially charged with the duty of talking it out of him during a walking tour in Switzerland. The tutor, however, saw light and at last desisted, and the next stage in the lad's career was a friendship with pilots at Marseilles, who suffered him to accompany them to sea in the cutter. From there, his course was plain; he shipped in English ships consistently, gained English certificates and attained a command. How he first saw the East, whose glamour had been a summons to him, he related in his own manner in that fine story, "Youth." The end of it came while "Almayer's Folly" was yet unfinished, a packet of manuscript that went with him from ship to ship and ashore. It travelled in his baggage to the Congo, and gained its eighth chapter in the establishment of Champnel at Geneva, and a ninth during the

intervals of managing a waterside warehouse in London. It was submitted to the judgment of a passenger "for his health" on the ship *Torrens*, outward bound to Australia. It acquired a faded look and an ancient yellowish complexion. It was begun in 1889 and finished in 1894, and published at last in the following year, when Mr. Conrad had turned his back upon the sea and its uneven fortunes.

The latest of his works, apart from short stories which have still to be collected into book-form, is "Under Western Eyes," which is now appearing serially in the *English Review*. It is a study of Russian minds and personalities in St. Petersburg and Geneva, and the opening instalment realises all those expectations which one brings to the reading of a work by Mr. Conrad.

A great art, a great genius that spends himself in the practice of it, and therewith a personality of the most engaging urbanity and charm—these are Joseph Conrad. He is now fifty-two years of age, a bearded man of middle stature, with a Latin vivacity of manner and speech. Years about decks and aloft have helped to shape him; as he sits at table or moves in the rooms of his pleasant house in Kent, to which the winds come fresh from the Channel, he has the bearing of a seaman, the pucker of the eyes, the spaciousness of gesture and look; and these do not detract from a certain pliancy and adroitness which signalise the man schooled in social amenities and at home in the world. He has found the place in life that was due to him and friends who can do justice to his achievement. He is one of those aristocrats in our literature who have never stooped below the level of their powers, whose standards of endeavour have never been adjusted to the expediency of the moment. Thomas Hardy and Henry James are of that company; Meredith has passed from its ranks. In such hands as these rest the dignity and security of contemporary letters; they are not the less secure for the service and fidelity of Joseph Conrad.

BROWNING.

By Professor Saintsbury.

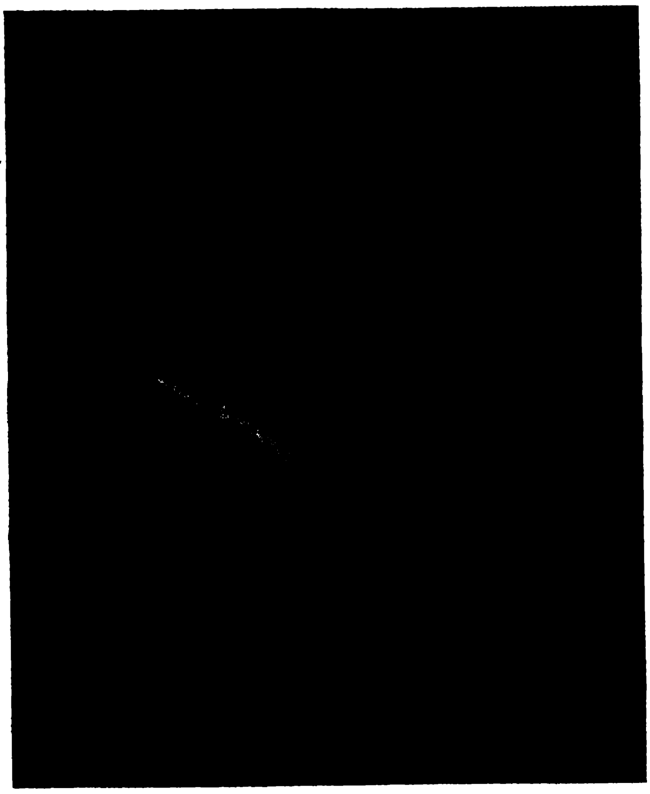
When a reviewer has to deal with a book begun by one hand and finished by another, he always finds himself in a certain difficulty, unless definite information can be and is given as to where "the flats join." Mr. Minchin tells us that the late Professor Hall Griffin had "written rather more than half" of his projected work* when his fatal illness came upon him; but he does not tell us where the pen dropped nor whether the work was up to that point practically ready for press and thenceforward in "materials" only, or whether Mr. Griffin, as many men (perhaps the majority) use, had wholly or nearly finished later parts without fitting them on to a context. The matter is not of the first importance; but it is of some. One seems to discern slight differences of handling towards the end of the book. The editor and continuator himself says that "no systematic interpretation [of the poems] was contemplated, nor any detailed criticism," and this is amply borne out in the earlier part of the book, but less so in the later. Now, whether this is due to a difference between Mr. Griffin's part and Mr. Minchin's part, or whether Mr. Griffin had not revised his own later work, we do not know. So again in reference to "Paracelsus" and one or two other early things, there is a most sensible warning (much needed by some Browningites) that the poet is not to be credited with any extraordinary erudition on his subject,



Robert Browning in 1859.
From the drawing by Field Talfourd in the National Portrait Gallery.
From "The Life of Robert Browning," by W. Hall Griffin. (Methuen.)

* "The Life of Robert Browning, with Notices of his Writings, his Family and his Friends." By W. Hall Griffin. Completed and Edited by Harry Christopher Minchin. 12s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

though no doubt he was a wide and rather curious reader. At the other end we are told, more after the usual fashion, that "Aristophanes' Apology" "shows extensive knowledge" of the scholiasts, etc., and that Browning was "widely read in Rabbinical lore." Yet elsewhere it is said that though he had once, like other people, known some Hebrew, he had dropped it: and the scholiasts on Aristophanes, before Mr. Rutherford's labours, were comprised in one decidedly if sometimes gracelessly amusing volume of no enormous size, which anybody with a fair schoolboy knowledge of Greek could master in very little time. These remarks are made, not in the least with the intention of belittling the poet's reading, which was undoubtedly extensive and peculiar, but only to show that the standard of criticism adopted is not quite the same throughout.



Robert Browning.

From the painting by Watts in the National Portrait Gallery.

The point, as has been said, is of some slight importance: for it is clear that in Mr. Hall Griffin's own plan, while appreciative criticism did not take the first or even a very prominent place, the discovery and exposition of literary sources, originals, etc., held a very high one indeed. He was himself a good critic in the proper sense; but he was more inclined than some good critics are to that useful hewing of wood and drawing of water, which, unluckily, in some of its practitioners seems to take the place of what it should supplement or prelude only. When it fell to him, fifteen years ago, by one of those odd anticipatory coincidences which are not infrequent, to do to Professor Henry Morley the same service in completing "English Writers" which Mr. Minchin has now rendered to himself, the bibliography which he appended

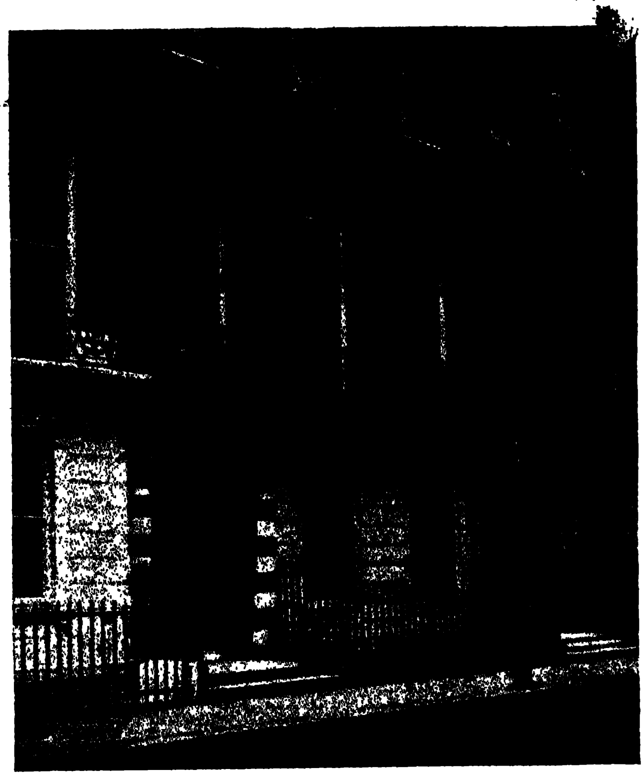


Photo by Walter Dexter. **No. 50, Wimpole Street.**

Where Elizabeth Barrett lived with her parents until her marriage with Browning.

to that work was a signal example of patient and successful labour. He had also perhaps caught from Mr. Morley a fancy for paying particular attention to "surroundings," origins and the like. This, which in the master frequently led to a rather bewildering diffuseness and desultoriness in regard to the large subjects he treated was corrected in the pupil, partly by the possession of a more strictly critical faculty, but still more by the devotion of his studies to more limited

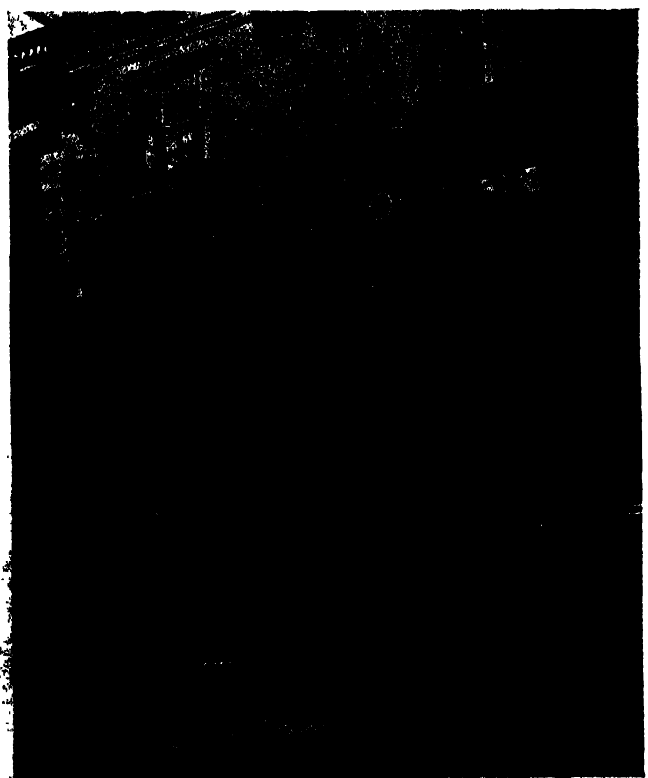


Photo by Walter Dexter. **No. 19, Warwick Crescent, Paddington.**

Where Browning lived from 1866 until 1887.



special subjects. When, in a history of English Literature, you write twenty-five pages in one volume about Frederick the Second and Dante, fifteen in another about Bernard of Clairvaux and Marsilius of Padua, the longing for return to the actual muttons becomes almost unbearably strong in the average reader, even if he is not, as the simpler sort may be, hopelessly puzzled and put out by the divagation. But when, in dealing with work like Browning's, you give some account of the out-of-the-way books in his father's library, and the long-past ruralities of Camberwell, and the scenes of travel that are so constantly reflected in the most autobiographical of all poetry, you are on the right track, and doing work that is useful as well as pleasant. Also, as has been indicated on one point, Mr. Griffin had a sound notion of the laws of evidence. He was not like the Germans who have constructed a complete biography for Thackeray out of "Pendennis," or the Englishmen who have played the same trick with the sonnets and the plays of Shakespeare. He knew the subtle process of "*dis*realising" which goes on in almost every great writer, and in all the very greatest—the mixture of the fictitious with the real, the transformation of suggestion into art. And if we seem to see somewhat less of these processes, critical and corrective, in the later part of the book, it is no ill compliment to Mr. Minchin. No man can step into another's shoes without altering the shape of those shoes somewhat; no one can weave the unfinished web without some modification of the texture of thread and thrum.



Robert Browning.
By Professor Legros.
(In the Victoria and Albert Museum.)

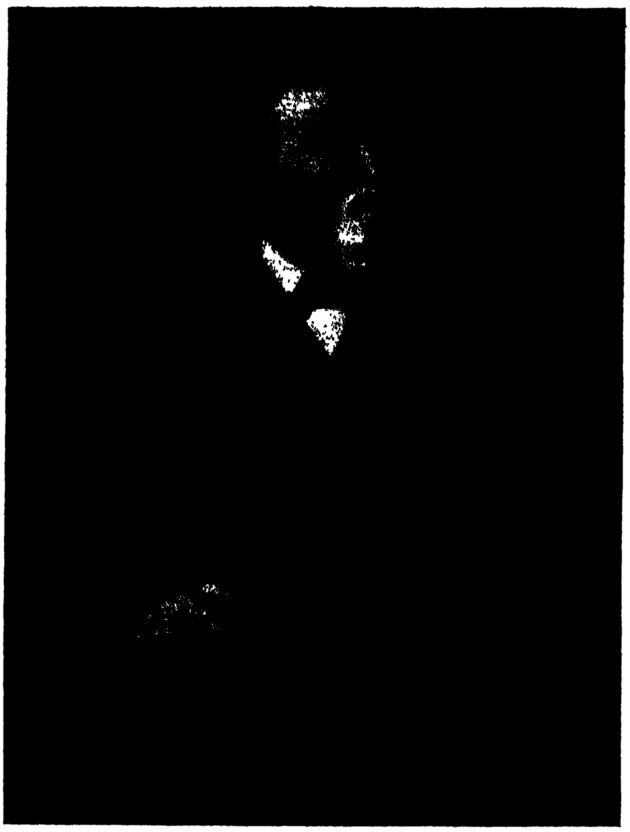
Still, the combined work has given us, beyond all doubt, the fullest and most satisfactory biography proper of Browning that we possess. It may be that, if Mr. Griffin had completed it himself, it would have been rather longer—the last thirty years of work are hardly treated with the same minuteness of inquiry into circumstances as the first twenty or five and twenty. But perhaps this is an unfair construction put on the facts furnished to us. The sources of information are abundant, and of the best quality—all or most of the plentiful published literature, the privately printed letter-collections of Mr. Wise, unprinted correspondence further supplied by Mr. Barrett Browning, the MS. Diary of Alfred Domett, Mr. Griffin's own careful pilgrimages to sites and scenes at home and abroad, his examinations of the family library and archives at the Palazzo Rezzonico—all sorts of good stuff. One has here almost everything that one has any business to know about Browning and his life and his books—that is to say, the externalities of these books, for as has been said, the amount of actual criticism has been judiciously restricted. From certain points of view the reader would be unreasonable to ask for a better Life.



Mrs. Browning's Loggia.
From "The Life of Robert Browning," by W. Hall Griffin. (Methuen.)

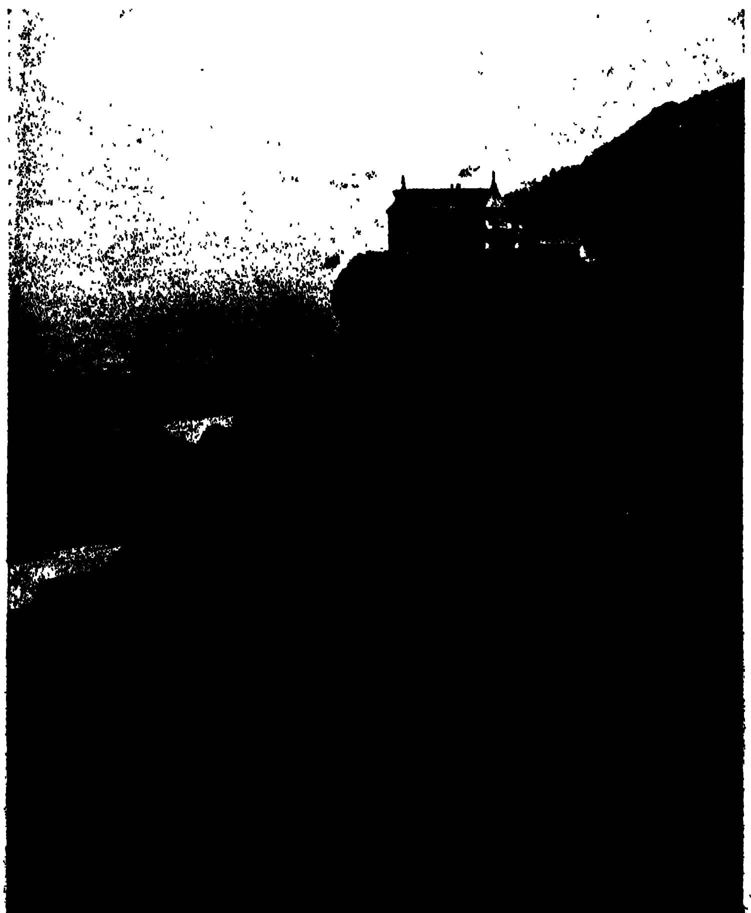
And yet the effect of reading it, in some cases, may be a little paradoxical. To some readers, Browning

the poet may have been thoroughly conceivable since they first read him in bulk (as far as was at that time possible) nearly fifty years ago: and all through the additions of work which were made for half that time afterwards. From "Paracelsus" (it would not be correct to say "Pauline," for that is antenatal, though embryologically true to what follows) to "Asolando," the attitude which makes the poet is always clear enough, myriad in number, and infinite in form and colour, as may be the objects upon which that attitude is turned. It does not evade our question by transcending it, like Shakespeare's, or disguise itself within an intensity of artistry like Tennyson's. It walks and talks with us—affable, familiar, inquisitive, courageous, "bating no jot of heart and hope," quite ready to blaze into poetry at any moment, requiring good wits to keep pace with it and comprehend it, but certainly not in any way incomprehensible — except in so far as all great poets are.



Robert Browning in 1879.
From a portrait by Rudolph Lehmann in the National Portrait Gallery.

On the other hand the present reviewer, who, as it happened, never knew either Browning or Tennyson personally, has, from accounts published or unpublished, a pretty clear idea of Tennyson as a man, but hardly any of Browning, in spite of all the books he has read on the subject, including this, which is *uberrimus fructuosissimusque*, as Cicero says, in detail. It is as if, in his own contrast slightly altered, Browning had kept his "shop" open and his "house" shut—which after all, from the two poems themselves, is not unlikely. There are three salient personal facts about him: his justification of the "dead shepherd's saw" by his love at first sight and for ever as regards Elizabeth Barrett; the curious outbursts of undisciplined rage which are recorded as regards Forster and the man who bullied his wife at a dinner-party (where Browning's righteous indignation seems to have been as childishly shown as it was manfully felt), and the splutter in "Pacchiarotto," and the thrice unlucky FitzGerald sonnet; finally, his strange tolerance of the "Browning Society" absurdities. These things are not inconsistent and they represent an exceedingly human specimen of humanity, but far from a specially individual one. At least so it may seem to some. Others may be more fortunate; and they will have almost every possible assistance in this book.



"La Saliva," overlooking the Arve and the Rhone.
From "The Life of Robert Browning," by W. Hall Griffin. (Methuen.)

A good sample of Mr. Hall Griffin's explorations and discoveries may be found in the case of Nathaniel Wanley's "Wonders of the Little World" (1678), which the elder Robert had in his library and from which his son seems to have drawn out-of-the-way subjects throughout his life. On the other hand, it was perhaps hardly necessary to indicate the "Biographie Universelle." Everybody used to go, and many people go still, to that useful mine: and one might almost as well follow the baser sort of Browningite in giving references to Lemprière. The irony, as Mr. Griffin not unnaturally calls it, of Browning's pious mother purchasing Shelley's poems for him when a boy might have been paralleled by that of [illegible]

Gautier's most respectable parent locking him in to write "Mademoiselle de Maupin." On p. 70, Mr. Minchin will doubtless correct in his next edition "Cowring" to "Conring," or people who know the learned "Conringius" very well may mistake him. One of the most interesting passages of the book is the careful and unusually conclusive inquiry into the circumstances which made "Sordello"—originally planned as a "popular" poem—what it is. But one wishes that Mr. Griffin had not called the metre of the intrusive Mrs. Busk "tetrameter," which it is not, but dimeter. It is difficult to think of anything odder in the anecdotic history of poetry than the elder Browning's scenario for "Sordello" itself (p. 99). The unfortunately decreasing knowledge of the Bible is illustrated by the remark that the symbolism of "Bells and Pomegranates" is "not obvious," but "becomes rather clearer" in reading the passage of Exodus which suggested it, and where, by the way, the rhythm has been spoilt in quotation by omitting the reduplication of "a golden bell and a pomegranate." The meaning of the title was obvious to some, who were not born when the first part appeared, long before they ever read the poems published under it. But as Mr. Toobad might have observed, "Nobody seems to know anything that is worth knowing now." The writer once had to explain to a subordinate member of the Government of the day and to a well-known newspaper editor what the "disappointing little book in the Revelations" meant.

Does the metre of "The Glove" "jar"? Not on some people. But "The Romaunt of Margret" does jar dreadfully on these same. One can no more do with the *a* in that poem than one could do without it in "The Forsaken Merman." Mr. Griffin seems to have been to some extent puzzled by the contrast of Mrs. Browning's effusive Italomania with her husband's few (and latterly almost non-existent) utterances on the subject. But Browning's common sense, which was very considerable, is surely a sufficient explanation. Why should it be "curious enough" that "to Swinburne Euripides was anathema"? Many very respectable and rather clever people—one Aristophanes might be noted—have been, and are, in at least two minds about the "Third Poet." One of the most interesting things in the Domett diary is an entry in 1873 telling us that Browning apologised for the rhyme "you" and "dew" at only two lines interval in the blank verse of "Paracelsus" and that Domett thought him "hypercritical." Of course the poet was right, and the New Zealand Prime Minister utterly wrong: and the thing is valuable as showing how thoroughly correct Browning's ear became. In fact, the author of "Ranolf and Amohia" does not seem to have shone in criticism. After telling us, what one is sorry to hear, that Browning thought Rossetti (an old and good friend) "affected" in his poetry, he stigmatises the "warming" of the bar of Heaven by the Blessed Damozel's "arm" (it was her bosom, as a matter of fact) as "absurd" and "originally and better" given in "Sordello" where Palma throws her scarf with "her neck's warmth and all."

> "After this, one's glad that Waring
> Did not take to critic-faring."

It is an odd compliment to tell a friend that he has "originated" an "absurdity"; the two phrases have little or nothing in common; and God help any one who does not see the added beauty of the suggestion of the cold gold bar of passionless Heaven, with the dread waste of Space and Time beyond it, warmed by the contact of the blessed flesh. The Honourable Alfred Domett must have had little sympathy with Folquet and Cunizza, or indeed with the whole of their canto.

Of at all serious mistakes of facts we have noticed few, perhaps only one. To say that William Morris's "Defence of Guenevere" appeared in 1875 is to be seventeen years after the fair. But these things are practically inevitable in a first edition; and nothing that has been said here interferes in the least with the expression of very hearty thanks to Mr. Minchin for preventing what would have been a real calamity—the loss of this full, accurate, and well-arranged book. His task was, as he says, "delicate and honourable," but it was also one much more likely to meet with criticism than with cordial recognition. If there has been here hinted a very little of the former, the latter can be given in full measure and without any hesitation.

THE GREATEST OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERALS OF INDIA.

By George Smith, C.I.E., LL.D.

SINCE Warren Hastings was appointed the first Governor-General of India on October 20, 1774, the greatest office in the Empire next to that of the Prime Minister has been held by twenty-seven statesmen, including the fourth Earl of Minto, who has just completed his memorable administration. Of these, reckoning Lord Canning once only, sixteen were Governors-General under the East India Company, and eleven were also Viceroys of the Crown. Of the former Lord Amherst and Lord Auckland have come down to history undistinguished, save by wasteful expenditure and such a disaster as the First Afghan War. Of the Viceroys Lord Lytton is responsible for the Second Afghan War, and the Marquess of Ripon's administration was as weak as that of Lord Amherst. The great political parties of the State divide the responsibility for these four failures. That so many should have proved more or less brilliant rulers for the good of



Lord Dalhousie.
From the engraving by H. Robinson after G. Richmond.

humanity during a period of one hundred and thirty-six years, creating, saving, and extending the marvellous Empire within an Empire, is perhaps the greatest fact in the later history of the United Kingdom.

From this roll of the twenty-seven Governor-Generals three names stand out—Warren Hastings (1774–85), the Marquess Wellesley (1798–1805), and the Marquess of Dalhousie (1848–56). The first holds a position of his own—that of the pioneer, with unique opportunities and advantages. He may be placed beside (Colonel Robert) Lord Clive (1765–7), who after his brilliant conquests was the third last of the twenty-four "Presidents and Governors of Fort William in Bengal" from its establishment as a Presidency in 1700. The question who was the greater of the two Marquesses, the Irish Wellesley or the Scottish Dalhousie, has been in the balance, till the publication of the Private Letters of the latter, fifty years after his death on December 19, 1860. When preparing an estimate of his career for the "Encyclopædia Britannica" in 1876 I was privileged by his daughter, the Lady Susan, to consult his daily "Journal," then preserved in Colstoun House, and to verify certain points in the controversy with the erratic Commander-in-Chief, Sir Charles Napier. Since that time, in 1904, Sir William Lee-Warner, K.C.S.I., has published "The Life of the Marquis of Dalhousie, K.T." in two volumes. Based on the official documents and only consulting "the diary kept by Lord Dalhousie from boyhood up to the day of his leaving India," that work is a storehouse of information and criticism. But its author did not personally know Dalhousie, nor was he in India at the time of the brilliant eight years' administration, while his service was confined to Western India. Now that the fifty years' embargo on the publication of the diary or "Journal" as well as the Letters has ceased, all the materials are available for a full and careful study of the great Marquess—for the preparation of a complete biography worthy of the great Scotsman, of his powerful personality, his devotion to duty to which he sacrificed his young life, and his, as yet, unequalled services to his country and to the Empire.

Meanwhile this edition of the Private Letters prepared by Mr. J. G. A. Baird,* who married Dalhousie's eldest granddaughter, satisfactorily supplies further data for a really adequate Life of the man and the statesman, such as Sir G. O. Trevelyan might be tempted to write. This revelation of his personality is unmatched in literature, biographical or autobiographical, although he died at forty-eight after the busiest and most responsible of careers alike as Cabinet Minister and Governor-General. Spared just long enough after the Mutiny of 1857 to suffer from the ignorant misrepresentation of his policy, and the neglect of his services by his country, as such, though not by his Sovereign, he shut up his defence for half a century. It now falls to posterity to do him that justice which such experts among his contemporaries as the great Duke of Wellington and the late Duke of Argyll did not fail to render.

Unconsciously young Dalhousie strikes the key-note of his character in one of the earliest letters to his old

* "Private Letters of the Marquess of Dalhousie." Edited by J. G. A. Baird. With Portraits and Illustrations. 15s. net. (William Blackwood & Sons.)



Christian, Countess of Dalhousie.
From "Private Letters of the Marquess of Dalhousie." (Blackwood.)

friend and his father's friend, Sir George Couper, Bart., in March, 1838, on the death of his father:

"The advantages natural and acquired which I possess *may* be, as you say, superior to his. . . . In one point at least I will not soil his memory, bright as it is, for in a strict adherence to his manly straightforwardness, in a firm adherence to principles of honour and integrity, and in a jealous adherence to the path of honour I will not be surpassed even by him. There is no boasting in what I say, for all this is within any man's power who desires to live as a Christian and a gentleman."



The Marquess of Dalhousie on "Maharajah" entering Camp at Cawnpore, 1852.
From "Private Letters of the Marquess of Dalhousie." (Blackwood.)

Six years after the beginning of his Governor-Generalship he writes:

"You say that I have cause for thankfulness that the blessing has rested on my administration. Most true, and I am deeply, devoutly thankful. It is my belief that the blessing has so rested for four reasons: (1) Because I have never undertaken anything which in my soul I did not believe to be honestly right; (2) Because when I had once resolved upon it, I fought with all my human might and main to accomplish it; (3) Because I always wished, and I believe I seldom failed, to ask God's blessing on the fight; and (4) Because I have *never* failed, publicly and privately, to give Him the glory when all was done. I know very well that I am no better than my neighbours—worse than many of them—and good for nothing at all in His pure sight; but He has said, 'Ask and ye shall receive'; and having done so through my public life, in which with no extraordinary abilities I have gained as much reputation and honour as most men at forty-two, I feel implicit faith in that Refuge."

When Lord Ramsay, M.P., and an Elder in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, in 1839 he severed his friendship with Dr. Chalmers in the Disruption controversy, on the ground that the Church ought to obey the law of the land. This he did not because he was an Erastian, for, as is now explained, if the Evangelical party got an Act of Parliament embodying their veto resolution, "I am ready to act with them, to act under them, to act for them in any way in which I can serve them." His personal devotion to Christianity was splendidly and wisely illustrated on the conversion of the young Maharaja Duleep Singh, and that Sikh Prince's baptism by a Government chaplain. "I look upon him as in some sort my son. . . . I earnestly desire that this boy should make a good impression in England, and equally so that he should not be spoiled and made a fool of." Unfortunately this is what happened, and the result was, in the end, a tragedy.* The beautiful lad, of whom G. Beechey's portrait is here given, was a special favourite of Queen Victoria, whose gracious regard ever went out to his Highness. This letter, dated Government House, March 12, 1853, reveals Lord Dalhousie's inner life:

"A strange and interesting event has now to be recorded in the history of India, for it is well worthy of a place there—I mean the baptism of Maharaja Duleep Singh. He was baptized publicly but unostentatiously in his own house on the 8th in the presence of his own servants and of the principal residents of Futtegurh. I have told you from time to time of the course of the boy's conversion. I am convinced that, if ever the shadow of the hand of God was made visible to mortal sight, in a human transaction of these later days, it has been visible here in the turning of the boy's heart from darkness to light. This is the first Indian Prince of the many who have succumbed to our power, or have acknowledged it, that has adopted the faith of the stranger. Who shall say to what it may not lead? God prosper the seed and multiply it. I have never, from the hour in which I signed the decree, had one moment's hesitation or doubt as to the justice or necessity of my act in dethroning the boy. If I had had such a doubt, the sight of the blessed result for him, to which that act has led, would now have thoroughly consoled me for what I did then. As it is, my mind is doubly content as to what he lost; immeasurably content as to the gain he has found in his loss."

Among many other subjects, civil and military, on which new light is thrown by this volume, is Education, and especially that of Hindu women. James Thomason, Lieutenant-Governor of what is now the United Provinces, was a hero of Dalhousie's, of whose

* His son, Prince Victor Duleep Singh, was educated at Eton, Sandhurst, and Trinity College, Cambridge; has been an officer of the 1st Royal Dragoons for years, and in 1898 married Lady Anne, youngest daughter of the Earl of Coventry. His mother, the Maharani, was the daughter of a German merchant in Egypt whom his father first saw when visiting the School of the American Presbyterians, whose missionaries had been the means of his conversion at Futtegurh. To the last he showed his regard for them.



Sirdar Chutter Singh.
From "Private Letters of the Marquess of Dalhousie." (Blackwood.)

death he wrote—"for him it is a great gain. I wish I was where he is." Alike in that civilian's devotion to the education of the people in their mother tongue and in carrying out the great Dispatch of 1854, Dalhousie started India on those reforms which have culminated in Lord Curzon's and Lord Minto's. When the law member of his Council, Mr. Bethune, left Calcutta and ceased to support the Girls' School which bears his name, the Governor-General maintained it out of his own pocket. His answer to the critics of the annexation of lapsed States is this:

"When a Principality so falls (by lapse for want of heirs) to our disposal it does seem to me cruel to hand over its inhabitants to be squeezed and skinned by a native despot merely that our own subjects may be able to compare their own lot favourably with that of those whom we have abandoned."

It is long since he was attacked as responsible for the Mutiny of 1857; his answers in these Letters are as effective as they are noble. His references to his subordinates are full of interest and generosity, unless, perhaps, in the case of Henry Lawrence, though even there he was right in his preference of the younger brother, the great John Lawrence, as an administrator. He puts Lord Canning in the right place in history, between those who would have recalled that first Viceroy and those who exaggerate his services. The application of the Press Gagging Act to the *Friend of India* Dalhousie emphatically condemns, and likewise Canning's Oudh confiscation proclamation and his dilatoriness in disarming its people. We now learn that the famous dispatches protesting against the reduction of the European Army in India, which were first pigeon-holed in the India Office, were finally lost in Lord Canning's hands. New light is thrown on Outram and other Anglo-Indian administrators, as well as on such incompetent Secretaries of State as Lord Broughton (Board of Control), Mr. Vernon Smith, and Sir C. Wood. Most interesting new facts are published on the Koh-i-Noor diamond and the Cashmere Tribute Shawls sent every year to Queen Victoria and her successors.

In the terse Minute of February 28, 1856, in which the departing Governor-General reviews in one hundred and eighty short paragraphs as many military triumphs and civil reforms, he specially characterises as "not the least important" his order requiring "annual Reports from the Presidencies and Provinces under our rule." It fell to me, along with the late Sir George Campbell and Mr. Claude Erskine, to draw up the statistical plan, ultimately adopted by Parliament also, for the great State Paper on the Moral and Material Progress of India.

I was one of the crowd of white and dark faces who saw the martyr to duty, the then dying Proconsul, leave Prinsep's Ghaut, Calcutta, in March, 1856, and can testify that "never were so many tears shed." The Most Noble the Marquess of Dalhousie's place in history is undoubtedly that of the greatest of the Governor-Generals.

New Books.

LORD ROSEBERY ON CHATHAM.*

Chatham is, perhaps, after William the Conqueror and Queen Elizabeth, the most awe-inspiring figure in English politics. For the biographer fortunate enough to possess rhetorical gifts he is an unrivalled subject. In picturesqueness and glamour his career is only surpassed by that of Disraeli. In grandeur the elder Pitt as a statesman is not only unsurpassed but unapproached. He stands alone, like a purple figure among dun-coloured mediocrities. His son, the pilot who weathered the storm, may have done more for his country. But the younger Pitt's work can be definitely analysed and appraised. There is an element about Chatham, as there is always about a star-actor and a man of destiny, that resists analysis altogether, is incalculable. There is a mystery about the terror which he inspired among his contemporaries. When Chatham lashed himself up into a fury and began to roar, the greatest bashaws of the borough interest trembled before him as his short-lived viziers trembled in the presence of Selim the Grim. Did he appeal to the historical instinct among the spoiled nobles of his day? At any rate, they quivered under his lash like a pack of school-boys. He dominated them with his glance. They tremblingly averted their

* "Chatham: His Early Life and Connections." By Lord Rosebery. (Arthur L. Humphreys.)

eyes from his inconsistencies and his mistakes. They hardly dared to look at him above his shoe-buckle lest he should fix them with his eye and consume them with his glance. The magnificence and monstrosity of Chatham's figure have already attracted two of the greatest oratorical writers this country has produced, Lord Macaulay and Mr. Lecky. No one can read their glowing pages without falling in some measure under the potent spell of Chatham's mysterious personality. What actor upon the European stage has ever been either so impressive or so unaccountable in his entrances and exits!

Lord Rosebery, like the rest of us, must have been irresistibly attracted by the splendours of Chatham's hegemony in the years that surrounded the imperial apogee of 1759 and by the extraordinary transformation which this political enchanter effected in the hide-bound, narrow, and selfish oligarchy of 1756. By a self-denying ordinance he has confined his present book to the early life and connections of his hero, stopping short upon the very threshold of his triumphant supremacy. Like Cœur de Lion turning back from the Springs of Emmaus within a few bowshots of the mystic walls of Jerusalem, he draws off his forces at the psychological moment when preparation is merging into performance. And so we have a Pisgah glance merely of the promised land of Chatham's greatness.

Fortunately for his purpose, Lord Rosebery has a knowledge almost without an equal among contemporary historians of the political gangs and other hidden political forces of the eighteenth century. The thrusts and strains in the inner structure of politics are far more complicated even than those in the most elaborate architecture. That Lord Rosebery knew how to appraise them was shown in his admirable analysis of the majority commanded by the younger Pitt from 1784 onwards. The leviathans of Burke's time are represented in Chatham's by the Pelhams, the Grenvilles, and a few other Whig families. The hated Hanoverians wore their livery and for the most part did their bidding in exchange for a maintenance which must have appeared to the little court of Herrenhausen beyond the dreams of avarice. The maw of the big families in return gaped wider and wider for public money (the Grenvilles alone absorbed about a million), and the chances of any outsider forcing himself into a position in which he could compel a share of the spoil became more and more infinitely remote. The present book shows how Pitt, from a humble position in the House where he owed a seat to an early association with the Lyttelton and Cobham group, won his way up to a virtual dictatorship. It was easy enough for an independent member to obtain a sop in those days, but to obtain high office needed courage in attacking the charmed circle and their figure-head, and in lifting the veil of mystery which concealed their licensed peculations. Pitt saw that the only way to achieve this was to lead an appeal to the people at large against their accredited representatives. He might prove in the end only to have been leading a forlorn hope, but the attempt was worth the effort. Invective against Hanover and the minions might lead to political martyrdom on the altar of 1688, but it would distinguish him from the crowd and make him a popular figure all over England.

Pitt, as a young member of twenty-eight, attached himself to the Prince of Wales, then, as usual, in violent opposition to his father and to the Government, and became one of the most impetuous assailants of Walpole. He swelled the cry against standing armies; yet he was one of the fiercest of the mischievous band who by their furious declamations drove the country into the Spanish war, and brought about the fall of Walpole, whom he persecuted with an implacable resentment. Walpole falls; there is a great crash; but, when the dust clears away, it is seen that things are much as they were. Pitt appears as far as ever from power. His attacks upon the King had made him an impossible person at court. Carteret is compared to Walpole as Rehoboam to Solomon, and nicknamed the "Hanover-troop minister." All this is shown in the sequel to be mere bluff. Pitt is engaged in convincing the office-mongers that there can be no peace and security in the House without his connivance, and that the ordinary insults inseparable from parliamentary eloquence are long overdue. The Pelhams, above all others, have got to be convinced of his genius. It is true that Henry Pelham was regarded as the natural heir of the very policy of Walpole against which Pitt had thundered so unsparingly, and that his brother Newcastle had been the chief agent of the precise corruption of which Walpole had been so violently accused. Pitt was desirous of office, and the only avenue to office was the friendship of the Pelhams. With the Pelhams, accordingly, he enters into close political alliance upon the condition of their extorting a deed of oblivion from the justly offended George II. The new placeman then subsides into the position of an obedient henchman of the gang until Pelham dies, and the great political inheritance has to be divided. He who had hounded Walpole into the dust now represents a government of Walpole's political heirs and disciples. He who had made Parliament ring with denunciations of Hanover and its soldiers now votes for the increase of Hanoverians in English pay. He who had so shrilly denounced the right of search and standing armies now makes a peace without a reference to the obnoxious right, but insists that the peace shall not be used as a pretext for weakening the army. The way in which Pitt first denounces the clique, then associates with it, jumps clear of its failures, establishes a reputation in the country for righteousness, and comes back with a whip in his hand to control the pack as with a rod of iron, forms the subject of the present work.

There was certainly a good deal of alloy in Pitt's political greatness. Lord Rosebery freely admits it. He had considerably stooped to conquer. The great question, it seems, and one most difficult to decide is, Was there patriotism in all this alloy? In early days the ambition for office at all hazards seems to predominate. Later on, by 1756 at latest, Lord Rosebery concludes, the predominance of the nobler sentiment is unmistakable. His hero dreams no longer of secure possession of office, but of a Government which, free from taint or suspicion, shall appeal for the confidence of the country on the highest and purest grounds. For an answer to the open question of Chatham's career, one of the most universal and dazzling, if not of the most beneficent and ennobling in English politics, Lord Rosebery searches the records of heredity:

> "Heredity counts for much, for more than we reckon in these matters. We breed horses and cattle with careful study on that principle; the prize bull and the Derby winner are the result. With mankind we heed it little or not at all. With Pitt it was everything or almost everything. From his ancestors, most probably the Governor, who, we infer, was a free liver in a tropical climate, he derived the curse of gout. From the same progenitor he inherited a nervous, violent temperament, and some taint of madness. All this told partly for him, partly against him. The gout drove him to study and reflection, but it constantly disabled him. His temperament roused him to great heights of energy and passion both in eloquence and politics, but it also alienated his fellow-men, and made him sometimes eccentric, and sometimes turbulent. We cannot in such a matter hold a balance. What is genius? None can tell. But may it not be the result in character of the conflict of violent strains of heredity, which clash like flint and steel, and produce the divine spark?"

This passage is all interesting and it concludes with one of those incisive and divinatory phrases of which there are so many in these five hundred ample pages. At the same time it cannot, I think, be said that Lord Rosebery has succeeded in making Pitt's ancestry tell its story very clearly or decisively. The account of the Governor and his sons is too summary to be really expressive. The somewhat stilted story of Pitt's affection for his sister Nanny, growing more and more autocratic as he approaches

greatness, as told in the letters, is very well in its way. But if we compare it with the romance of Disraeli's affection for his sister "Sa," as revealed in Mr. Monypenny's volume —how pale and frigid it seems in comparison! Lord Rosebery is right—the materials for the early life of Pitt are too scanty for a complete and satisfying picture. It is not until we get to the portrait-gallery of the political personages of Pitt's day that we begin to realise the master-hand of the artistic biographer. The defence of George II. is really a triumph of fair and carefully reasoned perception. There are chapters here—I wish I could give their titles (but the book lacks these, as it lacks that prime necessity, a table of contents)—describing the kaleidoscopic period from the fall of Walpole to the established supremacy of the Pelhams, which throw a strong beam of light into one of the most obscure and dimly lit aisles in the whole of our historical edifice. The description of Hervey, Pope's "mere white curd of asses' milk," and his false testimony is brilliant. So are the portraits of the "sick baby" Newcastle, of Pultency, Carteret, Henry Fox, Temple, Hardwicke, and Mansfield. These passages will live as among the most brilliant cameos we have of the history of the eighteenth century. There are twenty dark years and upwards left for Lord Rosebery to illumine, from 1756 down to the advent of the younger Pitt. The highest hope we have for history in England in the immediate future is that he will not lack the necessary stimulus to complete the difficult picture of the aristocratic régime which he understands and of which he is in many ways so unrivalled an exponent.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

FRANK BRANGWYN.*

At the exhibitions of the Royal Academy, where, whatever may be the sins of commission, most that is soundest and truest in modern English art is still to be seen, the work of Frank Brangwyn hangs yearly pre-eminent, beside or above the fairy charm of Charles Sims, the joyful sunshine of La Thangue, and the few other admirable things. But to call a painter prominent among contemporaries is rather like speaking—in the old phrase—of the highest hill in Essex. Brangwyn deserves some less doubtful tribute. He would be no insignificant peak even among the mountains of Wales, the birthplace of his fathers.

Deliberately, so as not to lead into undue laudation by the pride that one always feels in any excellence of one's own generation or race, I am writing these lines in the Venetian Room of the National Gallery, sitting actually in front of what has been called the greatest picture in the world. The test could hardly be more severe; yet it still seems to me that there are pictures of Brangwyn's which are not unworthy of comparison with these marvellous masterpieces of colour. Tintoretto, Veronese, or even Titian himself might greet him as a younger brother; not their peer, but one speaking a language not utterly unintelligible and corrupt.

That, at any rate, is how I think of Brangwyn, as a legitimate heir of the Renaissance. Doubtless those who understand such things (Mr. Shaw-Sparrow, for instance) find many technical excellences in his work which escape the layman or at least the layman's explanation, but its essential splendour is evident to all who are sensitive to beauty. No great picture ever appealed exclusively to the trained painter, and the belief that such is the case is a significant concomitant of decadence. It means that experiment in technique has come to be considered of more importance than perfection of result. It may need a training to enjoy the misapplied science of the impressionists or the morbid affectations of their successors; but it needs none to enjoy Titian, nor any to enjoy Brangwyn.

For what I have just called his essential splendour is not the glow of his colouring, or the breadth of his brush-work, or his great sense of design. These are only its manifestations. The soul of his art is in its vitality; and art, according to what is probably its most perfect definition, is "the expression, satisfying and abiding, of the zest of life."

This vitality is the quality which separates Brangwyn from almost every other English artist since Gainsborough, but proclaims his kinship with the big men of the Renaissance, and also with certain contemporary writers in whom, it seems to me, rests the hope of English literature. Brangwyn, and Brangwyn alone of living painters, may be ranked with Kipling, Conrad, Masefield, and the late J. M. Synge as a figure in what I like to think of as the twentieth-century English Renaissance.

Like the four men named, he has seen much of the world and of rough reality, and like them he has got a quality in his work which very nearly died with the Elizabethans. The quality is neither more or less than Gissing's "zest of life." Neither to lose their grasp on life, as the disciples of art for art's sake did, nor their sight of beauty, like the realists (who are not, properly speaking, artists at all), is the achievement of my selected band and perhaps a few others. It is also the achievement of every artist who, whatever his epoch, is really alive to-day. To live more, not less, than other men, and to feel and express the wonder of that experience is the destiny of painter and poet, sculptor and musician. It seems to be Brangwyn's destiny.

Although the artist is still a young man, he has for many years been recognised as a genius, first on the Continent and eventually in his own country. He has a long record of work, alike in easel-painting, oil and water colour, mural decoration, and etching. His style has developed on clearly marked lines. So it is not, perhaps, too soon for a book dealing with what he has so far accomplished.

Such a book, at any rate, has been written, and, it may at once be said, well written. Mr. Shaw-Sparrow has a lucid style which is peculiarly pleasant to read, and critical abilities of a high order. One may quarrel with some of his judgments. Here and there, when speaking of Brangwyn's less successful pictures, he shows an inclination to expect verdict to be passed on intention rather than on result, an attitude which might easily (though it does not) degenerate into sentimental special pleading. But this, and a rather too copious disinterment of dead newspaper criticisms, than which Mr. Shaw-Sparrow's own opinions are far more interesting, are the only points with which it is possible to find fault. The biographical side of the book relates, of course, only to matters that influence the painter's art, such as those early wander-years in which he learned the colours of the East.

Mr. Shaw-Sparrow apologises more than once for the defective impression that the coloured reproductions give of the original pictures. These apologies were hardly necessary. Undoubtedly colour-printing is a poor substitute for paint. Crowded canvases like "The Rajah's Birthday" become confused by reduction. But, on the whole, the plates in this book are as good as they could be; and if a few of those in colour leave something to be desired (though hardly achieved), those that represent the etchings are perfect. And that plates of any sort should be furnished in such numbers for the sum of half a guinea makes one wonder how it is done. A selected list of Brangwyn's pictures, a classified catalogue of the etchings, and a bibliography form useful appendices. There is also an admirable index.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

* "Frank Brangwyn and his Work." By Walter Shaw-Sparrow. 10s. 6d. net. (Kegan Paul.)

TOLSTOY AND ANOTHER.*

What would you think if you saw in a grave, biographical essay upon, say, Joan of Arc, a sentence like this ?—

"Her life and her work in the fields and in her humble home were in all respects most praiseworthy. She was a simple, godly peasant-heroine, a pattern to all her kind. Unfortunately she chose to consider herself specially called by God to save France, and, under the influence of this regrettable hallucination, deserted the work that she might have done so well, in order to undertake the deplorable enterprise of trying to give hope and salvation to her fallen countrymen. Upon the unseemly costume that she affected we will not dwell. Suffice it to say that these lost years of degradation brought her inevitably to failure and a tragic death. What a pity to see a promising life so wasted!"

I suppress (as unprintable) your probable remarks. Yet my sentence is not a whit more egregious than this which I cull (verbatim) from an elaborate obituary of Tolstoy in one of the big London dailies :

"Perhaps the regret for his death will also be mingled with a certain appreciation of the pathos which always surrounds a career that is not all it might have been, and especially when the falling off from its ultimate and highest possibilities comes, not from invincible circumstances, but from the personal weakness or wrong-headedness of the man himself. For in spite of the literary treasures with which Tolstoy endowed his country and his age, it must be confessed that for some sixteen years before his death he was a lost, a wasted, and a misspent force, the victim of his own hallucinations, a pursuer of phantoms, while there lay before him, neglected and abandoned, the vast materials out of which he could have shaped a mighty and a deathless monument. But even in this degradation of his intellect and misuse of his genius," etc.

Laugh at such a paragraph, if you will, but don't overlook its significance. Its note is the note of much that is being written just now. Those who love darkness rather than light are making their influence felt in many unsuspected ways, and, at their command, obedient Belials are always ready, in book and journal, to make the worse appear the better cause. Let us take arms against Belial, and give him no quarter! Of course, on the lower, and merely literary plane, such a view of Tolstoy is grotesque. As Mr. Lloyd points out, in this very pleasant and readable volume, there is no divorce between the author of "Anna Karanina" and the author of "Resurrection." Tolstoy's career has no jerks or angles in it; he did not suddenly turn in his course and take a new direction; his life as artist and prophet was a harmonious development, from the earliest story up to the latest tract. The celebrated "conversion," with all its attendant circumstances, was merely the visible sign of a long and gradual growth within;—he may have been converted precisely at a definite moment of a particular day; but he was "converting" for years, and the stages in his spiritual growth should be clear to any literary eye that follows critically the long line of his books, from "The Cossacks" to "What is Art?" Indeed, the supposed critic who cannot see Nekhliudov implicit in Levin and, earlier still, in Irteniev, had better abandon Tolstoy and try Mrs. Henry Wood.

The magnitude of the literary obtuseness that speaks of Tolstoy's later work as a degradation of his genius can be the better measured when we reflect that the strange potency of appeal, which made a world of readers turn to him for guidance as never before to any living writer, dates precisely from the time of this "degradation"—a degradation that took him from the literary salons and gave him to humanity. In those last years, when he was a "lost, wasted, misspent force, the victim of his own wrongheadedness and his hallucinations," Tolstoy stood before the world as that rarest of beings, a man of faith—not of mere assent, or of blind belief, or of hesitating trust, or of vague conformity to creed, but of that clear, adamantine conviction, against which the powers of hell cannot prevail. Such a faith is never barren. It begets faith in others; yet mark this: the real prophet does not merely and mechanically give faith to others: he helps them to find their own; he makes his followers believe, not in him, but in themselves. That is the value of Tolstoy to such an age as this,



Count Leo Tolstoy.
From "Two Russian Reformers," by J. A. T. Lloyd. (Stanley Paul & Co.)

"Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
The other powerless to be born."

He helps the wanderers to find themselves; and his true disciples will be those who, not blindly following him, but strengthened by his strength and enlightened by his teaching, will go forth without fear, and make their own way into the pathless beyond.

Tolstoy takes a secondary place to Turgenev in Mr. Lloyd's book—quite properly, because so much has been written in England about the former, and so little about the latter, in spite of Mrs. Garnett's excellent translation of his stories, which, by the way, Mr. Heinemann is making available to a wider public by a cheap reissue. Mr. Lloyd's description of Turgenev's early life is excellently done, and the character of his remarkable mother well drawn. The account of this autocratic lady may be specially commended to those who are inclined to idealise the rule of a benevolent aristocracy. The whole book with its aptly chosen illustrations is highly interesting; but its authority would be strengthened if Mr. Lloyd's transliteration of the Russian names were consistent. As it is, the same persons appear with differently spelt

* "Two Russian Reformers: Ivan Turgenev, Leo Tolstoy." By J. A. T. Lloyd. 10s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul & Co.)

names in different parts of the volume. Moreover, a critic of novels should not call Skimpole Horace. However, in spite of its minor defects, the book was worth writing and is worth reading. It embodies some acute criticism and much illuminative detail, and its enthusiasm is of the right kind—the kind that sends the reader back to his originals. The title is somewhat misleading. Turgenev did much to help the cause of emancipation; but only in a very limited sense was he a reformer, and Mr. Lloyd, in spite of the title, deals with him solely as an artist.

In passing from Tolstoy to Turgenev, we pass to a lower plane of activity. Some arts—such, for instance, as painting and sculpture—represent things; others—music is the chief—present ideas or embody feelings. The peculiar glory of literature is that it can do either, and, in its highest manifestations, both. Tolstoy is an example of the double greatness, and Turgenev of the purely representative art. Turgenev's books are, in the best sense of the terms, realistic, life-like; and, on their plane—the lower plane, as I think it, believing the prophet-artist to be greater than the decorator-artist—among the best of their kind and time. Pavlovsky, describing Turgenev's reading of his own stories, has the significant sentence: "It seemed to me that he was weeping—he, who never wept." He could not weep, he could not love—there is his limitation and his condemnation; for the art that moves the world is born of passion and of tears.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?*

The marvellous powers of music are no new conception. The music of the spheres is a phrase, and a modern poet was telling of most ancient things when he wrote—

"The winds hung motionless,
And held their breath to hear the rebel god,
Conquered and doomed, with stormy sobbing song,
And crashing discords of his golden lyre,
Reluctantly compel the walls of Troy,
Unquarried and unhewn, in supple lines
And massive strength to rise about the town."

The conception of the power that lies in "true-naming" is just as old. Savages hide their real names, fearing that should their enemies learn them they would use them to their bane.

But by his fusion of these two ideas, Mr. Algernon Blackwood, who has come so quickly and so triumphantly into the front rank as a master of magic, has produced an extremely new effect in fiction. There is certainly nothing hackneyed about "The Human Chord."

It is the story of the surprising adventures of a young man, one Robert Spinrobin. ("To look at, one would have believed that until the age of twenty-five he had been nameless, and that a committee had then sat upon the subject and selected the sound best suited to describe him: Spinrobin—Robert.") "As a boy he constructed so vividly in imagination that he came to believe in the living reality of his creations: for everybody and everything he found names—real names." This quality left him, of course, with childhood, and he grew up a not very remarkable young man, in whose character were juxtaposed timidity and a desire for adventure, companions common enough. When he answered a curiously worded advertisement, the experience commenced which was to make its full demand on both these characteristics.

It would not only be unfair to Mr. Blackwood, but it would also be depriving his readers of a keen pleasure of suspense, to give details of Spinrobin's uncanny and beautiful adventures in the house of Philip Skale, the astonishing retired clergyman who for twenty years had been engaged in certain tremendous experiments in sound and "true-naming" and had at length come to a point at which he needed the assistance of such a man as Spinrobin proved to be. As a matter of fact, Skale required four people to complete his Human Chord, but the other two he already had in the persons of the deaf housekeeper, Mrs. Mawle, with her mysteriously withered arm, and of Miriam. To tell the story of these four persons—there are no others in the book—thus brought together in strange communion in a great and lonely house among the mountains of South Wales is Mr. Blackwood's business.

It is ours to testify that he has told it remarkably well. His task was not easy. It must be very hard to write a good story at all, whether dealing with the realities of life or with supernatural wonders. But the fusion of the two is a supreme test of ability. The possession of that ability is what has given Mr. Blackwood his assured place among modern writers. For he so contrives that we pass from the human to the superhuman, and feel the presence of the one in the other, without any sense of discord. "The Human Chord" is full of the most tremendous things. It thrills with its unexpected and uncanny happenings. It glows at times with an unearthly beauty. But throughout there is a sweet and fresh current of humanity in which, for some, the chief charm of the book will lie. Even Skale, with his unearthly pre-occupations, is a real and human being; while Spinrobin is a most likeable little man, and Miriam, as the book goes on, grows more and more adorable. The story, indeed, symbolises the struggle between our aspirations for a diviner state and our love of the good earth. Which conquers, again, is for the reader to find out for himself. But we can promise that he will be satisfied.

* "The Human Chord." By Algernon Blackwood. 6s. (Macmillan.)

PROBLEMS OF TO-DAY.*

The Harvard Professor of Psychology interests and impresses us quite apart from his psychology, which may or may not be a fulcrum whereby he is going to move this grovelling topsy-turvy world and turn it right side upwards to gaze on heaven. It looks promising, but it is all so new to me—the Vocational Schools, the Psychological Laboratory, the Vocational Bureau—that I should like to have time to go further into it and then think it over before flaunting a probably shallow criticism. That the high priest of the new Phrontisterion or Mind-Laboratory should magnify its pretensions is but as it ought to be—who else should?—"if you want your city defended," cries the honest cobbler, "there is nothing like leather." And in pedogogics America—that is, the fraction who have time to think and to listen to true prophets like the Professor—the only America which counts—certainly seems to be leaving our fumblers to grope and flounder far behind. But Prof. Münsterberg has interested me most as a phenomenal and abnormal Fish-out-of-Water—a fish who adapts himself with rare skill to the change of element. The American atmosphere suits him just because it contains so many obscure argons and neons for analysis and theorising; he breathes and respires that troubled air as though to it born, yet never forgetful of the still waters of German thought whence he sprang. And being very much the man of the world, and from the nature of his professional work in close touch and sympathy with the practical life around him, he finds very much to say about the Americans that is new and arresting, and in most cases convincing.

* "Problems of To-day, from the Point of View of a Psychologist." By Hugo Münsterberg, M.D., Ph.D., Litt.D., LL.D. 7s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin.)

From his interesting little Preface, we gather that he began by his "American Traits," a book of first impressions, designed to familiarise his hosts with German ideals. Then he put out in Germany "The Americans," to enlighten his old compatriots. Now, he tells us, he has insensibly become an American, and the essays here collected were written by him not as a German, but simply as a psychologist. I should put it rather differently. He has not changed his German ideals so much as superadded the American. And therein seems to lie his strength of appeal. His sympathy for all that is sound and hopeful in American society amounts to a second patriotism. On the other hand, though familiarity has made certain deformities less glaring in his eyes, his German principles of reason, order, and discipline are still as adamant, and he speaks out with a bluntness which must have made him many enemies of a day, and I would fain believe as many friends for life.

Though the author's personality and attitude with the too rare references to his individual experiences attract us most, the book—most of it, not all—is extremely interesting. To discuss nine highly controversial essays on distinct subjects would mean nine separate reviews: they are always leading the reader far afield on long trains of thought. One can do little more here than enumerate. In "The Fear of Nerves" the attempt to persuade us that nerves are mostly an illusion verges sometimes on paradox, but in this first paper the author formulates some of the main tenets which he recurs to and develops later on. Thus, the most striking defect of Americans, he says, is "their lack of accuracy and thoroughness, their superficiality, the go-as-you-please character of their work," and this he ascribes—I should think rightly—to "the unwillingness to concentrate attention," a vice which infects every phase of American life. Of course a few men do concentrate, and I would suggest that the fewness of these exceptions accounts for the extreme "prominence" of the "prominent men"—millionaires, railway kings, Roosevelts, Edisons and the like. It seems the young generation can neither spell nor calculate. Take this instance from p. 206. In Cambridge, the educational Mecca, are two telegraph offices, where for years the author has sent cablegrams to Europe. The charge is a quarter of a dollar per word. The clerks are frequently changed, but *not one* has *ever once* attempted this task of dividing a small number by 4, without paper and pencil, and *two-thirds* of their attempts have been failures. The last time the young man made 9 words come to $1.87! The American schoolboy is two years behind the German: the college student takes four years to saunter through a two years' course, reads much, but knows nothing accurately. Serious editorials, serious books, serious politics, serious drama are unpopular and neglected. The cause of all this is bad education. And here is the secret. "*Involuntary* attention" is attracted by "what is shining, loud, sensational and surprising. . . . The real development of mankind lies in the growth of the *voluntary* attention, which is not passively attracted, but which turns actively to that which is important and significant and valuable in itself. *No one is born with such a power. It has to be trained and educated.*" Golden words these! The old-fashioned strict "grounding" was swept away in the reaction against ancient formalism, and America reaps the fruits of the new slipshod kindergarten, learning-made-pleasant system. Another cause of this non-concentration. A small boy asked in class by the author what most distinguished ancient from modern society replied: "Among the Romans the father was head of the family." "In America woman is the head of the family, and the head of the social life," and woman's attention is involuntary. Surely this is true. At a glance your wife grasps every detail and also a permanent mind-picture of the whole of a rival's dress or parlour, but ask her to examine carefully for you and report upon a number of articles which do not interest her, and you know too well the result. "Thank you, my dear, but perhaps I had better call to-morrow and see for myself." I can myself recall some distinctly feminine traits—for better or worse—in Americans I have known and liked, and am almost inclined to think that among our cousins every man is at heart a Suffragette.

And all this only about the first essay! The next, on "Choice of a Vocation," should be read and pondered. It is rich in sense and discernment. At present I keep an open mind, but would humbly remark that as a fact we have already for a long time examined the anatomical, physiological, and mental idiosyncrasies of our boys before choosing their vocations, at least roughly. Whether the Vocational Bureau and Schools started by Prof. Parsons, or the Psychological Laboratories from which our author promises so much, will end by putting every boy to the work for which Providence intended him—surely a desirable aim—I will not presume to doubt, for did Nelson or even Stephenson ever dream of tests for colour-blindness? In "The Market and Psychology" the same propaganda is pursued. Here I note that the advertising atmosphere has at length so hypnotised our philosopher that he seeks to apply his psychology, not to killing the incubus—advertisement adds £60,000,000 to the price of commodities in England, and in America at least five times as much—but to rendering it more artful, seductive, and deadly. His hints are shrewd enough. "Would you like the parcel sent, madam?" says the Foolish Virgin. "Wouldn't you like to take it with you?" coos the Wise One: and the female weathercock instantly turns to the suggestion—how nice to get the collarette an hour sooner to show to Ethel, or wear at dinner. The psychological newsboy does not shout, "Paper, sir?" but "Which paper?"

The immorality of the Prohibition movement—immoral in itself and still more in its effects—is boldly and exhaustively handled in two papers, where Prof. Münsterberg vindicates temperate indulgence in alcohol as a sign, an essential, and a privilege of high and healthy civilisation: which protest I, who use no stimulants, warmly endorse. The spread of certain grave moral evils in the Prohibition States must have reached most of us in whispers. I will only quote without note or comment our author's solemn warning. "I speak," he says, "as a psychotherapist whose experience covers the whole country, when I say that the spreading of cocainism and morphinism, of sexual perversion and ruinous habits among the abstainers is alarming." It is pleasant to read in "Our Friends the Spiritualists" how the Professor caught Madame Palladino, the great medium, by the foot, and of the blood-curdling Bernhardt yell which spoke her detection and ruin. But his temperate reasonings and pleadings and concessions are wasted on these people—why cast pearls before swine? For a reason which it is not lawful for me to mention, I know that the whole Spiritualist business from beginning to end is on the one side pure *conscious* fraud and lying, and on the other lying and invincible ignorance. It is not for us to expose mediums. Just appoint their fellow-conjuror, Mr. Maskelyne, like Matthew Hopkins of old, as Witch-finder General, and he would soon rid us of these vermin.

There remain three essays of special interest to bookmen. In "The Standing of Scholarship" are weighty passages which might well apply to the latest scheme for the prostitution of learning in Oxford—by the way, does Lord Curzon remember that little story in the *Cento Novelle* of the reforming pedant who dreamt that he saw the Muses *stando nel bordello*? Cheering sounds the bitter cry from across the ocean for "those official labels by which the high opinion of those who know is made widely visible to the crowd—the English knighthood for the leading scholars, the governmental decorations and titles." "Books and Bookstores" throws steady light on a subject so often handled in these columns. The booksellers' shop is fast

becoming extinct in the States. That true shrine of literature should be restored and cherished, though schools and free libraries be left to the owls and bats. And nothing, I believe, can save it but to adopt or adapt the German publishers' ring system, even though it be a restraint of trade. In "The World Language" Mr. Carnegie's Spelling Reform Board is demolished by many sound but to me novel arguments, a little justifiable national animus, some rather doubtful details, and once (p. 217) by the verbiage of specious sentiment. As to a Universal Language, I grant that no living language is possible, and that private-adventure lingoes like Volapuk and Esperanto are still more hopeless. But that the problem is insoluble, and, if solved, useless, I cannot admit. Quite possible, though it would take time. We want another century for further scientific study of phonetics and the relations of thought and language, which we call grammar. Then fifty years' labour of Commissions to build up the language, and fifty more to test it in practice and revise. Would it then be useless, a lingua franca so simple, so consistent, so terse that even savages might learn to speak and write it in three months? Moreover, if taught in every school throughout the world—this point has not occurred to our author—would it be useless, this scientific, logical, skeleton language, as an educational engine? Children would first learn to read and write it, and then begin to study their own language and later on others—and with what ease and illumination! Surely of all bilinguism this would be the best.

To Prof. Münsterberg such a discipline might indeed be useless, for he has the art of writing with propriety and spirit in an acquired language. Obviously because he took infinite pains. Pains, attention, thoroughness, cheerful drudgery—such is the burden of these essays, the thread which binds them into a real book. A book of serious moral and political import, to us English too; for smugly as we may sit down to read—and would that all might read—this indictment of American superficiality and unreasonableness, ere long will rise from our conscience the accusing whisper, *de te quoque fabula narratur.*

Y. Y.

SPELL-LAND.*

"Prudery," said an American writer in my hearing, "is no more a proof of purity than a wig is a proof of a good head of hair. In fact it is often put on to hide a bald place."

I am reminded of the saying by hearing at a library that several readers have returned "Spell-Land" on the score that it is improper. That there is a bald place anywhere in the purity of these readers, I should be the last, uncharitably, to infer; but were they more closely to analyse their impressions they would, I think, word their objection differently. It is not because they find impropriety in "Spell-Land," but because they miss—shall I say spirituality?—that the book leaves on them a painful impression. Miss Kaye-Smith's scalpel probes deeply into the primitive passions of women and men; and one who ventures thus to lay bare the raw and quivering wounds of humanity should have a divine tenderness of touch, an intensity of spirituality, which, as yet, are scarcely hers.

But of impropriety—of any attempt to gloss over sin, to paint it in alluring colours, to write of it with zest or with undue realism—I can find no trace in "Spell-Land." I grant that it is the story of a sin, and that the characters, being human, and taken mostly from Sussex farm life, are occasionally coarse in conduct and in expression. This side of their nature she faithfully pictures, just as she, as faithfully, pictures what is nobler in them. But she draws evil only to make it repellent: she shows us what is good, always in such a way that it attracts. There is nothing, even in the coarse scenes, to contaminate the mind of the reader. There is, in fact, no residue of evil at the bottom of the goblet she holds to our lips. Unlike Stevenson, who once wrote to Mr. Archer: "I would rise from the dead to preach," she essays no sermonising. None the less—or perhaps I should say, "all the more"—we lay down the book newly and profoundly convinced of the fact that sin eats into and destroys the soul, as cancer destroys the body, newly and profoundly disgusted by licence and unrighteousness, newly and profoundly awakened to the necessity of abiding inexorably by the moral law.

As a reader of Miss Kaye-Smith's three books, "The Tramping Methodist," "Starbrace," and "Spell-Land," I am, however, minded to ask the author why she should always write of unhappy lives. She knows our Sussex lanes and fields and farms as the birds and the butterflies know them by day, as the moon and the stars know them by night. Her ear has been held close to Nature's heart, and close to the hearts of our Sussex wenches and swains, our Sussex women and men. Is life's heart-beat, as heard by her, always troubled and tragic? Has she no simple, sunny story to tell of innocent courtship, of happy mated love, the longed-for coming of a little child, and the hopes and joys that centre around even a humble home? And since her work is—as the highest art must inevitably, if unconsciously, be—profoundly ethical in purpose and in tone, is it not possible (I ask her) as effectually to help and to uplift humanity by dwelling upon the happiness which comes of doing right as by brooding over the misery which comes of doing wrong?

In "fundamental brainwork" (to use a phrase of Rossetti's) and as the work of a young writer, "Spell-Land" is remarkable. The psychological analysis of the soul of a woman who could find love, of a sort, in her heart for two men, and yet could "like" less the man she "loved" more, and so marry the other, is, even if morbid and unpleasant, as striking as is the study of that same woman's seducer. For he is no ordinary sensualist, who from lust makes havoc of the life of the woman he loves. Well-meaning, but rudderless and irresponsible—when the woman he loves places herself utterly in his power, to save or to ruin, in her ignorance and her trust, he fails her, fails God, and fails himself; and, as if by the decree of an inexorable and pagan Fate, throws away the one chance of proving his love.

The picture of Claude's remorse after Emily's death is drawn with grim pathos and poignancy But the time comes when Claude's thought of the dead Emily is not all sorrowful:

> "He went to the window, and looked out. The ship of the moon was foundering in the west, and shadows of clouds sped over the fields. He thought of Nineveh (his and her home) facing that same moon, with shining windows, and his foolish brain imagined Emily standing among the hollyhocks, waiting for one who would not return. . . . The smiles, the playfulness, with which she had said good-bye, the roguery that had leapt into her eyes for the first time on her death-bed, seemed to foretell a playtime. She had had so little play, but surely, in that hour, she had heard the footsteps of children dancing at the door. . . . But now, all the contradictory elements that had weakened the arms she had stretched out to save him, lay dead in the grave where her body lay; her womanly frailty and illogicalness, her childish ignorance, and lack of judgment, her wild thing's elusiveness and mystery—all were laid aside like a garment outgrown. The memory of her was a purifying emotion, a generating emotion, not only the strongest in him, but the best in him, and like the best in every man, would raise him up at the last day. For death had joined what love had put asunder."

So ends a story which I hold to be the most remarkable work of fiction by a young writer which has been published for years. Miss Kaye-Smith may have to wait for full recognition at the hands of the public, for she

* "Spell-Land." By Sheila Kaye-Smith. 6s. (George Bell & Son.)

seems to me to have something of genius, and though Oscar Wilde did not mean to be taken too seriously when he said that genius is the only quality which the public will not forgive, it is nevertheless a fact that Talent is a commercial traveller who calls upon his friend and customer, the public, many times in the course of a year, and so, being readily recognised, is assured of welcome and applause. Genius, on the other hand, is a rare and angel-visitor, strangely unfamiliar of face. The big, bustling, burly public is, at first, all too ill at ease with her, looks at her askance as something of a disturbing element, wonders why she has come, and until he has learned her station and quality, is slow to press upon her the welcome he should accord to an honoured guest.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

ARCHIBALD LITTLE'S ESSAYS.*

In a sympathetic foreword to this volume of posthumous essays Mr. Gundry claims our indulgence for certain minor blemishes due to the premature death of Mr. Little. That indulgence we were naturally prepared to give, and now, after having read through the book with the greatest care, we hasten to add that we make no virtue of forgiveness where there is so little to forgive. Mr. Little's essays are, without exception, extremely interesting. They contain much valuable information; they show a true and scholarly familiarity with the Chinese people and language; they prove—if proof were needed—that Mr. Little was gifted



Mr. Archibald Little in 1886.
From "Gleanings from Fifty Years in China," by Archibald Little. (Sampson Low.)

with a forcible and expressive style; and they exhibit a catholicity of taste in their author such as we should naturally expect from one whose life was as varied as his was. It is not possible here to refer to more than one or two of these essays. In our estimation the paper dealing with the Chinese drama is one of the best in the collection. To those familiar with China it is well known that the drama there plays much the same part that it used to play in the days of ancient Athens—that is to say, it is not only recreative but has also an educational importance. Commenting upon the historical knowledge of illiterate boatmen and such like folk, Mr. Little says that at first he was puzzled to know whence they derived their information. "I at last discovered that they had learned their history in that pleasantest and most impressive of all schools, the Theatre. Elaborate historical dramas form the bulk of the performances given in the public theatre, which almost every village in China possesses, by companies of strolling players who are paid by subscriptions from the more wealthy inhabitants." But though the dramas may be elaborate, the stage and the "properties" are the very reverse. Thus one actor seated upon a chair raised upon a table will address a second actor standing upon the stage and will typify a beleaguered general parleying with the commander of the besieging force. Facts such as this and certain others which he names suggest to Mr. Little a comparison with our Elizabethan stage which we could wish he had worked out in greater detail.

Two other essays which are particularly good and should be read in conjunction with one another are those upon "Missionaries in China" and "Confucianism." Mr. Little is far from blind to the great good which missionaries have achieved, but at the same time he does not hesitate to criticise, and he is probably correct when he declares that "in order to Christianise the Confucian nations we must build upon Confucius and cannot in surety nor usefully call attention to his shortcomings. We must, in short, make Christian teaching *eclectic*, much as Christ Himself taught, if it is to gain the suffrages of thoughtful and sincere men in Japan or China."

Among the other essays reference (merely nominal though it be) should be made to those upon "Yachting in the Chusan Archipelago" and "How to Register your Trademark," if only to indicate in some slight measure the diversity of subjects which Mr. Little handles.

M. H. H. M.

* "Gleanings from Fifty Years in China." By Archibald Little. 7s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)

GOOD GOSSIP.*

Having, three or four years ago, given us the rich harvest of her "Reminiscences," Lady Dorothy Nevill now follows it up with a scarcely less rich aftermath; or, if we wished to be less laudatory, we might say a very respectable sheaf of gleanings! Perhaps the simile of the corn is happier than that of the hay, for in the new volume we have not later reminiscences—such as an aftermath should suggest—but rather things that had been overlooked when first harvesting in the fields of memory. Lady Dorothy is indeed in this volume a most engaging gossiper, often inconsequent, but always with something to say that is interesting, frequently as much because it is recalled by one who has lived long as from anything inherently important in the thing recalled. The inconsequence is seen in the way in which in a successive series of paragraphs we jump from changing fashions in visiting-cards, by way of "concealed doors" and table decoration, to the proper "points" of Pekinese spaniels. Despite this discursiveness, perhaps in a measure because of it, we are led on from page to page and chapter to chapter finding ourselves always entertained. "The world of my childhood knew neither the telephone nor the electric light; railways were in their infancy, and the motor-car and airship undreamt of as practical possibilities." Yet the writer admits that she is not conscious of having witnessed any sudden changes, "everything, indeed, seems to have evolved by gradual steps." And in recognising this, though sometimes not unfairly critical of modern methods, she is by no means always *laudator temporis acti*.

Bright, anecdotal, and thoroughly good-humoured, this book, whether in its personal reminiscences, its letters or its *olla podrida* of out-of-the-way information, is unfailingly attractive, even fascinating; a book that may be taken up and opened anywhere with the confidence that it will afford good reading. Of glimpses, often intimate glimpses, of notable men and women of past days it has an almost kaleidoscopic variety; leaders of religion, and of political parties, and of society, literary men and artists, are all among those whom Lady Dorothy Nevill has known, and whether she is introducing letters from

* "Under Five Reigns." By Lady Dorothy Nevill. Edited by Her Son. 15s. net. (Methuen.)

Darwin, Disraeli, Lord Lytton, or John Bright, she shows the same genuine spirit of admiration; whether she is recalling some of the good things she has heard originally uttered or repeating those which she has been told, she shows a ready appreciation of humour. Her new volume is indeed a fresh storehouse of anecdote, and as such would alone deserve a welcome; but it is something more than that, for it is a kind of social miscellany of information about nineteenth-century life, and so should prove something more than the success of a season at the circulating libraries.

Referring to an old album Lady Dorothy found some verses, dated March 23, 1843, and signed "Montgomery." "Alas! I cannot now recall who this Mr. Montgomery was. I do not think that it could have been Mr. Alfred Montgomery, though he was clever man enough." The verses, "The Common Lot," are by James Montgomery. Later in her book the writer refers to a house in Dean Street, Soho, in which certain cards were found "inscribed 'Isaac Newton,' and the house had been the residence of his father-in-law, William Hogarth." Hogarth's father-in-law, Sir James Thornhill, lived, it is true, in Dean Street, but as to the artist's having any children his biographers are silent; and, wanting a daughter, it is difficult to see how he could have had a son-in-law. Old-fashioned people, says Lady Dorothy, carried passports when travelling abroad up to as recently as "the early eighties of the last century." They must carry them now if they would cross the frontiers of Russia, Servia, Roumania, and certain other countries; indeed passports still serve a useful purpose to sojourners in countries nearer home. The story told in this volume of the Abbot of Florence is that of Pope Sixtus the Fifth, which Browning made the subject of one of his poems, "The Pope and the Net," in "Asolando." Another matter that seems to call for comment is that of the following paragraph: "In connection with Thackeray and Dickens, I believe the fact of the former having, after Seymour's death, offered to contribute some sketches for *Pickwick* has passed unnoticed. The offer was rejected." Very little research in biographical sketches of Thackeray and Dickens would have shown that the fact has by no means passed unnoticed.

Such lapses are, however, not frequent, and scarcely detract from the value of the volume as a gossip-comment on men and affairs over a long series of years; as such a comment and as a rich collection of anecdotes the book will be found to have a lasting value. At times Lady Dorothy's gossip crystallises itself in epigram, as when discussing the edible fungi—that her range of subjects is extensive has already been indicated—she says: "Mushrooms are like men: the bad most closely resemble the good." Among the letters quoted is one from the late Lord Lytton giving an illustration of the danger of prophesying. Writing in 1888 of Mr. Chamberlain, Lytton said: "The future Radical Prime Minister was in excellent feather, and very pleasant and interesting."

WALTER JERROLD.

AVERAGE HUMANITY.*

Mr. Nordau has no patience with those who treat History in its present form as a serious study. According to him it ought to be regarded merely as a branch of æsthetic, and its products treated as poems or novels. He carefully distinguishes between History and Written History, and it is against Written History that his resentment is roused. He denies its claim to be a science, and is contemptuous in his treatment of those who profess to be philosophic historians, whether they are theological, humanistic, or naturalistic-materialistic. For Mr. Nordau there is no philosophy of history, and what is called collective psychology comes under the same condemnation. "There is no psychology of the crowd. Psychology is necessarily individual." He supports his view by a drastic treatment of the metaphorical method of such writers as Lilienfeld and Schäffle. No doubt these and others who adopt the "organistic method" carry their analogies to excess, and are wholly given over to hypostatisation; though it is hardly necessary to go so far as Mr. Nordau and call their performances "infamous." But it is one thing to give an overstrained anatomical description of the State: it is quite another to speak of the state as an organism, and to work out the implications of the analogy. Nor can it be said that Mr. Nordau is very happy in his attack on the psychology of the group. There is not much point in asking: "Where is the brain of this new and independent organism that arises out of the gathering together of individuals into a crowd? Where are these new impulses, passions, etc., situated? Does the new organism 'crowd' develop a new brain and nervous system?" What is all this but a scolding of the collective psychologists because they have not fallen into the infamous methods of Lilienfeld? It is not enough for Mr. Nordau to explain that there are other ways of exciting a man than by putting him in a crowd. We have to determine whether the excitement produced by forming part of a crowd is the same in its nature and results as that produced by "a battle, or a tiger out of his cage." It has to be admitted that the phenomena of crowd activity are but ill-understood at present; but it is certainly unscientific to take it for granted that the crowd is the mere total of its individual elements. "Since its material consists of individuals," Mr. Nordau draws the conclusion that its psychology "must become individual psychology." How would this line of argument fare in the discussion of the principles of chemistry?

Mr. Nordau defines History as "the sum of the episodes that make up man's struggle for existence," and the main thesis of the book may be said to be that History should "devote its attention to studying the forms, the conditions and modifications of the uneventful daily existence of average humanity." When it does this "and not till then, can it cease to be an art, a mongrel poetry, and rise to the rank of a science. But then it is no longer history in the customary sense: it becomes anthropology, ethnography, or sociology reinforced by biology, psychology, and statistics." Elsewhere the distinction is epigrammatically made: "Sociology is history without proper names; history is sociology made concrete and individual."

In the excellent chapters in which Mr. Nordau works out the basis on which average humanity is to be studied, he develops his view that the superior man's relations to his inferiors is that of parasitism. The strong and clever exploit the weak and dull. Human progress has hitherto consisted in the more or less successful efforts of the exploited to free themselves from oppression. For our author does not deny this amount of progress. There may be no development in the cosmic sense. The life of the universe may resolve itself into an endless cycle of change; but within certain closed curves there may be progress till the cycle concerned comes to an end. Thus progress so far as we can know it is confined to humanity, and consists in "an increase in the capacity to set attention in action artificially, and to sustain it by the exclusion of distracting objects. In other words, progress in the last resort is the development of the force and endurance of the human will, expressed in the intellectual spheres of attention and inhibition."

But while the subject of history is held to be average humanity, the importance of the great man is not overlooked. "Humanity lives by its men of genius." "The most prominent traits in the upper classes in France and Germany are certainly the fruit of the influence of two

* "The Interpretation of History." By Max Nordau. Translated by M. A. Hamilton. 8s. net. (Rebman.)

towering personalities—Bismarck and Napoleon—and not of any peculiarities of the French and German nations as such." If "this example justifies the conclusion that all similar peculiarities of a people or group of peoples arise in the same way—as the effect of some powerful individual unknown to us, because partly prehistoric," it is difficult to see how Mr. Nordau is entitled to scoff at Pascal's argument about the length of Cleopatra's nose. If the great man is the dominating factor, anything that deflects his energies must be of fundamental importance. Indeed it is just because of the unpredictible reactions of the great man that Mr. Nordau wants to eliminate proper names from true history, and confine it to the reactions of average humanity. The average is always so much more amenable to philosophic treatment than the troublesome individual. This is clearly brought out in the chapter on Eschatology. Here, untrammelled at last by phenomena that refuse to be reduced to laws, he launches out into a sort of schematic prophecy. He indicates in a very attractive way the probable lines of advance, but carefully avoids details, lest he should fall under the condemnation that falls upon such essays as Mr. H. G. Wells's "Anticipations." to which a passing reference is made at an earlier stage in the discussion. The State is to cease to be a soldier, and will become "a judge, a teacher, an architect, and to some extent a policeman." With the disappearance of the army and the introduction of a rational system of public instruction an ideal generation will appear whose merit may be guessed from the fact that "it will be intelligent enough to follow its money as it passes into the Exchequer, the customs-house, the bank, and the joint-stock company, and see what happens to it." A generation that can perform a feat like this will obviously "not lend itself readily to exploitation by force or fraud." Accordingly the supermen of the future—for there will still be supermen—will have to find other outlets for their energies. What is to become of such men in a society in which even the position of President or Minister offers little attraction? Mr. Nordau explains that they will always find a satisfaction in being the first men in their circle, and if the future he thus describes "seems horribly tedious," it is only "because our eyes are accustomed to regard the present aspect of humanity as picturesque." The argument is that hitherto our treatment of the future has consisted in projecting ourselves and all our present conditions into a sphere where these conditions do not hold. This error at any rate Mr. Nordau avoids.

The book is intensely interesting and provocative throughout. Even where the reader cannot agree with the views expressed, he must be grateful for the stimulus supplied by contact with an exceptionally vigorous mind.

JOHN ADAMS.

DORA SIGERSON SHORTER'S NEW POEMS.*

There is no woman poet of our time whose work ranks higher than Mrs. Shorter's. Many have the gift of song; but not so many have also songs to sing. If you have had much modern verse through your hands you know that the weakness of most of it is that it has nothing to say to you; it tells no tale, carries no jewel of thought, holds no hidden beauty of meaning, is empty at the heart of it. You admire its technical skill, are mildly pleased with a pretty conceit, or the neat turn of a phrase; but there is not enough of passion, of natural feeling, of real sincerity in most of it to send any fire of life glowing through its lukewarm lines, and you forget them as soon as you have read them; not so much because they are dead, as because they have never been alive.

The charm of Mrs. Shorter's poems lies largely in their unaffectedness, their fine simplicity, their absolute spontaneity; they are as full of eager life as a flower or a bird is; through whatever other world they may go dreaming, their root and nest is always in this homely, earthy world of humanity, and some memory of it goes along with them and keeps them always in tune with human interests and experience. There are delightful lyrics in this new volume: "The Two Nests," "Unrest in Autumn," "The Gypsies' Road," "The Golden Apple," "The Piper on the Hills"—these and a half-dozen others have the innate grace, the imaginative feeling and haunting melody that belong to all true poetry, and they have a note and style that are peculiarly their own. It is in her ballads, however, that to our thinking Mrs. Shorter touches



Photo by Lizzie Caswall Smith. **Mrs. Dora Sigerson Shorter.**

her highest and does her most distinctive work. Nothing could be more nearly perfect in its way than "The Careless Lad." The dancing ease of it seems almost haphazard; all the art of it lies in its artless simplicity; a few casual images, a scrap or so of dialogue, a symbolical hint or two, and the whole story is as fully told as if it had been written out in chapters enough to make up a six-shilling novel. But the best ballad is the longest—the one that gives its name to the book. It is a story sung by an old troubadour in a baron's hall at the Christmas-tide; the story of a young wife neglected by her husband and being won from sympathy to love by the honest, irrepressible passion of her husband's page.

> "Now, their strong sighing woke from his repose
> A sleeping cupid cradled in a rose,"

and thereafter follows a tale that is older than "Paolo and Francesca" and newer than yesterday, for it will be new again to-morrow. Here, too, the effectiveness of the poem, its power and poignancy, are subtly intensified by the effortless ease of its narration, the utter simplicity

* "The Troubadour, and Other Poems." By Dora Sigerson Shorter. 4s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

of its language that flowers naturally into tender or dainty fancies and as naturally gathers force and a nervous strength to meet the terror and tragedy of its close. If it is true that the public interest in poetry is reviving, there will be a considerable demand for "The Troubadour," for it contains the best ballads and some of the best lyrics that have been published by any of our latter-day poets.

HEINRICH HEINE'S MEMOIRS.*

Heinrich Heine, "a gigantic mocking smile that passed over the face of the world," left behind him no complete story of his life. He made several attempts at an autobiography and always failed, but since his death busy workers have taken up the task his tired fingers were too feeble to accomplish, careful, sympathetic gleaners have been at work among his intimate letters and memorabilia, and now at last we may add "Heinrich Heine's Memoirs" to our shelves.

In these two volumes we have a full-length picture, an exquisite picture, painfully intimate at times, of the man as he was. We see him, this great brave spirit, singing in exile, singing between the groans that issued from the sick-bed that held him prisoner for six years before death set him free. Of these memoirs he himself writes pitifully:

> "Everything that is pregnant and characteristic is here faithfully communicated, and the interplay of outward circumstance and inward happenings of the soul reveals to you the sign manual of my being. The veil falls from my soul and you may see it in its lovely nakedness. There are no stains, only wounds. Ah! only wounds dealt by the hands of my friends, not of my enemies."

Heine is remembered by us as a poet. His efforts as a political fighter, a reformer, a protagonist are of little moment in this generation. But though he can himself appraise the poet at his high worth in these pages, as when he says "the poet is a wondrous Sunday's child, he sees the oak woods that slumber still in the acorn, and he converses with generations as yet unborn. They whisper their secrets to him, and he chatters of them in the open market-place," it is not as a poet that he would wish to be remembered.

> "I have never held my fame as a poet of much account, and I care little whether my songs are praised or derided. But lay a sword upon my coffin, I pray you; for I have been a brave soldier in the wars of the liberty of mankind."

In his own words we get the story of his poverty in Paris, his tragi-comic duel with Strauss, who wounded him in the hip; his quarrels with his rich relatives—his uncle who endowed "institutions for decayed business men," but left his poet nephew and wife to starve. Here, too, we meet Ferdinand Lassalle, "young man of the most distinguished mental gifts," who was already well launched on his own brilliant, tragic career when he met the poet in 1846.

These volumes are full of the frankest expressions of literary opinion, of his own work and that of others. The grim tragedy of his life is transmuted by his wit into something that moves to laughter and tears. There is a joke or a sting in the tail of every sentence, just as in the poems of the "Buch der Lieder," where Heine indulged to excess his savage life-long fondness for raising a pure image, a beautiful poetical edifice, and then shattering it with a kick.

The work of translation has been accomplished by Mr. Gilbert Cannan, who possesses precisely the gifts necessary; in the hands of a less deft writer the wit which now enlivens the book would have been hammered out of sight. Heine's lyrics are not amenable to translation, but Mr. Cannan has rendered some of them admirably. Altogether, this is an enduring contribution to our knowledge of a great poet and thinker, and deserves to be accepted as a complete and direct autobiography which in many ways may be classed with the Journals of the brothers de Goncourt.

If there is a lack it is in the absence of footnotes giving biographical clues: the average reader of the twentieth century has no knowledge of "The Mouche" of 1856, and it is sad but true that the glory of Henrich Laube and even of Julius Campe has been extinguished by the passage of years!

LAURENCE CLARKE.

* "Heinrich Heine's Memoirs." Translated by Gilbert Cannan. 2 Vols. 12s. (Heinemann.)

LOUVET.*

Jean-Baptiste Louvet de Couvrai is one of the most interesting of the secondary figures of the French Revolution. His life was packed with dramatic surprises and reversals. He first won attention by the picture he drew of the corrupt society which was dissolving before his eyes. He was, as M. Arthur Chuquet points out, the only orator who shone both at the beginning and at the end of the Convention. In his contest with Robespierre he played, if not a decisive, at least a disinterested and a striking part; and his adventures after the Girondins were proscribed fill one of the most dramatic pages in the annals of a period when life itself put on the garb of the melodramatic theatre. It is strange, therefore, that today, when the Revolutionary annals are subjected to so close a scrutiny, no French writer has thought it worth while to give a volume to Louvet. M. Aulard, from whose close scrutiny no aspect of the Revolution is hidden, has prefixed a good biographical account of Louvet to his edition of the "Mémoires," but Mr. Rivers's book is the first full biography. It is a good piece of work, sober in style and sound in judgment, with just enough historical background to enable readers who are not specialists to understand Louvet's position and the whirlpool of forces amid which he struggled. Historical biography is just now so much discredited by its "romantic" purveyors that Mr. Rivers deserves a word of praise for the research he has given to the records of Louvet's life, and for the agreeable way in which his results are presented.

After describing Louvet's ancestry and early years, Mr. Rivers proceeds, in his second chapter, to an analysis of the "Amours du Chevalier de Faublas." Its author was a briefless barrister when it was published, and it at once became popular in the thoughtless pleasure-loving circles which it mirrors. Few readers will, we think, agree with Mr. Rivers's praise of "Faublas," though he is justified in saying that it has "none of that subtle, furtive, and leering indecency which debases much of the literature of the eighteenth century," and he has little trouble in showing that Carlyle's strictures require modification. Carlyle, like Scott, treated Louvet with undue severity, but when the best has been said on behalf of "Faublas," it must be classed among those books which reflect little credit upon their authors and do not add to the repute of their admirers. Though less immoral than it is often described, it has revenged itself upon its writer. Louvet's name is stamped in the popular mind as the author of an improper book, and the real part which he played in French history is often forgotten.

He began his political career by an able pamphlet in reply to Mounier, and was admitted into the Society of Jacobins in 1789. Later on he conducted the *Sentinelle*, a revolutionary journal which made him known throughout France, and in 1795 he became a deputy at the National

* "Louvet, Revolutionist and Romance-Writer." By John Rivers. 16s. net. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Convention. His speeches were marked more by courage and talent than by prudence. His defiance of Robespierre is famous. "The Sea-green became tallow-green," writes Carlyle. "Louvet, with a shrill tone, read and recited crime after crime: dictatorial temper, exclusive popularity, bullying at elections, mob-retinue, September Massacres; till all the Convention shrieked again, and had almost indicted the Incorruptible there on the spot." But the chance was lost, and when, "not without a sigh from most Historians," the Girondins fell and became extinct as a party, Louvet was among the proscribed. He escaped into Brittany, and his adventures during this period are told in his "Mémoires." Mr. Rivers re-tells them from this source, adding many details which are found in other documents. When Thermidor ended the Reign of Terror, Louvet returned to the Assembly, became a member of the Committee of Public Safety and sat on the Council of Five Hundred. He died in 1797, the proprietor of a bookshop in the Palais Royal, having published a number of famous books, among them his friend Madame Roland's "Appeal to Impartial Posterity," and having lived a life of extraordinary vicissitude, inspired by genuine patriotism, and warmed by a love as deep and as romantic as any depicted in his own romances.

A. W. EVANS.

NAPOLEON AND TOLSTOY.*

There is no more enterprising firm of publishers to-day than Messrs. Nelson, and their new series of French books, which includes many copyright works, deserves the highest praise. The volumes which lie before us are admirable in binding, type and paper, and it is gratifying to our national pride to find a British firm producing reprints of French novels incontestably superior to anything which the French publishers have yet offered to the public. The only weak point is the proof-reading, which is hardly as careful as it might be. M. Lévy's "Napoléon Intime" was well worth republishing in this new series, as it is of the first importance to all Napoleonic students. Its bias is so obvious that the student need scarcely be warned that it is *ex parte* testimony. But while M. Lévy has purposely ignored all unfavourable evidence, the material which he has collected is so carefully arranged that it is of the greatest value. As M. François Coppée pleads in his eloquent introduction, there was no need to repeat the evidence against Napoleon which Taine and others had so assiduously raked together. "C'est même, à mon humble avis, la réfutation de l'œuvre de Taine." Such a book was needed and the work could not have been better done. M. Lévy passes discreetly over what he calls, in a deliciously Gallic phrase, "les fredaines extra conjugales de l'Empereur," but while in this and in many other matters there is much of Napoleon's life which he studiously ignores, he never makes any statements which are not carefully authenticated.

"Anna Karénine" is introduced by a preface from the pen of that most polished and judicious of French critics, M. Emile Faguet. As he says, "'Anna Karénine' is a work which became a classic from the moment it appeared; it was so full of human nature, so certain to be read by men of all times and all places, and in spite of all its local colour so much the most western of all Tolstoi's works." It is a great book planned on a great scale, but it is more. As M. Faguet remarks, "il est à fois, ce qui est rare, une belle œuvre d'art et une bonne action." Every figure in this vast canvas stands out living and real. No novel is at once more true to life and more uncompromisingly ideal in its serene and lofty outlook. It may be objected that there is no need for a French translation of Tolstoi in England, and it must be admitted that an excellent English translation already exists. Nevertheless, while a translation is always an imperfect substitute for the original, there is a kinship between the educated Russian and the educated Frenchman which makes Russian translate more perfectly into French than into English. A translation is at best a makeshift, but it was in translations, and mainly in French translations, that Tolstoi conquered Europe.

* "Anna Karénine." By Leon Tolstoi. 2 Vols.—"Napoléon Intime." By Arthur Lévy. 1s. net per volume. (Nelson's French Series.)

THE NATURE OF FREEDOM.*

M. Henri Bergson sprang into something like philosophic fame with the publication of his third book, "L'Evolution Créatrice," in 1907. His "Essai sur les données immédiates de la conscience," of which the present volume is a translation, was published so far back as 1889. Roughly speaking, therefore, his work has been contemporaneous with the development of pragmatism. And at the same time it may be described as an advance on it. For, while the pragmatists appeal to experience, and bring philosophic theories to the test (to use an expressive colloquialism) of how they pan out in life, M. Bergson has brought his wonderfully tenacious analysis to bear on experience, on consciousness itself. Thus by showing that the simplest experience is composite, at any rate as soon as it is fixed in language, and by splitting it up into its component parts, qualitative and quantitative—that which belongs to consciousness itself, and that which belongs to space—he has arrived at the idea of *pure duration*. That, his leading philosophic conception, runs through both the above-mentioned books, as well as through an intermediate one, "Matière et Mémoire, Essai sur la relation du corps avec l'esprit." Here he applies it not so much to the solution of the problem of free will, as to showing that the problem itself does not exist, but arises only from our inveterate confusion of quality and quantity, pure duration and space. In other words, it is a problem of language rather than of fact.

Pure duration is, as M. Bergson admits, an idea exceedingly difficult to grasp, and a large part of "Time and Free Will" is devoted to preparing the ground for it, by proving that the intensity of a conscious state is qualitative, not quantitative, a matter of tone or coloration rather than of number, and that the mixture of conscious states, which together make up mental experience, presents a multiplicity of fusion or interpenetration; whereas space is quantitative, and all objects exterior to ourselves, which we perceive in space, and whose magnitudes we measure, present a multiplicity of juxtaposition.

> "Thus in consciousness we find states which succeed, without being distinguished from one another; and in space simultaneities which, without succeeding, are distinguished from one another, in the sense that one has ceased to exist when the other appears. Outside us, mutual externality without succession; within us, succession without externality."

But our ordinary conception of duration, that is to say time, depends, according to M. Bergson, on a gradual incursion of space into the domain of pure consciousness. For pure duration is not a quantity, and as soon as we try to measure it, we unwittingly replace it by space. "We instinctively tend to solidify our impressions in order to express them in language." And, having solidified them, we set them out in space side by side, with a separateness which, in fact, they did not possess in the endless flux, the endless *becoming*, of our consciousness. Hence our composite conception of Time, which is an interaction, a working compromise, between pure duration and space; between consciousness that endures and space that we can measure. Time, as M. Bergson describes it in one of his finely explanatory metaphors, is nothing but the

* "Time and Free Will: an Essay on the Immediate Data of Consciousness." By Henri Bergson, Member of the Institute. Authorised Translation by F. L. Pogson, M.A. 10s. 6d. net. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

ghost of space haunting the reflective consciousness. Pure duration, on the other hand—

"Pure duration is the form which the succession of our conscious states assumes when our ego lets itself *live*, when it refrains from separating its present state from its former states. For this purpose it need not be entirely absorbed in the passing sensation or idea; for then, on the contrary, it would no longer *endure*. Nor need it forget its former states: it is enough that, in recalling these states, it does not set them alongside its actual state as one point alongside another, but forms both the past and the present into an organic whole, as happens when we recall the notes of a tune, melting, so to speak, into one another."

The reasons which enable us to foretell astronomical phenomena in advance are just the very ones, says M. Bergson, which prevent us from determining in advance an act which springs from our free activity; for the future of the material universe, although contemporaneous with the future of a conscious being, has no analogy to it. And in order to point what he calls this vital difference, M. Bergson assumes that some mischievous genius decreed the world should go twice as fast. There would be no change in the equations which represent astronomical phenomena, the coincidences of which would take place as before. Only the intervals which separate them would be diminished.

"Now these intervals are just duration *lived*, duration which our consciousness perceives, and our consciousness would soon inform us of a shortening of the day if we had not experienced the usual amount of duration between sunrise and sunset . . . it would realise in some way or other a decline in the usual storing-up of experience."

In the physical world, definite antecedents give rise to definite consequences; "but the question is whether this regularity is found in the domain of consciousness too, and that is the whole problem of free will." M. Bergson shows that the necessary regularity is not so found in consciousness. No law of causality can be made out for psychic states because no two psychic states can be altogether alike, and therefore we can never say of conscious states that the same causes produce the same effects. There are no *same causes*, and to assume them possible is to "forget that even the simplest psychic elements possess a personality and a life of their own, however superficial they may be; they are in a constant state of becoming, and the same feeling, by the mere fact of being repeated, is a new feeling."

The process by which M. Bergson, using his idea of pure duration as an instrument, cuts the ground from under the feet of the determinists, and shows that they are dealing with an illusory problem, is profoundly interesting. It is, he holds, because they have neglected to make the necessary separation between space and duration that one party has been led to deny freedom and the other to define it, and thereby, involuntarily, to deny it too.

"In whatever way, in a word, freedom is viewed, it cannot be denied except on condition of identifying time with space; it cannot be defined except on condition of demanding that space should adequately represent time; it cannot be argued about in one sense or the other except on condition of previously confusing succession and simultaneity. All determinism will thus be refuted by experience, but every attempt to define freedom will open the way to determinism."

It is unfortunate that the effort to outline briefly the main trend of M. Bergson's philosophy prevents one from even glancing at the many interesting side issues raised by the way; for some of them have an unusual literary interest. "Time and Free Will," indeed, convinces one of its authenticity largely because it provides a philosophic basis for so many conclusions which have been arrived at empirically. By showing that the problem of free will arises from the inadequacy of language to express conscious states without taking them out of pure duration and fixing them in space, M. Bergson lays his finger on the problem of style also. The novelist, he says finely, attempts to tear aside the cleverly woven curtain of our conventional ego. And if he succeeds, "encouraged by him, we have put aside for an instant the veil which we interposed between our consciousness and ourselves. He has brought us back into our own presence."

And what could be better criticism, better literary teaching, than this?

"Therefore, it is only an inaccurate psychology, misled by language, which will show us the soul determined by sympathy, aversion, or hate as though by so many forces pressing upon it. These feelings, provided they go deep enough, each make up the whole soul, since the whole content of the soul is reflected in each of them. . . . If, on the contrary, he takes these psychic states with the particular colouring which they assume in the case of a definite person, and which comes to each of them by reflection from all the others, then there is no need to associate a number of conscious states in order to re-build the person, for the whole personality is in a single one of them, provided that we know how to choose it. And the outward manifestation of this inner state will be just what is called a free act. . . ."

M. Bergson's work has the supreme and convincing merit that it renders whole shelves-full of books quite useless, except as evidence of mankind's struggles to arrive at the ideas which he here sets forth so subtly, lucidly, and—for a time, at least—finally.

STEPHEN REYNOLDS.

JOHNSON AND BOSWELL.*

I never find it an easy matter to lay down any sympathetic book on Johnson, and Professor Raleigh's new volume has proved irresistible. No one who cares for English literature should neglect these six essays on Johnson, for they comprise a sane and most eloquent tribute to the sterling qualities of his heart and mind. Professor Raleigh admits of no reservation where Johnson is concerned; he confesses a complete admiration for the man, his works and his talk. The Leslie Stephen Lecture with which the book begins comprises a masterly summary of Johnson's characteristics, and in the essays that make up the rest of the book the main points of interest in the lecture are enlarged upon. Professor Raleigh avoids controversies and attempts no new readings—he is content to criticise the man and his work, and with such an interpreter, who would have it otherwise? All these essays are marked with an enthusiasm which is the more delightful because of the author's forcible and unaffected English. His essay on the two-hundredth anniversary of Johnson's birth, originally published in the *Times*, is a character-study that presents, perhaps better than anything else that has been written on the subject, Samuel Johnson as we view him to-day.

"Johnson," he says, "was an author almost by accident; it is the man who is dear to us, the man with all his dogmatic prejudices, his stoical courage, his profound melancholy, his hatred of sentimental palliatives, his fits of narrowness, his tenderness to human frailty. If he has had less reputation than he deserves as a writer, it is because he has overshadowed his own fame."

How true this is, and by comparison how false is Macaulay's blundering caricature. In Johnson's case it is the man and not the writer that appeals to us to-day; his literary work, good as it was, may be regarded almost as extraneous. Whatever profession he had followed we cannot conceive of its affecting to any extent Johnson's entity—he might have been soldier, parson, or doctor (and he had something in his character of each of these professions), but he would always have been Samuel Johnson the Dictator. Professor Raleigh says:

"Some writers are great by their power of self-expression; they distil themselves in a book, and give away all their secrets. . . . Johnson was great by his reserves; the best of him was withheld from literature; his books were mere outworks. Behind those ramparts his life was passionately private, so that those who gained access to the warmth and light that were within were privileged indeed."

* "Six Essays on Johnson." By Walter Raleigh. 5s. net. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

Boswell not only became one of the privileged who were admitted to the Doctor's society, but he desired to leave a worthy record for posterity of his friend's domestic life. Although no one dreams of questioning his success to-day, his method was an innovation, and his contemporaries were naturally disconcerted by so frank and amusing a book. And well they might be, for was any one ever subjected to such an ordeal? The searching light of Boswell's methods would have scorched up any ordinary man; but it only served to reveal in Johnson hidden virtues and lovable traits. Boswell had a passion for truth, but truth was an essential part of Johnson's character, and no biographer could have done him justice who had attempted to extenuate his failings. There have been many phases in public opinion respecting Johnson and his biographer. Boswell was formerly regarded merely as a clever fool or toady, who simply followed with note-book on the heel of his idol, and having set down every word that fell from the great Doctor's lips, and noted every gesture and movement, he spun the whole into a rather scandalous book, which could not, however, be otherwise than entertaining with so many of Johnson's good sayings. There was another phase, in which Boswell was exalted as Johnson's creator; he was credited with having fashioned a miracle out of such an impossible subject as pompous old Dr. Johnson. It has taken a long time to do so, but at last we may be said to have secured the right focus with which we may see Johnson and his biographer in their proper proportions. Now that the correct adjustment has been obtained, it seems so simple, and to future generations it will seem incredible, that any other view could ever have been possible. Professor Raleigh lays no claim to having restored Johnson and Boswell to their proper places, but he adds the weight of his judgment to that of Leslie Stephen, Mr. Birrell, and other Johnsonian scholars.

"The accident," he says, "which gave Boswell to Johnson and Johnson to Boswell is one of the most extraordinary pieces of good fortune in literary history. Boswell was a man of genius; the idle paradox which presents him in the likeness of a lucky dunce was never tenable by serious criticism, and has long been rejected by all who bring thought to bear on the problems of literature."

The secret of Boswell's success was, to a large extent, his possession in an extraordinary degree of the gift for drawing people out. His object was to make them communicative, and his faults even aided him in this design, for his irrepressible chatter about himself prompted others to talk without restraint. Insensible to slights and rebuffs, Boswell's habits of dissipation even did not interfere with the set purpose of his life, that purpose being to preserve every scrap of information with reference to Dr. Johnson. It is not only as a collector of anecdotes, but as a heaven-sent biographer that Boswell reigns supreme. Although, as Professor Raleigh says, "we cannot escape from Boswell any more than his hero could, and we do not wish to escape, and we do not try," in his essay on "Johnson without Boswell" he shows that we still would have preserved a very full knowledge of Johnson's talk and manners, had Boswell never existed. Sir John Hawkins's "Life," Mrs. Piozzi's "Anecdotes," and the "Johnsoniana," if not as good as Boswell, are only a little less so. We know more of Johnson than many of his contemporaries, and without Boswell we should know him better, for example, than Swift. Of Addison, whose conversational gifts have been extolled, only a single example (and that not a very brilliant one) has been preserved. It was of course otherwise with Johnson, for everything that he said in conversation, as Professor Raleigh observes, "during the latter part of his life, was liable to be recorded for posterity. A merely clever man talking for reputation would have crumpled under the test; Johnson has emerged from it unscathed. His truth and his humanity were a match for all they met." One must figure the gargantuan personality of the man, his voice and gestures and the company with whom or at whom he talked. His sayings which have been preserved for us, striking though they be as we read them, must have been all the more striking when they came straight from his mouth. There was something that compelled not only Boswell, but a score of others to write down Johnson's conversations, monologues, and retorts.

Professor Raleigh says some things about Goldsmith which all who care for that lovable writer will read with gratitude. Boswell was not the man to understand the mind of the author of "The Traveller," any more than he could fathom at times the moods of his great master.

Half of Professor Raleigh's essays are biographical and half critical, but criticism and biography are distinguishing features of the whole work, and the essays on Johnson's "Shakespeare" and the "Lives of the Poets" abound in personal traits and characteristics of the Doctor. Professor Raleigh shows how a study of the notes on Shakespeare reveals much unexpected autobiographical data, some of which has even escaped the vigilance of Boswell. For example, one footnote contains a sturdy denunciation of physiological experiments on live animals. In the first of the two essays on Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," the author treats of the lives of Savage and others that were written many years before the "Lives of the Poets" proper, the most readable of all his works. Johnson did not as a rule hunt up facts for his biographies, he left that kind of drudgery to others, and was content to make use of such material as came to his hand readily. But in spite of his efforts to be just, he was often prejudiced: with the smaller fry he was never severe (indeed, the Lives of these minor bards often contain some of Johnson's best work); he reserved the big guns for the big men.

One is glad to have these six essays on Johnson, because they afford a valuable introduction to Johnson's life and work, and they are the more acceptable as one seems to recognise in Professor Raleigh's work something of Johnson's energetic manner of looking at things.

ROGER INGPEN.

NAPOLEONISMUS.*

What eminent man was it who thanked heaven that he knew nothing whatever about Mary Queen of Scots? Herbert Spencer, one feels sure, would have thought that all this multiplication of gossip about Napoleon was most pernicious. Others might regard this perpetual keyholing and shorthand reporting as a gross intrusion upon a great man's privacy. The importance of it all is of course immeasurably small. The controversies on immaterial points about Napoleon would fill volumes enough to erect a wall round the entire town of Lilliput. Yet we have to be grateful to this amiable mania for annotating and admiring every little act and word of Napoleon for many interesting volumes—among them it seems to me that a high place is due to Mr. Shorter's "Napoleon in his Own Defence." The letters here may have been inspired by Napoleon, as nearly everything written about St. Helena always will be; but whether they represent an *apologia* of the great man's in any more intimate sense is probably rather doubtful. They are superfluous in the sense that they are answers to W. Warden's book on "Napoleon and his Fellow-Travellers," which was on the whole a perfectly friendly commentary upon the incidents of "the last voyage." Every other title descriptive of "the last phase" having been already used two or three times over, it was, perhaps, judicious of Mr. Shorter to throw the ægis of Napoleon himself over his new venture. It is very interesting to find that one who has penetrated into many Napoleonic secrets should have retained such a reverential admiration for his hero as does the present editor. The minute-hand of history is generally

* "Napoleon in his Own Defence." By Clement Shorter With 5 plates. 12s. net. (Cassell.)



Consequences of a Successful Foreign Invasion.
By James Gillray.
From "Napoleon in Caricature," by A. M. Broadley. (John Lane.)

interesting. Napoleon is portrayed in such detail at Longwood that he might almost be cinematographed at his daily avocations. His favourite recreation is well indicated in the title—the noble art of self-defence, with the pens of his numerous ready writers. He had manipulated the press so long that, just as Abdul Hamid could not exist without daily reports from his police-spies, so Napoleon could not breathe without defending himself from adverse press-comment.

Napoleon was not, it seems to me, interesting at this phase because he had once been supremely great—in the ordinary sense, in which greatness is always a very temporary resultant from absolutely exceptional forces and conditions—but because he was a very human man, of extraordinary capacity in one or two directions, who had passed through singular experiences. That it was necessary to sequestrate Napoleon seems to me an indisputable proposition. The pity is that he was not sequestrated ten years earlier in his career. His record then would have been almost entirely beneficent. The question as to whether he was well or ill treated by his gaolers is one of perennial interest to all journalists, most of whom would be only too glad to be afflicted with a touch of his complaint, so far as board, lodging, and attendance were concerned. Napoleon's lack of solemn dignity, his proneness to complain, his eternal curiosity and vivacious absorption in trifles, are among the most amiable and delightful traits in his not very amiable character. The letters given in the appendix to this volume are full of evidence on these points, most of which appears to be quite new.

Some of Theodore Hook's stories are almost too delightful not to be slight improvements upon nature. To illustrate the ex-emperor's sudden fits of choler he tells how he once, on leaving Josephine at table, where she sat too long to please him, gave one of her attendants who partly obstructed his passage a violent kick. (Taine tells a very similar story.) The empress, hearing a suppressed moan, asked M. Senois what was the matter and learned that "His Imperial Majesty had been graciously pleased to kick him." Much of this pamphlet by Hook, however malicious, is diverting and very clever. Mr. Shorter will only allow the witty Theodore to have been two days upon the island, but this is a miscalculation. His book, in spite of its calculated depreciation of the great man, is now extremely rare, and the copy used was drawn from the library of Mr. A. M. Broadley, whose wonderful collection of Napoleon caricatures, as illustrated in his recent book,* is now exciting the curiosity of Europe. In Mr. Broadley's book the Emperor appears in horns and cloven hoof. Mr. Shorter would seem to prefer him drawn as an angelic being with white wings. His reputation has travelled pretty well full circle in one's own recollection from Lanfrey to Lévy ("Napoléon Intime"). The truth has been so obscured by the multiplicity of faces and portraits that we shall never attain to it any more than we shall ever know the truth about our next-door neighbour. But there are pleasant hours to be spent over books such as these. Personally, I think that Napoleon was lucky in many ways in his pleasant island retreat. But I am not sure that I should have liked Sir Hudson Lowe as landlord. Here is a story about him which I came across quite recently in the *Journal de Genève*. It may be new to Mr. Shorter and others. Sir Hudson *en retraite* was visiting the Grotte de Balme in the company of his servant and the widow who acted as show-woman. Three young Frenchmen noticed his name in the visitors' book. Sir Hudson would have had a very bad time indeed, had it not been for the *gardienne*, who threw her arms round the ex-governor and protected his life with her own. Having rendered the servant *hors de combat* and considerably mauled Sir Hudson, the young bullies, or heroes (as we choose to consider them), beat a dignified retreat by *licking* Sir Hudson's name off the register!

T. S.

A NEW ROMANCIST.†

With "An Affair of Dishonour," Mr. William de Morgan broke away from the stereotyped pattern of romance that has been popular for these last ten or fifteen years: and with "The Broad Highway" Mr. Jeffery Farnol breaks away from it again. And the best of it is that Mr. Farnol's story is as unlike Mr. de Morgan's as they are both unlike that popular pattern of which we are all getting a little weary. It is as fresh, as individual as "The Cloister and the Hearth" or "The White Company," and has this much in common with them, that it presents a wonderfully graphic and many-coloured picture of the life of the English highway, the roadside inn, and the country-side as it was in the days of the Prince Regent, just as they mirrored the life of the open road as it passed in a very much earlier period. A live highwayman; a dead one swinging in chains; pedlars, tramps, gypsies, tinkers, prize-fighters, cheap-jacks, stage-coaches and their passengers, fine gentlemen and ladies in coaches of their own, the dissipated, broken gambler hiding from his shame, a maiden in distress who has been carried off by a wild young blood of the time—they all pass as

* "Napoleon in Caricature." 2 Vols. (Lane.) Reviewed in December BOOKMAN.

† "The Broad Highway. By Jeffery Farnol. 6s. (Sampson Low & Co.)

in some vivid, realistic panorama, and this, that, and the other one slip easily into the plot, and play an important or unimportant part in the development of as fine and full-blooded a romance as we have read for several years past.

After a whimsical chat, by way of prelude, between the author and a quaint, philosophical tinker as to the necessary ingredients of a good novel, you plunge pleasantly into the story. Peter Vibart is left penniless on the death of the old uncle who had taken the place of a father to him. The uncle's will, an eccentric document, bequeaths twenty thousand pounds to Peter's cousin, Sir Maurice Vibart, "in the fervent hope that it may help him to the devil within the year"; and the sum of ten guineas in cash to the studious Peter, so that he may "purchase a copy of Zeno or any other of the stoic philosophers he may prefer." But a later clause stipulates that an invested five hundred thousand pounds shall be paid over to Maurice or Peter if either of them shall within one calendar year become the husband of the Lady Sophia Sefton of Cambourne.

The Lady Sophia is a beauty, one of the reigning toasts, and there are all manner of wild rumours afloat concerning her hoydenish gaiety and daring. Peter accepts the situation with an easy indifference: he has no fancy for marriage, especially with such a "termagant" as the Lady Sophia: and, rejecting the urgent and exasperated counsels of his friends, he takes his ten pounds and resolves to tramp through the country and see something of the world and, incidentally, look out for a means of earning a living. He finds employment at last, and very much more. Almost at the outset he is held up by a highwayman and deprived of his ten pounds, and is thereafter put to all manner of shifts and odd contrivances for getting an occasional meal. He falls in with strange and delightful company, and with company that is strange but not delightful; he is involved in exciting and sometimes perilous adventures, and the danger of his enterprise is increased, unknown to himself, by his close likeness to that reckless and rascally London buck, his cousin, Sir Maurice, who has killed a man in a duel, and has wronged and made a mortal enemy of another by taking a hand in a scoundrelly abduction which has brought such scandal on him and his associates that the Prince Regent has ordered him to get out of town and lie low till the storm blows over. Here is material for romance and to spare; but this is less than half the story, the strongest and most fascinating part of which begins with Book II. and the introduction of "the woman."

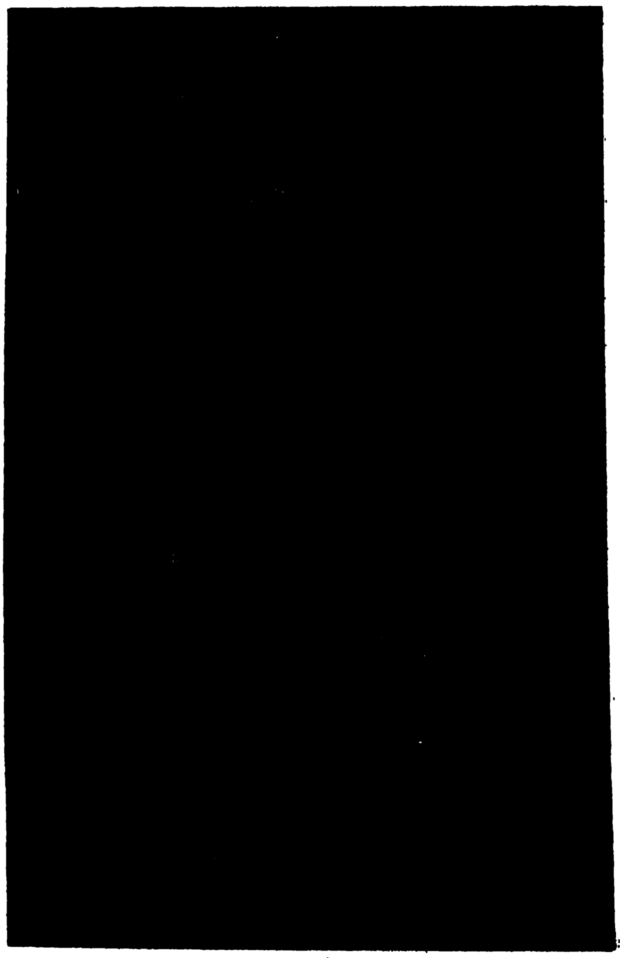
But it is far too good a story to be given away in any inadequate summary. With difficulty, and after a stirring contest with the man who is to be his master, Peter gets work as a blacksmith's assistant, and annexes for his residence a crazy, lonely cottage in a wood that is reputed to be haunted. He is innocently involved in a love affair of his master's, rouses that tempestuous master's jealousy, and comes very near to losing his life in consequence; but at the haunted cottage, almost before he realises what is happening to him, he is drawn into a more astonishing love adventure that is all his own. After a desperate and bloody fight in the night, he rescues a dazzling, unconventional lady from a resolute gallant who had tricked her into flight with him, and the lady becoming Peter's humble handmaid at the cottage wakens at length a passion in his heart that he had never dreamt was sleeping there. His belated course of love does not run smoothly; it is unfolded with a delicacy and boldness and cunning for which we have nothing but admiration and praise; and when it seems to have ended badly it is deftly shaped to an end that Peter had never foreseen, and the reader had never suspected was more than half possible. In a word, "The Broad Highway" is a virile, a breezily masculine, and wholly interesting romance; it has a rich and original vein of humour, a healthy, philosophical outlook, and is not only a new novel, but something new in novels, and as good as it is new.

A.

GEORGIAN NOTABILITIES.*

The author has selected half a dozen personages from the Georgian era who exhibit some peculiarity or quaintness or eccentricity of mind and behaviour, such as would have caused our forbears to dub them emphatically "characters"; and has sketched their careers and personalities in six extremely interesting essays. He tells us of Lady Mary Coke, the daughter of John, Duke of Argyll, who married one of the Cokes of Norfolk—a union from which she was fortunately speedily relieved by the death of her husband. Horace Walpole was once in love with her, and most of the story here is told in extracts from his letters. His passion, however, did not survive the passage of time, and her eccentricities and her vanity, which caused her to suffer excruciating mental tortures whenever a Royal Prince married, alienated entirely the dilettante of Strawberry Hill. She had a mania for foreign royalties, and chose to believe that the Empress Maria Theresa was terrified that she would captivate the Emperor Joseph of Austria-Hungary. She hunted Frederick the Great to such purpose that that hero fled from Berlin to Potsdam to avoid meeting her. Her conduct at Vienna was such, indeed, that on her second visit there she was refused admittance to the Court. Ever after that, she set down all the difficulties that beset her life, no matter how petty and trivial they were, to the remorseless vengeance of Maria Theresa. If one of her

* "Noble Dames and Notable Men of the Georgian Era." By John Fyvie. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)



Sir Henry Bate-Dudley (a Journalistic Parson).

After Gainsborough.

From "Noble Dames and Notable Men of the Georgian Era," by John Fyvie. (Constable.)

maids showed insolence, she was acting in the interests of Maria Theresa. When at an auction she was unable to buy a secondhand chest of drawers, owing to the higher bidding of some of the dealers, she was convinced they must be emissaries from Maria Theresa. She perpetually changed her tradesmen and her servants for suspected complicity in some similar Imperial plot, until it was difficult to get any good domestics to take a place in her service.

Sir Henry Bate-Dudley, Bart., the fighting parson, is the subject of another essay, and, in very lively prose, the author sketches the career of this remarkable clergyman who was not only a great fighter, but perhaps the most successful journalist of the eighteenth century. He was for some time editor of the *Morning Post*, and, after quarrelling with his proprietors, started the *Morning Herald*, which brought him a fortune. Retiring from business, he returned to his clerical duties, and proved himself perhaps the finest example of that curious type of clergyman that is known as the "sporting parson." Another essay tells the story of the Countess of Strathmore, the hunted heiress, whose life proves that the dramatists of the eighteenth century had no need to draw upon their imaginations for the crowds of pretty women and heartless adventurers with which they crowded the stage. The story, indeed, of her second marriage with Andrew Robinson Stoney, the half-pay Irish lieutenant, and of the means by which it was accomplished, reads almost like a *précis* of one of these plays. The author gives us, too, an interesting picture of country life in the eighteenth century in his chapter devoted to Bampfylde-Moore Carew, a man who was born of a famous West Country family, and took to the life of a professional beggar. His remarkable gifts of impersonation, and his wonderful tricks of disguise, enabled him to beg with success even from his own people. As long as he was in his own "country," the magistrates treated him as a popular character, but once, having the misfortune to be arrested outside the district where he was known, he was sentenced, after being whipped, to the plantations. From here he escaped, and returned, *viâ* America, to England, to resume his profession of mendicancy. Apparently he treated his business with perfect seriousness, and once made a voyage to Newfoundland in order that he might perfect himself in the art of playing the broken-down mariner. Of his last days there is some doubt, but, according to one biographer, he was converted to better ways by a bishop's sermon, and, going to London, employed his great abilities to such advantage in the more humdrum paths of commerce that he died wealthy and, consequently, respected. The remaining two essays in the book deal with the famous Lady Holland and Abraham Tucker, the metaphysical humorist, who wrote that monumental work which most people prefer to regard as a monument to be looked at and not read, "The Light of Nature." This extremely interesting book contains some excellent reproductions of pictures of the various subjects dealt with, and a very adequate index. L. B.

AN ENGLISHMAN IN IRELAND.*

Mr. Scott-James, as they say in Ireland, is the lucky man. He has realised one at least of the dreams of youth. In a canoe—a Canadian canoe, at that, only 17 ft. long, and weighing no more than 75 lb.—he has voyaged most of the long journey (for he did tramp and ride some of it, with his impedimenta carried ignominiously, it might seem, on a truck, a steamer, and a donkey-cart) from Belfast to Killaloe, adventuring by the way, camping out of nights in a 7-ft. ridge tent, drawing his supplies from shops and cottages, making his fires from peat and brushwood, sleeping generously from dark to dawn, taking it aisy whenever he could, risking himself in conflict with marauding cows, and a real bull once, and the terrors of Atlantic wind and rain sweeping over Connaught and the Shannon: and to the full, one can see, he enjoyed his voyage, every bit and hour of it, through that Ireland of ours in his three weeks' holiday. Just so, one remembers, we longed in the old days to adventure away past Knockninny and Cuilcagh to the back of beyond over the mountain where is the Shannon pot; and just so, as Mr. Scott-James came and went upon Lough Erne, did we see other adventurers paddle their canoes among our islands, light their magic camp-fires by the shore, cook their suppers under the stars, and bathe stark naked among the bulrushes. And sometimes they paddled in below the house, and came up through the yard for milk and water. Fine sunburnt young fellows most of them were, dressed usually in a manner strange to us, and speaking their beautiful English after a fashion we did not always understand. But they always won us (just as Mr. Scott-James seems to have won everybody, except, perhaps, those sour-visaged barbarians in the public-house between Lanesborough and Ballymahon, and the dour folk of Tynan up in O'Neill's country); and sometimes we boys would steal through the woods and sit gloriously by their fires for an hour, or we would stand on the long white bridge below Crom Castle (Mr. Scott-James knows the place and loves it still, one is sure) and watch them paddle, some misty morning, round the boat-house corner and away into regions of which we dreamt but never hoped to see. And twice, at least, one remembers, they paddled into Eternity out on ill-fated Lough Allen. . . .

One does not know whether those old-time heroes of ours followed the Scott-James route down to Knockninny, and, finding the way south-westward barred by my lord the mountain, turned, as he did, paddled to Belturbet (called Bunn sometimes), and there, after some quite Irish experiences with rival railway officials, transferred to the narrow-gauge railway which "skirts the tail of the mountain" and leisurely, somehow, sometime, reached the Shannon at Drumshambo. One fancies they did not, for then the narrow-gauge was still in the brain of some progressive spirit. But there is another route, found perhaps by them and missed, unfortunately, by Mr. Scott-James, which follows the Woodford river (past that round tower, you know, in the rushes near Crom Castle) towards Ballyconnell and thence by a series of locks, built each of them at fabulous cost, never used, and now tumbling into ruins, ascends through a lovely country—one's own country, and so always lovely—to the Shannon country. Along that Mr. Scott-James could have paddled happily and been welcomed everywhere by the natives, could have camped and slept in a hundred lovely spots, visited sleepy little towns that wake up for market once a week, called at little white cottages nestling on the banks, and been made always kindly welcome—and afterwards in his tent could have written with new conviction of the impracticability of a people that makes canals without tow-paths, neglects work for sake of a stranger in a canoe, gives him open house and heart, asks a penny for sixpennyworth of goods, and then gives two sixpences change for your shilling. . . .

In that last chapter wherein Mr. Scott-James sets down his analysis of the Irish character, he says that the only right impression he had formed of Ireland before visiting it was that it is an unpractical country—a country, that is, quick to do something but in an inefficient way. And this defect, if so it be, Mr. Scott-James attributes to many things—to the fact that Ireland, as a nation, is of a feminine type, that "by an accident, accounted a misfortune, she has avoided the social system which in England has meant wealth for a few, ambition for others, and slum residences for the rest," that "she is an anachronism, a piece of the Orient stranded in the

* "An Englishman in Ireland: Impressions of a Journey in a Canoe by River, Lough, and Canal." By R. A. Scott-James. 5s. net. (J. M. Dent & Sons.)



Evergreen Dutch Garden, The Warren House.

From "Joys of the Garden." Compiled by Sidney J. Shaylor. (Truslove & Hanson.)

Western Sea," that she is of the tribal nations, a country made for chieftains, waiting for "the superb individual" that shall rally all the forces now working for disintegration, and so on. Well, it may be so. Mr. Scott-James is a man whose observation of Ireland is worth having. He has written an excellent book, full of that literary sense which characterises all he does, a book Irishmen will value if only for its quiet, often implied appreciation of their country, for its fairness, for its entire lack of gush or anything like patronage. Yet sometimes one Irishman at least could not help wishing that he had been able to make his holiday a little longer than three weeks, had seen Ireland further than from its canal and river banks, and had left unanalysed a people whom a while ago he knew only from books and now knows better to the extent of a passing acquaintance with a handful of peasants and village traders. Generally he observes with truth, and generally (except in his very anglicised versions of the Irish vernacular) sets down his observations convincingly; but they are in the main the observations of one in a canoe, of a stranger, of a gifted man with a note-book, of an Englishman in Ireland. "Take a seat; pray take a seat. . . . What, Jessie! Upon my soul! . . . Well, I never! Neatly made!"—it is as certain that no Irish man or woman ever talked in such fashion as that there are no carp among "the scaly inhabitants" (oh Mr. Scott-James!) of a certain canal in Ulster; and, similarly, it is manifest that Mr. Scott-James no more renders the peculiar charm of the Irish (of that family on a Lough Erne island, for instance, among whom he dwelt for some days) than his camera renders the magic of their hills and atmosphere. All that is in the gift of those with "the ould knowledge," of Miss Barlow, and Mr. Yeats, and Synge; it comes to very few; and hardly ever does it come to any one not born in the heather. That Mr. Scott-James was not so born is not his fault but his misfortune. His book is a real one. It is worlds removed from other books written about Ireland by other Englishmen. It is full of pleasantness, of the breath of the hills and the mountains, of the smell of peat-smoke, of the open air which its author loves so well. It is a brave manly book written by that exemplar of our peasants—"a scholar and a gentleman." And what it misses of the real thing is just that something which Mr. Scott-James would not have found had he journeyed through Ireland for a thousand weeks. "So that being so, sure then what's the good o' talkin'!"

SHAN F. BULLOCK.

THREE ANTHOLOGIES.*

Addison thought there were "as many kinds of gardens as of poetry," and there are at least as many kinds of poetry about gardens as there are flowers growing in them. In this fragrantly named and beautifully produced little volume Mr. Sidney Shaylor has brought together the most exquisite and memorable thoughts that have been embodied in prose and verse about the loveliest and most dream-full places that men have learned to make for themselves. "God the first garden made," said Cowley, "and the first city Cain." Whoever pictured Paradise otherwise than as a garden? And if you could see to the heart of nine out of every ten hard-working city men you would find them looking forward wistfully to retirement and rest in a house in the country with a pleasant garden around it. If when that retirement becomes possible they are disappointed with it, it is because they have allowed the grosser life to take so firm a grip on them that they are at last unfitted for the finer one. But any man who has kept the soul within him alive, who has not given himself wholly over to those sordid unrealities that will some day slip through his fingers, is fit and ready at any time to withdraw from the world and be happy in a garden.

It is hard indeed to believe that any one could be other than happy in some of the gardens that have been photographed for Mr. Shaylor's book; and hard to read some of the passages he has collected into his anthology without wishing to be away amid the leafy pleasaunces that could inspire such serene thoughts and gracious fancies. Mr. Shaylor has cast his net wide and brought in some of the rarest pearls of English literature, and he has rightly taken toll of minor authors as well as of the greatest, for the lesser men have often said the best and truest words about the flowers, the flower-spirits and all the elusive garden-secrets that reveal themselves to the simple-hearted and are hidden from the over-wise. He has included extracts and poems from Chaucer, Milton, Tennyson, Ruskin, Keats, Spenser, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Dickens, Addison, Herrick, Marvell, and he has not overlooked Clare, Browne, Collins, Henry King, Henry Kirke White, and a score of other such of modester fame among the living and the dead. It is an attractive and altogether satisfying selection that bears witness to Mr. Shaylor's excellent and catholic taste no less than to the width of his reading.

Another desirable anthology in prose and verse is "The Seasons," that has been compiled by Helen and Lewis Melville; and yet another is "An Anthology of Humorous Verse," by the same compilers. There is wealth enough of material on both these subjects to fill a dozen volumes and still leave plenty over; therefore one is disposed to be particularly critical with Mr. and Mrs. Melville and to expect that they should distil into these two volumes the very essence of poetical humour and of all that has been written on such a universal topic as the four seasons. With the best chance in the world to find fault with them, however, one is bound to admit, after due consideration, that

* "Joys of the Garden." Compiled by Sidney J. Shaylor. 2s. 6d. net. (Truslove & Hanson.)—"An Anthology of Humorous Verse." By Helen and Lewis Melville. 3s. 6d. net. (Harrap.)—"The Seasons: An Anthology." By Helen and Lewis Melville. 3s. 6d. net. (Williams & Norgate.)

they have left us with no excuse to be less than grateful. There have been notable omissions from both volumes, but then, of course, it was simply impossible to include everything in either, and omissions from and inclusions in such books are and must be purely a matter of individual taste, and no critic has any right to condemn the editors of them because their taste does not always square exactly with his own. His own may be at fault, without his knowing it. For our part we are satisfied that in the humorous anthology we have a sound and representative collection of the humorous English verse that has been published between the days of Herrick and Owen Seaman; and in "The Seasons" we have an equally well-chosen and representative series of poems on the changing year, opening with Swinburne's fine sonnet on "New Year's Day," and closing with Robert Tannahill's charming song, "Gloomy Winter's Now Awa'." We are greatly tempted to quote, but where there is so much that is good and in such variety quotation fails of its usual purpose, so we shall do no more than unreservedly recommend these anthologies of Mr. Shaylor and Mr. and Mrs. Melville as three of the most adequate and delightful anthologies it has been our lot to receive.

Novel Notes.

PONGO AND THE BULL. By Hilaire Belloc. 6s. (Constable.)

This book ought really to have been called "Pongo and the Belloc." It is true that the bull plays an active part in the story and routs with ignominy the great Pongo, Leader of the Opposition and the probable successor to the premiership whenever "Dolly the young and popular Prime Minister" decided to go out of office. But if Pongo had been allowed any choice, there can be little doubt that he would have preferred being chased even by the most strenuous of bulls to being scarified by the astonishing Mr. Belloc. A jaded reviewer, worn out in the vain effort to cope with the versatile fertility of Mr. Andrew Lang, once remarked that Mr. Lang was not a man but a syndicate. A similar feeling convinces us that Mr. Belloc is not a man but a battalion. We should like to introduce the military expert who till lately sat for South Salford to the author of "The Bad Child's Book of Beasts," and the engaging wanderer who wrote that delightfully Stevensonian "Path to Rome" to the grim moralist who created Emanuel Burden or the dilettante man of letters who writes such charming and tenuous essays "On Nothing." Have all these Mr. Bellocs ever met, or are they merely different "states" of a multiple personality more remarkable than any case which the psychologists have yet recorded? The first full-length novel of Mr. Belloc the satirist was "Emanuel Burden," for "Caliban" is hardly to be counted more than a trial trip. The sustained irony of "Emanuel Burden" was a remarkable achievement, and it deserves to rank as the most important contribution to English satirical literature since Butler's "Erewhon." But it was too grim to be popular, and its fierce heat of indignation was disconcerting to the reader who turned to it in search of mild amusement. In "Mr. Clutterbuck's Election" and "A Change in the Cabinet" Mr. Belloc was less in earnest and more buoyant and irresponsible. He was no longer the moral crusader, but merely the caustic and often boisterous critic; and if he had not learned to suffer fools gladly, he pinked them with a hearty chuckle. In "Pongo and the Bull" many old acquaintances reappear, including Mary Smith, "Dolly the young and popular Prime Minister," and the Duke of Battersea. Those of Mr. Belloc's readers who have found his anti-Semitic prejudices a little wearisome will learn with pleasure that the Duke, better known as "Peabody Yid," dies on the last page. Mr. Belloc kills him with evident regret, but it is to be hoped that having consecrated a trilogy to this not very convincing plutocrat he will never be tempted to resuscitate him. For the rest, Mr. Belloc has lost none of his tricks and none of his prejudices. But he has made excellent use of his parliamentary experience, and only those who know something of the inner working of the House of Commons can appreciate the truth underlying much of the satire. Some of the incidents in Parliament, especially the reception of the Anti-Bullfighting League deputation, are delicious. Altogether "Pongo" is a slap-dash but brilliant book.

DARWELL STORIES. By F. Warre Cornish. 6s. (Constable.)

One of these five stories is partly laid among the women-students of Cambridge, but all of them are rooted in provincial life. Mr. Cornish sensibly observes that London does not represent England. "Thousands, nay, millions of families, gentle and simple, still dwell among their own people, and do not long to be transplanted to London, though they may reflect London fashions at a distance; and it is of such as these that I write, who in their different degrees carry on the business of the great house, the rectory, the farm, and the little town, and take their share of all the local activities which make up the life of a county." The author thus allies himself with the newer school of French novelists, who have at last made people see that Paris is not France. There is nothing provincial, however, about Mr. Cornish's mind. Upon the contrary, these stories show a distinction and a quiet power of descriptive narrative which mark them as the work of an observant and thoughtful writer. One of the main difficulties in producing sketches of this sort is to produce effects without exaggerating the pathos or the comedy of the situation. Mr. Cornish shows real restraint at more than one point, and the result is that his work carries with it a sense of reality which is as rare as it is grateful. This is a book to be commended with emphasis. The first three stories lean to pathos, the last two are brighter. But if the reader will take them out of order, he will be able to appreciate the versatile charm which attaches to Mr. Cornish's prose.

THE HANDICAP. By Robert E. Knowles. 6s. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

Mr. Knowles does well in describing his new story as a "novel of pioneer days" in Canada. Readers on this side to the number of thousands have a keen personal interest in the real lives and triumphs (and also the failures) of emigrants to the more remote regions of the Canadian Far West; and his pictures of the little township of Glen Ridge, of Dinny Riley, the keeper of the Buck Inn, and his winsome daughter Nora, of the saintly old Scottish minister Doctor Leitch, of a whole gallery of elders, of the betrayed woman Margaret Menzies and her little son, and the stern but just Scottish uncle, will impress everybody by their abounding vitality and their truth. It is not a very flattering presentment that he gives of Canadian politics, either local or Imperial; nor does he give a very cheerful likeness of the Prohibitionist orator Hilliard, who is a secret drinker and a master of cheap and easy platitudes; but the people who ring true are exceedingly likeable. And "The 'Churching' of Margaret" before the whole Kirk is as fine and dramatic as anything Nathaniel Hawthorne ever wrote in "The Scarlet Letter"—when, stung by the consciousness that they too had done evil, the congregation "one by one, then by twos and threes, then by a score and at last in a body, gathered in silent ranks about the bended form of her who erstwhile stood alone . . . silent they stood, every head bowed, every heart engaged with its own high concerns and God. And lo! those who looked saw their minister's eyes wet with tears."

HOPE. By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. 6s. (Duckworth.)

There are not many writers of the present day who command the same respect as Mr. Cunninghame Graham, and another volume from his pen can be given no higher praise than that it is the equal of any of its predecessors. "Hope" is another collection of those brief sketches of incidents and of moods by which the author has won fame for himself. The scenes of the sketches are again laid in countries as diverse as Morocco, South America, and Scotland, but Mr. Cunninghame Graham seems equally at home whatever his subject. Not a line that this author writes is lacking in distinction or in charm, his literary style is as graceful and effective as ever, and his sense of the dramatic or the whimsical as keen. After "Faith" and "Hope" we are on tenterhooks for "Charity."

THIS SON OF ADAM. By G. B. Burgin. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Burgin's generosity, and his industry, usually afford his readers the opportunity of enjoying new books with his name on the title-page at least twice in the year. "This Son of Adam" follows rather close upon the heels of "Diana of Dreams," but it is at least quite up to Mr. Burgin's standard. The scene this time is laid among the French *habitants* of those remote country districts of Ontario which the author knows so well. The characters of the book are well drawn, and there is a certain amount of sensational incident; but as a whole "This Son of Adam" is perhaps a little lacking in plot and movement. However, we do not suppose that the author's readers will complain so long as his humour continues, as it does at present, to lighten page after page. Perhaps "This Son of Adam" is sometimes a little confusing, but on the whole it is a highly enjoyable story which should win Mr. Burgin some fresh admirers.

THE SECOND CHANCE. By Nellie L. McLung. 5s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This is one of the Canadian stories which combine religious interests with the humorous, local detail of provincial life. The heroine, Searl Watson, contrives to bring up her family, parents as well as brothers and sisters; acts as the good angel to several wayward characters in the district; and generally plays a thoroughly practical Christian rôle. The authoress manages to reproduce the local colour, without which such sketches become faint. She has a gift of clever characterisation, and the by-play is often amusing. There is a pleasant blend of pathos and love-making. But the pervading atmosphere is that of simple country life, where religion comes into touch with the daily manners and morals of the people. The book is an unaffected, wholesome, and pleasant specimen of its class.

THE ROGUE'S HEIRESS. By Tom Gallon. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Really something will have to be said to our most popular authors. If Mr. Tom Gallon and his comrades in letters persist in their present activities they will be personally responsible for the decease of all respectable and honest heroes. As things are ordered at present, no hardworking, respectable, ambitious young man—even of the Get On or Get Out variety—has a chance of winning a nice heroine's favour. The popular brand is prison-marked, and without a decent crime or two carefully stowed away in the background no lover can nowadays hope to be considered quite romantic or genuine. We really don't know why Mr. Tom Gallon gave his new story the title of "The Rogue's Heiress." Obviously it should have been named "The Rogues' Gallery," for there is no male character—outside perhaps a lift-man and an odd male servant—that doeth only good in it—no, not one. Even poor old Joshua Flattery, the poor little waiter who is met on a seat on the Embankment by the hero after three years' imprisonment, has to admit to a little weakness for other people's claret and sandwiches. And as for the hero, burly Oliver Rackham himself—he blackmails the young hypocrite who has published and stolen his literary works, is drunken, coarse, and violent, and does not scruple to join in an abominable plot to rob little Angelica Susan Brown, the friendless little music-teacher, of her inheritance. Mr. Gallon seems to think that a multitude of words (written in a garret, at a cheap price) can save his hero. It cannot.

NEIGHBOURS UNKNOWN. By Charles G. D. Roberts. With 13 full-page Plates. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

This volume belongs probably to the class which Mr. Roosevelt attacked as attempts to "fake" nature. But Mr. Roberts manages to interest his readers in the wild creatures without any illegitimate methods, unless it is illegitimate to explain their actions by means of the natural emotions of fear, love, hatred, and hunger. It is a book especially for young people, and, although the majority of the heroes and heroines are Transatlantic, British readers will appreciate their stories, with a sense of gratitude that lynxes and wolves are not their personal neighbours and also that they are better known, at least in print, after the author's graphic descriptions. "The Isle of Birds" should be read first. Like many authors, Mr. Roberts forgets to begin with his best work. The sketches entitled "The Sentry of the Sedge Flats" and "A Torpedo in Feathers" are much superior to "Grey Lynx's Last Hunting." All over, however, these thirteen sketches keep up a good level, and it was quite worth while to rescue them from the passing vogue of a magazine.

THE SIEGE OF THE SEVEN SUITORS. By Meredith Nicholson. 6s. (Constable.)

"The Siege of the Seven Suitors" marks a new development of Mr. Meredith Nicholson's art. In "The House of a Thousand Candles" and other works he has told an improbable story in a probable manner; his last book, a serious novel of the business drama type, placed him among the leading American fiction-writers; but "The Siege of the Seven Suitors" differs considerably from its predecessors. The author shows that he has a considerable gift for the creation of eccentric characters, he places less reliance in the drawing powers of a strong plot, and he makes use of—to us, at any rate—a surprisingly keen sense of humour. In a word, this is Mr. Nicholson's first true comedy. The hero shows his Transatlantic origin in his profession—he is a Consultant in Chimneys, or, as he more frequently describes himself, a flue-doctor. As for the heroines (for there are two of them—sisters), there is "oodles of money in the family," for their grandfather "scored big in baby-buggies." We do not feel inclined to spoil the reader's enjoyment by giving away details of the plot, but mention must be made of Miss Olivia Hollister, the heroines' aunt, who has so pathetic—and yet so satisfying—a belief in the powers of romance and the numeral seven. Indeed, it was entirely owing to her that there were seven suitors. We have enjoyed Mr. Nicholson's latest book immensely, and we believe that it shows a considerable advance upon his earlier work.

THE EXCEPTION. By Oliver Onions. 6s. (Methuen.)

"Near the mossy boulder on which Berice lay, a dead branch had lodged across a noisy rill. It had collected a little heap of water-rakings—mould, skeletonised leaves, glistening scum, and vegetable scurf. These fouled half the surface of the little pool above the branch. . . . She knew that she had but to dislodge the dead branch and in a few minutes the pool would be clear again. . . Dallyingly she put out one hand. . . . She loosed one end of it, and with a plop and a gurgle half the mass went over the little fall. She cleared the other end, and, as it still stuck, pushed at it with her foot. It gave; the liberated water broke into a clear musical spouting, and in scarce more than a minute the pebbly bottom could be seen." This incident is a symbolical presentment of Berice Beckwith's own life. Anxious to hide an event in her past, she

acts in a way which brings trouble after trouble crowding thickly around her until at last she forces herself to make a full confession to her husband and the rotten branch which has dammed the stream of her life is removed. The author writes with a subtle knowledge of humanity and great charm of style, and contrives to make an admirable story out of a difficult and not over-fresh plot. It is a book of poignant emotional power and the characters are very skilfully drawn. Those who enjoyed "The Odd Job Man" and "Little Devil Doubt" will find that this newest novel by Mr. Oliver Onions is in point of good workmanship and the interest of its story fully equal to the best of his work, and there are few novelists of these days whose work is so conscientious as his or of a higher literary value.

The Bookman's Table.

A HERO OF THE SEA. By J. E. Patterson. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

It goes without saying that the man who has saved over a hundred lives must have a life-story of his own that is well worth telling. This great record of noble accomplishment belongs to Lieutenant John O. Williams, R.N., and every man who honours courage and loves to read of brave deeds will be grateful to Mr. J. E. Patterson for this book of his. Lieutenant Williams served for forty years in the Royal Navy; first on a revenue cutter, and later in the Coastguard service, and it was during this latter period, when he was for many years in charge of various stations round the coast, that most of his work in the saving of human lives was done. Mr. Patterson has thrilling stories to tell of how Lieutenant Williams went out in the lifeboat in the teeth of fierce gales, of roaring seas, and blinding snowstorms and snatched the drowning and the hopeless from sinking wrecks; of how again and again in his passionate devotion to duty he risked his own life for the salving of others; of how, by sheer indomitable pluck and determination and a ready resourcefulness, he would carry his cumbersome rocket life-saving apparatus over mountainous land, through the blackness of rain and midnight to reach some point from which it could be used for the rescue of shipwrecked men who but for his resolution and promptitude were inevitably doomed. The volume contains a full and very interesting account of the invention and development of the rocket apparatus, but its deepest interest lies in its striking narrative of the man who proved himself a "hero by instinct and inherent greatness of heart, and a gentleman by the sheer quality of his general thought, high principles, and natural conduct." It is a story that grips you by reason of its intensely human appeal, its variety of poignant and moving incident, and the vigour and imaginative sympathy with which it is told. There are a dozen good portraits and other illustrations from photographs, sketches, and old prints.

CECIL RHODES: HIS PRIVATE LIFE. By his Private Secretary, Philip Jourdan. 7s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

Mr. Jourdan has written this book for two very definite reasons. First, he has heard that "most unjust libels with reference to his (Rhodes's) private life were being disseminated throughout the length and breadth of the country," and he wishes to refute them; and second, because Cecil Rhodes asked him to do so. "I have often thought of a conversation he had with me in my office at Groote Schuur some two years before his death. He spoke very tenderly and affectionately to me, and there was a soft and pensive look in his eyes as he placed his hand upon my shoulder and said: 'My boy, are you keeping a note of everything that is occurring around you? You have great opportunities. One day your notes may be very valuable.' I knew he meant whether I was collecting data with a view to publication after his death." The extracts which we have given may possibly have let the cat out of the bag already—Mr. Jourdan does not possess a very distinguished style. In addition to this, he has not much idea of literary construction, with the result that his book is sometimes rather confusing. Probably, also, an index would have been an improvement. However, having said so much, we have passed the worst. There can be no question whatever as to the surpassing interest of Mr. Jourdan's subject-matter, and one cannot blame him for having been born without the literary faculty. Besides, he is always clear in the narration of his various anecdotes. The book is practically a collection of anecdotes centring round the Napoleonic figure of the "empire-maker." With a view to the scandals, Mr. Jourdan has devoted a considerable amount of space—probably rather more than is justified by the place that women took in Rhodes's life—to the gentler side of his hero's character, particularly in regard to his relations with women. There can be no question that Mr. Jourdan knew Rhodes as well as, and possibly better than, any man; and in this case knowledge brought respect and love and a grand enthusiasm. Although he does not say so, one gains the impression that Mr. Jourdan--still a young man—is conscious that he has lived his life. But his book is hopeful and inspiring. In spite of its literary disabilities, perhaps even because of them, the reader is convinced of the author's deep sincerity and absolute genuineness. We believe that no future study of Rhodes's life will be complete if it neglects to take this volume into consideration.

THE SECRETS OF THE VATICAN. By Douglas Sladen. 7s. 6d. net. (Hurst & Blackett.)

When Mr. Douglas Sladen's "Secrets of the Vatican" first appeared in its handsome library edition, many of us expressed a hope that it would some day be reissued in a smaller and handier shape, so that travellers to the Eternal City might carry so useful a volume along with them. For in this book of his Mr. Sladen has not only supplied a careful and most reliable account of the history and workings of the Papal Government, but has combined with it a full and uncommonly interesting guide-book to the Palace of the Popes. He describes and catalogues the contents of the little-known and practically secret places of the Vatican; takes you through the Crypt of St. Peter's, the vast Library of the Palace and gives you a complete record of its treasures. He tells minutely what happens on the death of a Pope, the manner in which his successor and in which the Cardinals are elected; narrates an audience with the Pope, and gives a sketch of his daily life. In a word, his book is at once a history of "the most venerable of human institutions" from its earliest times to our own day, and an admirable guide to all parts of the Vatican, especially to those parts that are not generally shown to the public. It will be invaluable to every traveller in Rome, and makes entertaining and deeply interesting reading for more stay-at-home persons who do most of their travelling by deputy. It is a work of permanent value, and in this new and cheaper form it is sure of a wide and growing acceptance. All the plates, plans, and photographs of the original edition are included in this cheap reissue, which is almost as handsomely produced as if there had been no reduction in the price.

PEOPLE AND QUESTIONS. By G. S. Street. 5s. net. (Martin Secker.)

Mr. Street is a facile writer whose virtue is his charm. He is without opinions or ideas peculiarly his own. His charm is his only motive power and it is perhaps a little more fitful than he suspects. His egoism delights us for pages, and then (his charm deserting him) becomes suddenly annoying. We enjoy his prattle about pigs and cockneys, and enthusiasts and superior people, and the

middle-aged, and are surprised ourselves, when we come to look at a serious review article on Lord Randolph Churchill, to find that we are reading a very ordinary writer And then, in a moment we are bewitched again (as the charm comes back) and we will swear by Mr Street against any one His private gift is a species of after-dinner essay-writing that is very pleasant after dinner At these moments we do not need the stimulating shock of new ideas They would disturb our digestion Now Mr Street can be read with perfect safety after lobster and vol-au-vent This book is representative of his work It is full of charming trifles and married by a few attempts to hold an audience when the charm has flown away It is like an autumn day when sunshine chases the clouds one after another

PAGES FROM THE BOOK OF PARIS. By Claude C Washburn Illustrated by Lester G Hornby 7s 6d net (Constable)—**SHADOWS OF OLD PARIS.** By G Duval. Illustrated by J Gavin 12s 6d net (Griffiths)

The first of these books is made up of amiable gossip in an American accent Mr Washburn is something of a Stevenson but more of a philosopher He teaches as much as he can For example he tell us that "Sentiment is sentiment and sentimentality is sentimentality" But it is not fair to laugh at him for he laughs very prettily at himself in an imaginary interview with Anatole France And he knows his Paris well Nothing could be more delightful than Mr Hornby's illustrations at once delicate truthful and full of personality The second book by G Duval is internal evidence teaches us written by a woman and written very pleasantly Its aim is more useful than that of the American book but it is achieved with no lesser charm Mr Washburn's Paris is coloured by Mr Washburn Mrs Duval's by the iridescent mist of centuries It is called "Shadows of Old Paris" but the shadows are to seek and the book is scintillant with the lights of a hundred ancient tales Mrs Duval hand in hand with her illustrator wander about Paris detects in the new the relics of the old and writes quite delightfully and with great confidence of the memories that these relics suggest The verve and dance of her pen is only interrupted by the frequent and unfortunate misprints which must mar the book for those who are unable to correct them Even the misprints so lively is the book seem almost to be part of the game It is very pleasant to meet with a topographer who writes with such joyous abandon The illustrations by J Gavin (sex also unstated and more difficult to determine) have suffered considerably by the method of their reproduction Those that have survived an ordeal that seems to have been unnecessarily severe are so good that we regret the remainder Pictures and writing together make a book that will certainly illumine many of the shadows with which it purposes to deal Paris is a sealed casket for the ignorant and this book is a much better key to it than most of the ordinary guide books

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Notes on New Books.

MR JOHN MURRAY

The Shans are not yet an over written race, and Mrs Leslie Milne's new volume on **The Shans at Home** (15s net) has freshness to commend it, as well as first hand information and a most attractive style Mrs Milne having travelled among, and lived among, this, one of the lesser known Asiatic races, is able to give valuable details of the daily life of the people She pictures them for us by pen, brush, and camera, from birth to old age, and discusses also the more general topics—government, industries, literature, characteristics and beliefs Two chapters on these more general matters are contributed by the Rev. W. W. Cochrane Indeed this volume by word and illustration presents a clear and authoritative description of this interesting and generally amiable race

MESSRS W. & R. CHAMBERS.

Stokes' Cyclopædia of Music and Musicians (6s net) is an invaluable reference book for information on any matter connected with music or musicians It gives biographies of all musicians who have won any eminence at all, explains the theory of music without technicalities, supplies lucid definitions of musical terms and the stories of all the more important operas In a word students and lovers of music will find it a full and reliable storehouse of facts, admirably and compactly arranged

MESSRS DIGBY, LONG & CO

From child to woman we follow the character of **Miss Wender,** a new novel by Ina Wye (6s) and we give the authoress hearty commendation for the sincere and natural story. In the first few chapters we watch the gradual friendship between the stern and unamiable country rector and the twelve year-old daughter of Lord Wender who has been sent to the country to stay with an old servant while divorce proceedings are taking place between her father and mother Then after a gap of ten years we find Eva Wender again on the threshold of a sorrow which influences her whole life Her engagement to her cousin Tony her intercourse with her shameful mother, her feeling for the rector—the "Mr Tommy" who was her friend in childhood—all the shadowed days and the gay days, are woven into an absorbing and sympathetic story with a charm above the usual

MR ELKIN MATHEWS

In his well known "Vigo Cabinet Series" Mr Elkin Mathews has published two new collections of poems In **The Flame,** by L Hamilton Moore (1s net) we find music and passion and a general strain of melancholy This poet's style is limpid, and his thought distinct The title poem "The Flame" short though it is is one of the best in the little collection, in it the moth utters her cry against the law of Nature which drives her, through her obedience into the fire which blinds and consumes her

The second new booklet in the "Vigo Cabinet Series" is by Lewis Spence **Le Roi d'Ys** and Other Poems (1s net) Mr Spence is a vigorous poet and his vivid lines "go with a swing" He gives the impression of being quite at his ease with words, of being able to mould them forcefully to his own need of expression In "Le Roi d'Ys" we get the rare occurrence of a rhyme for "wind" in its prose sound In his "Sonnets to the Sea Folk" he tells some strong plain truths to a semi blind or semi sleeping nation

In the early days of English sonnets considerable laxity prevailed regarding the meaning of the term Even the rule of fourteen lines was not strictly observed It seems unnecessary at this date to try to revolutionise a long accepted usage as Mr Ferdinand Earle attempts to do in his volume of **Sonnets** (3s 6d net) His innovations in the scheme of rhymes militate against the beauty and the compactness of the sonnet, and Mr Earle's original arrangement of rhyme endings renders the title of his little book quite unjustifiable We like best his experiments of a musical or painter like character, in which observation is combined with an admirable feeling for melody and phrase

MESSRS HERBERT & DANIEL

If we were doomed to have sleepless nights or days of exile, one of the books we should certainly choose for a companion would be **Studies in Arcady,** by R L Gales (5s net) The volume is composed of "Essays from a Country Parsonage," and the description itself is full of promise But even the description gives no adequate idea at all of the intimate charm of these intelligent bright yet thoughtful gossipings It must be a good thing to have one's lot cast in a parish which boasts such a parson Mr Gales does not even hint that he is a priest to be desired but reading between his lines we learn of his humanity his tolerance his humour his patience and understanding The author tells of his parish and of the villagers of their life on fifteen shillings a week of their humour and their dicta But he also discusses literary matters and has a genuine love for beautiful words and expressive phrases, for folk lore and legend His essays wander from "Christmas Beer in Workhouses" to "Nursery Rhymes," from "A Sunday Dinner Table" to "The Easter Alleluia," from "The Names of Flowers" to "The Humours of Parish Visiting" It is a volume conveying personal charm.

YEAR-BOOKS.

The new volumes of **Who's Who?** (A & C Black) and **The Literary Year-Book** (Routledge) lie upon our table To the literary man and the journalist they are probably the most indispensable of reference books and every year finds them growing both in size and in usefulness The new "Who's Who?" contains some twenty three thousand biographies of well known men, and has expanded to 2,250 pages it furnishes concise and exact information that is nowhere else obtainable about everybody who is anybody in almost every walk of public life, and the new "Literary Year-Book" gives its usual miscellany of useful information concerning authors, publishers, periodicals, booksellers, literary agents, the law of copyright, and the hundred and one other matters of interest to all who write books or have business dealings in them

New Books of the Month.

FROM NOVEMBER 10 TO DECEMBER 10.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

AINSWORTH, PERCY C.—The Threshold Grace: Meditations in the Psalms. 1s. net ....(Kelly)
BELL, LETTICE.—The Lost Garden. (Never Old Stories.) With 4 Illustrations in Colour. 3s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton)
BELL, LETTICE.—The Man in the Dark. 6d. net (Morgan & Scott)
BLACK, HUGH.—Comfort. 2s. net ....(Hodder & Stoughton)
BLACK, REV. JAMES, M.A.—The Pilgrim Ship. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton)
Book for the King's Watchmen, A: being Stray Thoughts for Invalids. With an Introduction by B. W. Randolph, D.D. 2s. 6d. net ....(Mowbray)
COOKE, REV. G. A., D.D.—The Progress of Revelation. 4s. 6d. net ....(T. & T. Clark)
CORNISH, FRANCIS WARRE, M.A.—The English Church in the Nineteenth Century. In 2 Parts. 7s. 6d. each part ....(Macmillan)
Day by Day we Worship Thee: Readings and Prayers from Holy Scripture and the Book of Common Prayer, for Households, Hospitals, and Institutions. 3s. 6d. net (Wells Gardner)
DREWS, ARTHUR, Ph.D.—The Christ Myth. Translated by C. Delisle Burns, M.A. 7s. 6d. net ....(Unwin)
Epictetus, The Book of: Being the Enchiridion, together with Chapters from the Discourses and Selected Fragments of Epictetus. Translated by Elizabeth Carter. Selected and Arranged by T. W. Rolleston. With Frontispiece. (The Harrap Library.) 2s. 6d. net ....(Harrap)
FREEMAN, FLORA LUCY.—The Sunshine of Everyday Life. With a Preface by the Rev. C. H. Sharpe, M.A. 1s. 6d. net ....(Mowbray)
GREGORY, J.—Phillips Brooks: a Study for Present-Day Preachers. 2s. 6d. net ....(Stockwell)
HABERSHON, ADA R.—The Study of the Miracles. 6s. (Morgan & Scott)
KELMAN, JOHN, D.D.—Ephemera Eternitatis: a Book of Short Studies in Life Here and Hereafter, Arranged for the Sundays of the Christian Year. 5s. net (Hodder & Stoughton)
KENNEDY, J. M.—The Religions and Philosophies of the East. 6s. net ....(Laurie)
LINDSAY, LADY.—Within Hospital Walls. 1s. net (Kegan Paul)
MIDDLETON, REV. WILLIAM.—The Breaking Day: Thoughts on the Future Life. 6d. net ....(Morgan & Scott)
MITCHELL, REV. JOHN.—Helps for Inquirers and Young Converts. 1s. net ....(Morgan & Scott)
MORGAN, G. E., M.A.—Old-World Stories: Retold for To-day.—With 16 Coloured Illustrations. 3s. 6d. (Morgan & Scott)
ORR, REV. PROFESSOR JAMES, D.D.—Sin as a Problem of To-day. 6s. ....(Hodder & Stoughton)
PALAU, GABRIEL, S.J.—The Practical Catholic. Translated from the Spanish by George Charles Hungerford Pollen, S.J. 1s. 6d. net and 2s. 6d. net (Manresa Press, Roehampton, S.W.)
PFLEIDERER, OTTO, D.D.—Primitive Christianity: its Writings and Teachings in their Historical Connections. Translated by W. Montgomery, B.D. Vol. III. 10s. 6d. net..........................(Williams & Norgate)
SMELLIE, ALEXANDER, D.D.—The Daily Walk. 6d. net (Melrose)
Spiritual Letters of Edward King, D.D., Late Lord Bishop of Lincoln. Edited by the Rev. B. W. Randolph, D.D. With Frontispiece. 2s. net, 3s. 6d. net, and 4s. 6d. net (Mowbray)
TERENCE, VESTA.—Behind the Blinds. 2s. 6d. net (Allenson)
THOMAS, PHILIP.—Auguste Comte on Marriage and Divorce: Discourse given at the Church of Humanity, Chapel Street, Holborn, November 6, 1910. 3d. ....(Watts)
TUDDENHAM, F. S.—The Advent Sign, or The "Eagles" and the King. With Diagrams. 2s. net ..(Stockwell)
WATERHOUSE, ELIZABETH.—The House by the Cherry Tree: a Second Series of Little Homilies to Women in Country Places. 2s. net ....(Methuen)
WHISHAW, CONSTANCE M.—Precept and Practice: a Collection of Helpful Thoughts from various Authors arranged for Daily Reading. 2s. net ..(Samuel Bagster)

NEW EDITIONS.

A KEMPIS, THOMAS.—Of the Imitation of Christ. With 24 Coloured Reproductions from the Old Masters. (The Burlington Library.) 3s. 6d. net (Chapman & Hall)
A KEMPIS, THOMAS.—The Imitation of Christ. With Frontispiece. 6s. net....................(Chapman & Hall)
Earliest Life of Christ ever compiled from the Four Gospels, being the Diatessaron of Tatian (*circa* A.D. 160): Literally Translated from the Arabic Version and containing the Four Gospels woven into One Story. With an Introduction and Notes by the Rev. J. Hamlyn Hill, D.D. Second Edition, abridged. 3s. net (T. & T. Clark)
Meditations of Marcus Aurelius, The. Translated by George Long. With Introduction by W. L. Courtney. With Frontispiece. (Red Letter Library.) 1s. 6d. net and 2s. 6d. net ....(Blackie)
SHIPTON, ANNA.—Tell Jesus (Recollections of Emily Gosse) and Poems. 60th Impression. 1s. net (Morgan & Scott)
SPENCER, HERBERT.—Social Statics: Abridged and Revised. 6d. ....(Watts)

FICTION.

ALLEN, JAMES LANE.—The Doctor's Christmas Eve. 6s. (Macmillan)
ASKEW, ALICE and CLAUDE.—The Woman Deborah. 6s. (Nash)
BARRINGTON, CEDRIC.—The Gospel of Expediency. 6s. (Routledge)
BEATTIE, WILLIAM B.—The Were-Wolf. 6s. (Stanley Paul)
BENSON, ROBERT HUGH.—None Other Gods. 6s. (Hutchinson)
BRADLEY, J. FOVARGUE.—The Black Abolitionist. 6s. (Greening)
CAFFYN, MRS. MANNINGTON ("IOTA").—Dorinda and her Daughter. 6s. ....(Hurst & Blackett)
CAREY, ALFRED E.—Vic Victa. 6s. ....(Greening)
CHILD, RICHARD WASHBURN.—Jim Hands. With Frontispiece by J. A. Williams. 6s. ....(Macmillan)
CORNISH, F. WARRE.—Darwell Stories. 6s. ....(Constable)
CROMMELIN, MAY.—Madam Mystery: a Romance in Touraine. 6s. ....(Hutchinson)
DREW, SARA.—The Harlot in Heaven. 6s. ......(Ouseley)
FORBES, LADY ANGELA.—The Broken Commandment. 6s. (Nash)
HARVEY, WILLIAM FRYER.—Midnight House, and Other Tales. 2s. 6d. net ....(Dent)
KAYE, MICHAEL W.—The Cardinal's Past. 6s. ..(Greening)
KING-HALL, EDITH.—The Flowers of Fairyland. With 6 Illustrations in Colour by Alice B. Woodward. 3s. 6d. (Treherne)
KNOWLES, ROBERT E.—The Handicap: a Novel of Pioneer Days. 6s. ....(Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier)
LAUGHLIN, CLARA E.—Just Folks. 6s. ......(Macmillan)
LYLE, EUGENE P., JUNR.—Blaze Derringer. With 4 Coloured Illustrations by Morgan Eckley. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton)
MACNAB, JAMES.—The Garden of Shadows. 2s. 6d. net (Gowans & Gray)
McCLUNG, NELLIE L.—The Second Chance. With Coloured Frontispiece by Wladyslaw T. Benda. 5s. (Hodder & Stoughton)
MAJOR, CHARLES.—The Little King: a Story of the Childhood of Louis XIV., King of France. With Drawings in the Text, and 6 Coloured Plates. 6s. (Macmillan)
MONTRÉSOR, F. F.—Through the Chrysalis. 6s. ..(Murray)
MOORE, MONICA.—The Story of Rosalind: Retold from her Diary. 2s. 6d. net ....(Sidgwick & Jackson)
NAPIER, ROSAMOND.—The Faithful Failure. 6s. (Duckworth)
NARBRET, ARON.—Life's Fitful Dream, or The Light of Other Days. 2s. net ....(Stockwell)
NESBIT, E.—The Magic City. With 27 Illustrations by H. R. Millar. 6s. .. ..(Macmillan)
NICHOLSON, MEREDITH.—The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Illustrated by C. Coles Phillips and Reginald Birch. 6s. (Constable)
PENLEY, R.—The Strength of Evan Meredith. 6s. ..(Long)
RAFFALOVICH, GEORGE.—The Deuce and All. 3s. 6d. net (The Equinox, 124 Victoria Street, S.W.)
RAFFALOVICH, GEORGE.—The History of a Soul: an Attempt at Psychology. 3s. 6d. net......(The Equinox)
RANGER-GULL, C.—House of Torment. With Frontispiece. 6s. ....(Greening)
RICHARDSON, NORVAL.—The Lead of Honour. With Coloured Frontispiece by Frank T. Merrill. 6s. (Pitman)
ROBERTS, CHARLES G. D.—Neighbours Unknown. With end-papers and 13 Illustrations. 6s. ....(Ward, Lock)
WENTWORTH-JAMES, GERTIE DE S.—The Lesson: a Story of Love, of Bohemia, and of Human Philosophy. With Portrait. 6s. ....(Everett)

NEW EDITIONS.

BORDEAUX, HENRY.—Les Roquevillard. Introduction par Firmin Roz. With Frontispiece. 1 fr. 25 c. net and 1s. net ....(Nelson: Paris and London)
BUCHANAN, ROBERT, and HENRY MURRAY.—The Charlatan. With Frontispiece by W. Dewar. 1s. net (Greening)
REDESDALE, LORD, G.C.V.O., K.C.B.—Tales of Old Japan. With 38 Illustrations Drawn and Cut on Wood by Japanese Artists. 1s. net ....(Macmillan)
SCOTT, SIR WALTER, BART.—The Abbot. With 36 Illustrations. 2s., 2s. 6d. net, 3s. 6d. ....(Frowde)

SCOTT, SIR WALTER, BART.—The Fortunes of Nigel. With 52 Illustrations. 2s., 2s. 6d. net, 3s. 6d. ....(Frowde)

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

A Book of Light Verse. Edited by R. M. Leonard. With Frontispiece. From 2s. ....(Frowde)
BELLOC, H.—Verses. 5s. net ....(Duckworth)
BOYD, J.—The Story of the Glory, and Other Poems. 6s.
Brontë, Emily, The Complete Poems of. Edited by Clement Shorter. With Introductory Essay by W. Robertson Nicoll. 6s. net ....(Hodder & Stoughton)
(Morgan & Scott)
BURROWS, FRANCIS.—The Green Knight, and Other Poems. 2s. net ....(Frank Palmer)
CALIGNOC, ROBERT.—Love's Protest. 1s. net ....(Bell)
EARLE, FERDINAND.—Sonnets. 3s. 6d. net, 5s. net (Elkin Mathews)
Edinburgh Book of Scottish Verse, The, 1300–1900. Selected and Edited by W. Macneile Dixon. 7s. 6d. net (Meiklejohn & Holden, 11 Paternoster Square, E.C.)
Englishman in Greece, The: Being a Collection of the Verse of many English Poets. With an Introduction by Sir Rennell Rodd. 5s. net ....(Clarendon Press)
FITZGERALD, S. J. ADAIR.—Dickens and the Drama, being an Account of Charles Dickens's Connection with the Stage and the Stage's Connection with Him. With 32 Illustrations. 5s. net ....(Chapman & Hall)
FURTADO, JOSEPH.—Lays of Old Goa, and Other Verses on Goan Themes: a Souvenir of the Fourth Centenary of the Conquest of Goa. 8 annas (British India Press, Byculla, Bombay)
GRAVES, CHARLES L.—Party Portraits, and Other Verses. 1s. net ....(Smith, Elder)
GREENE, KATHLEEN CONYNGHAM.—The Third Road, and other Songs and Verses. 1s. net ....(Fifield)
HAMILTON, G. ROSTREVOR.—The Search for Loveliness, and Other Verses. 2s. 6d. net ....(Long)
HARRIS, FRANK.—Shakespeare and his Love: a Play in Four Acts and an Epilogue. 2s. 6d. net (Frank Palmer)
HAYWARD, CHARLES W.—Anthony (the Philosopher): a Play in Three Acts. 2s. ....(Sherratt & Hughes)
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The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 233. Vol. XXXIX. Subscription rate 8s. per annum post free. FEBRUARY, 1911. Price Sixpence. Published Monthly.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

For much assistance with the Morris illustrations in this number, and for kindly permitting us to reproduce certain photographs, drawings, and designs, we are greatly indebted to the courtesy of Mrs. William Morris, Miss May Morris, Mr. S. C. Cockerell, Mr. H. C. Marillier (Managing Director of Morris & Co.), Messrs. Longmans, Mr. Emery Walker, Mr. Fredk. Holiyer, Mr. Fredk. H. Evans, and Mr. Arthur Mee, Editor of "The Children's Encyclopædia."

Messrs. Routledge have just added Morris's "Life and Death of Jason" to their admirable Muses Library series, with an introduction by John Drinkwater.

A brief sketch of "The Morris Movement," and of the firm founded by William Morris to carry out his designs and the industries revived or started by him, has been privately printed by Morris & Co. to commemorate the firm's fiftieth anniversary, which occurs in June next. It is an extremely interesting booklet, well and concisely written, and containing a good reproduction of Watts's portrait of Morris and several photographs.

Sir Alexander Lawrence is engaged on a biography of his grandfather Sir Henry Lawrence, of Lucknow fame.

"The Casement: A Diversion," is the title Mr. Frank Swinnerton has given to his new novel. It is a modern comedy set in a country scene, and will be published this month by Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

A Life of Mrs. Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes") is in course of preparation and will be published shortly by Mr. John Murray.

Messrs. James Nisbet & Co. are publishing in March "From a Northern Window," a book of essays by various writers. The essays, all of

which are now first published, are historical, biographical, and imaginative, and the contributors include Ian Maclaren, Neil Munro, Sir James Cameron Lees, Lord Guthrie, Florence McCunn, and other well-known authors.

"Women of All Nations," under the editorship of Messrs. T. Athol Joyce and N. W. Thomas, has proved such a great success that Messrs. Cassell are reissuing it in fortnightly parts.

Yoshio Markino, the well-known Japanese artist, has written an article on various phases in the life of the English girl, and is contributing it to the February number of the *English Review*. He is calling it "John Bullesses," and has illustrated it in his own characteristic and inimitable manner.

Referring to a note in our January number on the success of Mrs. Florence L. Barclay's novel, "The Mistress of Shenstone," Messrs. Putnam write to say that there has been such a rapidly increasing demand for the book that its sales have already risen from 17,000 to 70,000.

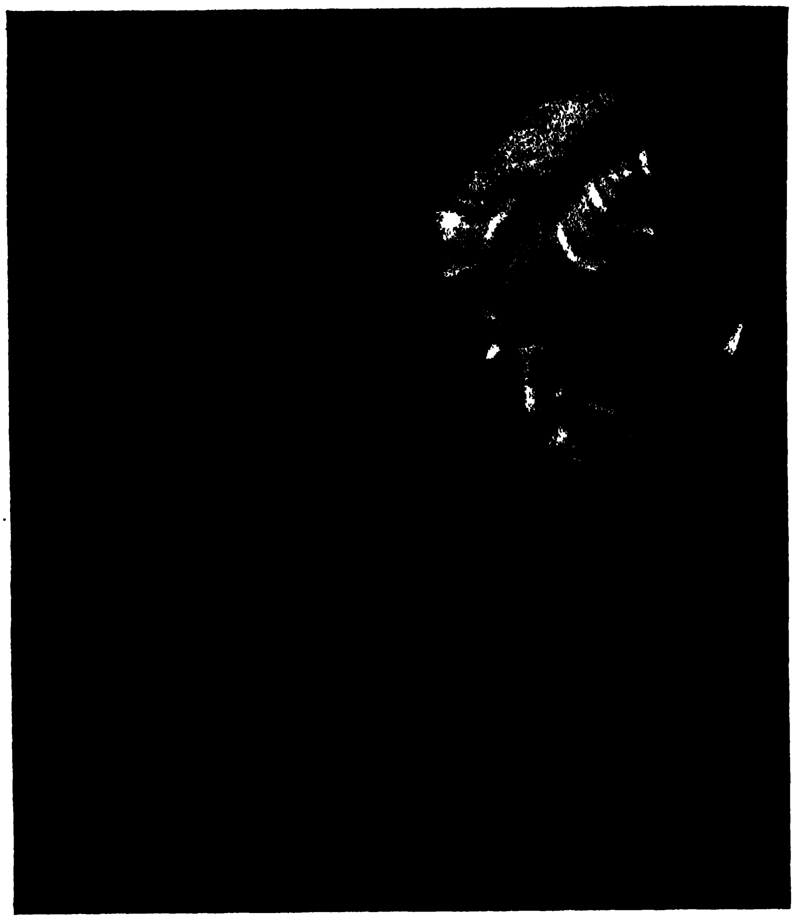


Photo by Hoppé. **Alfred Russel Wallace.**

Whose new book, "The World of Life" (Macmillan), is reviewed on page 243.

Mr. A. C. Fox-Davies, whose latest novel we review on another page, is a barrister; he was called to the Bar in 1906, and made his first speech in public at the Bar of the House of Lords, and was paid the record fee on a first brief (£365) in the Norfolk Peerage case. He started writing before he was fifteen, and his first published work was a "Flora" of the district in which his school was situated. A year or two later he wrote the whole of the "Salop Annual" under a contract with a local printer, and it yielded him some kudos but no money. From the financial point of view his real beginning came when at the age of nineteen he was appointed editor of "Fairbairn's Book of Crests." Heraldry had theretofore been a hobby of his; now it became a source of profit, and led to a long connection with Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack, for whom he has practically ever since had some book or other on hand. He has edited a number of books relating to genealogies and armorial bearings; was for several years editor of Dod's Peerage and has waged a long and continuous crusade against bogus arms and titles. He came to write fiction in a rather curious fashion. Sir Conan Doyle's "Sherlock Holmes" stories greatly fascinated him, but reading them from the barrister's standpoint he did not always agree with Sir Conan's conclusions, and wrote a sequel to one of his stories putting the criminal in it on his trial and getting him acquitted on Sherlock's own facts. He sent this to Conan Doyle, who complimented him on it and suggested that he should write a series of his own. He wrote instead "The Mauleverer Murders," "The Dangerfield Inheritance," and "Sir John Kynnersley," which were all three published in succession by Mr. John Lane.

Just about then the Times Book war broke out, and Mr. Fox-Davies published "The Average Man" at half-a-crown with Messrs. Routledge. It appeared a few days after "The Mauleverer Murders," and was equally well reviewed, but whilst the latter was a big success the former was a failure, because the booksellers objected to half-crown books. Messrs. White & Co. issued his next novel, "The Adventures of Colonel Marwood," but meanwhile he had written "The Sex Triumphant,"

which Messrs. Routledge published later at a shilling. Mr. John Long, who published Mr. Fox-Davies's last novel, "The Duplicate Death," has also published his new one. His fight against Mr. Keir Hardie at Merthyr Tydfil in the election of December, 1910, gave him a good deal of material that he has utilised in this new story, "The Testament of John Hastings," and for all his detective stories he gets plenty of hints from what he sees and hears in the ordinary course of his professional labours. The bulk of his work at the bar is Peerage and Chancery work, but "from sheer love of criminal work," he says, "I belong to the Old Bailey Mess and would far rather pay to hear a good criminal case any day than to go to a theatre, the apparent artificiality of which bores me to extinction, and I do flatter myself that, whatever may be said of their literary merits, my detective stories and the trials described in them are much nearer the real thing than is usual in fiction of this kind." At present, Mr. Fox-Davies has five or six novels partly written, and has just finished revising a new edition of his "Public Arms," which will be out shortly.

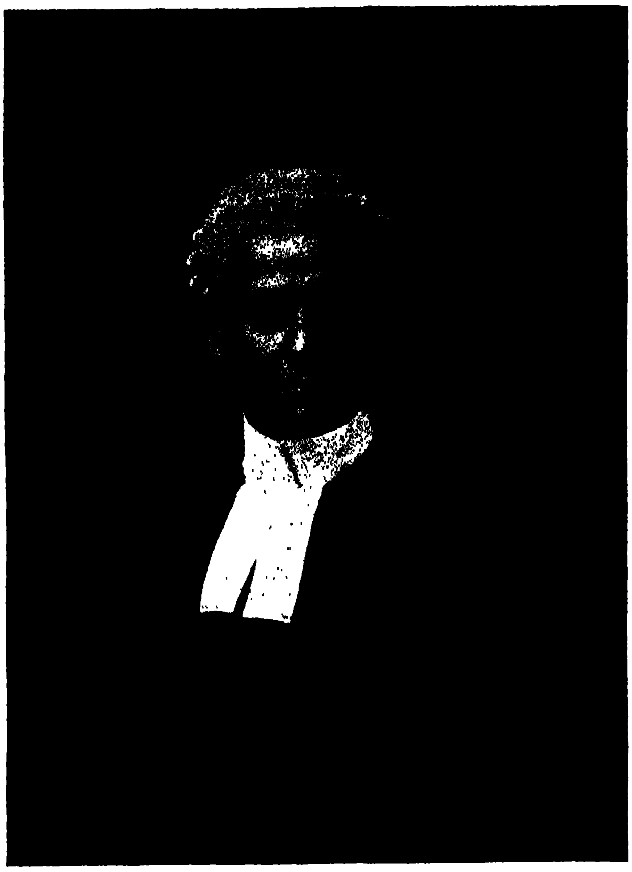


Photo by Reinhold Thiele. **Mr. A. C. Fox-Davies.**

Mr. William Reeves has in the press a new book called "Music-Drama of the Future," by the well-known composer Rutland Boughton and Reginald R. Buckley. It contains a dramatic poem, "Uther and Igraine," based upon the Arthurian legend, but very modern in expression; an introductory essay by Mr. Buckley deals with the rather curious history of this work, and Mr. Boughton treats of the question of Choral Drama, which is a new form combining the oratorio and the opera. Mr. Boughton is the author of other books, but is perhaps best known for his various Festival successes, which include a setting of Edward Carpenter's poem, "Midnight"; whilst Mr. Buckley is on the staff of *T.P.'s Weekly*, and writes on art and social reform for the *Manchester Guardian*, the *World's Work*, and other papers.



By courtesy of Messrs. Gay & Hancock. **Ella Wheeler Wilcox.**

A new portrait taken by Mr. Wilcox.

Mrs. Wilcox is in the centre. To the left and right of her are Miss Rhoda Hero Duren and Miss Theodosia Garrison, two other well-known American poets.

Mrs. J. O. Arnold, whose first novel, "The Fiddler," is just published by Messrs. Alston Rivers, is the wife of Dr. Oliver Arnold, Professor of Metallurgy in the Sheffield University.

Mr. F. Raymond Coulson is well known as a journalist who has for many years past been attached to the staffs of certain of the leading Manchester papers, and his humorous writings in prose and verse have achieved an immense popularity throughout the North Country. About ten years ago he published with Messrs. Skeffington a volume of light verse, "A Jester's Jingles," that met with an immediate success, and has had a steady sale every year since. Messrs. Stanley Paul are issuing a new collection of Mr. Coulson's humorous verse under the title of "This Funny World." The same firm announce for this season "Two Girls and a Mannikin," a new novel by Mr. Wilkinson Sherren.

To celebrate the Tercentenary of the Authorised Version of the Bible, the Oxford University Press will shortly issue a photographic reproduction of the Black Letter edition of 1611 with a full

bibliographical introduction by Alfred W. Pollard.

Mr. Keighley Snowden has completed a new novel called "The Equal Marriage," and the book is to be published this spring.

Messrs. Constable are issuing this month the Autobiography of Sir William Butler, a book of great interest that throws many important side-lights on the history of the last fifty years.

It must be two years or more since Mr. John Lane published that delightfully humorous novel "Love and the Ironmonger," and many of us have been wondering why the author of what was hailed as "the funniest tale since 'Vice Versa'" did not make haste to follow up such a brilliantly successful first book with another that was as funny or funnier, for real humour is as scarce as real poetry, and the man who can produce it ought to be taken care of. We are glad to know that Mr. Lane has at length secured a successor to "Love and the Ironmonger," and is publishing this spring a second novel by the same author. This new book, "The Bermondsey Twin," tells of the reappearance of a troublesome twin brother who was supposed to have died. He comes at the moment when his brother, a prosperous, self-complacent, respected suburban tradesman, is on the eve of marrying, and looks such a very undesirable relative that, for the sake of his reputation, and to avoid losing his bride by acknowledging that he will now have to halve his fortune, his brother attempts to conceal him, and the tricks played by the returned twin, who turns out to be a perfectly respectable person, involve his brother in all manner of difficulties, the two being so much alike that one is readily mistaken for the other. It seems to be a joyously irresponsible, farcical story that promises to even outrival the popularity of its predecessor.



Photo by J. Russell & Sons.

Mr. F. J. Randall.

Mr. F. J. Randall, the author of these two books, has not found life an altogether funny business, but he saw enough fun in it to make him laugh, and now he has the world laughing with him. He was born at Woolwich, and began by turning an ambitious eye simultaneously on the Royal Academy and the Army, but at thirteen he abandoned thoughts of the brush and the sword and became assistant to a clay-pipe maker. Then, and ever since, he has lived and worked in London, east west, north and south, and says he has found it such an endlessly interesting place that he does not want to live anywhere else, and thinks it would be foolish for him to travel, as there is more than enough material in London for anything he will ever wish to write, and as you could not finish exploring it in less than two or three life-times, he is anxious to cover as much ground as he can in the one that belongs to him. He passed from making pipes to serve as pawnbroker's assistant in the Mile End Road, opposite the end of Sidney Street, where the recent battle took place, and when he went round to deliver goods that had been purchased by the more aristocratic residents in the neighbourhood, they usually presented him, by way of a tip, with a piece of Passover cake. Then he went to work at a coffee tavern in Bow Street, Covent Garden, and, as he puts it, knew the inside of the adjacent police station better than his own home, for he had to go there daily to carry meals for the prisoners, and at the time when the Adelphi Club and such places were raided he could hardly manage to get inside with his tray, it was so crammed with peers and their heirs. One night he was called up to carry a bed over for a man who had just been arrested. "I did not know him then," he says, "but I have since recognised him as a well-known London newspaper editor who had been arrested

on a famous contempt-of-court charge. In later days, though he did not recognise me, I often used to sit opposite to him in a first-class carriage going to Clapham, where we both lived." Among other duties, he had to carry coffee to the Covent Garden porters at five in the morning, and tea to the pantomime fairies at Drury Lane at five in the afternoon.

Following this, he worked for two years at a hotel in Piccadilly, in the shadow of John Lane's office, and had the advantage of seeing the élite at all angles. When he was a slim youth of nineteen he obtained an important post in a tavern in Cumberland Place, in connection with which he unflinchingly undertook to throw out all persons who were unruly, but it was not until after he had entered upon his labours that he learned that nearly all the customers were lifeguardsmen. He beat a strategic retreat into the ironmongery business, and his work as a warehouseman in the gas department of a large wholesale firm gave him the local colour that he used to such excellent purpose in "Love and the Ironmonger." But before that book was written he had been working for some years on various of the Carmelite House papers, as editor and as contributor. He has written every kind of story, from the most fiercely sensational to the most tenderly sentimental; in conducting a correspondence column he has written on the meaning of dreams, how to make apple-turnovers, the art of curing freckles, and whether it is possible for a woman to love more than once. In a word, he has had the varied, all-round experience of life that is not always good to go through, but is needed for the making of a good novelist; and he has made the right sort of start, for Dickens himself began as a "new humorist."

Mr. Grant Richards is publishing this month a volume of essays by Mr. Holbrook Jackson entitled "Romance and Reality." The essays comprise studies of ideas, personalities, and things under such titles as "Peterpantheism," "Going to Nowhere," "Make Believe," "Hunger Tameness," and "Deserts of Noise." Among the studies of personalities are essays on G. K. Chesterton, Robert Blatchford, the famous Russian dancer Pavlova, and the excellent study of Maeterlinck which recently appeared in our columns and earned for Mr. Jackson the special praise of the great poet-dramatist himself. Another book by Mr. Jackson, "Platitudes in the Making," will be published next week by Mr. W. J. Rider.



Photo by Wheeler, Frome. **Miss L. Beatrice Thompson.**

The reviewers, in some unaccountable way, seem to have got hold of a notion that Miss Beatrice Thompson is an American writer. Our own fell into the same error, in our Christmas Number, when reviewing her "Half-Holidays with Animals" (Gay & Hancock). As a fact, Miss Thompson is a true-born Englishwoman; she is an art student, and was a pupil of Professor Alphonse Legros at the Slade School, University College. She was beyond the age then for going in for scholarships, but distinguished herself by gaining a silver medal there, and various prizes. Afterwards she spent five years working at the Zoological Gardens in London, and many of her drawings have been published in the *Daily Graphic*, *Illustrated London News*, etc., and many have been used by the Religious Tract Society. Miss Thompson spent three months at New York, where, through the kindness of the officials, she was enabled to make studies from animals in the Zoological Gardens and in the Bronx Zoological Gardens. As results of these studies she has given us in "Half-Holidays with Animals" a series of animal drawings that are remarkably true and effective.

For much assistance with the general illustrations in this number we are indebted to the kindness of Messrs. Macmillan, Messrs. Gay & Hancock, Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co., Messrs. Digby Long, and Mr. Martin Secker.

The Booksellers' Diary.

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BOHEMIAN London is inhabited, as everybody knows, by a motley crew of painters, writers, poets, musicians, and actors. Many of them are foolish, most of them are young. Some of them never earn more than thirty shillings a week, others become actor-managers or "best-sellers," acquire motor-cars, and shine as ornaments of the well-known clubs that have for all their pretensions no place within the pale of the real Bohemia. More often than not, perhaps, Bohemia is but a stage in one's life; something, like measles, to be experienced and left behind. You will find few Bohemians over thirty, save among the wasters in the arts. Yet they exist, and in two or three obscure little clubs without subscriptions, rules, or permanent habitations, it is possible to find men who have taken to themselves wives and responsibilities, men who are doing serious work and making names for themselves in their respective callings while continuing to retain all the enthusiasms, unconventionalities, and attributes of good fellowship that are wont commonly to vanish with youth and with the rose. Which is all by way of preliminary to a declaration that Mr. Edgar Jepson is one of the few tried, tested, and proved Bohemians of London. He is a successful author and the father of a family, yet ensconces himself in no smug Streatham villa, but in Bedford Park, where the inhabitants are all rather clever, a little mad, and very happy. Quite lately he invented an absurd suit of clothes—a coat, waistcoat, and trousers all in one as I believe—and walked about in them enjoying himself, amusing other people, and putting bread into the mouths of the comic black-and-white men.



Mr. Edgar Jepson and his Son.

Country boy as he is, for he was bred and born at Kenilworth, one of the loveliest spots in a lovely country, Mr. Jepson professes a marked distaste for country life. He will even assure you that he greatly prefers the view of a brick wall with congenial people to talk to above the finest scenery in the world dotted with the unintelligent. He went to school at Leamington, under Dr. Wood, going on to Balliol College, Oxford, where, in the palmy days of Jowett, he took honours in Literæ Humaniores. On coming down from the University he travelled about France and Italy for a while and then went out to the West Indies. At the end of three years of tutoring, writing, and miscellaneous work, he returned to England and settled down in London to

attempt the adventure of literature seriously. He began by writing a story of adventure, followed by one or two serious but ironical novels, contributing meanwhile to the *Saturday Review*, the other weeklies, and the magazines. Finding that serious but ironical fiction brought him in, on an average, £5 6s. 4d. a novel—plenty of course for himself, but not much for his wife and family—he was compelled, as he puts it, to cut out the seriousness and burnish the irony with humour. There have resulted the chronicles of "Lady Noggs" and "The Admirable Tinker," excellent books of their kind, which have served to acquire for their author the reputation of a popular humorist. But Mr. Jepson has never lost touch with real literature, and is a contributor to any serious literary venture, such as the *Neolith* and the *English Review*. Sometimes he has been an editor, and has conducted the *Automobile Club Journal* and *Vanity Fair*, but since he finds that it interferes with his creative work he never cares to edit for any length of time.

It was in a Vauxhall slum that he established himself when he came to London. Here he wrote "Sibyl Falcon" and "The Passion for Romance." This last book, now being republished as "Lord Lisdor," is in my opinion one of the best pieces of work that Mr. Jepson has ever done. Considered in conjunction with "The Sentimental Warrior" it presents far more brilliant portraits of women, more acute studies of the whole *virginibus puerisque* question, than one is prepared for in a work of ostensibly light fiction. And if the irony is a little bitter, the observation is profound. Yet these were by no means successful books, judged by the standard of popular taste, as was perhaps to be expected. For all that, I could wish that Mr. Jepson, having some time since established himself and become independent, would turn his hand to another story on such lines.

Throughout this period Mr. Jepson used every evening to walk up to Soho, where, at a little restaurant called Poland, he would dine with the poet Ernest Dowson, most ill-starred of geniuses, Arthur Moore the novelist, Lennox Pawle the actor, and other young people who intended to be famous. They used to go on to the Café Royal after dinner and talk furiously about the immensities and other things till about eleven, after which hour they made a practice of adjourning to a sort of club room in Charing Cross Road. There they would foregather with all the people in London who knew how to write, or at least a good proportion of them, including Lionel Johnson, Selwyn Image, Stewart Headlam, Herbert Horne, Teixeira de Mattos, Arthur Symons, and Richard le Gallienne. Yeats would sometimes come, and John Davidson, George Moore, and occasionally William Watson.

Those, by the way, were the great days of the Church and Stage Guild, whose dances Mr. Jepson relates that he fervently attended. Also, though he was not a member, he used to go with Dowson to the Rhymers' Club, where he read pieces to the assembled members. Later on he shared rooms with Herbert Horne in the King's Bench Walk, and pursued the same course of life.

Mr. Jepson's first published volume was "Sibyl Falcon" (Tower Publishing Co., 1895), which was followed by "The Passion for Romance" (Henry, 1896, and Milne, 1908). Then came "The Dictator's Daughter," of which Messrs. Cassell published one edition in 1902 and another four years later. "The Sentimental Warrior" also appeared in 1902. "The Admirable Tinker" was published simultaneously by McClure and Nash in 1904, "The Lady Noggs" by Unwin in 1906, "The Triumph of Tinker" by Hodder & Stoughton in the same year, "The Four Philanthropists" by Unwin in 1907, and "Tangled Wedlock" by Hutchinson in 1908.

There is one branch of Mr. Jepson's imaginative work that deserves to be dwelt upon in any attempt at a critical estimate of his writings. I am speaking of those of his romances that deal with the arts of occultism and magic. "The Mystery of the Myrtles," published a year or two back, aroused a good deal of interest, and "No. 19" (Mills & Boon), which was issued a year ago, was an even more remarkable "thriller." A dainty little love story, whose heroine affords as clever and charming a character-study as the red-haired girl in "The Passion for Romance," is entwined in a tale of mystery whose unfolding produces a surprisingly real sensation of creepiness. The descriptions of the strange rites practised at Hertford Park stand for the last word in the treatment of ceremonial magic as a subject for fiction. There is a little book by Mr. Jepson, of which I am fortunate enough to possess a copy, printed privately some six years back, wherein the Pan legend is woven into a fantasy told in musical and glowing prose. "The Horned Shepherd" is a finished cameo, a gem of careful and beautiful writing. It is, I think, its author's masterpiece, but whether or not it will ever be given to the public I cannot say.

It will interest many of his readers to learn that Mr. Jepson takes magic quite seriously. He practises astrology, and draws up the horoscopes of his friends with infinite pains. His activities are indeed almost bewildering. He is a Socialist by conviction, and an entertaining and clever lecturer on Socialistic topics. In his own unconventional circles he is much in request as a chairman and after-dinner speaker. I believe him to be a dangerous opponent at bridge. He has fought for success, and met with it, but he still goes on working hard. He is altogether, I think, a credit to Bohemia.

ASHLEY GIBSON.

THE READER.

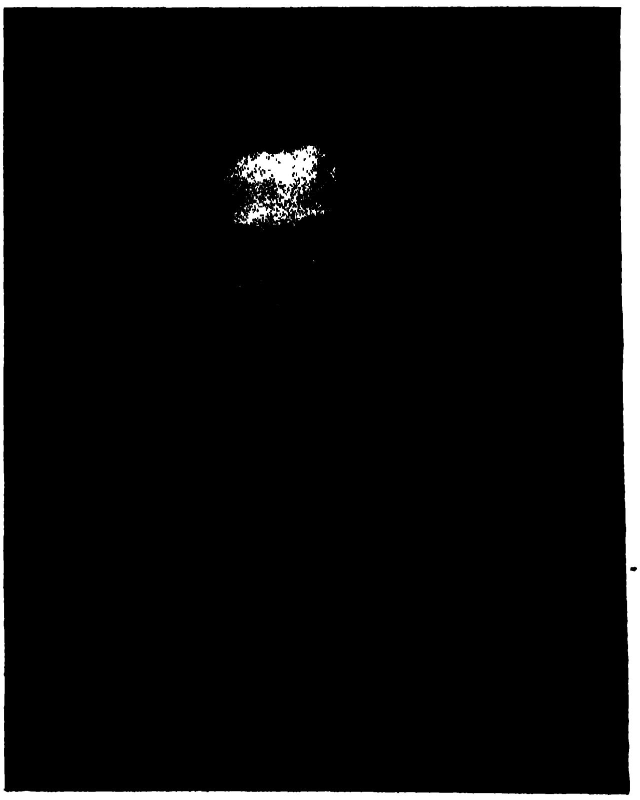
WILLIAM MORRIS.

By Edward Thomas.

SPEAKING of William Morris's character and looks, Professor J. W. Mackail, in his "Life," says that as "among all his townsmen who have before our own day been eminent as men of letters or artists, it is to Chaucer that one would turn by the first instinct for a parallel," so "the resemblance even extended to physical features: the corpulent person, the demure smile, the 'close silent eye.'" One of the most perceptibly enduring of Morris's works is likely to be his noble folio edition of Chaucer. He himself admitted the resemblance between his "Earthly Paradise" and the "Canterbury Tales," and already in his "Life and Death of Jason" he had addressed Chaucer as his master. Again in the *Envoi* of "The Earthly Paradise" he bade his book go to one whom he believed to be a friend, his master, Geoffrey Chaucer. And in the Prologue to "The Earthly Paradise," when he asks us to "forget six counties overhung with smoke," he thinks of the clear Thames and its few ships below the Bridge:

> "While nigh the thronged wharf Geoffrey Chaucer's pen
> Moves over bills of lading. . . ."

The resemblance is conscious, and on the whole superficial. Morris may have been aware of one of the chief differences when he used the words: "For thou, sweet-souled, *didst never stand alone.*" He felt, perhaps, that he himself stood alone, and it is of the profound differences that I think in reading these passages again on the beautiful page of this Collected Edition.* Chaucer is the only one of our great poets belonging to the middle ages, and consequently the only one whose life and work can remind us that there was a day when the poet was only incidentally, and as it were without knowing it, an artist. He was in no essential separated from the society in which he moved. He did many things in London, at Windsor and abroad, and his writing was one of them and harmonious with them. He reveals himself far less obviously and deliberately than other poets because the poet, like the man, was social and not isolated. His work was naturally and happily himself: it was not an individual but a corporate view of life, and represents his age more than it does Chaucer. He did not assert himself because he was not so cut oft from his audience that he was bound to do so. In the changed world of the Reformation no writer shows this social quality except the maker of street ballads. Even Shakespeare is solitary and exceptional. The man himself stands apart from his age in a kind of inevitable exile: Chaucer, on the other hand, is his age and can merge his identity in it with safety. As for lyric poets, they appear but sudden sharp voices as of birds flying over in a dark night: only elaborate historical work can in part destroy this illusion. And as time advances more and more of the poets are in a like isolation. It has become an exaggerated truism that poets may mean far more to posterity than to their own age. They are unnoticed spectators standing on the outside or at the edge of the life which they record. Milton was consciously out of place in his age and out of sympathy with it. The poets of the Augustan age, through their politics, seem to be exceptional; but they are more professional than ever, and moreover they have not weathered the passing of time as well as others. What a difference, again, between Chaucer and Cowper! — Chaucer with so little appearance of being exceptional save in the intensity of his powers,



William Morris.
By G. F. Watts, R.A.
(By permission of Mr. Fredk. Hollyer.)

* "The Collected Works of William Morris." With Introduction by his daughter, May Morris. 24 Vols. £12 12s. (Longmans.)



By permission of Mr. Arthur Mee. **Red House, Bexley (Upton).**

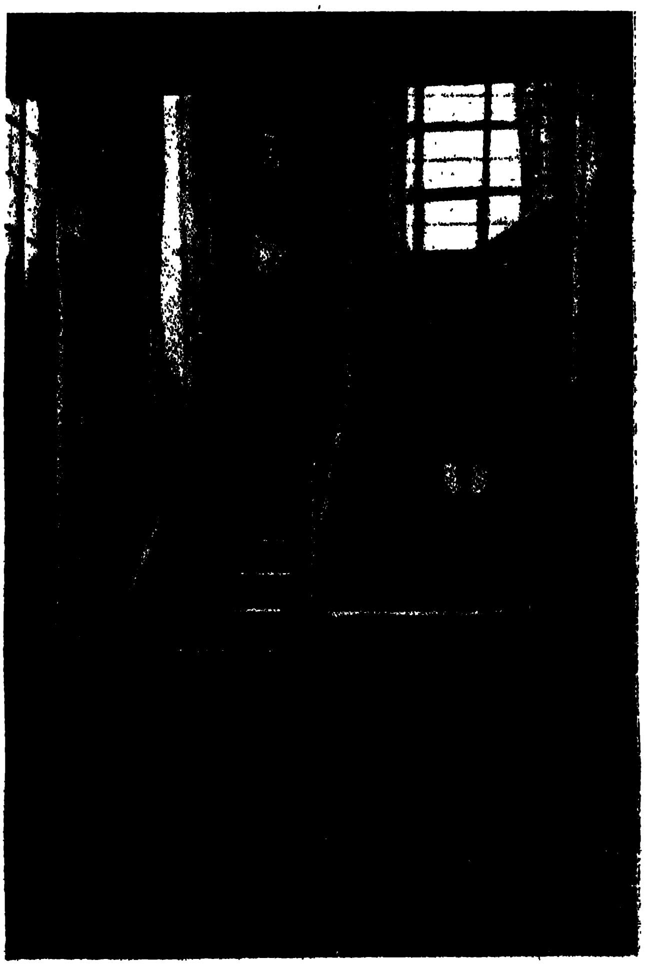
The house was designed by Philip Webb; the decorations were by Morris and his brother artists, some of the panels being painted by Rossetti. Morris lived here from 1860 to 1865.

writing about neighbours for neighbours—Cowper buried away with a few friendly women and ministers, addressing the world as out of a hermitage, interesting largely as a curiosity, even to himself "a stricken deer."

This increase of solitude has continued. Shelley began by talking with a kind of gaiety about writing for a dozen people, and ended with a feeling, something like paralysis, due to the total lack of communion with an audience. Nor has the spurious publicity of gossip in our own times done anything to alter the conditions of authorship. The break-up of religion, the disorganisation of society, the multiplication of readers, have isolated artists more and more. Hence an infinite variety, a tendency to insist upon individuality for its own sake, so that there are men of singular ability who only appeal to a handful, a hundred, a few hundreds, whom they may or may never reach.

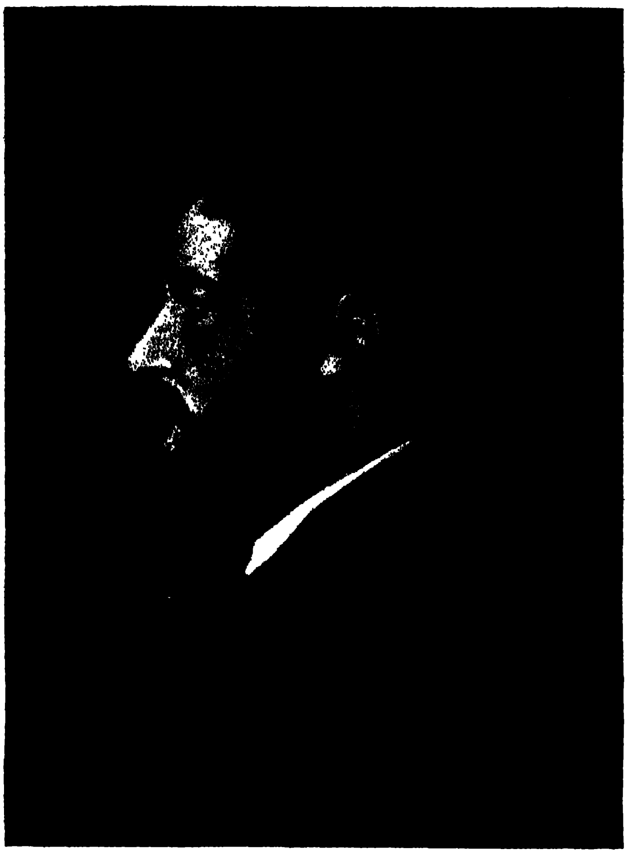
But from time to time men have arisen who have broken away by dint of extraordinary personality from the solitude of professional authorship, and have gained half their power by calling attention to themselves and their work at the same time, instead of remaining like needles in their own haystacks. Byron in poetry and Borrow in prose are supreme examples. Everything about their lives is eagerly devoured and discussed, and their work gains by additions from their lives: it is impossible yet to look at their work simply as art, as we can look at Wordsworth's or Keats's.

William Morris was a man of such personality that his failure to become one of these men like Byron and Borrow is somewhat astonishing. He appears to have failed just because of the diversity which was his power. Had he been only a poet or a prose writer he might have become such a myth as Byron or Borrow. But instead of crushing and cramming all into a book or a series of books of one intense and narrow kind, like these men, he wrote two or three different kinds of poetry and prose, and what is more he lectured, he organised societies and movements, he designed wallpaper and chintz, he wove tapestry and got others to weave it, he dyed and experimented in dyeing, he built and adorned a house, he managed a business and kept a shop, he was a public examiner and an adviser to a museum, he refused the laureateship, he cooked admirably, he was a keen coarse fisherman and had times



Red House: The Hall and Staircase.

(By permission of Mr. Arthur Mee.)



William Morris.

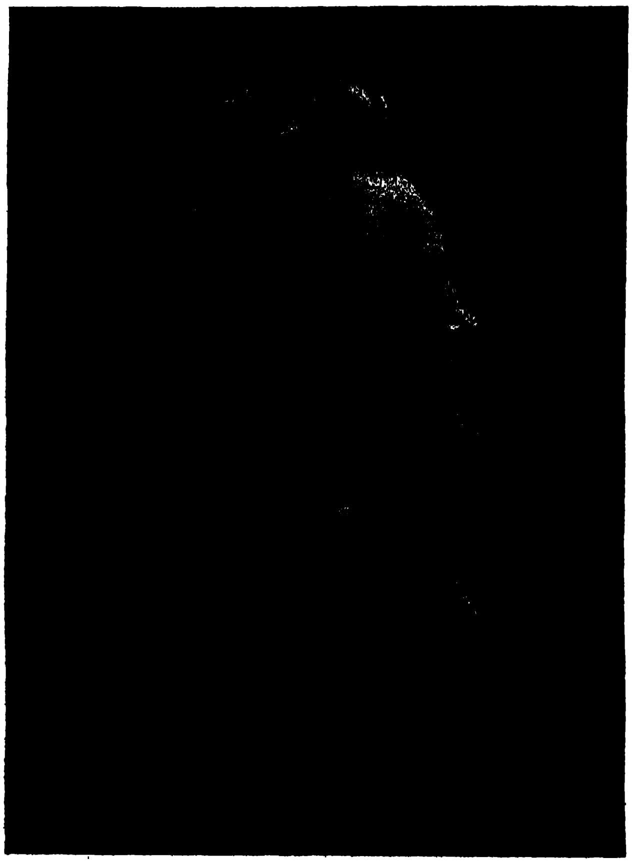
A photograph made in 1870.

From a photogravure appearing in "The Collected Works of William Morris." (Longmans.)

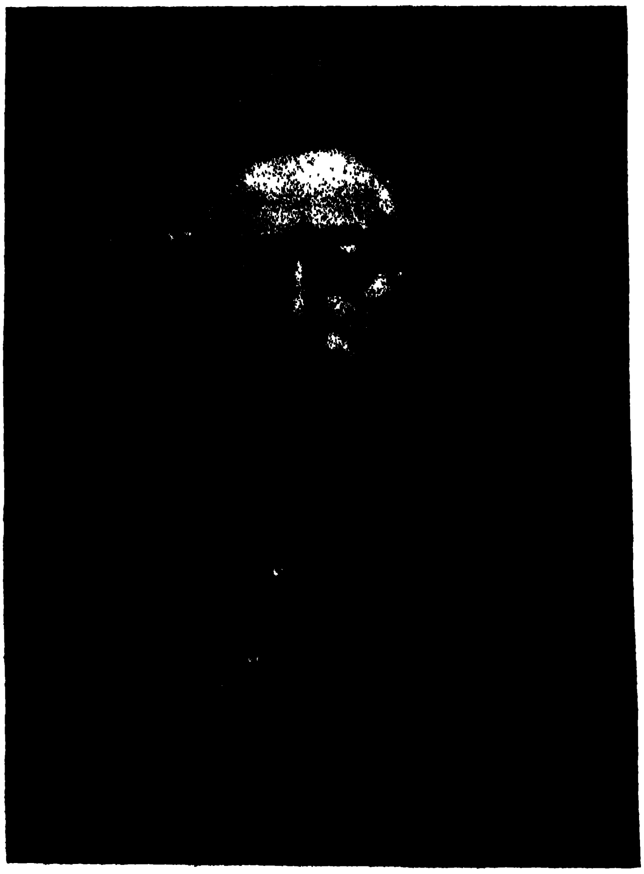


Photo by the London Stereoscopic Co.

William Morris in 1877.



William Morris in 1889.



William Morris in 1889.

These two photographs were taken by Mr. Emery Walker in the garden of William Morris's house in June, 1889.

when he "was too happy to think that there could be much amiss anywhere," he enjoyed life, he became an admirable citizen, and he neither talked nor wrote much about himself. Whatever he did he did well, and in many things he was an originator and more than a good performer. But for a modern artist he dissipated his forces too much. No one work of his can be taken alone and fairly be held to represent his powers. His work shows him as a firm rather than as one man, as "Morris & Co.," even though it was all essentially William Morris. So many qualities were related and united in the man which appear separate and weak in the poet and craftsman. Valuing as he did above all things "consciousness of manly life," and thinking the arts a part of this, he was perhaps incapable of the artificial pampered concentration of a man like Tennyson. Modern conditions preyed upon him overmuch for this. In his lecture on "Art and its Producers" he betrays a feeling that troubling about arts and crafts might seem "petty and unheroic" to those who have been brought face to face with "the reckless hideousness and squalor of a great manufacturing district." He cared for both, for the arts and crafts and for the "shabby hell" of the city, and he did not think or find the two cares incompatible, but rather insisted that they were one, though he found one crowded life, busy, never hurried, and of no unusual length, too small for his purpose. A similar apparent division of passion is to be seen in "The Message of the March Wind," where the lover on an eve when his mistress is given to him and to gladness asks:

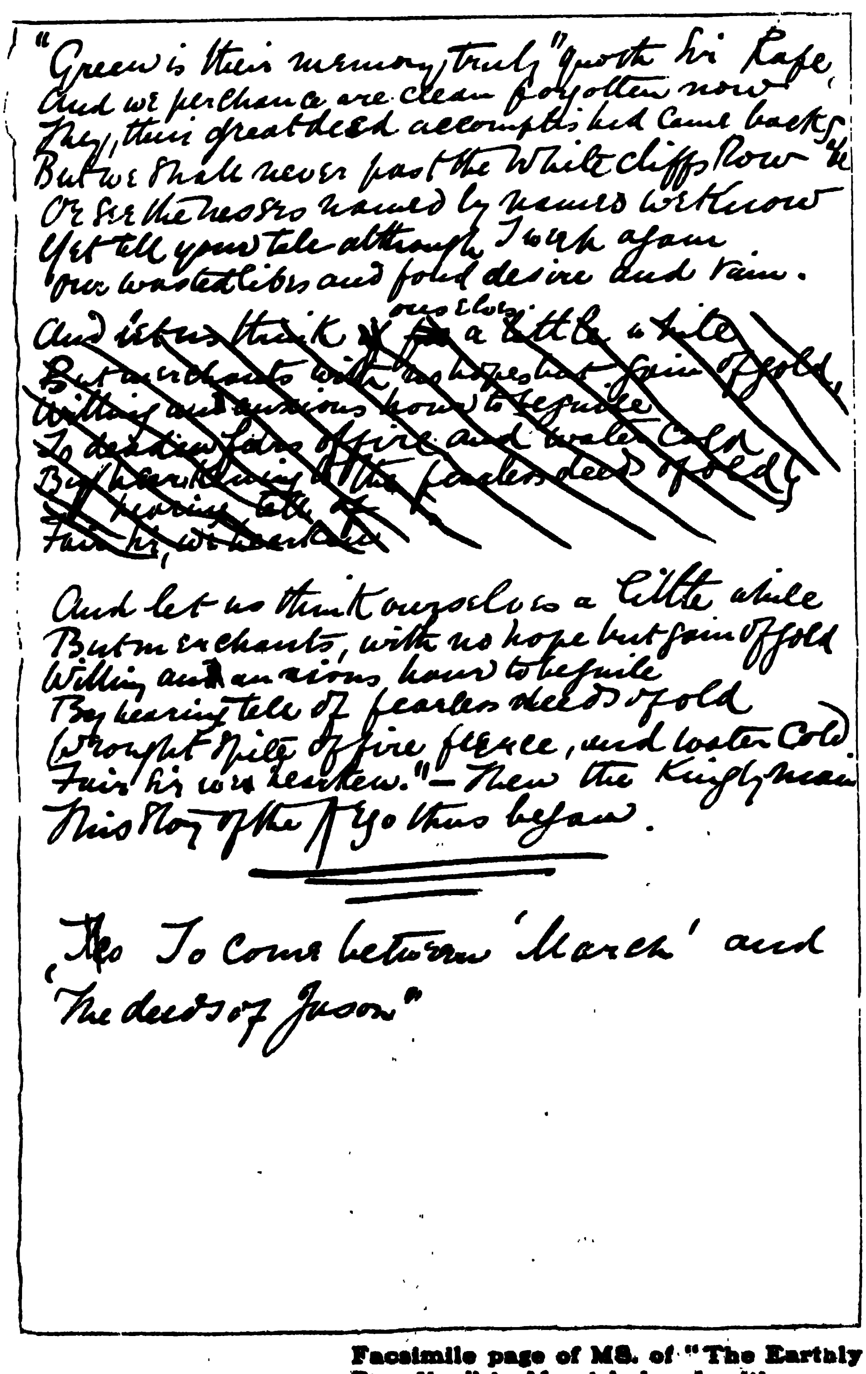
> "Shall we be glad always? Come closer and hearken:
> Three fields further on, as they told me down there,
> When the young moon has set, if the March sky should darken,
> We might see from the hill-top the great city's glare."

But here the division is healed in a beautiful union between love of one woman and of the world, and the lover ends:

> "But lo, the old inn, and the lights, and the fire,
> And the fiddler's old tune and the shuffling of feet;
> Soon for us shall be quiet and rest and desire,
> And to-morrow's uprising to deeds shall be sweet."

This union makes the poem one of the finest single poems of Morris and of his age. He would have made an interesting benevolent despot—not too benevolent either; yet he was a faithful Socialist, and his nearest approach to despotism, outside his own circle, was in reconstructing society inside the pages of "News from Nowhere." In a sense he was too big a man to be as great as we could wish him to have been at any one point. He never quite made up his mind about himself. Mr. Mackail's "Life," for example, reveals him as a hearty countryman and as a conscious and satisfied cockney. He tended to prefer calling himself a cockney, as a citizen of the hideous town which was once "London small and white and clean." As an artist he preferred to think of such a London, and he found it by looking back in "The Earthly Paradise," and by looking forward in "News from Nowhere." Miss Morris, by the way, prints a fragment of a rejected Prologue to "The Earthly Paradise" where this vision of London is varied thus:

> "I tell of times long past away
> When London was a grey-walled town,
> And slow the pack-horse made his way
> Across the curlew-haunted down."


"Green is their memory truly" quoth Sir Rafe,
"And we perchance are clean forgotten now;
Yea, their great deed accomplished came back safe,
But we shall never pass the White Cliffs' brow
Or see the meadows named by names we know
Yet tell your tale although I speak again
Our wasted lives and foiled desire and pain.

And let us think ourselves a little while
But merchants, with no hope but gain of gold
Willing and anxious hours to beguile
By hearing tale of fearless deeds of old
Wrought spite of fire, fierce, and water cold.
Fair Sir now hearken." — Then the Kingly man
This story of the Argo thus began.

This To come between 'March' and 'The deeds of Jason'

Facsimile page of MS. of "The Earthly Paradise" in Morris's handwriting.
From "The Collected Works of William Morris." (Longmans.)

He was, it must be remembered, born in Essex, at the edge of the city, and lived in several charming neighbourhoods which have now been overtaken by London; and in this may be seen, as so often in events of a great man's life, a sort of allegory. For most of his life he was a somewhat dismayed countryman but an imperfect Londoner: he was probably one of the survivors who could not accept the modern distinction and separation between town and country. The country, as he painted it in "News from Nowhere," or "The Earthly Paradise," or "Jason," or "The Glittering Plain," has a clear, cool beauty of early morning that is purely his own and is worthy of the "unanxious" women whom he sometimes sets to walk therein—



"When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?

From "A Dream of John Ball," by William Morris. (Longmans.)

> "Who joyously through flowering grass did go."

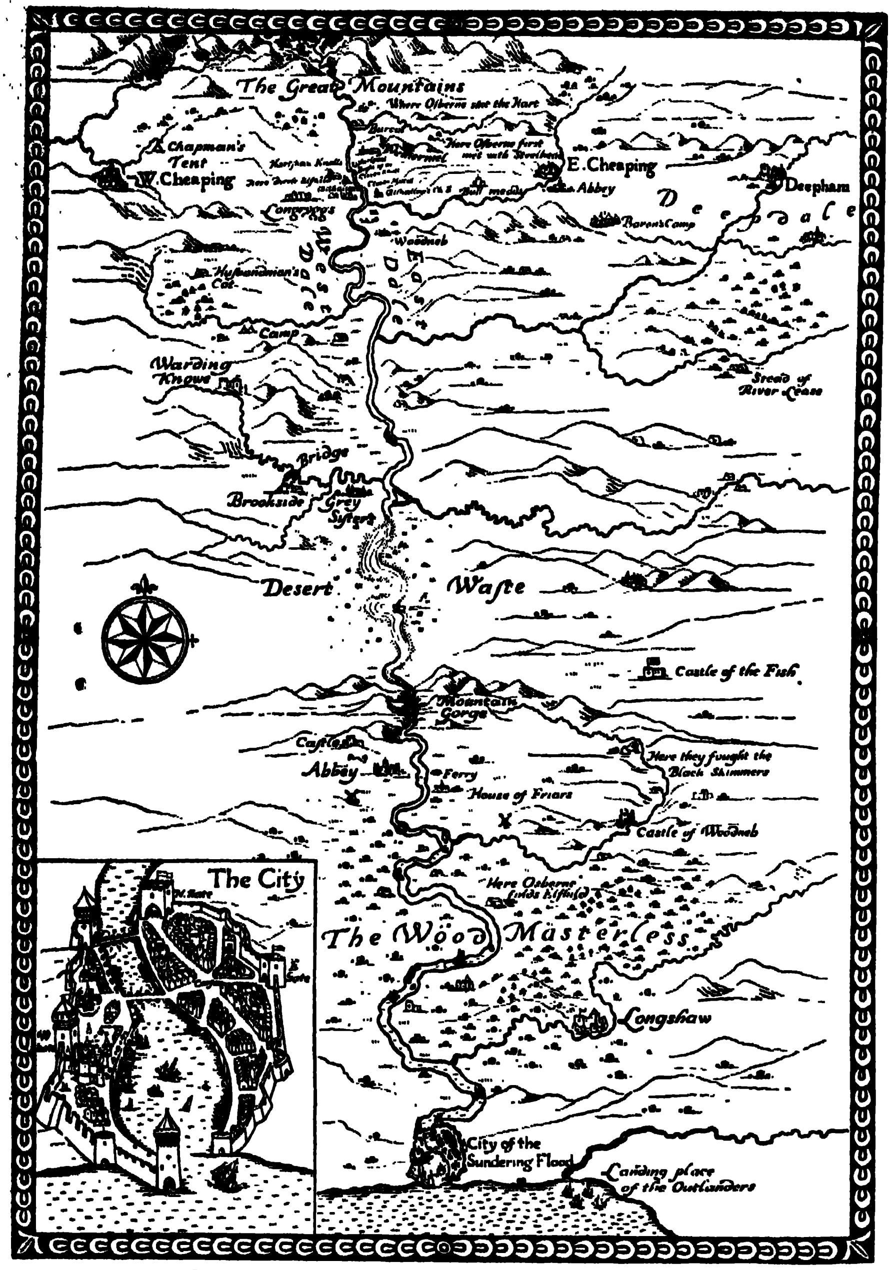
His work as a citizen and craftsman is not to be calculated. Its influence is alive and has ramified out of sight. Of his poetical writing there can be little doubt that the best is chiefly the earliest. Yet his early poetry contains little of the manly artist and citizen which his name will always call up among those who saw him or heard of him by word of mouth. It contains nothing of the man whom a fellow once stopped and asked "if he was ever captain of the *Sea Swallow*," of the florid man rocking to and fro on a platform facing his hecklers and speaking very well for a man who looked as if he would prefer deeds to words. It will be an odd insolence of fate if "The Defence of Guenevere and Other Poems" and a few anecdotes are all that survives of this man.

The Collected Edition is to consist of twenty-four volumes of prose and verse, lyrics, narratives, dialogues, romances, lectures, and a review of Browning's "Men and Women." The first four volumes are now before me, containing "The Defence of Guenevere" and "The Hollow Land" and other early prose romances, "The Life and Death of Jason," and half of "The Earthly Paradise." In form the volumes are dignified



Psyche in Charon's Boat.

"But midmost of that water did arise
A dead man, pale, with ghostly staring eyes."
The Story of Cupid and Psyche in "The Earthly Paradise."
From a design by Edward Burne-Jones, engraved on wood by William Morris.
From "The Collected Works of William Morris." (Longmans.)



Map of the City and Country of "The Sundering Flood."
From "The Sundering Flood," by William Morris. (Longmans.)

who like delicate speech and the kiss of rhymes. But are not even they sometimes aware that it is rather fantastic to retard a tale by such phrasing? They feel that the verse is frequently a quaint decorative addition, but always a retardation. Nor is it always that the necessity of rhyme incites Morris to a luxurious diction so lovely in detail that its total ineffectivenes is excused or need of excuse forgotten. A long narrative must hold us by a masterly sense of action, or by a richness of treatment that "loads every rift with ore." Each is an all but superhuman task to-day. The richness cloys or falls off in poems longer than "St. Agnes's Eve," and it was not at this ideal that Morris aimed. The sense of action is dead or atrophied among moderns. In ideal narrative poetry the subjects should be national or generally known: it should be the work of a race or class as much as of one man. The "Divina Commedia" is so much greater than "Paradise Lost" because it is part of a civilisation. Spenser tried to fulfil the conditions by linking his "Fairie Queene" to the history of his country and the character of Queen Elizabeth. It succeeds only in so far as its parts are beautiful in themselves. Narrative like this perishes while the lyric composed in solitude for reading in solitude survives. Long poems in dramatic form survive because the social act of representing them can

without being unfit to read. The type, the paper, and the binding are excellent. Each volume is adorned with portraits and with the woodcuts for "The Earthly Paradise" which Morris executed from Burne-Jones's drawings, and enhanced in value by the notes of Miss May Morris. These give sufficient biographical detail, including new letters, to illustrate the progress of the poems. They also give bibliographies and valuable notes on the text, including variants, omitted passages and unfinished drafts, often of great interest.

Books edited and produced with such care will invite the attention of posterity. It would be unjust to ourselves as well as insulting to posterity to pry into the results of this attention. Can we who still read and re-read "Paradise Lost," "Childe Harold," "Don Juan," and the "Prelude," who read once through "The Canterbury Tales," "Endymion," and "Hero and Leander," and at least once attempt "The Faerie Queene" and "Polyolbion"—can we read "Jason" and "The Earthly Paradise"? Of course many can

still foster their life. Morris is as solitary as is Spenser, and his subjects are all from literary sources. He falls between the two choices: his style is sweet and slow, too little so to be the principal beauty, yet too much so to allow action to predominate. "Jason" and "The Earthly Paradise" are not big in the impersonal kind, like the old epics, nor like Keats's "Lamia" justified by individuality of workmanship. Morris tells the finest stories in the world in a diction as delightful as that of the Elizabethans when first they exulted in blank verse, and with such power that the poetry-reading public who approach him with the just prejudice of contemporaries must long enjoy them.

Miss Morris's notes show some of the earliest work for "The Earthly Paradise," such as a form of "The Man born to be a King," which was written before his poetry lost its youth. When "Jason" appeared it was lost. He more than recovered it in "The Message of the March Wind" and "Thunder in the Garden," and there are portions of "The Earthly Paradise"

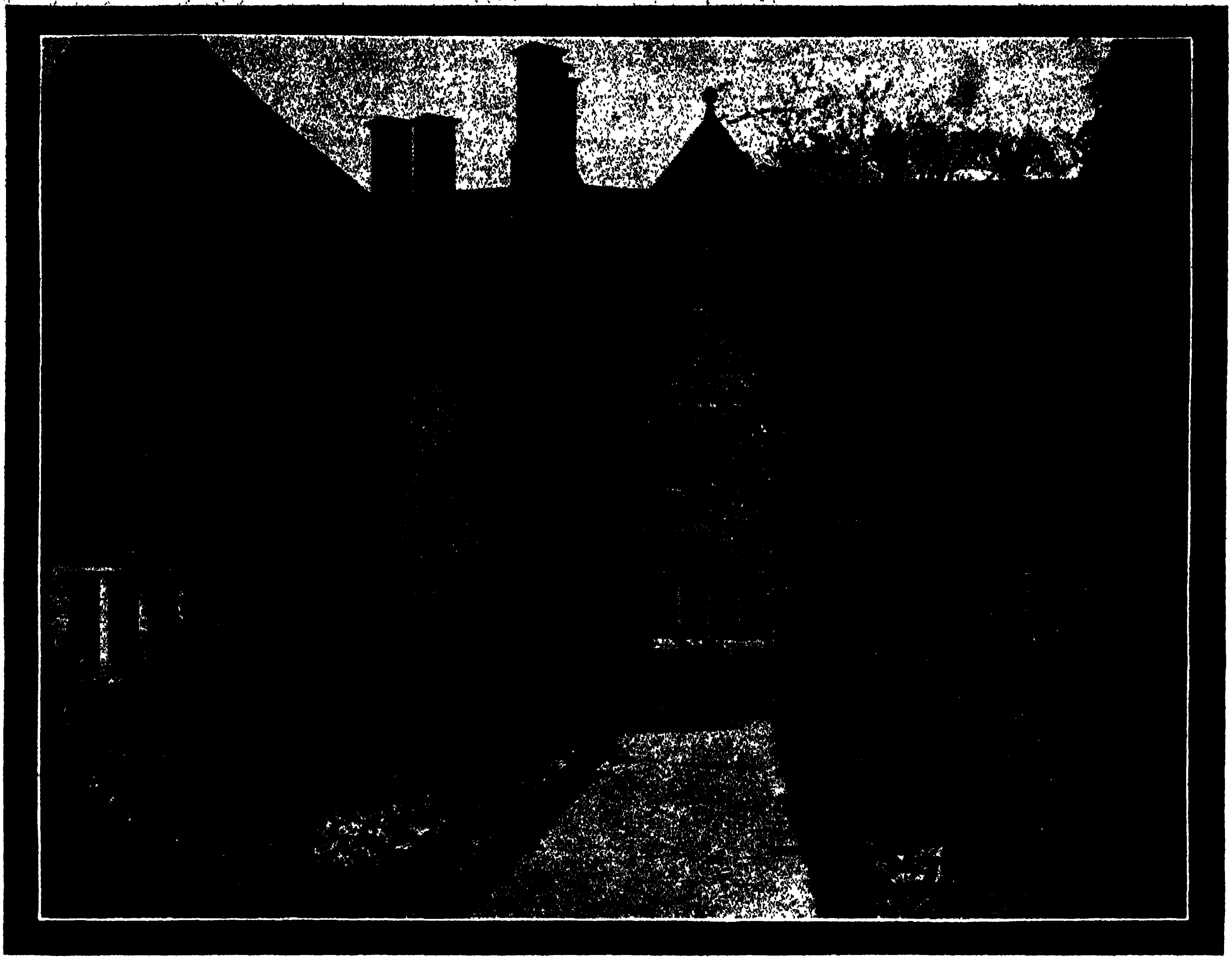


Photo by Frederick H. Evans. **Kelmscott Manor : The Garden Front.**

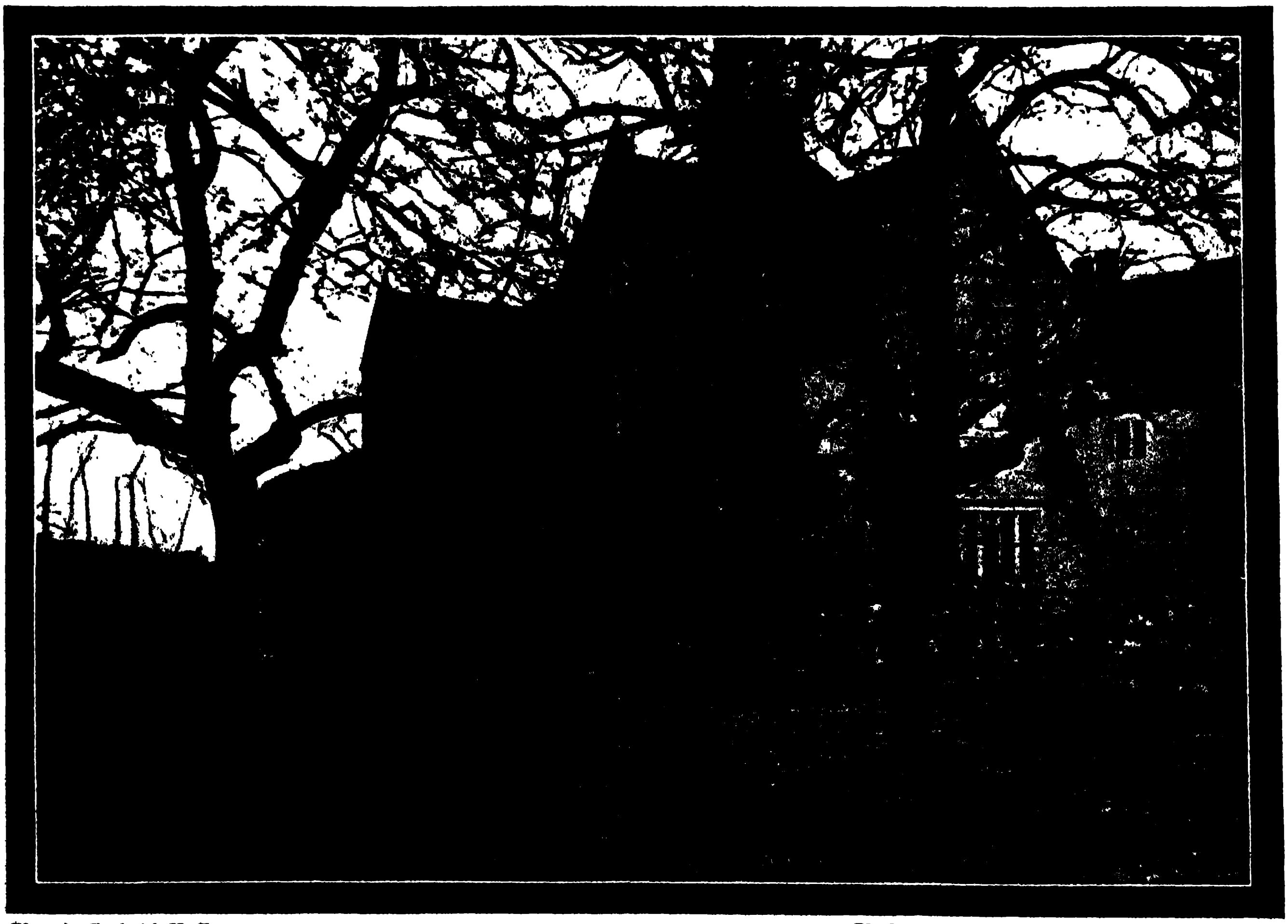


Photo by Frederick H. Evans. **Kelmscott Manor : In the Orchard.**

"In 1871, by a happy chance, he was able to take that beautiful house on a backwater of the Upper Thames, which was to be his beloved country home for the next twenty-five years. . . . It lies on a little stream at the end of the remote and ancient village of Kelmscott, in Oxfordshire."—*William Morris, Socialist-Craftsman*, by Holbrook Jackson. (Fifield.)

where it would be affectation or pedantry to want it. But these early poems had the narrow intensity of youth. As it gave them life it still keeps them young: they have never become old-fashioned. When Morris's interests increased and multiplied he might well think lightly of these buds, because he was so much more than they. But again it would be a cruel irony if these were remembered like the eagle's feather—"well, I forget the rest." Cruel but not wholly uncalled for by one who was so much a man—who scoffed at inspiration and for want of amusement in books would "screw out" his "tale of verses" (two hundred and fifty in two days)—who despised solitary art, and in his "News from Nowhere" made the word "art" disappear, because it was "a necessary part" of every man's productive labour—who might have said to this generation, like Clara to her grandfather: "Books, books! always books, grandfather! When will you understand that after all it is the world we live in which interests us?"—who seems to be speaking under the disguise of Love in "Love is Enough":

> "Rather caught up at hazard is the pipe
> That mixed with scent of roses over-ripe,
> And murmur of the summer afternoon,
> May charm you somewhat with its wavering tune
> 'Twixt joy and sadness: whatsoe'er it saith,
> I know at least there breathes through it my breath."

But what a man!—himself a poem. Such men, so far as we can know, are rare as the great poets.

THE IDEAS OF WILLIAM MORRIS.

By HOLBROOK JACKSON.

THERE are those who would separate the ideas of William Morris from his art, and, although they are fully entitled to do so, if it please them, they are not entitled to do so on the authority of William Morris. No artist appreciated better than he the interdependence of art, ideas, and affairs. And, above all, Morris knew better than anybody else that Morris the artist, the poet, the craftsman, was Morris the Socialist; and that, conversely, Morris the Socialist was Morris the artist, the poet, the craftsman. This has disturbed those of his friends and admirers who object to his social visions, but it is, nevertheless, a fact, to be accepted or rejected according to individual taste; those who reject it must be content with the old academic appreciation of his poems and other art works. They should never forget, however, that Morris himself did not encourage that particular kind of appreciation.

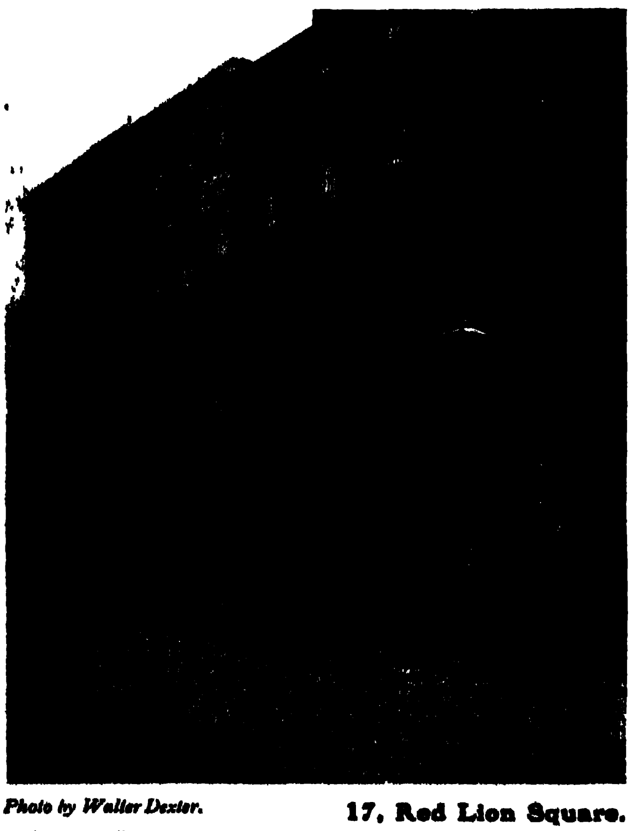


Photo by Walter Dexter. **17, Red Lion Square.**

Morris and Burne-Jones settled here in 1857, in rooms that had previously been occupied by Rossetti and Deverell. Here Rossetti visited them and helped in designing and decorating the furniture for their rooms

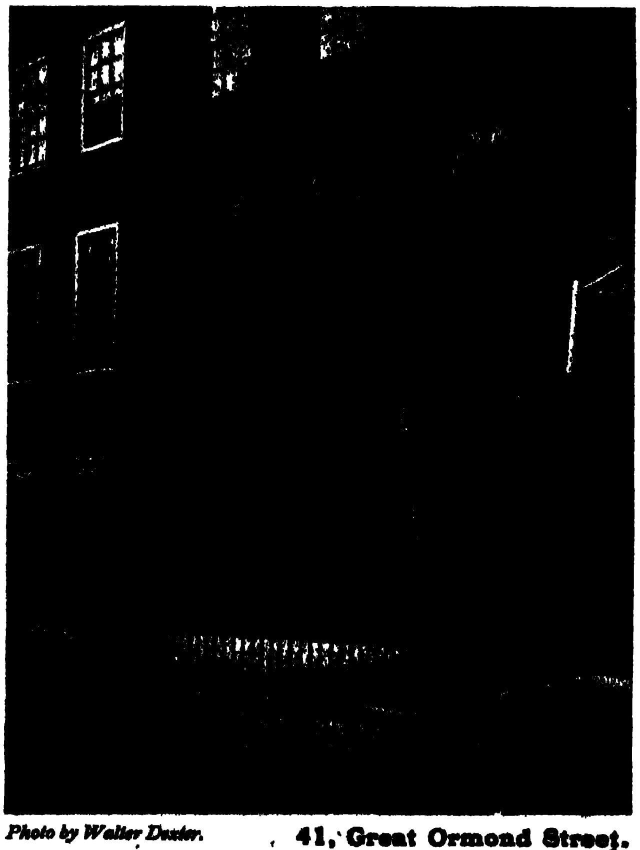
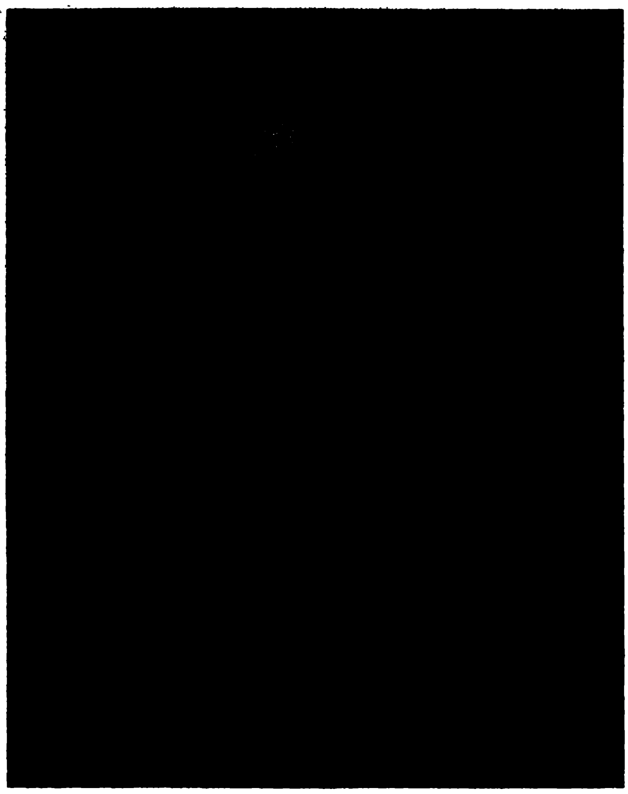


Photo by Walter Dexter. **41, Great Ormond Street.**

William Morris lived in furnished rooms here with his wife, immediately after their marriage, in 1859, until the Red House was built and ready for their occupation.



William Morris.
From the portrait painted by Sir William Richmond.
(By permission of Mr. Fredk. Hollyer.)

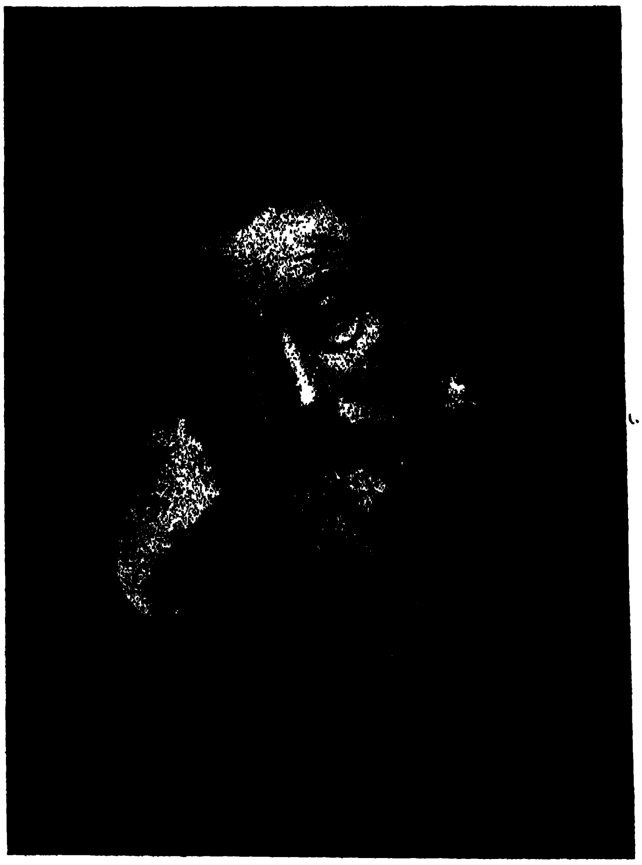
Even in his early university days, his mind was concerned with the strange and ironic lack of association between art and social life; but at that time, under the influence, no doubt, of the neo-medievalism of the Oxford Movement, he saw hope of realising a fuller association of art and life only in a cloistral retirement from the sordid strife of the times; and it was the dream of his early manhood to devote his fortune to the foundation of a monastic brotherhood for himself and his friends. With the passing of the years, however, and a sympathetic reading of Carlyle's "Past and Present" and the works of John Ruskin, combined with an intimate and profound study of Gothic architecture, and the social processes and conditions of medieval craftsmanship, he evolved for himself a working combination of political economy and æsthetics to which he adhered throughout the whole of his energetic career.

Although William Morris has written poems which will endure as long as the English language, he had no very great respect for the purely literary life. He was essentially a man of affairs and could neither understand nor appreciate any one making a career of poetry. He would write his poems at odd moments on any handy piece of paper, and in any place, even a room full of talking people. On one such occasion the talk stopped when he started writing, out of deference to the act of creation, but Morris begged them to proceed with their talk—"I am only writing poetry," said he. This attitude to what is generally believed to be the most cloistral of the arts helps one to understand the essential, the socially dynamic William Morris.

The key-thought to the ideas of William Morris is design: design in art, design in craft, design in social life. This word meant more to him than it had ever meant to any man before his time. Other ages had, to some extent, practised the idea of design as he understood it, and the study of such ages had aided him in the formulation of his principles, but they had not been conscious of design as such. In Morris, the craftsman design became not only an elaborate and self-conscious thing, but it sprang, as it should do, and as it did spontaneously in the Middle Ages, out of the quality, the very nature of the material and the personality of the craftsman.

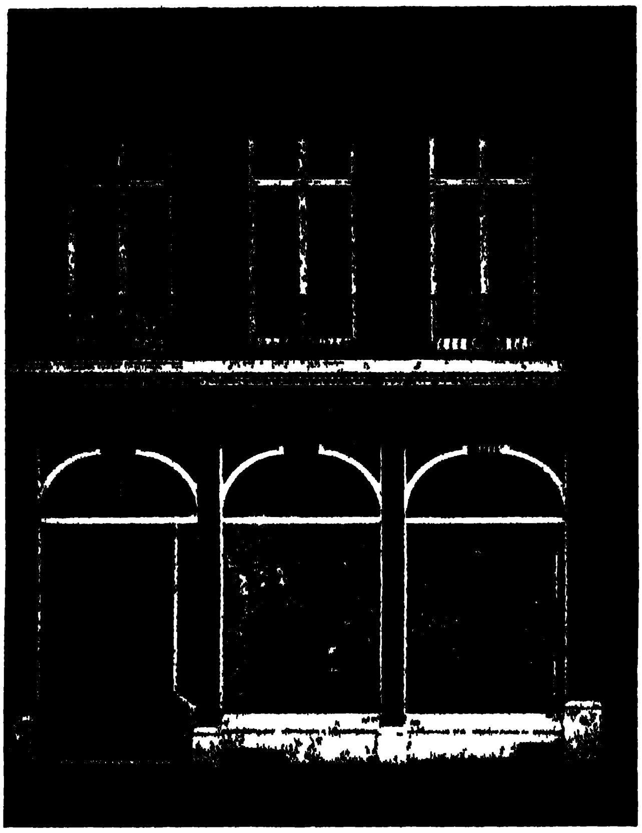
Morris realised the importance of this design in medieval craftsmanship; it appealed to him naturally as a youth, and he would devote long hours to the study of it. But it was Ruskin's theory of Gothic which fully opened his eyes to the inner and social meanings of the excellent craftsmanship of the past. From Ruskin he learnt that excellence in craftsmanship could only result from human labour joyfully performed; and, years afterwards, he did honour to his master by printing an edition of "The Nature of Gothic," the book from which he learnt this principle, at the Kelmscott Press.

There, however, or very nearly there, Morris and Ruskin part. Ruskin was always a medievalist, Morris was a modernist. Ruskin would have, with certain modifications, restored the past; he stated, quite clearly, in the book he described as "the truest, rightest worded, and most serviceable" he had written, that he was not a Socialist, but a Tory of the old school. Morris just as frankly looked to the future and announced himself a Socialist. The past for him was the leaping-off place for the Utopias. It is true, though, that at a



William Morris.
(By permission of Mr. Fredk. Hollyer.)

later date Ruskin accepted the term Socialist—"I am a Communist, reddest of the red," he wrote in "Fors Clavigera," and in a letter to Mr. S. C. Cockerell, in 1886, he says, "Of course I am a Socialist of the most stern sort, but I am also a Tory of the sternest sort. I am silent now because no one could understand a word I said, but see 'Fors Clavigera' *between the lines*."



By courtesy of Mr. H. C. Marillier. **449, Oxford Street.**

"The first notion of the firm of Morris & Company ... sprang up among friends in talk, and cannot be assigned to any single author. It was in a large measure due to Madox Brown, but perhaps even more to Rossetti, who, poet and idealist as he was, had business qualities of a high order."—*Life of William Morris*, by J. W. Mackail. (Longmans.)

The original partners or associates of the firm were Morris, Rossetti, Madox Brown, Burne-Jones, Philip Webb, P. P. Marshall, and C. J. Faulkner, of whom Mr. Philip Webb is now sole survivor. He had retired before Morris's death.

Morris would go back, to be sure, but only to pick up the lost tradition of good workmanship, from thence he would move forwards. He found this good workmanship in the Middle Ages, when the Craft Gild was at the height of its powers. Every surviving thing of that period made by the hand of man has in it a witchery of organic beauty combined with utility which has only been attained on few occasions since the break-up of the Gild system. Morris asked himself why these articles were so much more beautiful and so much more durable than similar products of our own time, and he found the answer in the facts that these things were produced under conditions which had for their aims excellence and durability rather than immediate financial gain, and that they were produced by men who not only knew the people who were ultimately to use their products, but who had been trained in the making of complete articles, and not merely a part of an article, as is customary in that "division of labour" which modern commercial methods have made inevitable.

Morris devoted the best years of his life to a revival



By courtesy of Mr. H. C. Marillier.

The Daisy Wallpaper. The Trellis Wallpaper. The Acanthus Wallpaper.

Three of the first Wallpaper Patterns designed and printed by Morris & Co.

"The 'Trellis' paper, with a design of climbing roses by Morris and birds by Philip Webb, was designed in November, 1862, and was printed by hand from blocks cut in pear wood, as it continues to be at the present day. Owing to delays in cutting, however, the first paper actually to be printed and sold was the 'Daisy' . . . which has headed the sales of Morris wallpapers, practically without a break, for half a century."—*A Brief Sketch of the Morris Movement*, privately printed for Morris & Co.

of craftsmanship on these lines. He started the workshops at Merton Abbey and Queen Square and the famous shop in Oxford Street for this purpose, and his fabrics, tapestries and chintzes, his wallpapers, his stained glass, and later his Kelmscott Press books have become the emblems and inspirations of fine workmanship all the world over. But the significant lessons of the revival, for Morris, were the facts firstly, that the revival was necessary because modern commerce had so degraded both commodities and their production, and, secondly, that when he had created his beautiful things, only the rich could buy them. He wanted beautiful things for himself and he wanted others to have them, for he knew that such things were not only beautiful to look upon and to use, but he knew also that in the creation of them men had been happy, and he wanted all men to be happy. He demanded, therefore, that all things made by man should be the symbols of joyful work. And it was because our present methods of commerce made it impossible to produce such symbols, that he became a Socialist.

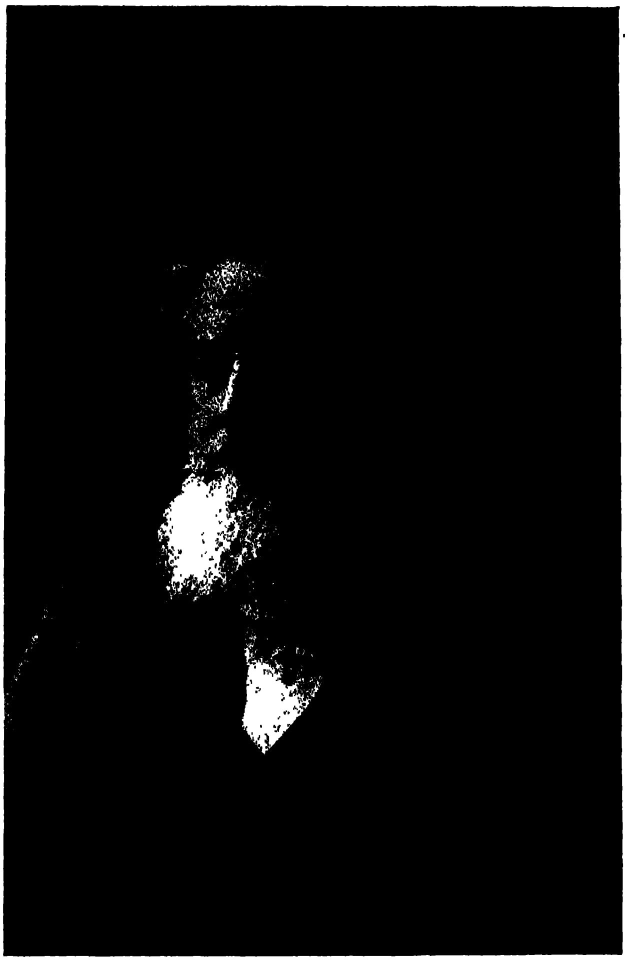


Photo by Elliott & Fry. **William Morris.**
One of the last portraits taken of him.

In his Utopia, described in perfect English prose, in "News from Nowhere," we have the picture of a world grown young again. It is a dream of a robust age in which men and women work together without care and want, holding all things in common, and taking the sort of interest in their lives that an artist takes in his work. In all his efforts for Socialism, Morris had this Nowhere of his as his goal. He first thought it could be realised by raising the standards of public taste in the things they used and made. But after a while he found that such a propaganda alone would be useless. It was then that he threw in his lot with the Socialists, and worked under the Red Flag with Mr. H. M. Hyndman, the founder of the Social Democratic Party.

Merely political propaganda with its necessary compromises had small attraction for Morris, and he eventually seceded from the Social Democrats and took with him all the more revolutionary members, and, with them, founded the Socialist League, which he eventually abandoned when it became too Anarchistic, falling back upon the section of the League which used to meet at his own house in Hammersmith. This group became the Hammersmith Socialist Society, and he remained a member of it for the rest of his life.

As a Socialist propagandist Morris showed the same tremendous energy which he put into all he undertook. He did not place himself on a pinnacle for admiration, but plunged into the thick of the turmoil. Speaking here, there, and everywhere, in dim-lit and dirty club-rooms in unsavoury districts of London and the provinces, and at street corners and other open-air places; marching in proletarian processions to Hyde Park or Trafalgar Square, editing, financing, and writing most of a Socialist paper, he became one of the most active propagandists of his day.

A certain impatience always dominated Morris. He wanted things to move along at a quicker pace; and he grew restive when half-measures were suggested. He disliked compromise, and in common with many Socialists of the period he believed at one time that the day of revolution, when the whole of the present social system would be abolished, was not far off. But experience of his fellow countrymen and his comrade Socialists eventually killed such bright hope. And towards the end of his life he gradually abandoned political work of all kinds and devoted himself more to his workshops and the Kelmscott Press.

The quality of his Socialism, like that of every Socialist, was largely determined by his own genius; for Socialism is an intensely personal thing; once having accepted the doctrine, the dream springs out of the man. Morris's Utopia was naturally a craftsman's paradise made up of design and good workmanship applied to life; it was the apotheosis of the applied arts and their translation into an era of freedom, economic peace, and good fellowship. All his ideas bear upon this dream, and the beautiful things he made are the kind of things the realisation of such a dream would make the common objects of daily life.

LORD ACTON'S "FRENCH REVOLUTION." *

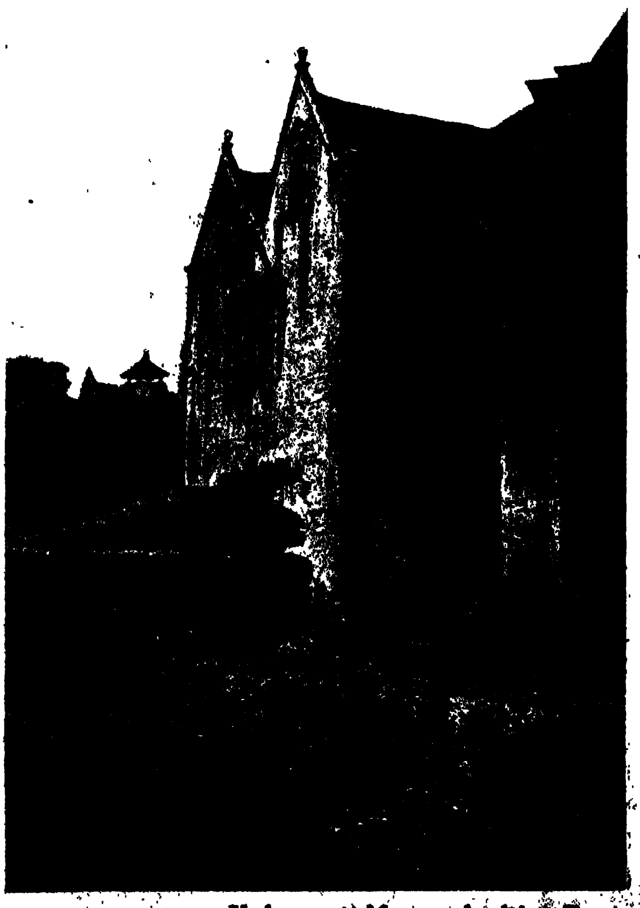
By Dr. William Barry.

At last Lord Acton is coming into his own. Fellows and tutors of Cambridge recover from ancient periodicals essays that have only ripened by the lapse of time. Reviewers marvel at his prodigies of learning, multiplied in every direction. The "Cambridge Modern History" follows the plan which he bequeathed to a University that gave him scope for such lectures as these on the French Revolution. His wide outlook, pure and lofty principles, devotion to truth, and passion for freedom, entitle him to a rank among philosophic historians not perhaps equalled by any other who has written in the English tongue. He can never be popular, since he makes a continual demand on the reader's judgment, dazzles by reference to sources not within ordinary reach, sums up a volume in a sentence, and refuses to be picturesque as well as partisan. To the crowd Acton will be a great unattainable authority, a name like that of some height they have no mind to explore. But with men of research, with politicians who cultivate thinking, with jurists, professors worthy of their chairs, and genuine Liberals, he will count as Tocqueville does, or as Montesquieu did, for his deep insight into "the spirit of the laws" by which our institutions are governed. Style and matter both claim our wonder and our homage.

In Lord Acton the most splendid quality was that he loved freedom and hated its counterfeit, however disguised. The most rare was his demand for verification of alleged facts from original documents, whether in the sequel they made for or against his theories. The most winning was a fine serenity of temper which no personal considerations ever affected. He was an idealist of pure descent, commending his religion by all that it held in his eyes of reason, of morality, of human fellowship, of divine benevolence. He would condone not a single crime against these principles, whoever committed it, and under what pretext soever. He differed from Froude, Macaulay, Carlyle, as it seemed to him, precisely at this point. "The inflexible integrity of the moral code," he told Bishop Creighton in a noteworthy correspondence, "is, to me, the secret of the authority, the dignity, the utility of History." And so he judges the Zeitgeist by the conscience; he will not absolve the conscience by the Zeitgeist.

An enlightened and severe judge, dealing with revolution, might be thought likely to prove conservative *à outrance*; but Lord Acton delivers this great summing up in a tone the most impartial of any we have heard among critics of 1789 and 1793. He strives to be the embodiment of reason, to trace the laws which were broken, the benefits conferred, the changes that justice demanded. Perhaps we may get the good of his full yet rapid treatment by keeping open our Carlyle, to which he serves as a perpetual commentary and often as a corrective. German readers—a heavy-minded folk—sometimes disparage the shifting tumultuous scenes of that last of the English epics by calling them magic-lantern slides. But they render back the life, they unveil the deeps, of a portentous reality, well named by the seer "transcendental,"—and, when all is said, there lies the significance of revolutionary France. Hate it or fear it as all the elder institutions did with one accord, it has swept them along into a new era. We live, so to speak, under its sign in the zodiac. We are moderns because it has fashioned the very reactions whereby churches and peoples fought against it.

Carlyle glared into its immense conflagration with astonished eyes, and the murky light lends to his pages their clear-obscure. Acton resolves the flame as by spectrum analysis into its elements; he is always calm; he will not enlarge upon the horrors of September, the blood-stained Carmagnole, the noise of the tumbrils, the drownings at Nantes, the anguish of defeated La Vendée. He is a judge summing up after the dreadful evidence has been laid before us, the jury, whom it



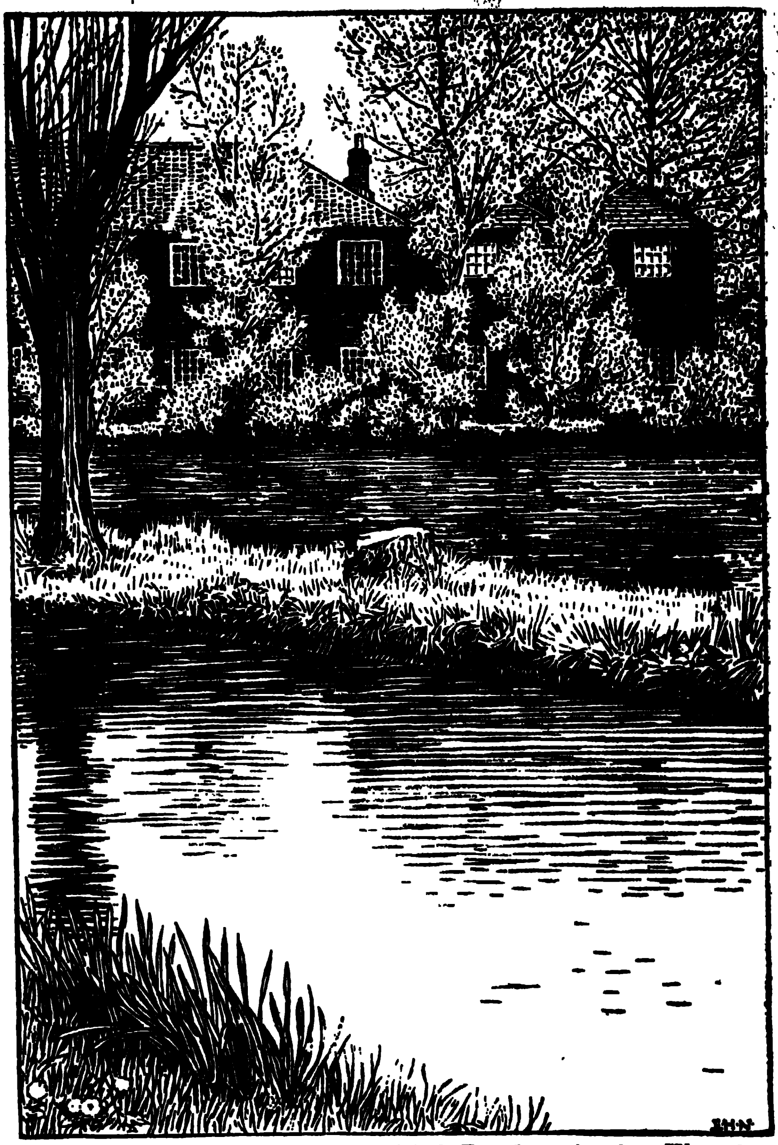
Kelmscott Manor, looking East.

From a photogravure of a drawing by F. L. Griggs, in "The Collected Works of William Morris." (Longmans.)

* "Lectures on the French Revolution." By John Lord Acton. Edited by J. N. Figgis, Litt.D., and R. V. Laurence, M.A. 10s. (Macmillan.)

behoves him to instruct and to guide towards a righteous verdict. For him the condensed, weighty, yet not impassioned style of which he is master determines that he shall neither paint pictures in rivalry with our Scotch Salvator Rosa, nor compose a mosaic of details in the manner of Taine. He considers that we have known all this and digested it; that like himself we are well stricken in years, widely read, tenacious of dates, names, and incidents, as students of history should be. In the sequence of writers he comes last.

This, however, may give Lord Acton enduring fame, provided that his spectrum analysis will stand criticism. He talks of the "science of history." I have always shivered on hearing so un-Aristotelian a phrase. For science deals with necessary and universal truths, with causes acting by law; not with free agents, personalities, contingencies, chances; and where is the "law" that will account for Mirabeau, Robespierre, Bonaparte? How were these particular men necessary products of causes acting by system? We do not know; *ignoramus et ignorabimus*, that is the plain truth. Nevertheless, between science and the mere registration of facts which is hardly more than gossip, we may light upon a middle term. There are the groupings we christen races and nations; there are tendencies striving towards fulfilment; we speak, loosely but effectively, of "the logic of events." Under these conditions, Lord Acton gives more than one account of the Revolution as a whole. The first he has borrowed from Sieyès, a man greatly admired by him. The Third Estate, what is it? It was nothing, it is the nation; and the ruler, hitherto its master, shall henceforth be its agent. No privileges shall remain in government, army, or church; all prizes shall be given to personal merit. Birth shall not be regarded; the dead past shall bury its dead. That is what we are to understand by Democracy at home. What is it abroad? Lord Acton replies—and here is his second account: "The French Revolution was an attempt to establish in the public law of Europe maxims which had triumphed by the aid of France in America." And once more, "By the law of its existence, France encouraged insurrection against its neighbours, and the actual balance of power would have to be redressed in obedience to a higher law."



The Mill Pond with the Weaving and Printing Sheds, Merton Abbey.

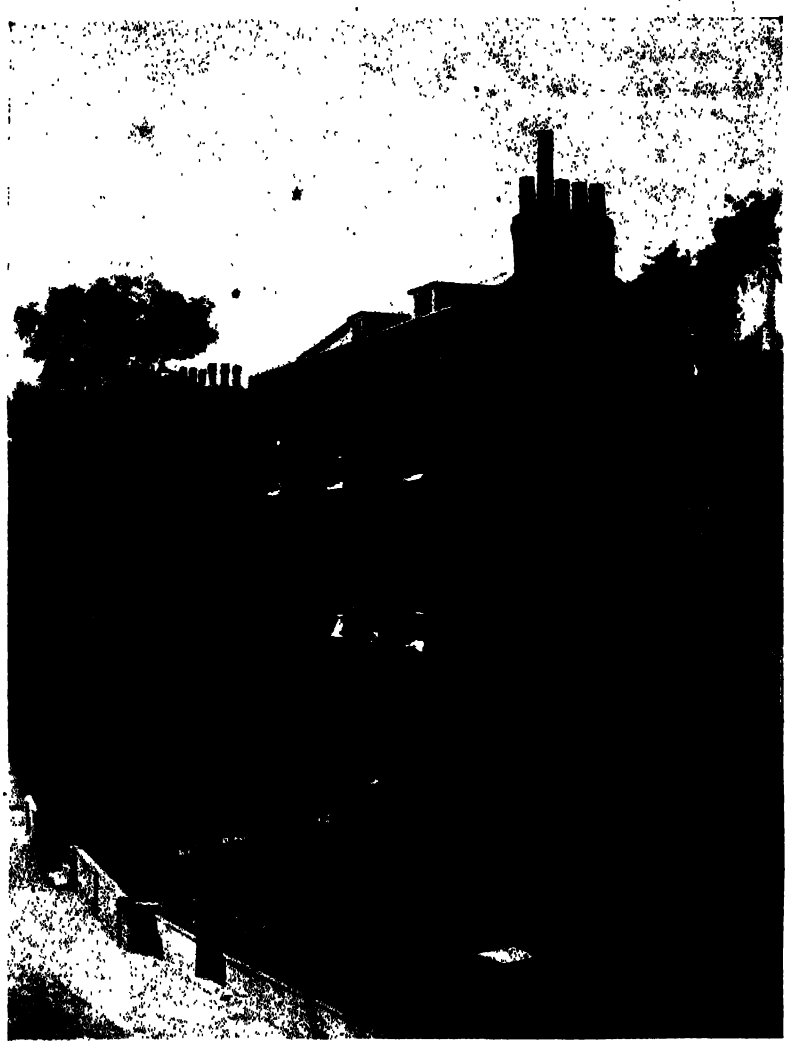
From a drawing by E. H. New.

The first workshops were at 26 Queen Square; they were removed to Merton Abbey in 1881.

From "The Life of William Morris," by J. W. Mackail. (Longmans.)

America then gives the key to that political philosophy which dictated the principles of 1789, which set up the revolutionary tribunal, which hurled its conscripts against the coalition, which used Napoleon as its sword, and was defeated but not finished at Waterloo, which is now making its journey round the globe. Lord Acton's brief statement of this sovereign idea, in an article dealing with Erskine May's well-known volume, is dated as far as back as 1878. It will prove how consistent he was throughout a varied course of reading and public life. He held that one chief result of the alliance between Philadelphia and Versailles—or between Franklin and Lafayette—was that admiration for English political forms gave way to American principles, but that these were spoilt in the transfer. America had invented democratic freedom, but had also devised safeguards which might check democratic tyranny. State rights, the separation of Church and State, a Second Chamber, a Supreme Court of Appeal—none of these remarkable defences from the despotism of a people were taken over by the French constitution-mongers. "That which weakened the Executive was taken; that which restrained the Legislative was left." The Third Estate, now become the National Assembly, flung aside the King, who was not strong enough to help them in pulling down the privileged orders. But while omnipotent to destroy, they were almost powerless to construct; and their masters were the Jacobins, a centralised minority which spoke in the name of Paris, that is to say, of the mob close at hand. To this consummation had the absence of American checks and balances brought them. On the pretext of equality,

the State trampled liberty under foot. Classes which held any intrinsic or extrinsic advantage were proscribed and their members executed as "aristos," "clericals," "ci-devants," on the general charge that they over-topped the common man, the "sans-culotte" or patriot, who was anybody, so long as he could not be distinguished from the crowd. In this way alone is it possible to explain the policy of Marat, of Robespierre, which defined "terror" as a "form of virtue"—republican virtue. And only thus can we grasp the principles on which, as M. Emile Faguet has lately shown, the Third Republic sets itself, without misgiving, to root out Christianity from the soil of France. The question is not whether religion is true, but whether any association which does not derive all its powers from the State can be permitted to exist.



Kelmscott House, Upper Mall, Hammersmith.
Where Morris lived from 1878 until his death.

I have dwelt on Lord Acton's ruling idea, because it gives form and substance to all his judgments, and is the scope of the volume. When the constitution of the Year III. has been reached, the Revolution as a theory is complete. From that moment France goes out on her adventures fully armed, the Joan of Arc raised up to spread among the nations a pure Democracy. Pure indeed, for it has but one element unmixed with any other, the passion of equality below, which brings forth absolute power above. The people, incarnate in the Committee of Public Salvation, in a First Consul or an Emperor, in a Parliament or a Premier, applies to itself the old Roman saying, "The prince's good pleasure has the force of law." No rights of property, conscience, or person can be pleaded in bar of this unlimited jurisdiction. No private mind will be suffered to withstand public opinion, and public opinion is but a reflex of the official creed. Education means nothing else than to be trained in the civic doctrine; and so the *ancien régime* comes back, a thousand times reinforced by modern methods from which there is no escape. Under both systems liberty expires.

For the dilettante of things past, to whom the French Revolution offers an infinite museum of rare and terrible curiosities, Lord Acton's book must be reviewed in a way which I cannot pursue just now. It revises many established legends; it is especially to be consulted if we would attain the fair truth concerning Marie Antoinette; and it gives the secret history of the flight to Varennes as known from recent documents. It is admirable on La Vendée, though but a sketch. It puts in a satisfactory light the "Civil Constitution" of the clergy, by which the Revolution denied its own principles and went fatally astray. I had marked many other points; these must suffice. We are now passing into a critical stage of our own Revolution, and it remains to be seen whether we can rescue freedom from a full-grown democracy of the Paris type. Lord Acton has shown us, with a wealth of learning and a lucid declaration of the questions at issue, how it was that the French Rights of Man became the wrongs of mankind. Shall we take a lesson from the example?

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

FEBRUARY, 1911.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

The date fixed above for sending in answers does not apply to Competitors resident abroad, except in the case of competition No. 2; answers from foreign or Colonial readers for competitions 1, 3 and 4 (the subjects of these being the same each month) will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best note in one hundred words on the Dickens Centenary and how it should be celebrated.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JANUARY.

I.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to VIVIEN FORD, of 14, Woodland Road, Clifton, Bristol, for the following:

MID-CHANNEL. BY ARTHUR PINERO. (Heinemann.)

"I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well."

SHAKESPEARE, *The Merchant of Venice*, IV. i.

Facsimile, in original size, of first rough draft of part of "L'Envoi" to "The Earthly Paradise." Not a line remains the same in the printed version and some of it is altered almost beyond tracing.

(Lent by Mrs. William Morris, and reproduced with her permission.)

We also select for printing:

THE MAN WITH A PAST. By A. St. John Adcock. (Stanley Paul.)

> "Here lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,
> Who long was a bookseller's hack;
> He led such a damnable life in this world,
> I don't think he'll wish to come back."
> Goldsmith, *Epitaph on Edward Purdon.*

(W. R. Clark, 20, William Street, Crosland Moor, Huddersfield.)

THE EXCEPTION. By Oliver Onions. (Methuen.)

> "Though on pleasure she was bent
> She had a frugal mind."
> Cowper, *John Gilpin.*

(Rev. F. Hern, Rowlands Castle, Hants.)

SONGS OF A SHOPMAN. By A. Hickmott. (Fifield.)

> "Pay, pay, pay"
> Rudyard Kipling, *Absent-minded Beggar.*

(Hermione Milne, 20 Morningside Park, Edinburgh.)

THE MAN WHO DROVE THE CAR. By Max Pemberton. (Nash.)

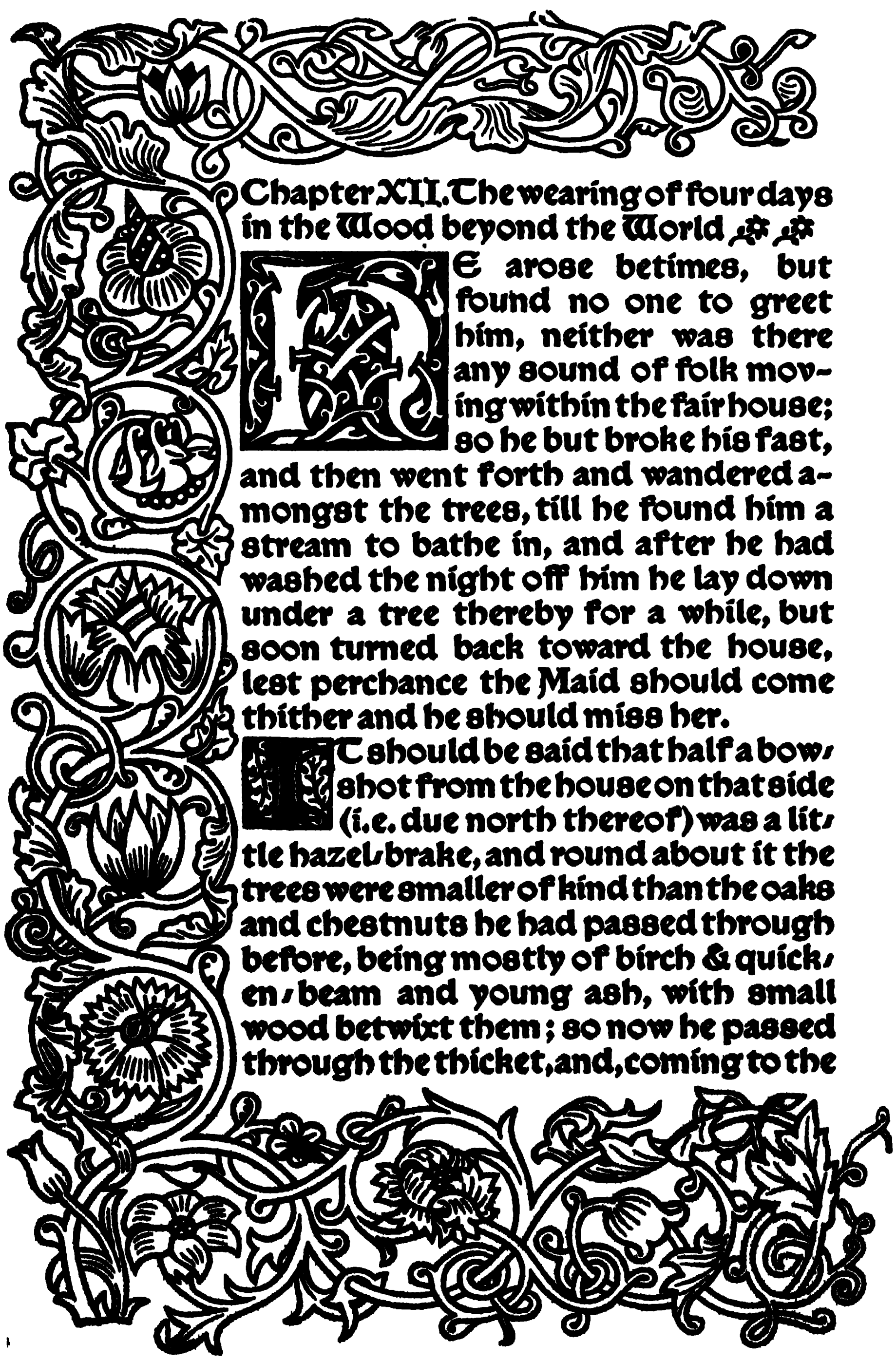
> "Gone without parting farewell; and alas!
> Gone with a flavour of Hydrogen Gas."
> Bret Harte, *Aspiring Miss de Laine.*

(Zillah K. Macdonald, 169½, Pleasant Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia.)

II.—The Prize of Three Books has been awarded to Miss C. M. Walkerdine, of 52, Heathfield Road, Handsworth, Birmingham, for the following:

TO MISS HILDA TREVELYAN.
(Now playing in "The Single Man.")

> You were so charming, Wendy dear,
> We all are sorry that this year
> Our "Peter" has to lose you,
> But fascinating, as of yore,
> Demure, and sweet and something more
> We own we are delighted for
> A "Single Man" to choose you


Chapter XII. The wearing of four days in the Wood beyond the World

HE arose betimes, but found no one to greet him, neither was there any sound of folk moving within the fair house; so he but broke his fast, and then went forth and wandered amongst the trees, till he found him a stream to bathe in, and after he had washed the night off him he lay down under a tree thereby for a while, but soon turned back toward the house, lest perchance the Maid should come thither and he should miss her.

IT should be said that half a bowshot from the house on that side (i.e. due north thereof) was a little hazel-brake, and round about it the trees were smaller of kind than the oaks and chestnuts he had passed through before, being mostly of birch & quicken-beam and young ash, with small wood betwixt them; so now he passed through the thicket, and, coming to the

Facsimile, in size of original, of a page from the Kelmscott Press edition of William Morris's romance, "The Wood Beyond the World." The type is known as the Chaucer type, it having been cut for the folio edition of Chaucer that was printed by Morris. The decorative work is also of his designing.

(By courtesy of Mr. Emery Walker and by permission of the William Morris Trustees.)

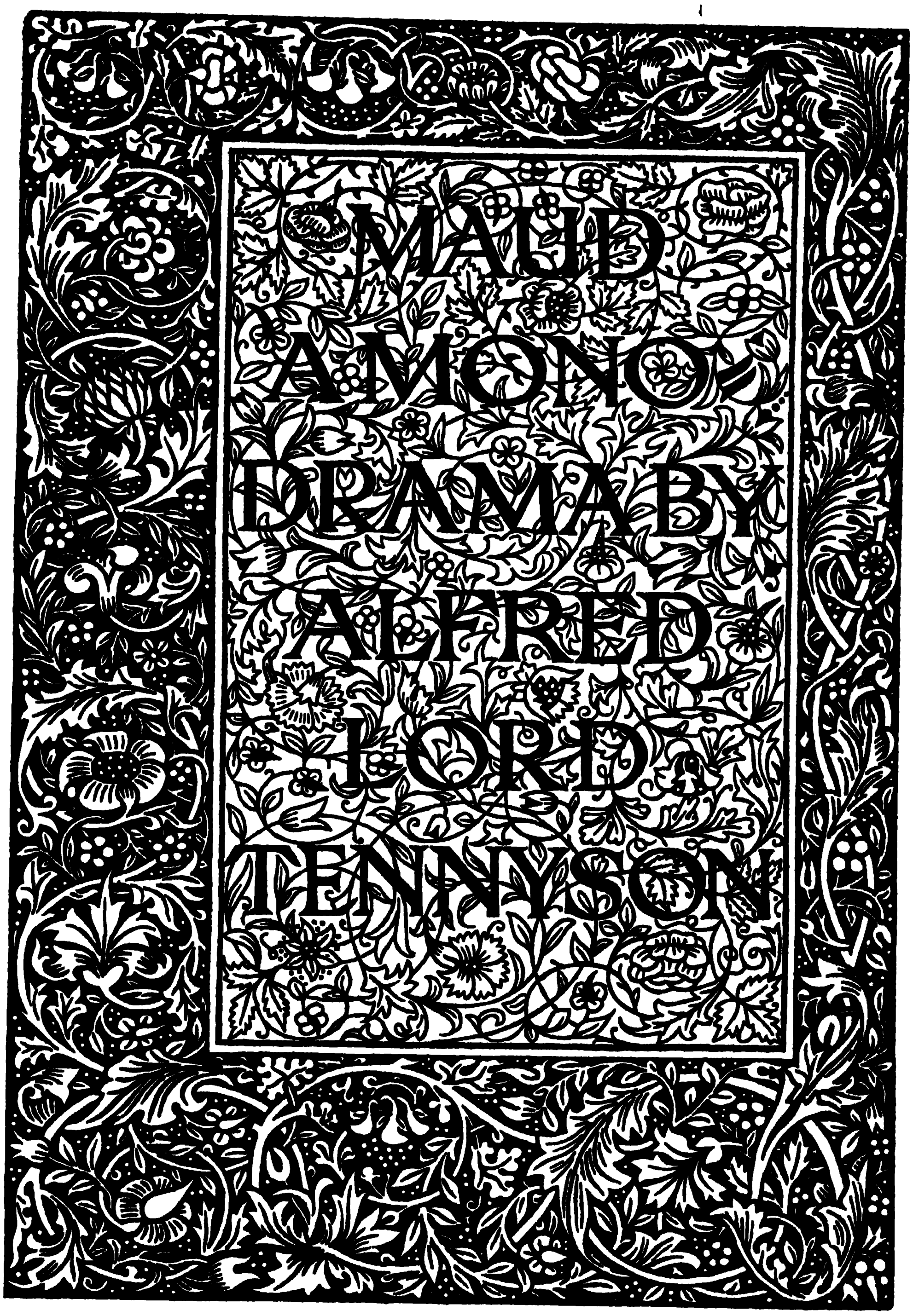
A very large number of papers have been received, addressed to a great variety of public men. We specially commend the verses sent in by V. C. Turnbull (Guilford Street, W.C.), Jess Pescod (Aylesbury), Frank Rhodes (Scarborough), Bert Jacka (London, W.C.), J. H. Porter (London, E.C.), A. H. Mannington Sayers (Sheffield), James E. Ruddle (Trowbridge), Carrie Lewis (Brixton, S.W.), W. Rees (Cardiff), S. A. Doody, W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood), Rev. E. C. Lansdowne (South Woodford), Ivan Adair (Dublin), E. Rippon (Hull), W. W. Pryer (Newport, I.W.), William Morriss (Sheffield), J. C. Church (Castleford), John P. Wynne (Manchester), Chas. Webb (King's Lynn), Kitty Gallagher (Newport, Mon.), Maud Shields (Methwold), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Miss S. Waller (Boscombe), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), H. L. Mawson (Leeds), T. E. C. (Keswick), William Tranter (Manchester), W. H. Gilman (Devizes), H. R. Smith (Newcastle-on-Tyne), T. H. Parker (Stratford-on-Avon), E. A. Mitchell (Addiscombe), David Whitelaw (Paisley), Alex. W. Westmore (Liscard), Edith Bilston (Bridlington), Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Brighton), R. G. Wyatt (Victoria Park, E.), Chas. W. Guest (Hull), H. W. Cornelius (Wandsworth Common), Mary G. Patterson (Upper Norwood), Joseph Veness (Bromley, Kent), Miss B. W. Ramsay (Forres, N.B.), and Mabel Roberts (Cardiff).

III.—The Prize of Half a Guinea for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Miss Kate Lee, of 29, Butler Avenue, Harrow, for the following:

THE ALCHEMY OF THOUGHT.
By L. P. Jacks.
(Williams & Norgate.)

These essays deal with philosophy and religion from the point of view

of the Plain Man, who feels that experience transcends all systems, and can not be enclosed in any one of them. The author sees life through his own eyes. He has great freshness and boldness of thought. His fine literary workmanship is delightful and distinctive. It is a striking idea that perhaps Christianity has not accomplished all it ought, because it is too satisfied with itself as the final word in religion. The essay contrasting the Japanese attitude towards life with the European is also very illuminating.



Reproduction in original size, from the wood-engraved title page designed by William Morris for an edition of Tennyson's Maud published by Messrs. Macmillan.
(By courtesy of Mr. Emery Walker and by permission of the William Morris Trustees.)

Among the best of the other reviews received are:

NAPOLEON INTIME. By ARTHUR LÉVY. (Nelson.)

All French students will encourage the praiseworthy enterprise which Messrs. Nelson have undertaken in publishing a series of French books. And all Napoleonic students will gladly pay the necessary shilling to make a copy of M. Lévy's Napoléon Intime their own. To youthful enthusiasts of this period of history it will make a splendid premier book, for the simpleness of style in which it is written creates a desire to master the stiffer books upon the great genius. It is well too to read a Frenchman upon the virtues and failings of the General's life and character.

(Miss E. Rippon, 5, Arnold Street, Hull.)

THE SHAVING OF SHAGPAT: MEREDITH'S ALLEGORY.

INTERPRETED BY JAMES MCKECHNIE. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. McKechnie's interpretation is certainly startling, exceedingly helpful but slightly disappointing: it fails to brighten as it burns. While the author proceeded with suggestive indefiniteness he was pleasing and persuasive, but as he narrowed the field for individual exploration, he increased the grounds of controversy. When theology crept in conviction ran out. Failing an interpretation in Meredithian terms, the preferable plan was that wisely adopted in the early, engrossing chapters, surely not the unhappy one of linking the Allegory on to Christian teaching. Nevertheless the book is invaluable to all lovers of Meredith; its author deserves their hearty thanks.

(J. H. Langlois, 26, Dorset Terrace, Harehills Lane, Leeds.)

LETTERS TO MY SON. (Chapman & Hall.)

The charm of this book lies entirely in its naturalness and sincerity. That it is devoid of all literary style one cannot deny, and that the sentiment at times reaches almost to sentimentality must be admitted. Yet in spite of this it is full of beautiful ideas and delicate feeling, and the spirit of maternity is portrayed with rare insight and sympathy. It is a book that can hardly appeal to other than the feminine mind, but most women will surely be attracted by these pathetic letters of a young wife.

(Miss S. Waller, Oriel Lodge, Wollstonecraft Road, Boscombe, Hants.)

Of the other reviews received, several of which are as good as these selected for printing, we specially commend those by W. M. Lodge (Norwood), Jack Hedley (Wimbledon), Editha L. Blaikley (Finchley), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Sybilla Stirling (Glenfarg), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Constance Ursula Kerr (Dirleton), Norma Hamilton Baird (Shutford Mills), Alice M. Page (Sleights), Jess Pescod (Aylesbury), Sidney E. Bell (Wandsworth Common), Irene Pollock Lalonde (Bath), Raymond Taunton (Coventry), Florence L. Bate (Folkestone), Nancie E. Hughes (Maidstone), Mrs. Herbert White (Clapham Common), Beatrix Terry (London, S.W.), A. H. M. Sayers (Sheffield), Miss Richey (Belfast), Effie Lane (Hampstead), Miss J. Swinscon (Tunbridge Wells), E. A. G. Kerr (Edinburgh), Margaret A. M. Macalister (Cambridge), Gwen-

doline C. Perks (Norwich), H. M. Creswell Payne (Roche), E. A. Pearson (Fleet), Miss J. A. C. Smith (Edinburgh), Miss L. Mugford (Sutton-at-Hone), Jas. A. Richards (Tenby), Miss van der Pant (Folkestone), C. F. Spencer Smith (Winscombe), A. H. Pennington (Oldbury), H. W. Cornelius (Wandsworth), E. J. Norcutt (London, W.), Miss B. O. Andrews (Scarborough), and Florence L. Stephens (Bodmin).

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to Miss BLAIR, of St. Andrews, N.B.

FOOTNOTES.

BY ANDREW LANG AND Y.Y.

A MYTH CONCERNING PROFESSOR MÜNSTERBERG.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

SIR,—In a review of a book by Professor Münsterberg (BOOKMAN, January, 1911, p. 191) is written "it is pleasant to read how the Professor caught Madame Palladino, the great Medium, by the foot," and so forth. If that event is described in Professor Münsterberg's book, he must have altered his original version of the anecdote, given by him in the *Metropolitan Magazine* (February, 1910, p. 571). In the earlier version the foot of Eusapia was captured by "the man on the floor," while Professor Münsterberg and a friend "felt both her feet" under the table. Professor Münsterberg repeated this version in a letter of January 19, 1910. As I cannot suppose that he has altered his version and has claimed a success in detecting the oft-detected Eusapia in which he had no part, the myth, I presume, arose in the imagination of your reviewer, Y.Y.

I am, etc., ANDREW LANG.

[Our Reviewer's Reply:]

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

SIR,—I protest humbly against the insinuation implied in the "and so forth." There was no so-forth whatever. I merely stated in a single sentence that the paper on "My Friends the Spiritualists" was amusing, and why. The first half of that sentence is quoted above, with the omission of some significant words; the second simply mentioned the medium's bitter cry—almost in the author's own words. I made no further reference whatever to the incident.

Your correspondent has not consulted the book. I have again done so and find that I did make a trivial verbal slip, which he is so complacent as to dignify with the title of "myth." It occurred thus. In reading I gathered (as I still do) that the Professor was in command of the detective party, and directed the man who actually clutched the foot. "I had told him," he says, "that I suspected wires stretched out from her body, and he looked out for them"—and found toes instead. In a purposely condensed clause written some days later, I inadvertently attributed the act of the agent to the principal, *qui facit peralium, facit per se*—that is all.



Reproduced from a woodcut by William Morris. Designed by E. Burne-Jones. From "The Collected Works of William Morris." (Longmans.)

Till taught better I fancied that the momentous question was not Whose was the hand? but Whose was the leg? Of course now I must admit without understanding the enormity and far-reaching importance of my error. And it is only fair to infer from the gravity of his tone that your correspondent may have some grievance preying upon his mind of which I am ignorant. He may think that the Professor (who certainly does "claim a part" in the detection) has robbed the "man on the floor" of some leaves of his laurels; then why not look into the book and scold the author. Or maybe some squabble is going on among our Friends the Spiritualists; then I must really leave them to settle it among themselves. If, however, he intervened simply in the sacred interests of accuracy, then——

I hereby solemnly declare that I do utterly detest, abhor, abjure, and recant the damnable heresy whereby for a whole month I have deceived, deluded, and corrupted two continents—to say nothing of the poor dear heathen who may perchance some day receive their moral pocket handkerchiefs packed in my pernicious page. And I implore your correspondent and other tender consciences to forgive the cruel pain and scandal which my roving "imagination" has caused them. And further I do humbly hope that we may now all rest comfortably in our beds, relying with calm faith upon the All-important, the Stupendous, the Irrefragable FACT so nobly vindicated by your correspondent, to wit, that in a certain far-off city a certain Lady-conjurer's Leg—or as the American purists would call it, her Limb—was pulled, not, as a certain ignoramus did falsely boast, by a certain German Professor, but by a certain "man on the floor" of uncertain nationality. Amid the many distractions of life's work and play let us never lose sight of the Mystic Limb and all it symbolises — to the Gradgrinds the hardness of Hard Fact, to the Vain-imaginers some profound spiritual and anti-spiritualist truths. May we all, whether on the Floor or in High Places, grasp the Limb and hold on fast till death. With these serious thoughts and resolves let us to bed —*cras ingens iterabimus æquor.*

I am, Your poor Penitent,

Y. Y.

New Books.

TWO LIVES OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.*

"And yet all his faults are such that one loves him all the better for them"—that is how Jarvis speaks of Honeywood in "The Good-Natur'd Man," and it is exactly what we all think about Goldsmith himself. Boswell may sneer, Garrick talk about "Poor Poll," or Horace Walpole about "that inspired idiot," but nothing troubles us, for we all love him, just as Johnson and Burke did, or Hogarth and Sir Joshua, or that "weeping crowd of men, women and children" who, when they heard of his death, thronged "the staircase that led to his rooms in Brick Court." No doubt he was, to use a phrase of Mr. Lofty's, "a poor impracticable creature," who in business matters "had scarce talents to be groom-porter to an orange-barrow," but when we read the story how, in his Dublin days, he gave away all his bedclothes to "a perishing woman with five children," and was found next morning buried in the ticking of his mattress because, as he explained, "it *was* a cold night, too," then assuredly we take him straight to our hearts. And who can read "The Deserted Village" or "The Vicar of Wakefield"—the novel which Scott said "reconciles us to human nature"—without forgetting all his frailties and feeling that the author is bound to us by close ties of personal endearment? For there have indeed been greater writers, men who have more profoundly stirred the intellect or the imagination, but certainly there is none who steals more intimately into the affections. "Well, I never more shall think Dr. Goldsmith ugly," exclaimed Miss Reynolds when Johnson read "The Traveller" to her; and the quaint remark shows perfect justice of appreciation, for to know Goldsmith is to be brought face to face only with what is fair and lovable. He is not a squeamish writer and can at need use plain words, but in a coarse age, writing amid the filth and squalor of Green Arbour Court, he keeps a childlike and uncontaminated mind. He has that constant charm which comes only from purity and simplicity of nature, and although he has his human likings for such vanities as a "Filby-cut peach-bloom coat," yet his style knows nothing of such follies. "Let us, instead of writing finely, try to write naturally, and not hunt after lofty expressions to deliver mean ideas," or again, "The language of poetry should be as the language of life, and should convey the warmest thoughts on the simplest expression"—these are his own precepts, and he everywhere illustrates them by his practice. Occasionally you may meet a couplet such as—

> "Farewell, and O! where'er thy voice be try'd,
> By Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,"

which is pedantic and irritating, or a phrase like "Opposition, when restrained within just bounds, is the salubrious gale that ventilates the opinions of the people, which might otherwise stagnate into the most abject submission," so that you might dream that you were reading the great lexicographer himself; but on the whole no writer is more free from all pretence and affectation. Whether he writes easily, as when he scribbles off an essay in bed before putting out the candle by means of a well-aimed slipper, or with fastidious care and countless erasures, as when he composed his two great poems, his impulse and his judgment are equally sane and sure. His style indeed has received the fullest meed of praise from men so different as Johnson and Goethe, as Scott and Thackeray, and from a host of lesser critics; but it needs neither praise nor commendation, for the appeal it makes to all of us is the irresistible appeal of Nature herself.

* "The Life of Oliver Goldsmith." By F. Frankfort Moore. 12s. 6d. net. (Constable.)—"Oliver Goldsmith." By R. Ashe King. 6s. (Methuen.)

And yet the man who, to quote Garrick's too-famous epitaph, "wrote like an angel," is said on the same authority to have "talked like Poor Poll," and Boswell is never weary of depicting him as the butt of what he chooses to call "our club," while Macaulay in his most authoritative manner asserts on "overwhelming evidence" that "in conversation he was an empty blundering rattle." The same man, it seems, who, when he took up the pen, was easy, graceful, and seductive, when he opened his mouth was dull, awkward, and repellent; and the fable has been so often repeated that it has become accepted as a fact. Yet instinct repudiates it, and the present volumes demonstrate its unreality. Take, for instance, the occasion when Johnson roared to his friend, "Sir, you are impertinent," and later on, after making some tardy apology, received the reply, "It must be much from you, sir, that I take ill," or that other incident when, referring to the line—

> "Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,"

the great critic insisted that the last word does not mean "tardiness of locomotion," but "the sluggishness of mind which comes upon a man in solitude," and the gentle poet just said, "Ah! that was what I meant"—and what man would not be proud to have said just what "poor Poll" actually did say? Or were "the Jessamy Bride" and her equally lovely sister, when they had his coffin opened in order to kiss his cold brow, likely to be so tender to a clown? And what of such friends as the young guardsman, their brother? or Lord Clare, who sent the memorable haunch? or Burke, Reynolds, and twenty more? They surely did not find Goldsmith dull, but at "the Club" he might well have been often dull. "We had a good talk last night," said Johnson one morning to Boswell; to which the answer was, "Yes, sir, you tossed and gored a good many people," and Goldsmith had a human dislike both to tossing and goring. His own wit was of the sort that plays but never wounds, and he was ill-matched against a champion who, as he himself said, "when his pistol missed fire, knocked you down with the butt end of it," yet the author of "Retaliation"—the best bit of kindly satire in the world—must, assuredly, often have sat dumb only because he loved the uncouth giant "who had nothing of the bear about him but his skin," and was therefore content to be silent when he growled.

But whether Goldsmith talked well or ill is a small matter now. "The Club" is long since closed, and its judgments, except in so far as we are jealous on behalf of a familiar friend, concern us in reality very little. For the true voice of Goldsmith is ever in our ear. *Affectuum potens at lenis dominator*, as Johnson wrote in one of the best and best-deserved epitaphs ever penned—he holds converse for all time with all who, like himself, are touched by a true affection for "whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely." And to all such both the present volumes may be justly commended for their rich and varied interest. Both the writers are equally in love with Goldsmith; both equally abhor Boswell; and both have a delightfully Irish conviction that their author's supposed "social failure" is due to English inability to understand Irishmen. But one book has the conspicuous merit of being less than half the size of the other, and yet containing almost as many facts. For Mr. King is content for the most part to tell us about Goldsmith and to be brief, though always judicious and often admirable, in his comments. Mr. Frankfort Moore, on the other hand, is needlessly digressive and at times acrimonious. The well-known anecdote, for instance, of Johnson putting

on his best clothes to pay his first visit to Goldsmith, is good enough by itself, and is only spoiled by two added pages of sarcastic criticism; while, after printing the beautiful letter which Goldsmith wrote to his mother on his return home penniless from some wild escapade, and stating how she then welcomed her son back, he surely might have refrained from speaking of "The prodigal soon getting the taste of the veal cutlet off his mouth." His merits, however, far outweigh his failings, and if, like Boswell, zeal for his hero at times makes him unjust, still we can forgive him much, for he, too, like Boswell, has given us a very good book about a very great man.

T. E. PAGE.

THE NEW MACHIAVELLI.*

The importance which attaches to the issue of any new work by Mr. Wells has been a little discounted, in the case of "The New Machiavelli," by the rumours which have been current since its serial publication in the *English Review*. It was credited with being a *roman à clef* and its characters with fidelity to living and well-known originals. These rumours Mr. Wells has taken the trouble to deny, in various interviews and by other means, and though perhaps his explanation, that he has constructed practicable figures by "blending" the characteristics of observed personalities, will not do much to abate the spirit of detective curiosity in certain sections of his readers, it would be a thousand pities if thereby the high quality of his book should be obscured. For my own part, I can conceive only one reason for reading Mr. Wells, and that is my interest and pleasure in the vigorous and trenchant literature with which he expresses himself.

"The New Machiavelli," in point of form, is "the subjective history of an English politician," Richard Remington, whose public career closes with an incident of passion. He is a figure built up minutely and with a convincing completeness, from his beginnings as a child playing with toy bricks on the floor of a shabby room in the suburb of Bromstead. The life he belonged to had shabbiness indeed as its character; it was life upon the fringe of what Mr. Wells calls the possessing minority, and he sketches it in with that manner of breadth and sympathetic knowledge which is not the least of his gifts. Even the evolution of Bromstead from a village strung out upon the main road between London and Dover to a modern clerk-inhabited suburb enters into the account of the child; the processes of this change, and the environment with which it furnishes him, help to explain him like a kind of sociological pedigree. And incidentally it sets the tone which is dominant throughout the book, for the autobiographical hero is never too subjective to observe in a spirit of the keenest objective criticism each phase of life that offers itself to his view. The City Merchants' School, which he presently attends as a day-boy, opens the way to an extended consideration of the methods and effects of modern education; his prosperous Staffordshire uncle is a "clue to a great number of men." Cambridge, the National Liberal Club, to which he used to go "to doubt about Liberalism," are substantial pegs for further reflections and examinations; and he goes through his marriage and his election to the House of Commons in a mood of ruminative interest in the phenomena that such events bring to light. A breach with the Liberal Party gives him his crucial opportunity for making a great personal success, and it is not till he has made it that there appears with any clearness the figure which is to share his final failure—Isabel, whose name is to be joined to his in a story parallel to the Parnell story, "and all the other stories which have picked man after man out of English public life, the men with active imaginations, the men of strong initiative." That is his protest, just before he disappears with her, and sees, as the boat train runs out from Charing Cross, the pinnacles of Westminster and the shining clock-tower, and passes forth to an exile that reduces to futility an equipment designed for great uses.

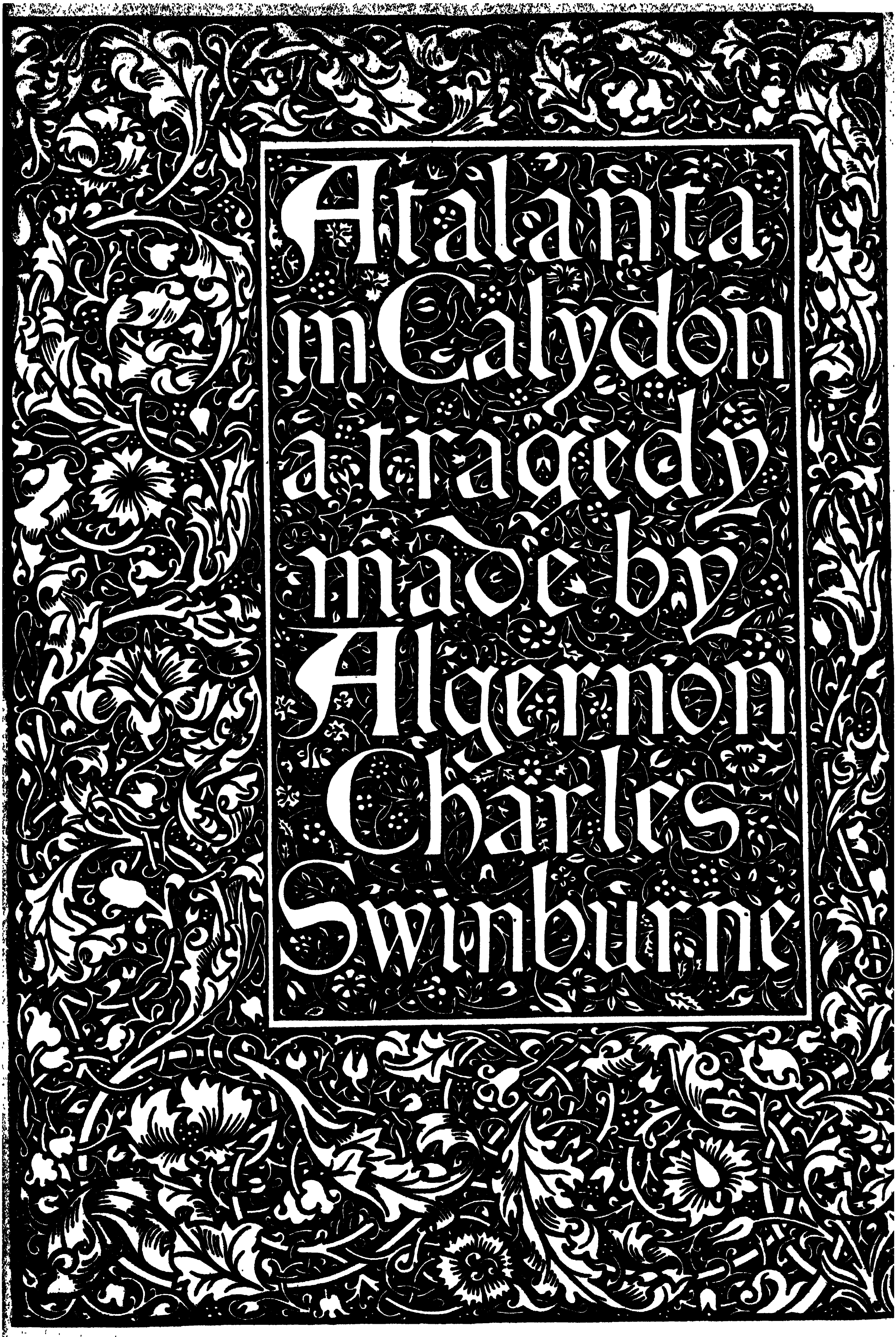
But the bare skeleton of narrative is as nothing compared to the meat on its bones, with which it is rounded out to an embonpoint of over five hundred pages. Remington, perhaps, was not as "fine"—it is his word for himself—as he would have us believe, not so rare, so disembarrassed of instinctive and conventional points of view. But at least he has derived from his author a mind of such remarkable quality, and so complete a provision of theories and social purposes, that it is difficult to regard him as a mere creation. Mr. Wells, I think, has employed many of his own conclusions and opinions in this particular blend; the rhetoric, indeed, is the rhetoric of Remington, but the thought is the thought of Wells. His notion of the mental hinterland for example—that background which is to be inhabited by the exceptional minds who, in the manning of the ship of State, are to ensure the quality of the quarter-deck; that other notion of the endowment of motherhood, and many of his conclusions regarding education, female suffrage, and other matters; in these, in spite of Remington's repudiation of Liberalism, have we not certain of the saliencies of Mr. Wells that we knew in "The New Utopia" and others of his books? It is only Mr. Wells who sees Bromstead as it is here described, at once mean and significant, paltry and illuminating—not Remington nor another. Like "Tono-Bungay," like "In the Days of the Comet," this book is another contribution towards the end of reducing to "manageable terms" the disorders and inconsistencies with which our social system is complicated, and by which its design is so often nullified. The narrative itself is almost a thing apart; the book is incidentally a novel; it happened to be fiction as some medicines happen to be nice. At the end of it one is very sorry for Remington and Isabel, and sorrier yet for Remington's wife: but the real sorrow is for the pitiful inconclusiveness of men and women at large, who pass their lives in bondage to conventions that have no relation to the realities of existence.

There is a humane spirit which can spend itself in tenderness upon communities gone astray and nations labouring in error, but fails by reason of a certain diffuseness to take account of individuals. That spirit I think, is a flaw in the character of Remington and in the philosophy of Mr. Wells. His Lettish girl, whose father was murdered before her eyes, and whose sister was outraged by Cossacks, who took for a refuge to the London streets, is pitiable in herself, a figure beyond tears, affording in herself a sufficient reason for pulling down the Russian Empire. To see her as a commentary upon the sex problem is to evade immediacies and shy at the plain implication of facts; it is a kind of inhumanity towards which the philosophical sociologist is particularly prone. It would not be true of Mr. Wells nor of his book to say that he shows himself in general indifferent to the case of the individual, to the small wrong, the particular instance; but it is always disagreeable to see flesh and blood and what they connote rank as counters in a game of Hunt the Meaning. To state the facts of life in clear terms, to test them by the acid of plain English, is to endow reformers, and they will owe much to Mr. Wells, who has ever been foremost in that service. What is to be avoided in such an endeavour is the Blue-Book habit of mind which apprehends men and women as items moving.

"The New Machiavelli" is, in short, a work entirely characteristic of Mr. Wells. It is not merely that Remington, who tells the story, is observant and critical, but he observes and criticises with all the brilliancy and pungency of Mr. Wells. It is a book which will confirm a widely held opinion, that it is not safe to miss a work by this author if one would keep in touch with the spirit of the time. The literary year opens auspiciously with an achievement of such definite worth.

PERCEVAL GIBBON.

* "The New Machiavelli." By H. G. Wells. 6s. (John Lane.)



Reproduction, in size of original, from the wood-engraved title-page designed by William Morris for the edition of "Atalanta in Calydon" that was printed at the Kelmscott Press.

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OVERLAND TO INDIA.*

* When Dr. Sven Hedin set out on his latest journey in Tibet, which provided him with material for his work "Trans-Himalaya," he was not content to reach the Forbidden Land in any ordinary way, but decided to go overland and by a circuitous and difficult route. He began his journey, therefore, by travelling to Batoum on the Black Sea, but, landing in the middle of a political insurrection, found communications interrupted and finally was glad to secure a passage to Trebizond. From this ancient Turkish port, once a great emporium for trade from East to West, he drove to Teheran, over 800 miles, passing *en route* through Armenia, the southern spurs of the Caucasus, and the northern provinces of Azerbeijan and Kasvin. From Teheran the journey proper began, with a caravan of camels, and very soon the great Salt Desert was reached and skirted to the south. Few travellers would have cared to extend the experience, but Sven Hedin made a detour on purpose to sample the Kevir (Salt Desert) more fully. After adding about 200 miles to his travels in this way he continued a zig-zagging course south-east until he struck the British outpost at Nasretabad, in Seistan. Sending back his caravan and the two Cossacks lent him in Persia, he continued his journey along the monotonous foot-tracks of Baluchistan to Nushki, where a railway train took the place of camels and dromedaries and carried the traveller back to civilisation again before he once more plunged into Tibet.

It must be confessed at once that this book is by far the least interesting and important that Dr. Sven Hedin has published. From the point of view of geographical research there was little to be done in a region which has been crossed and recrossed by many competent travellers from Marco Polo down to Major Sykes. But, quite apart from this, the method employed by the author does not lend itself to interesting narrative, for the book is apparently made up from a copious diary, into which all the smallest events of the day are religiously entered. Every traveller knows the importance which trifles assume when viewed as part of a long, monotonous journey, but the result of such a photographic method is a book which is too long, diffuse and full of small beer to appeal to the general reader, while even the student will hardly have time to wade through masses of unimportant detail for the sake of those very careful, precise, and often valuable observations which Dr Hedin never fails to make. Incidentally, perhaps the most wonderful thing about the book is the fact that it was transcribed from the author's rough and often barely legible MSS. by his invalid father, aged eighty-four!

These criticisms do not detract from the fact that the author is an artist, not only with the pencil, but with the pen, and he succeeds in getting atmosphere into his pages—it is part of his success that the book is monotonous, for the journey must have been excessively so. The spell of the desert, which many travellers have felt and few can describe is always on Sven Hedin. He never grudges the days spent in desert journeyings. Something of the spell is conveyed in the following extract:

"Two caravans are making ready for the night's march. The camels are brought forward in long rows to receive their loads. All the camel bells ring and their beats meet together in a single sonorous peal. How charming is the scene, how soothing and lulling the music, accompanied by the shouts of the men to the camels and their talk as they hoist the loads on to the bearers! There is something grand and imposing in caravan life in Persia, the long wanderings through the desert tracts, the longed-for rest at *rabats*. . . . The large bells ding heavily and slowly, smaller bells chime in, innumerable small tinklers give forth a metallic sound, and the whole loud carillon moves off on the way to Meshed. in two places in the train merry singers are heard, but they are drowned by the clang of the bells, which also dies away in the distance on the road to Imam Riza's tomb, worn for centuries by pilgrims and caravans."

* "Overland to India." By Sven Hedin. 2 Vols. 30s. net. (Macmillan.)

Not only the desert but the camel is the object of Sven Hedin's peculiar affection. Dog-lovers will always enjoy his pictures of canine friends, and there is one in this book; but, whereas they disappear and are given away without much trouble, he has the greatest qualms at parting with the camel that has carried him for three months. It is easier, he says, to part with men than with camels. Alas! there is little but this particular form of enchantment to draw travellers to Persia. The once great land, with its fair cities and gardens, its proud people and historic monuments, is but a wreck and a shadow of its former self. The author does not diverge much into politics, but he gives an interesting description of the late Shah, Nazr-ed-din, and of his son the ex-Shah (deposed in 1909), to both of whom he was presented. There is a tradition that the Kajar dynasty produces alternately a strong and a weak ruler, so that the little grandson of Nazr-ed-din who is now Shah may stand a chance, but it is not a very hopeful one. Sven Hedin had many opportunities for judging of the evil effects of a system of government which gives every village as a milch-cow to one or other of the Shah's followers or family. As overlords these are able to tax the wretched people at will, and the consequences are only too plainly visible on the face of the country.

In passing through Armenia the author was able to note the bitter controversies raging there between Armenians and Tatars, only varied by reprisals executed on the latter by the Cossacks employed by Russia to pacify this turbulent region. As the political situation in Caucasia was the reverse of settled, the Russians certainly had their hands full. Of the methods employed the author has a good deal to say:

"To Russia it is a great source of strength that the native inhabitants live like cat and dog, and are occupied by their mutual rivalry—thereby alone is the ruling race able to keep them in check and in impotence. . . . Whenever a dangerous revolt is hatched or breaks out in Caucasia, the authorities have only to incite the Mohammedans against the Christians, to lay hands on both parties after they have mutually exhausted their strength."

While questioning the justice and humanity of such a policy the author shows that, if the Caucasian tribes were left to themselves, their condition would be infinitely worse, and as regards the latter point he finds a parallel in the position of British rule in India. Among the weird incidents of caravan life in Persia is an encounter with a corpse transport.

"The Shi-ites believe that the nearer they are interred to the grave of Imam Hussein the happier will be their lot after death, and that they will make their entry into Paradise led by the hand of that holy martyr. He, therefore, who has the means willingly leaves in his will a sum of money for purchase of a grave in Kerbela, where the prices vary in differing concentric rings round the central point of salvation, besides an additional payment for transport. For the men who accompany the body on its last earthly journey are also well paid for their trouble. It seldom pays, however, to convey a single body for a long distance, so the corpses have to wait for each other, and only when a fairly large party is assembled do they set out through the abodes of the living."

The Kevir, or Salt Desert, occupies a great deal of space in the book. Naturally the desert proper is uninhabited, for there is only brackish water and no vegetation, but the edge of the desert is haunted, here and there, by shepherds who bring camel and sheep to graze on the low foothills. Sven Hedin comments on the dreariness of such a life:

"The camel and sheep they tend are not their own, but they are responsible for their safety. I cannot imagine anything more dreary, monotonous, and uninteresting than to pass one's whole life here on the edge of the Kevir, living on meal, roghan, and brackish water . . . for eight months they remain sedentary and see none but three or four comrades. What do they think of? What do they talk about? How do they pass the weary time?"

It is a relief when we reach another element—though it is only a mud-bound, reedy, inland lake. The dwellers



From "Overland to India," by Sven Hedin. (Macmillan.)

People of Alem.

on the shores of the Hamun have, surely, some of the most elementary dwellings in any semi-civilised country, for their tents are made of reeds, roughly plaited, and arranged to form small tunnels or burrows. Their boats are equally unsubstantial, and it took a large fleet of them to transport the traveller and his goods. At Nasretabad we get a description of the British consulate in a city devastated by plague, which provides an eloquent chapter in the story of the white man's burden. The plague which was at that time decimating Seistan is the Black Death of the middle ages, and, had it been allowed to spread to one of the sacred places of Persia, such as Meshed, it would have been quite impossible to check it. A recent mild outbreak in England can give no idea whatever of the ferocity of its attacks in countries where sanitation and hygiene are absolutely unknown. The British and Belgian officials who attempted to deal with the outbreak were subjected to murderous attacks from the ignorant people, whose *mollahs* told them that the Europeans were poisoning them with their medicines. The immunity from plague of the vast majority of those who submitted to injection was already, at the time of the author's visit, beginning to tell, and luckily the plague did not spread to more populous districts, but whole villages in the infected area were depopulated.

Dr. Sven Hedin is not the kind of traveller who makes much of the discomforts he endures, and he spares us, as a rule, the studies in insect-life which necessarily form a considerable part of the preoccupations of those who leave civilisation behind and wander with the primitive and unwashed peoples of Central Asia. His stories of the Persian spider are, however, unusually vivid—more what we should expect from the typical American globe-trotter than from a matter-of-fact *savant*:

"Then there is a large, swift-footed, hairy spider, probably a kind of phalanger, which is said to give a very severe and painful bite. It lives out in the desert, especially on sandy ground and on the boundary of the Kevir. Its curiosity is roused by light, and when men camp in the desert it makes for the camp fire. If they abstain from lighting a fire they may be sure of coming off scot-free. It is said not to strike for defence or out of maliciousness; but if a man passes the night in a lighted tent the spider may creep up inside the tent canvas and fall down on any one sitting or lying below, and to get a fresh hold it strikes its mandibles into any object it meets with, and if that chances to be a man's hand, the blood is inflamed by the poison. The people in Tebbes assured me that if a man kills a female, her mate gives himself no rest till he has exacted vengeance. He will follow the murderer even for 3 farsakh, and is as swift-footed as a galloping horse. He does not run like an ordinary spider, but leaps forward in hops. He never loses sight of the murderer's track, and watches for a suitable opportunity to deal his blow of revenge. Further east, and in Baluchistan, still more monstrous stories are told of the tarantula's watchfulness and vindictiveness."

Through revolutions in Asiatic Russia, through robber-infested roads in Armenia, through the Salt Desert of Persia, along the baking roads of Baluchistan, Sven Hedin rides, calm, imperturbable, observant, unhurried. All this, too, as the mere *preliminary to a great and dangerous enterprise* which took him for twenty-eight months into the Forbidden Land of Tibet. His is the true traveller spirit, and withal this little man, with his slight figure and spectacles, is of the tribe of the great adventurers, is one in spirit with Columbus, Prince Henry the Navigator, Magellan, Raleigh—the heroic figures of a bygone age. His facile pencil gives us many accomplished drawings, usually of types; but more interesting, because more varied in subject, are the numerous and excellent photographs, and best of all are the maps. The two handsome volumes have the disadvantage of being very heavy to hold.

Finally, lest any reader should be confused by the title of this book, it must be stated that the real "Overland to India," once again the subject of railway projects, does not follow the footsteps of Dr. Sven Hedin, and, while less attractive to the seeker after adventure, is a more promising route for those whose main idea in travelling is to arrive at their destination as quickly and comfortably as possible.

ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN.

WILLIAM SHARP—FIONA MACLEOD.*

It has often been said that what is called "the double personality of William Sharp" was one of the most extraordinary phenomena in the history of modern literature. This is an error. It is caused by magnitude of scale, a circumstance, not an essential, which is confusing to spectators by dwarfing out of sight parallel phenomena

* "William Sharp: A Memoir." By Elizabeth A. Sharp. 16s. net. (Heinemann.)

of more usual size but of even greater complexity. And these parallel phenomena are innumerable. William Sharp had a dramatic conception of a character whom he called Fiona Macleod, through whose mouth he was able to say many things, filling whole volumes with her monologues. Was not Shakespeare myriad-tongued? Did not the many-sided Browning make dozens of such people, whose characters are the world reflected again and again in the different facets of his soul? It is suggested that Sharp and Fiona Macleod were too closely connected for the fiction to be considered merely dramatic. But a man's conception of himself is as dramatic as his vision of another. Shakespeare made Hamlet. If instead of setting his speeches in a play, he had made books of them, a critical work on the art of the actor, a philosophy of doubt, a dozen other works whose latency in Hamlet it would be impossible to deny, we should find many commentators to say that Hamlet was Shakespeare's subtler self, exactly as now they say that Fiona Macleod was a more delicate personality than Sharp. Hamlet, however, happens to be obscured by his thousand kinsfolk, whereas Fiona is an only child, and one whose sayings and dramas have been chronicled at length. Perhaps not an only child, since it would be easy to show brothers for her in the William Sharp of "Vistas," and the William Sharp of the critical introductions to the "Canterbury Poets," both of them dramatic conceptions like herself. But, if not an only child, at least a favourite, whose relationship to her father has been mistaken through his indulgence of her. Shakespeare spoilt none of his children so. We might have argued some poverty of imagination if he had.

The material for Fiona Macleod was close at her creator's hand. William Sharp was partly Celt and partly Scandinavian. From childhood he had dreamed his dreams. A "Celtic Movement" was already in progress, a movement whose gods were those of folk-song and folk-language, whose prophets saw visions with Blake, and turned them into poetry with Mr. Yeats. In his own "Vistas" he had written things that were not foreign to the movement, and had felt in writing them some hostility between work of that temper and the work by which he had become popularly known. Why not let such work be written by some one else? It was different from his own, written with a different conception of himself. Why not cut them free from their past by letting the new writer have a new name? And with a name comes the life. Sharp doubtless felt that his imaginative work was more feminine than masculine, at any rate in comparison with his criticism. In this way was invented Fiona Macleod, who represented in the Celtic writer what was more Celtic than the Celts, who have usually some short past of denationalised existence to live down.

Mrs. William Sharp's admirable "Memoir" shows us Fiona, as it were in process of conception. It is a curious book, a Life of William Sharp and a Life of the character he invented, side by side and contemporaneous. It is as if Mr. Sidney Lee had interwoven into his Life of Shakespeare the biography and correspondence of Hamlet. The correspondence of Fiona Macleod is extraordinarily interesting. Indeed, it will be impossible for the future historian of the Celtic Movement to neglect the letters in this book. Fiona's own letters are a little too conscious of being the letters of an authoress. But those she received, particularly in criticism of her work, are of very high value to any one who would understand at once the mysticism and the craftsmanship of the writers who were grouped under a similar flag to her own. This, for example, from Mr. Yeats:

". . . When you use elaborate words you invent with less conviction, with less precision, with less delicacy than when you forget everything but the myth. I will take as example a prose tale.

"That beautiful story in which the child finds the Twelve Apostles eating porridge in a cottage is quite perfect in all the first part, for then you think of nothing but the myth, but it seems to me to fade to nothing in the latter part. For in the latter part the words rise up between you and the myth. You yourself begin to speak and we forget the apostles, and the child and the plates and the porridge. Or rather the more mortal part of you begins to speak, the mere person, not the god. You, as I think, should seek the delight of style in utter simplicity, in a self-effacing rhythm and language; in an expression that is like a tumbler of water rather than like a cup of wine. . . .

"To some extent I have an advantage over you in having a very fierce nation to write for. I have to make everything very hard and clear, as it were. It is like riding a wild horse. If one's hands fumble or one's knees loosen, one is thrown. You have in the proper sense far more imagination than I have, and that makes your work correspondingly more difficult. It is fairly easy for me, who do so much of my work by the critical, rather than the imaginative faculty, to be precise and simple, but it is hard for you in whose mind images form themselves without ceasing and are gone as quickly perhaps."

That is the most illuminating piece of criticism I have met alike on Fiona Macleod and on the prose of Mr. Yeats.

I had meant to quote another letter, from "A. E.," on "people whose lamps are lit and they see wonderful things, but they themselves will not pass from vision into action . . ." but "follow beauty only like the dwellers in Tyre whom Ezekiel denounced, 'They have corrupted their wisdom by reason of their brightness.'" But like many of the letters in this book, letters from Symonds, from Pater, from Wilde, from Swinburne, it awakes too long a discussion.

The book is not only about Fiona Macleod; William Sharp has also his place. We see him making friends in London, "a superb young man—a typical Norseman, as I (Mr. Ernest Rhys) should have thought him—tall, yellow-haired, blue-eyed . . ." who "told of adventures in Australian backwoods, and of intrigues in Italy that recalled Cellini . . ." and "appeared to know everybody, to have been everywhere." We see his youth, almost too busy for growth, too hurried for knowledge of himself. Few writers have been so incessantly occupied. He wrote books on Heine, Rossetti, Browning, and Shelley; he edited the "Canterbury Poets"; he wrote "Vistas"; he wrote "Fiona Macleod," and grew so accustomed to her peculiar style that he spoilt his own. "Fiona Macleod," whom I hope to discuss in a second article, *à propos* of the publication of her works by Mr. Heinemann, may or may not be his highest achievement. It is certainly his most famous. But, apart from the question of his work, there is no doubt that this book is the biography of one of those men whose lives are always worth writing, men who have known what it is to be exuberantly alive. Exuberance may sometimes mar an artist, but those who have it die young and are loved by the gods.

Arthur Ransome.

WOMAN AND SONG.*

To a just appreciation of books or of persons, there is necessary first of all a right understanding; and, so far as a book is concerned, its dress and address should go far to prepare that understanding. In this Mr. Thomas has not been fortunate. The title, "Feminine Influence on the Poets," suggests a book for which there is an obvious place, that is to say a treatise that shall seek to exhaust the influence of women on song. Moreover, the form and fashion of this book (handsome, portly, and of expensive price) come forward to suggest that this is even such a book. But Mr. Thomas's method is not that of the treatise-compiler; he is an essayist; his instinct is to hint and suggest when the treatise would exhaust and examine. This is surely unfortunate, for thereby disappointment will perhaps greet some readers who might otherwise have been wholly delighted if they had known what to look for.

In fine, this book is by a charming essayist caught perplexed. For he has schemed it as a treatise and written it

* "Feminine Influence on the Poets." By Edward Thomas. 10s. 6d. net. (Martin Secker.)

as a series of essays. At times this is bewildering, and more than once it leads to serious overlapping. Once at least it leads to confusion. In the chapter "Poets and Friendly Women" we read of Donne's famous marriage, and the lovely unity that thereafter existed between him and his wife, despite the misery of external circumstances that attended them. This is midway through the book; and we begin to wonder, having in mind certain poems of Donne's that celebrate a sufficiently uproarious youth. It is not till we reach another century of pages that we find this treated of as a separate matter, in his chapter "The Tenth Muse." But the story is one, not two. Each period of Donne's life throws a rare significance on the other. By setting the period of "To his Mistress going to Bed" before and beside the dogged penury of Pirford and Mitcham, the authentic and robust Donne lives before us, seeming a very healthy person. Dislocate them, and the back of the ship is broken.

Despite this, Mr. Thomas has given us a book that repays careful reading. An essayist by instinct and function, it is rather his business to be delightful than to be a discoverer. And he is delightful. It is for this reason that possibly the best pages in this book are those that treat of "mad



Mrs. Cowper, Mother of the Poet.

From the painting by D. Heins.

From "Feminine Influence on the Poets," by Edward Thomas. (Martin Secker.)

Clare," and the best chapter the one entitled "Women, Nature, and Poetry," in which this is contained. There he treats of much that concerns the very essence of poetry, and he has things to say, in his dainty aerial way, that are strangely illuminative of the very heart of things. As for example when he says that "poets are not merely writing figuratively when they say, 'My love is like a red, red rose,'" but "that they are to be taken more literally than they commonly are. . . . What they say is not chosen to represent what they feel or think, but is itself the very substance of what had before lain dark and unapparent, is itself all that survives of feeling and thought, and cannot be expanded or reduced without dulling or falsification." That is a true thing well said, and in its light the mad songs of mad Clare come to wear a new beauty and significance. Moreover, it throws a broad ray of transcendental light over all the whole volume of love-poetry. The poems, nay, more, even the subjects of the poems, become significances in a quest that is unceasing and eternal. Fanny Brawne, however common and unworthy, becomes a test of the eternal truth in Keats, making the Ode to the Nightingale doubly true, even though the fire she waked in him took him to his grave.

Its light on the subject-matter of this book is direct and therefore obvious. It is unfortunate that Mr. Thomas, seeing this, has not girt his loins for a voyage of discovery in this ocean through which keel of ship has never yet cut. His method has been to see it afar, and hint it. That he has hinted it in a fragmentary fashion, splitting the unity of interest not only in Donne, but in Sidney, even Wordsworth, and others, is a fault. There is another fault—that it is well to speak of now, so as not to close on the note of blame: it is that the index is not only incomplete, but gives not a few references that the text fails to substantiate. Nevertheless, he would be a fastidious reader who did not achieve delight in the reading of this book. It is not long, despite its bulky proportions and goodly price; and its style is adapted to its treatment, being far from spacious. In fact, it is not a book to stir the bright and exultant eye; but it emphatically is a book to handle and to read delicately and delightfully.

DARRELL FIGGIS.

THE WORLD OF LIFE.*

As a summary and completion of his half-century's work on Darwinian Evolution, Dr. Wallace's new volume is of special interest alike to those who are familiar with his contributions to scientific literature and to those whose acquaintance with these is not so intimate as they should like it to be. Bare of technicalities, and written in a popular style, the book will appeal to a wide circle of readers. Intellectually and otherwise it is characterised by a freshness surprising in an almost nonagenarian production.

About one-fourth of the book is taken up with the distribution of plant and animal species—a very interesting sketch of the causes and conditions of distribution over the earth's surface. The author observes that every detail of the wonderful modifications of structure, function, and coloration described has "been due to general laws in operation for countless ages, and that every minutest character, as they occurred through successive variations and became fixed in each species, had a definite purpose, that is, were of *use to the creatures which exhibited them.*" This characteristic of *use*, well shown in the chapter on Variation and Heredity, is viewed as an expression of the Mind in Nature for which Dr. Wallace craves the recognition of science. In the exposition of Heredity, Galton's numerical law of inheritance and the law of recession towards mediocrity are used to explain why men of genius often have parents who are not distinguished, and why the children of notable men do not usually equal their fathers in ability. Modern Mutation and Mendelism are lightly touched upon and dismissed as "hopelessly inefficient"

Dealing with the power of Increase as a factor in Natural Selection almost equal in importance to the constant variation going on in Nature, the author refers to a plant that Kerner says might (under the necessary conditions) cover in three years an area equal to 2,000 times that of the land surface of the globe. He further illustrates this factor with the case of Paramecium, one of the infusoria, which multiplies so rapidly that if it could keep on increasing for about two years would produce, in bulk, enough to fill a sphere *larger than the known universe.*

In another part of this delightful book may be seen a surprising account of the maligned mosquito's importance in the economy of Nature. It is in the Arctic regions, of all unexpected places, that the *Culex damnabilis* of Rae has its existence justified—in that land of marvellous transformation scenes where for eight or nine months of the year every plant and bush within the Arctic circle is

* "The World of Life." By Alfred Russel Wallace, O.M., D.C.L., F.R.S., etc. 12s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

buried in snow, which melts away before the approach of summer at the rate of some four miles an hour, and disappears in a week; where in other twelve hours the wood-anemone is in bloom, and in twenty-four hours the golden flowers of the marsh-marigold open: that paradise described by Seebohm, where perpetual day smiles on sea and river and lake, where animal and vegetable life flourishes, brilliant flowers and birds of gay plumage and melodious song abounding as in no other part of the whole world.

The last six chapters are more directly related to the first one, and are explicitly teleological: "Proofs of Organising Mind," "Is Nature Cruel?" "The Purpose of Diversity," are chapter-headings sufficiently suggestive. It is impossible in so short a review to consider the "New Teleology." Dr. Wallace's fascinating illustrations of design in Nature are essentially Paleyan. But both Wallace and Paley may be justified scientifically upon the basis of a true criterion of the nature of Intelligence, wheresoever manifesting.

WILLIAM BUIST.

VIEWS AND OPINIONS.*

I don't know how I came to picture Mr. Arnold White to myself as a self-opinionated, obstinate person who was always spoiling for a fight and never to be convinced that he was in the wrong. But that, I confess, is the notion I had of him, and I sat down to "The Views of 'Vanoc'" expecting to find them full of thorns that would jag and provoke me into frequent disagreement with him, but the very fly-leaf of the book disarmed me. For on the fly-leaf is a charming dedication to Mr. Richard Butler, editor of the *Referee*, in the course of which, having mentioned that the language and opinions of each of these essays were duly discussed at the editorial table before they were printed in that periodical, Mr. Arnold White says: "Where we have differed, and I have had my way, I generally found afterwards that you were right." Now the contributor who can speak like that of his editor is a rare and reasonable being; it is simply impossible that he can be intolerant, for the last man that an intolerant writer will tolerate is his editor. Consequently, I started to read these essays in a chastened spirit, and before I had reached the end of the book I had rubbed out that picture of Mr. Arnold White and painted myself a new and a pleasanter one.

Not that he is distressingly mild and soothing; he has his prejudices and meets you often enough with some strong and knotty opinion and tries to knock you down with it in a most exasperating and stimulating manner; but you feel always that he is in earnest, that he has really thought out his position and, right or wrong, holds it in all sincerity and because he has an honest belief in it, and not merely because he is pugnacious and bent on putting himself in opposition to others. He is genial and broadly humane; knowing his views on "the sterilisation of the unfit" I had not expected to find him so moderate, so restrained as he is in the essay on that subject; and he has gentler moods in which he discourses of life and books and Nature with peculiar felicity. But now and then, even when he is writing of Nature and the habits of birds, some burning question of the day will obtrude itself, as King Charles's head did in Mr. Dick's Memorial, and I don't think that if he went into it in detail, Mr. White could successfully maintain, for instance, that "supporters of the 'right to work,' to eat, and to breed might take heed of the parable contained" in his story of the owls and the voles, nor that "from the quarrels of birds the man in the cloth cap may learn something." There is absolutely no analogy between bird life and the lives of men. The beautiful working of the law of the survival of the fittest has often been illustrated by references to the animal kingdom. Mr. Carnegie, I remember, once wrote a special article in the *Daily Mail*, showing how perfectly it worked amongst birds. But that law does not get a fair chance among mankind; here when one of the fittest happens to be in embarrassed circumstances and resorts to violent but perfectly natural means in order that he may go on surviving, an unnatural force comes into play and thwarts his endeavours, and thus many of our unfit who have inherited or acquired money are enabled to survive under police protection. There is no police force in the animal kingdom, and that makes a lot of difference.

I am afraid I belong to that section of the public that Mr. White condemns as sentimentalists, for I object strongly to his schemes for segregating the unfit, not so much because such schemes are inhuman as because, although they sound hearty and masculine enough, they are so romantic and unbusinesslike: they are the ideals of a dreamer, a visionary, and not of the practical man, who really is, you will always find, a sentimentalist. You cannot hope to treat human beings as if they were vegetables; you can't just root up the bad ones and throw them aside when you consider them unfit. You have got to realise that they are as human as yourself, and take that into account. Then, who is to decide where the line of fitness and unfitness is to be drawn? If I were on the committee of selection I should insist on segregating most of our Napoleons of finance and quite a large number of men whom a majority of their constituents think capable of representing them in Parliament; many of these are much more harmful to the community than thousands who are unfit in other ways. So far as the poor are concerned, the sound sentimental, practical ideal is to see that the children of this generation are properly fed, sufficiently educated, decently housed and reared amidst healthful surroundings, then we may reasonably expect that the men of the generation after the next will be a more satisfactory race. We have no right to turn suddenly and make outcasts of men who are what they are largely because in the past we, as a nation, neglected our duties towards them. I don't believe in encouraging the parent who brings up his children badly to take the selfish, short cut and get rid of a nuisance to his comfort and his reputation by disinheriting and disowning them.

But I have left myself no space to say much of the many essays in the book that I have wholly enjoyed and for which I should have had nothing but praise, such as that on "The Feeling for Flowers," most of those about "The Way of Life," the five concerning "The Unseen," and the nine delightful papers touching on "The Enigmas of Daily Life." Coming to those on Socialism, to such as "The Mending of Marriage," and "Concerning Spinsterhood," and to the series headed "On His Majesty's Service," we are on strongly controversial ground again, and any adequate discussion of them would fill every hour of the longest Arctic night and an incalculable number of columns in a very large paper. It is enough to say that the whole book makes excellent reading; that Mr. Arnold White has a clear, vigorous, attractive style, is an independent and original thinker, is always interesting, and perhaps never more so than when he is most provocative.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

* "The Views of 'Vanoc.'" By Arnold White. 5s. net. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

THE BEAUX.*

There have been books on Beau Nash, and books on Beau Brummell, and books on Beau D'Orsay, and there have been books containing essays on various dandies—for instance, "The Wits and Beaux of Society," by Grace and Philip Wharton; but Mrs. Jerrold is the first to attempt to write a connected history of dandyism in this

* "The Beaux and the Dandies: Nash, Brummell, and D'Orsay, with their Courts." By Clare Jerrold. With Illustrations. 16s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

country from the Lord Carlisle of James I.'s reign to Count D'Orsay. Such an account of the English beaux was wanted, and we are grateful to Mrs. Jerrold for having essayed the task of writing it. "The Beaux and the Dandies" is an excellent book, and it is clear that its composition was a labour of love, for Mrs. Jerrold is devoted to the gentlemen whose manners and costumes she so graphically describes, and, indeed, herself bowing the knee before the masters of dress, she takes it ill that there should be any with soul so base as to refuse to do homage with her. "There is no doubt that humanity in general considers dress to be essential; and every normal person takes, according to leisure and opportunity, thought as to what is suitable and becoming," says Mrs. Jerrold; but, as she then proceeds to point out, the standard of beauty for one person is the standard of ugliness for another:

> "A man clothes his legs in pipes, wears a pipe with a curly brim on his head, and bends his neck with a hard white band which gives the effect of semi-strangulation. Then he goes abroad pleased with and proud of himself as a well-dressed, fine-looking gentleman. A woman places a bee-hive or an inverted flower-pot on her head, puffs out her chest like a pouter-pigeon, wears a yard-wide skirt tied round her ankles or her knees with a piece of ribbon, and totters along the pavement with a sickly show of self-content."

Mrs. Jerrold thus pours scorn upon modern fashion, and few will be foolhardy enough to say a word in favour of the hobble-skirt or the frock-coat, but when the author goes on to pray that "some new Beau would burst upon the world in sufficient glory and strength to induce men to dress comfortably and beautifully," we take courage to point out that the Beau has hitherto not inculcated the principles of comfort in dress: we dare even to whisper that the introduction of starch into neckclothes—a most diabolical invention—was the work of the greatest Beau of Georgian days. Mrs. Jerrold says that she has heard unqualified scorn poured upon the Beaux by her friends, "who carry their chins high because of the stiffness of their collars, and seem so unhappy about their knees when they sit down, evidently fearing lest the straightness of their nether garments will not be maintained when they once more rise to their feet." Yet if men do their best to prevent their trousers from bagging at the knees, surely that is a concession to beauty of attire, for is their anything more inelegant than a pair of trousers that bag at the knees? But on the whole, the modern tendency is to put comfort before formality in the matter of clothes, and to such an extent is this carried nowadays that I have seen a group of people go straight out of a drawing-room into the garden and play cricket without any change of attire, save the doffing of coats. Imagine Nash and his friends playing cricket in their afternoon clothes, or Brummell and the Watier Club set going for a country walk without special preparations!

The Beau made costume the be-all and the end-all of his life, and so he was of interest to those whose minds were similarly occupied. He was usually an ass and a selfish libertine and a gambler, though it must be confessed the leaders generally had special qualifications that would have served them to better advantage. Nash was a great organiser—in these days he would have earned a respectable competence as the producer of pageants; D'Orsay was an artist, and had he been born half a century later might have become the "Spy" of his times; Alvanley was a wit, and his *mots* would circulate to-day as those of a Brookfield. Brummell must always be mentioned alone: the giants cannot be ranked with ordinary mortals. He was the Beau of Beaux, the acknowledged dictator of society, and as witty as any man. Oscar Wilde must have wished he had said some things that Brummell uttered, and certainly Brummell said some things that remind us of Wilde. Brummell was asked to take under his wing a young man just launched upon the town, but the young man did not make headway in society, and some one reproached the Beau. "I did my best for him," said the great man. "I once gave him my arm from White's to Watier's"—a distance of about one hundred yards. But Brummell's masterpiece of wit was uttered when he was a penniless exile at Calais, and an Englishman arriving at Calais expressed great pleasure at seeing him, because there had been a rumour of his death. "Mere stock jobbing, my dear fellow, mere stock-jobbing!" airily remarked the broken-down Beau.

The Beaux have gone and they will never reappear, for the men of to-day have too much to do to devote their time exclusively to consideration of clothes. For my part, because they were picturesque, I am glad they have existed, but I am very happy to think that they have not lived to dress another day.

LEWIS MELVILLE.



George Brummell. **A Ball at Almack's.**

From "The Beaux and the Dandies," by Clare Jerrold. (Stanley Paul.)

TILLERS OF THE SOIL.*

I never quite like to meet with a poet among the characters in a novel. I don't know why, but I can never altogether believe in him; to me he usually seems to bring a touch of unreality into the most realistic story. Again, having a natural weakness for talking "shop," I invariably enjoy any talk between a novelist's characters concerning literature and critics, but I read it with an underlying suspicion that the author is making opportunities for expressing his private views on books and working off old scores, and that, on artistic grounds, perhaps those passages were better away. Not that I object to the critics being roughly used; I have my own opinions of most of them, and probably some of them have no opinion of me; but in real life I have not found that the general reader takes much interest in them, unless he has written a book himself, and then he naturally dislikes them or looks down on them.

Therefore, I rather wish Mr. Patterson had not made Lucien Kingdom a poet, and had not let him and 'Ola talk about literature. It is good talk: it does not happen often, and I enjoyed it each time it did. The poetry of Lucien's that is given is excellent, and makes me hope that Mr. Patterson will presently publish a second volume of his own poems; and it is perfectly fitting that the daughter of such a farmer as 'Ola's father was should take a living interest in books and talk of them intelligently; nevertheless, because of those unreasonable personal prejudices of mine, I wish Lucien had not written poetry, and that the two had not talked about literature. It would not be worth while saying this if the characters were not so admirably drawn; Lucien the clever, adaptable young American, and 'Ola a charming, practical, lovable English country-girl, are very vividly realised, life-like, entirely human, and the love that grows up between them and, seeming destined to no happy end, rounds off rightly after all, is handled with fine and unerring cunning. The farm hands, the parson and his wife, the local shopkeepers and gentry, are a series of brilliant and subtly realistic character studies, but the greatest character in the book, and one of the greatest to be found in any modern novel, is Abe Shuttleworth, the Yorkshire farmer who has transplanted himself into Essex, and it is the story of Abe that forms the pivot on which this book of Mr. Patterson's moves.

Years ago Abe had made the one big mistake, committed the one black sin of his life; and it had resulted in the death of his wife and the ruin of himself and another. Whilst that other, the woman Tamar, is serving a term in prison, he quits Yorkshire, severs connection with all his friends of the past, and with his only daughter, 'Ola, begins a new life on a farm in Essex. There is a large, epic touch about the tale of his struggles against cramping local conditions; his resolute efforts to introduce up-to-date methods of farming, to induce the neighbouring farmers to combine for their common benefit; and the jealousies, distrust, and dislike in which his independent, successful ways involve him. All this is written from such an evident fulness of knowledge, from such an intimate acquaintance with the country and the people depicted, that it grips and holds the reader's sympathies with an interest that is only secondary to the more intensely human story of Abe's private life.

For a day comes when, on her release from prison, Tamar discovers his whereabouts, arrives unexpectedly with her luggage, and calmly announces that she is there to stay. Her quiet, self-possessed determination baffles him; she remains, and when on the urging of his daughter, who knows all about that terrible past, he speaks plainly to the intruder and asks her to go, she flatly refuses. "No, I shall not go, Abe. If you turn me out—that is another matter. I cannot compel you to let me in, not legally. . . . No, I shall not go—like that." He feels that he is helpless; he could not forcibly eject her without scandal; moreover, he cannot deny that the past gives her some claim on his protection; but whatever charm she had for him is completely broken—he is nearer hating her than loving her, and apart from the promise he had made to his dying wife, the thought of mending matters by marrying her is repellent to him. So she stays, and thereafter through all the story of his fight against petty local obstacles and for the betterment of the people he lives among, there is that shadow of his old sin to fret him at home and haunt him abroad, with the hourly possibility of the truth leaking out, and the consequent scandal undermining all his influence, covering him with shame and making his bold and altruistic schemes impossible. The end is not such as any reader will foresee, but it is the right end; a natural and satisfying one to an engrossing and powerfully realistic romance.

The great scenes of the book are developed with a keen dramatic instinct, and the whole story is rooted in the inhospitable soil and clothed in the misty lights and harsh atmosphere of Essex, and largely shaped by the native crabbedness and narrowness of its people with a ripe art that has something of genius in it. There are perversities in Mr. Patterson's prose that might irritate the stylist, but he has handled a big theme with a vigour and triumphant mastery that no mere stylist could ever achieve.

A.

* "Tillers of the Soil." By J. E. Patterson. 6s. (Heinemann.)

MAKARS OLD AND NEW.*

There is little breaking of fresh ground in these anthologies. Nearly fifty years ago Mr. J. Ross published an admirable "Book of Scottish Poems," answering, as far as it went, almost name for name to those "makars" who have been included in the present collections. In some respects this earlier compilation was a more useful book than either of its successors. It ran to 760 pages, and was furnished with biographical and other notes, which are wholly absent from the newer anthologies, where a series of bald dates is practically all that is served up to us. There is no information, for example, as to who is who amongst modern representatives of the Muse of Scotia. For the earlier names there need be no difficulty, but readers will want to know to whom belong such names as Malcolm Macfarlane, and Thomas Pattison, and Henry Whyte, and Agnes Lindsay Carnegie, and Rachel Ann Taylor, and John Hogben, and Maria Steuart, and others. Good versifiers all, it is a legitimate desire to know more about them. The books, however, are full of charm despite this lack of the biographic element. Here we have, generally speaking, the cream of Scots poetry from the time of True Thomas, as far back as the thirteenth century, to "dear Andrew with the brindled hair," in our own day. Faced by such a superabundance of poetic wealth it cannot be quite so easy as it looks to compile an anthology. Both Professor and Baronet must have felt their limitations. But the wheat has been deftly separated from the chaff, or rather, as has been said, the cream from the milk. And this operation over, Scotland may well be proud of her place in the Literature of Poetry.

Only writers of Scottish origin have been included. This does not mean that the line of demarcation is drawn at the vernacular. Much exquisite verse wholly Scottish in tone and feeling, if not in sound and rhythm, lies outside the sphere of the vernacular. The principle on which the anthologists have proceeded is the broadly national one, rather than the dialectic. As Scottish verse, they assume whatever is the work of Scotsmen, whether in English or Scots. This is therefore to include such writers

* "The Edinburgh Book of Scottish Verse." Selected and edited by W. Macneile Dixon. 7s. 6d. net. (Meiklejohn & Holden.)—"The Book of Scottish Poetry." Chosen and edited by Sir George Douglas, Bart. 7s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

as Drummond of Hawthornden, Thomas Campbell, James Thomson—men who never fashioned a line of pure Scots poetry. Even Scott himself may fall within this category, for it was seldom that he couched his verse in the Doric. As was to be expected, the collections resemble one another pretty closely, the same specimens constantly cropping up. There is on the part of the editor of "The Edinburgh Book" an attempt at popularising his selections from the older authors. Sir George Douglas, on the other hand, approaches the text from a scholar's point of view, making his transcriptions from well-known recognised authorities, and in the case of the Ballads drawing almost entirely from Sir Walter, whose versions he considers "beyond comparison the best." The number of omissions is striking. Indeed, this is the one serious blemish on both books. How curious to find the poet and historian of the Border Country leaving out Leyden and Aird while including Pringle and Laidlaw, William Knox and Scott of Bowden. Surely that perfect gem of Leyden, his "Ode to an Indian Gold Coin," and Aird's masterpiece, "The Devil's Dream," or his enchanting lines on "The River," were far worthier a niche in "The Book of Scottish Poetry" than the dozen pages of execrable stuff devoted to "Jonas Fisher," Earl of Southesk. Unpardonable also is the representation of R. L. S. by his eight lines of "Requiem" only. And Sir George himself has many things better to show than the rambling, bucolic "Border Breed" ballad, racy of the soil though it is. The omissions, we say again, are peculiar and tantalising. What has become of Blair's "The Grave," or Grahame's "The Sabbath," or Pollok's "Course of Time," or Falconer's "The Shipwreck"? These are among the most notable Scots classics, albeit in English. One marvels, too, that in one of the volumes no place has been found for Robert Gilfillan, or Thomas Lyle, or William Thom, or William Tennant, or Alexander Wilson, or James Montgomery, or John Mayne, or John Lowe, or Joanna Baillie, or Elizabeth Hamilton, or Mrs. Grant of Laggan, all of whom have written at least one imperishable set of verses. Manifestly all who go by the name of bard could not be included; but the omission of the names just mentioned is palpable enough. Still, "it's gey an' easy cavilling," as Stevenson would have said, and spite of disappointments, the anthologies are not at all badly done, and they constitute a compendium of singular interest and pleasure to all good Scots, and to lovers of Scotland everywhere.

W. S. Crockett.

HISTORY IN THE MAKING.*

Many different classes of public men will be grateful to Sir Robert Anderson for this delightfully written book of recollections. They may not agree with particular conclusions which he attaches to particular groups of facts, but they will unquestionably recognise the sincerity and the earnestness that have gone to the making of this volume, his high sense of public duty, and the intimate and confident tone in which he has become entitled, by right of usage, to speak of stirring public events that have never yet been set in their true perspective of national interest and importance. Sir Robert Anderson's life has been spent wisely and generously in a great round of public activities and secret dangers, and it is only when you reach his closing chapter and reflect on the pictures of a strenuous and busy life he has passed so rapidly before your eyes that you possibly for the first time recognise what it means to be a faithful and conscientious servant of the public engaged in Secret Service work.

Politicians talk lightly about our Secret Service operations when no gaunt terror stalks about the land. In the House of Commons to-day the vote is usually received with a certain amount of chastened dislike or ill-natured banter, but if we carry our recollections back to the times when the Fenians were real palpable figures of mystery and mischief (I lived in Dublin at the time and remember what my mother suffered), we shall get into the true atmosphere in which Sir Robert Anderson lived and worked; we shall catch something of the excitement that attended the deliberations of the then Home Secretary and the Cabinet; and once again we shall feel something of that vibrating thrill of horror that swept over this country at the time of the Phœnix Park murders and the Clerkenwell Explosion.

There is a good deal left unwritten about the official side of Irish politics, more than can be told with safety at the present juncture. Again and again in the stories that Sir Robert Anderson tells in this book about the traffic in arms and explosives you catch hints at developments that never swing adequately into the limelight, yet, on the other hand, the story of those troublous emotional days is never ill or clumsily done. Sir Robert Anderson always goes fairly before us with a lantern illumined by knowledge, experience, and a shrewd and penetrating personality, and so, as we have said, many public men will be glad to ponder on its pages—politicians who remember those hot feverish Fenian times too well, or too little; men of Trinity College, Dublin, who wonder how one of their number contrived to distinguish himself in so strange yet so responsible a sphere of the English Civil Service; lawyers and detectives who look back to his rule at the Criminal Investigation Department with pleasure and gratitude: and many, many others. To the general reader, of course, this work will be welcome purely on its merits as a book of recollections, for within the range in which he has carefully ringed himself Sir Robert Anderson is, in the revelations he gives of a little-known department of public life, extraordinarily vital, informing, and candid.

Stanhope W. Sprigg.

* "The Lighter Side of my Official Life." By Sir Robert Anderson, K.C.B. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

FANCY FARM.*

Nobody could accuse Mr. Munro of being unduly conceited when he declares at the very outset of this novel that he is going to record the diverting experiment of Sir Andrew Schaw to train the Ideal Wife. In every way he is as good as his word. Sir Andrew himself—or Captain Cutlass, as he is familiarly termed—is a most whimsical character, who combines in a bewildering fashion the most unpractical and at the same time the soundest commonsense notions, in accordance with which he acts just as the fancy takes him. We get a pretty shrewd notion of what we are to expect when we find that Sir Andrew, who is now a widower, married his first wife under a complete misunderstanding, having proposed by telegraph to one of two sisters while he was under the delusion that he was courting the other. Undaunted by this mishap Sir Andrew announces his desire for a second wife, and his recently emancipated ward Norah immediately and in secret takes steps to provide him with the required article by inviting to the house a school-friend of her own. Complications promptly ensue. Sir Andrew, beaten in a curling match by the post-boy, undertakes to assume his duties for one night, and in that capacity drives to his own house not the young lady who is destined for him, but her companion, Penelope Colquhoun. The situation thus briefly outlined lends itself, of course, to vast possibilities. Sir Andrew, as may be guessed, becomes deeply interested in his "fare," persuades her to remain as companion to Norah, and endeavours to mould her as far as possible into a likeness to that young lady. The whole neighbourhood naturally concludes that Penelope is to marry the baronet, with the single exception of one Miss Birrell. "Stop you!" she says. "Stop you! and Sir Andrew will surprise you!"—

* "Fancy Farm." By Neil Munro. 6s. (Blackwood.)

a fairly safe pronouncement considering Sir Andrew's character and one not unworthy of the Delphic oracle.

As it turns out Miss Birrell is right and everybody else is wrong. Penelope learns by chance what is being said by the neighbours and she promptly revolts against the notion that she is being moulded to a pattern, even though it may be elegant and pleasing to her friends. She sickens at the thought that all her recently acquired accomplishments such as riding, dancing, fencing, the cultivation of a more subdued deportment and tone of voice have been forced upon her with this object in view and at the expense of her own individuality. In a word Sir Andrew's schemes crash to the ground just as surely as did those of Sir Austin Feverel, and we never like Penelope better than at this moment when her eyes are at length opened. The conclusion is, of course, obvious. Sir Andrew marries Norah after all, and Penelope becomes the wife of Mr. Reginald Maurice, who, thanks in no small measure to her frank criticism of his verses, has very wisely abandoned the rôle of a minor poet for that of an active partner in a big shipbuilding firm.



Caricatures of the "Punch" Staff.

Thackeray in left top corner, below him Mark Lemon and Douglas Jerrold.
From "Douglas Jerrold and *Punch*," by Walter Jerrold. (Macmillan.)

Readers of "Fancy Farm" will, we feel sure, find every satisfaction in this working-out of Mr. Munro's entertaining story. Despite the prominence into which she is thrust, Penelope is not nearly so sympathetic and so lovable a character as Norah. All the forcible and original sayings which are put into Penelope's mouth fail somehow to convince us and we are left cold by them. With Norah it is quite otherwise; and we can only account for Sir Andrew having remained blind to her essential superiority for so long a time by the presumption that he had not acquainted himself with the lessons of "The Blue Bird." In addition to the leading characters whom we have named, Mr. Munro has added several of minor importance who are thoroughly skilfully drawn, and the book is made up of many quaint episodes and expressions of pawky humour which should serve to increase the author's reputation as an observer of Scottish life and customs.

M. H. H. Macartney.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.*

Douglas Jerrold's reputation is cut to the same pattern as Dr. Johnson's, but smaller. Neither in person nor in personality was he so large a man as the Doctor, but like Johnson he talked better than he wrote, and as a result he is more famous than his books; we know him less now through his own works than through the works of others. He said immortal things, but could not write them. Touching on his death, the *Quarterly Review* remarked, "In the brightest sallies of conversational wit he has no surviving equal," and one who knew him well wrote, in describing the brilliance of his talk, "He sparkled wherever you touched him, like the sea at night."

Nevertheless, with Jerrold as with Johnson, though the man was greater than the author, the author was great enough to be well worth knowing, and if you have never made the acquaintance of his books you have missed a good deal of varied and excellent reading. In his own day, as dramatist, novelist, and miscellaneous writer he enjoyed an extraordinary popularity; competent critics, as his grandson, Mr. Walter Jerrold, here reminds us, did not hesitate to couple his name with Thackeray's, and there were times when Thackeray took his rivalry so seriously as to be jealous of him. His "Black-eyed Susan" was a phenomenal success and held the stage for years; his "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures" made the world laugh almost as much and as widely as "Pickwick" had done a little earlier; "The Story of a Feather" is the tenderest and most charming of his stories; but I think nothing of his writing stays more vividly in my memory than his bitterly satirical novel, "St. Giles and St. James," and certain of his comedies. His name was such a name to conjure with that it was found profitable to publish a collected edition of his works and serialise it in weekly numbers at three-ha'pence; but that was sixty years ago. The bitterness of his jests, the saturnine quality of his humour were the measure of his sincerity; he had a profound sense of justice, a hatred of snobbery, a most passionate sympathy with and pity for the poor, and a man so fashioned could not make jests in such a world as this without putting a sting into them. Even in the pages of *Punch*, when he is deeply moved by some social wrong or political jobbery you find him passing from jest to downright earnest with a vigour and burning seriousness that do not characterise our only comic paper nowadays.

In the long run, Jerrold's literary fame will probably rest on his contributions to *Punch*, for which reason, as well as for the intrinsic interest of the book, one is glad to have this full story of his connection with that journal and the work he did for it. Some time before *Punch* was started he edited and wrote for a short-lived paper called *Punch in London*. He was away at Boulogne when the greater *Punch* made his first appearance, but he had already been enlisted on its staff, began to contribute to its second number, and for the next eight years he was one of the most constant and voluminous contributors to its pages; under his influence *Punch* was uncompromisingly Radical in politics and became a power to be reckoned with in the political world; there was a fine ferocity in his humour, a biting earnestness in his satire when he dealt with such questions as the House of Lords, or Protection, and Mr. Walter Jerrold quotes some of these things that are as up-to-date and effectively applicable again to-day as they were when they were first written.

Jerrold was certainly one of the great men of his generation and did more to mould its thought and give direction to its energies than did many of his contemporaries who are now more famous, hence much of his best work was ephemeral—simply because it was concerned with burning questions of the hour that have long since burnt themselves out. He is a great memory; a man of strong individual genius whose sayings and writings are well worth writing about, and good to read about; he enjoys the rare fame of being as interesting in himself as others are in their books.

Mr. Walter Jerrold jewels his chapters with many of Jerrold's witticisms and characteristic anecdotes by and

* "Douglas Jerrold and *Punch*." By Walter Jerrold. With 25 Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

about him; he introduces also a goodly selection from his miscellaneous contributions to *Punch*, and in the second part of the volume publishes four of Jerrold's *Punch* serials that have not before been reprinted: "Capsicum House for Young Ladies," "The Life and Adventures of Miss Robinson Crusoe," "Our Honeymoon," and "Exhibition of the English in China." "Our Honeymoon" is a delightful little sketch, and the other three are full of shrewd sarcasm and quaint humour. The book is well indexed, contains a bibliography, is illustrated with a number of portraits and drawings, and is, in a word, thoroughly entertaining reading and a valuable contribution to the literary history of the last century.

A.

Novel Notes.

NONE OTHER GODS. By Robert Hugh Benson. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Father Benson is a novelist who always succeeds in interesting us whether he is revivifying the past or portraying the present. He interests us anew in his latest story, the romance of the life and death of Frank Guiseley, and yet he does not quite succeed in convincing us of the reality of it all. The opening scenes in Cambridge are capital, where we see Frank the hero of many escapades and practical jokes, arranging for his departure in consequence of a row with his father, Lord Talgarth. The final rupture is caused by Frank having become a Roman Catholic, and the young man—having realised what money he could by selling his college effects—afoot and light-hearted takes to the open road, determined to earn a livelihood by the labour of his hands. He falls in with a disreputable couple, The Major and Gertie, in the course of his trampings and so finds his way—pleading guilty to an offence that he has not committed—to prison. He is a kind of modern Quixote, having, for the sake of the woman, taken "the Major's" punishment; later he induces Gertie to return to her people, and is fatally assaulted by the man for whom he has suffered, and that just as a doubly fatal motor accident had made him Lord Talgarth. There is here, as will be seen, more of melodrama than Father Benson generally gives us, but it is less by its incidents than by its characterisation, and by the literary effectiveness of its presentation, that the story interests and holds us. In these regards it is a worthy companion to its author's earlier novels.

THE WONDERFUL BISHOP. By Morley Roberts. 6s (Nash.)

Mr. Morley Roberts has, of course, long been known—when occasion offered—as a humorist, and here in "The Wonderful Bishop" he is at his best. The volume is a collection of five stories which are too long to be called "short," and too short to be called novelettes. The first four tales, of which the best seems to be the title-story, are somewhat similar in theme and treatment. Moreover they all carry out the indication of the sub-title, in that the scene of each is laid in London. The last of the stories, "The Child of Chance," is the one which we prefer to the others. Here Mr. Roberts breaks away from London to "the lonely and inaccessible vicarage of Little-ton-in-the-Marsh," and the longing of the vicar's two daughters for something to happen. They are just on the point of revolt when something does happen. A young man of attractive appearance, while descending a hill on his bicycle, loses control of his machine, and makes a sudden appearance through the drawing-room window. This gives him concussion of the brain, and on coming to the patient believes himself once again to be a baby. So the sisters at last have something on their hands. Mr. Roberts's chief fault is that he is sometimes rather too exuberantly generous in the matter of humorous situations, and some of his comedies are accordingly perilously near to farce. However, nobody can fail to be amused with "The Wonderful Bishop" and its fellow-stories, and that, after all, is probably the principal reason for their existence.

THROUGH THE CHRYSALIS. By F. F. Montrésor. 6s. (John Murray.)

Miss Montrésor's latest novel shows all the qualities which have already won her a public of intelligent readers. The end of the story trickles out a little. More attention to the craft of story-making would have rounded off the tale of Babette with a sufficient hint about her marriage to the loyal Siegfried. But this is almost the only flaw in a thoroughly interesting and graceful story. Babette came to England under false pretences, and Miss Montrésor has worked out with real skill the development of her character, in relation to her real father, her pretended relatives, and the pathetic, brave Mary Anne Tavey. The interest of the reader is neatly divided between the aristocrats and the poor, between whom Babette's existence flits. The women of the story are particularly well drawn, both French and English. But the heroine is the chief charm. The light colours of autumn butterflies, says the authoress, "are developed by their struggle to get free" from the meshes of the cocoon, and Babette's character wins its brilliance from her struggles to escape from the coils of a false position. The idea is pretty, and it is prettily developed in Miss Montrésor's pages. We sympathise with her annoyance on finding, at the last moment, that her original title of "Bitter-Sweet" had been already used, but after all, the present title suits the story better.

DENIS TRENCH. By Mrs. H. H. Penrose. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

"Denis Trench" is a very long book, and in some ways it might possibly have benefited by a little compression, but we have no wish to cavil at the work of an author who comes before the public so comparatively seldom as does Mrs. Penrose, the more so as her work is always readable and sound. The writer carries the tale of her hero from the age of nine until he has become a successful novelist. As we have already hinted, the book is not faultless, but the author's sincerity and the skill with which she sketches in her hero's surroundings—particularly the Irish scenes at the beginning of the story—will go far to reconcile even the most fastidious of readers. On the whole, we feel inclined to class "Denis Trench" as the best novel which Mrs. Penrose has yet given us, and the "plotless history of how he followed the gleam and worked out his own salvation" makes as worthy and as readable a book as is likely to be published this season.

THE WEREWOLF. By W. B. Beattie. 6s. (Stanley Paul & Co.)

Mr. Beattie belongs to a growing school of romantic writers who are discarding the tawdry conventions so dear to the last generation, and are developing an artistic and historical conscience. A red robe, delicate lace ruffles, and a suggestion of sinister conspiracy used to be sufficient "properties" for a Cardinal; a lurid countenance, a heavy riding crop, and vague talk of vermin-haunted dungeons completed the Grand Seigneur. Lately, however, there has sprung up a tendency to write what, despite the strange juxtaposition, we must call realistic romance, and it is under some such head as this that Mr. Beattie's novel must be placed. "The Werewolf" is a very tragical

history. Its title is the name given to an inhuman Vicomte by his terrified peasantry, and its story is mainly concerned with the adventures of a certain Jeanne le Feu, who is marked out for his particular vengeance. In Paris she comes under the protection of the great Cardinal de Retz, but even this cannot save her from the clutches of the Werewolf. In the last chapters of the book she is rescued from the Viccmte's dungeon by his own son, but only to die from starvation and ill-treatment. Mr. Beattie paints with a bold and unerring brush. His colours are vivid, and his figures stand out well against a sombre background. His character sketch of Cardinal de Retz is, in its way, a literary masterpiece, his picture of the Salon Rambouillet, though a trifle irrelevant, is dramatic and effective, but it is on the character of Jeanne that he has spent the greatest sum of his labours. His conception of the passionate highly strung girl, always hunted, trustful of deceivers, placed by circumstance in every false position, and still patient, gentle, and affectionate, is one of the most moving things in a stirring and absorbing novel.

THE MISTRESS OF SHENSTONE. By Florence L. Barclay. 6s. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

From a quiet, rather conventional beginning, this story advances to an emotional, even thrilling succession of incidents. The mistress of Shenstone, Lady Ingleby, pacing the terrace, receives a telegram from an old friend announcing his visit to her. This old friend, we soon learn, has come to break the news of Lord Ingleby's death at the war. Lady Ingleby had respected rather than admired her unresponsive, talented husband, but had felt a longing for some better understanding with him; and the horror of his death—not in battle, but by an explosion caused by the mistake of a comrade—leaves her lonely and broken in nerves and spirit. A long, quiet stay in Cornwall is advised, and she goes there under another name, longing for privacy. It is there that she learns what a great and absorbing love means, and in Jim Airth, who knows nothing of her real name, she meets her affinity. From this point sorrow seems to dog her, and she realises that she has given her love to the one man in the world who feels he cannot accept it, much as he loves her. As the story nears its end things happen quickly, and the authoress rises to genuine strength and pathos. The story is full of life and movement, and we are glad when we realise that it is to end without tears.

THE PRIZE. By Sydney C. Grier. 6s. (Blackwood.)

Story after story flows from the pen of this authoress. "The Prize" is the third of her second series on the Balkan States, and readers of "The Heritage" will understand the scene and the lines of its sequel. Danaë, the heroine, is a Striote madcap or rather wild-cat, but her adventures end happily in marriage with the English Armitage, though this end is not reached until a bewil'ring succession of adventures has been undergone. "Sydney Grier's" books never lack brightness and colour. The glaring chromolithograph frontispiece prepares one for what follows, and murders, kidnapping, and rebellion provide plenty of excitement for the reader who is interested in Danaë's semi-savage personality. The present reviewer confesses to a strong distaste for novels bespattered with long Greek names, but he must also confess that the romantic swing of the novel carried him over this prejudice unawares.

DOWN OUR STREET. By J. E. Buckrose. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

The doings of the folk who live in "our street" are related in an easy, pleasant style; and we feel after reading the book almost as if we had once lived down "our street" ourselves, so clearly and naturally are the various characters drawn. The book is light and entertaining, though the humour of it is at times rather overdone. It is a delight to meet with a person like Mrs. Bean with her indomitable cheerfulness and courage. Everybody must like her in spite of her blunders, her terrible hats, and her habit of doing the unconventional thing. She is full of quaint little sayings which she always attributes to her husband, although he has never said anything like them in his life. "As Herbert always says," she observes, "if you try your very best to make the best of it, you take the worst out of the very worst of it." "A clever person with no sense of humour is like a bucket without a handle—it holds things, but you don't get much comfort out of it." We could do with more genuine, good-hearted Mrs. Beans in real life. The author has a keen insight into human nature; she draws her characters vividly and well, and arouses the reader's interest and enlists his sympathy for every one of them.

THE TESTAMENT OF JOHN HASTINGS. By A. C. Fox-Davies. 6s. (Long.)

In his latest novel Mr. Fox-Davies once again introduces his remarkable barrister, Ashley Tempest, and that gentleman's ingenious assistant, the private detective Yardley. They again have a problem to work upon which is fully worthy of their powers; indeed, this time it may fairly be said to have been somewhat beyond them. The book centres around the mystery of a murder, for which no fewer than three different men are tried. The trouble is that there is an excellent case against each one of them, but Mr. Fox-Davies has set out to show the unreliability of purely circumstantial evidence, and show it he does, even at the expense of his hero. "The Testament of John Hastings" presents a problem which is not entirely unsolvable, and the book is none the worse for that, but we are quite sure that not one reader in ten will arrive at the correct solution before the author sees fit to supply it. We can strongly recommend Mr. Fox-Davies's remarkable mystery story. It is a wonderful book in its way.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF NIGEL BLAIR. By Florence Warden. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

"The Disappearance of Nigel Blair," as the title intimates, is a mystery-story; and it is as absorbing and thrilling as the heart of the most mystery-loving reader could desire. One may be sure that if Miss Florence Warden sets out to tell a tale she will tell it well; the way in which she keeps the reader on the tiptoe of expectancy and the interest keenly alive from start to finish in her latest novel is a triumph of narrative skill. She overcomes with ease the difficulties to be encountered when a plot necessitates keeping the reader in the dark, yet not too much in the dark, till the close of the tale comes within sight. The mystery here gathers round the Blair family—Mrs. Blair, her son Nigel, and a daughter. Nigel is in the habit of disappearing mysteriously and suddenly at intervals, and no one save his mother knows where he goes to at these times. One day a strange elderly gentleman arrives in the village where the Blairs live, makes inquiries about them, and by-and-by wends his way to their house. Mrs. Blair and Nigel are overwhelmed with despair on seeing him, and we are plunged into deeper uncertainties than ever, till the truth is revealed. There is a strong love interest, and our sympathy is won for the four young people who are for so long encircled by a cloud and find the course of true love anything but smooth.

MARTHA VINE. 6s. (Herbert & Daniel.)

The sub-title of this novel is "A Love Story of Simple Life," and it is the sanest, most normal account of "simple life" we have met with for several years. There is in it the plain, intelligent directness that most of us have loved

in the novels of Thomas Hardy; the canvas is not so big as were Hardy's canvases, nor the issues on so large a scale; but the slow revelation of character by a hint, a spoken sentence, a sigh or an ejaculation is forceful; the cumulative strength is impressive. Martha Vine at eighteen leaves London with her parents and brother and sister, and changes the life of streets and gloom and ugliness for the life of a village and a country vicarage. It is in these simple surroundings that Martha first feels love, and, after smarting under a girlish, unreturned admiration for the only seemingly marriageable man in the neighbourhood (who becomes her brother-in-law), is drawn against her will, instinct, and fastidious taste towards Stephen Flint, a countryman who toils with his hands, lives near to nature, and is looked upon by Martha's relatives as something between a labourer and a wastrel, with a touch of unusualness and individuality. This is a book with distinctive style and undoubted merit; and its satisfactory ending is doubly so from its inevitableness. To have left Martha lamenting would have been banal.

GILEAD BALM. By Bernard Capes. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

For the series of mysterious quests, the quest of the Wax Hand, the quest of the Rose-Ring, and so on, which make up this entertaining novel, Mr. Capes has tapped in a wholesale manner that source of endless romance—the agony column of a daily newspaper. Gilead Balm is a young Government clerk of philanthropic predilections, who reads with unfailing regularity the appeals for help advertised in this column. The unlooked-for acquisition of an enormous fortune enables him to gratify his desire to investigate and respond in a practical manner to these appeals, and an agency is formed under his direction, the most mysterious and alluring cases being dealt with by Gilead in person. It is unfortunate that the opening quest—that of the Sleeping Beauty—should be the most commonplace of the series; and it is not until the startling sequel set out in the final quest is reached that one can forgive Mr. Capes for calling his villain Winsom Wyllie. This name following hot upon the sufficiently extravagant one of Gilead Balm suggests at the outset that the author is laughing quietly up his sleeve, an idea which is strengthened rather than otherwise by the grandiloquent, elaborate diction affected by the courteous Gilead and others. Many of the mysteries investigated are decidedly ingenious, but Mr. Capes is at his best when broadly farcical, as in the delightful quest of the Obese Gentleman.

The Bookman's Table.

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. Centenary Biographical Edition. Vols. I. to VI. 6s. net each. (Smith, Elder.)

Various people are making a variety of arrangements for celebrating Thackeray's Centenary, but it was left to Messrs. Smith, Elder to adopt the most adequate and entirely satisfying way of all, and they have taken it in publishing this handsome Centenary edition of the great novelist's works. It is to be complete in twenty-six volumes, and the first six, which are now ready, include "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis," each in two volumes, and "The Yellowplush Papers" and "The Great Hoggarty Diamond," with certain of the minor tales and sketches, in one volume apiece. The books are prefaced with the finely intimate biographical introductions by Lady Ritchie, in which she tells from personal recollections, from private letters and family records, something of her father's life and much of how he came to write each of his books, and in what circumstances they were written; incidentally you are made acquainted with persons he used to know, and incidents and events of his childhood and early years that, diversely disguised, play their parts in his stories. Whatever may be said against the art of some of Thackeray's own drawings, they are so delightfully characteristic, and have become so inseparably associated with his tales, that no lover of Thackeray would be contented to see them replaced—many of them, indeed, could not be—and all the reproductions of them here are admirable. The edition will contain in all about five hundred separate plates, besides numerous other illustrations by Thackeray himself, by Luke Fildes, du Maurier, and other famous artists, and twenty-six chronologically arranged portraits of the author from the age of three onwards. The books are a wonder of cheapness; they are well bound and excellently printed, and so complete, to the inclusion of some hitherto unpublished articles, as to make this an ideal edition of Thackeray in every sense of the term.

THE VICTORY OF LOVE. By C. C. Cotterill. 2s net. (A. C. Fifield.)

Mr. Cotterill's preceding book—"Human Justice for Those at the Bottom"—was a brave and noble venture, and the word "brave" is used advisedly, because in these professedly unconventional days a new convention has sprung up, of which all sophisticated communities are afraid—the convention which treats outspoken depth and simplicity of ethical emotion as cant, and those elemental truths, which are the basis of humane civilisation, as truisms that are best consigned to oblivion. No right-minded man or woman could read, unmoved, the burning appeal of the earlier book; for it expressed that profound sense of social agony and injustice which of itself constitutes an actual dynamic power in the direction of reform. And this found utterance not with the bitter vacuity of a cynical onlooker, but in the spirit of an apostle who points to a remedy. Yet this later book is more satisfying than the first, for in its limitation lies an added impressiveness. Concise, concentrated, even reiterative, it brings a clear and fervent light to bear on those ever-present facts which we conveniently ignore as either too obvious, or too transcendental, to be so much as noted, and brings home to the reader the conviction that in those facts our very life is rooted, either for good or for evil, and that if we would reform the social fabric, we must not forget that the key to such rebuilding depends on each individual soul, as well as on the community in its corporate capacity; for the only master-key to reconstruction to be finally baffled by no lock, however difficult, is the key wrought of a wise and untiring love. On this subject Mr. Cotterill has a right to speak, for his own creed of universal brotherhood, as exemplified in his plan of life, is no shallow sentimentalism or cheap literary attitude, but a practical and self-renouncing faith which is daily translating itself into action. In questions of detail the present reviewer does not by any means always see eye to eye with him, and, while hating party methods, would probably at this juncture be found in the opposite wing of the political army—a fact which may claim the greater attention for this tribute from an opponent—but the moving force of the world lies not in method, though method is important, so much as in the divine energy which transfuses and impels it, and the same machinery may hurt or help, according as it is vital with love's tenderness, or cold with a cruel, self-regarding indifference. One of the most telling points in Mr. Cotterill's analysis—for the book is analytic as well as synthetic—is his assertion that the opposite of love is not hate, but hardness. Browning's Aprile knew that "even hate is but a mask of love"; but the true hostility is hard and cold and blind. Mr. Cotterill regards "Mammonism" and class-separation as supremely hardening influences of the worst kind, and is unremittingly thankful that his own years of boyhood

at a provincial grammar-school brought him into close and familiar touch with those not born into his own order, and thus created lifelong intimacies and friendships with the poorest of the poor. The closing chapters deal with various social problems and international relations, but with those controversial matters this brief notice does not pretend to deal: it is enough for the moment if the main thesis be emphasised, and the book be warmly commended to all thoughtful people.

YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY IN CANADA. By the Duke of Argyll. 6s. (George Allen & Sons.)

This volume is published under the auspices of the League of Empire, and is one of the first three numbers of a series known as "The British Empire" which will appear from time to time. The aim of this series of books, in the words of the editors, "is to give people, young and old, at home and throughout Greater Britain, a trustworthy, absolutely authentic description of British interest, resources, and life all over the Empire." The note throughout the series is to be absolutely non-political—"it is only a question of Imperialism"—and that an attempt has been made to carry this out is proved by the authors who have been selected to write the first three volumes. Besides the Duke of Argyll, Sir J. D. Rees, M.P., has written on "Modern India," and the Right Hon. John Xavier Merriman, who was until recently Premier of Cape Colony, has dealt with South Africa. Of course it is impossible to eliminate all politics, by even the most careful selection of writers, and the Duke of Argyll, while presenting us with a very useful and complete outline of Canada to-day, interjects a chapter on Preference and the impassivity of Great Britain under Cobden ideas. Indeed, it is difficult to distinguish this section of the book from the ordinary pamphlet issued by the Tariff Reform League. Moreover —and this is not the noble author's fault, as the book was written some time before the event—there is no mention of that sentiment for Free Trade which has been recently expressed by some 30,000 Canadian farmers in the North-West Provinces, who are anxious, as they have declared, not to let the poor of Great Britian suffer by a tax on corn. But apart from these matters, the Duke of Argyll has a deal that is interesting and useful to tell us. Especially does this hold good of his chapter on naval and military defence, in which he gives us a much-needed *précis* of the speeches of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and other Canadian statesmen on this now prominent subject. In an appendix, the Canadian Northern Railway is dealt with, and the volume, besides a copious index, includes also an excellent map of the Dominion.

THE DISCOVERER. By F. Frankfort Moore. 4s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

There are two dramas in this book: "The Discoverer," which retells the great story of Columbus and his discovery of America; and "In the Queen's Room," a brilliant little one-act play that deals with one of Mary Queen of Scots' love affairs, and was successfully produced by Mr. Edward Compton at the Opera Comique. Mr. Frankfort Moore's ripe narrative gifts serve him well in both of them. Too many of our modern dramatic poets seem to give their first and most of their attention to beauty or prettiness of language and the nice harmony of their blank verse; the chief consideration in a play that is to be effective is, of course, the story it has to tell, the development of its characters, and the strong dramatic presentment of it. Mr. Moore's blank verse is always adequate; it may not be jewelled with magic lines and precious phrases, but it is harmonious, strong, flexible, easily varying its tone and quality to suit the different characters; and his story is unfolded with consummate skill. The first thing needful with the dramatist is that he should be dramatic, and this Mr. Moore is; he so fashions "The Discoverer" that it is unflaggingly interesting as a story, and would undoubtedly prove forceful and impressive as an acted play. Unlike most dramas intended for the stage, these two make excellent reading; and unlike most intended for the study, one has proved and the other would as surely prove effective in the theatre.

THE HERKOMERS. By Sir Hubert von Herkomer. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

Last spring Sir Hubert von Herkomer published "for private circulation" a sumptuous volume giving an account of his family and himself, the main purpose being a study of the artist's father, and the relations between father and son. The book was enriched by 28 admirable full-page reproductions of paintings and drawings relevant to the subject. Apparently a good deal of public interest was aroused, for we have now a re-issue of the work by Macmillan & Co. Though reduced in size from the original edition, and containing only six of the twenty-eight illustrations, it forms a handsome volume, and cannot fail to prove acceptable to all interested in character and art. As the original edition was fully reviewed by Professor John Adams in the May, 1910, number of THE BOOKMAN, it is unnecessary to go into further details as to the subject-matter. A point of some interest is that while the original edition is boldly marked Volume I., there is no indication in this re-issue that there is to be a sequel. It is true that the last words of the book, "it may be as well to break the story of my life here," may be held to promise that there is to be a continuation. But on the other hand the work is certainly complete so far as it goes, and there is no suggestion of the broken shaft. Probably Sir Hubert will finish the book for his own satisfaction, and for private circulation. If this be so there is very little doubt but that a companion volume to the present will be called for by Messrs. Macmillan and welcomed by the public.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. NISBET & CO.

A too-little known hero, Colonel Francis Forde, is brought to our notice in a volume entitled **Lord Clive's Right Hand Man**, by Colonel Lionel Forde (5s. net). One of Clive's proofs of greatness lay in the fact that he knew how to choose men for the work he meant to accomplish. He certainly proved this knowledge in the case of young Forde, who had as yet given no display of his own powers. This volume makes stirring reading, for there was fierce fighting to be done in India and for India about the middle of the eighteenth century; and the chapter on the siege and capture of Masulipatam recalls Kipling's story, "The Drums of the Fore and Aft," for a panic occurred in the regiment and two native drummer-boys stood alone with an officer, and kept beating the Grenadiers' March. This book is a fine tribute to Forde's powers, and an interesting bit of lesser-known history.

MR. T. WERNER LAURIE.

One may almost say that whatever Mr. T. Francis Bumpus does not know about cathedrals is not worth knowing. Out of a dozen volumes in "The Cathedral Series" seven stand to his credit alone. His new volume, **The Cathedrals of Northern France** (6s. net), has all the merits of his usual style; it is accurate, interesting, concise without appearing limited, correct without numbing the general reader with a surfeit of technicalities, and is most delicately illustrated.

MESSRS. DIGBY, LONG & CO.

From Messrs. Digby, Long come two very readable novels. In **Desborough's Wife** (6s.) Mrs. L. T. Meade tells a good story —exciting, but not too sensational—in her best manner. The background of Irish country life is well sketched in, and as usual the author has not forgotten to develop her love-interest in a most thorough manner.

The House of Horror (6s.) lives up to its title, and introduces the reader to a maze of plots, counter-plots, Anarchist rumours, and marvellous motor-cars. And even if the hero does sometimes

The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 234. Vol. XXXIX. Subscription rate 8s. per annum post free. MARCH, 1911. Price Sixpence. Published Monthly.

CONTENTS.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

The April Bookman will combine a Spring Double Number and Thackeray Centenary Number in one. It will contain special articles on Thackeray by Professor Saintsbury, and on the London and London Society of Thackeray's time by Lewis Melville.

We are indebted to Mr. Frank Palmer for kindly permitting us to reproduce the portrait of Mr. Arnold Bennett that we give this month as our Presentation Plate.

Fiction may not be stranger than fact, but it is sometimes stronger. If you go to Rochester they will show you the bedroom in which Mr. Pickwick slept, and Mr. Hardy has restored the boundaries of Wessex, though the map-makers no longer show them. In similar fashion, Mr. Arnold Bennett in several of his books has given to the Staffordshire Potteries the collective name of "The Five Towns." It is a title of his own invention, and not the proper name of the district; nevertheless, in other books, and in the district itself, the Potteries are constantly referred to now by that name. In "The New Machiavelli," for instance, Mr. H. G. Wells lays several important scenes in what he calls "The Five Towns," and sometimes calls the town of Burslem by its correct name, and sometimes by Mr. Bennett's adaptation of it—Bursley. It is a tribute to the virility of a novelist's work when his fictions can thus impose themselves upon us, and be tacitly accepted as matters of fact.

"The Old Wives' Tale," which many critics consider is Mr. Arnold Bennett's finest work, is published in the United States by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, who now publish in New York as well as in London, and they have just issued it in this country in their library of two-shilling net novels.

Mr. Arnold Bennett's novels have been published by various publishers—his latest, "The Card," by Messrs. Methuen. His miscellaneous books, "How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day," "The Human Machine," and "Literary Taste and How to Form It," are issued by Mr. Frank Palmer, who also publishes his two plays, "Cupid and Common Sense" and "What the Public Wants."

Mr. Compton Mackenzie, whose first novel, "The Passionate Elopement," published by Mr. Martin Secker, has met with such immediate success, is the son of Mr. Edward Compton, the actor, and his wife, who is best known as Miss Virginia Bateman (sister of "Leah" Bateman). He probably inherits his literary ability from his great-grand-mother's family, to which Addington Symonds belonged. "George Paston" (Miss E. M. Symonds) is a distant kinswoman of his; and his uncle, Mr. C. G. Compton, wrote several novels. Mr. Compton Mackenzie is an Oxford man; he was at Magdalen from 1901 to 1904, and acted as business manager of the O.U.D.S. He edited "The Oxford Point of View," to which Desmond Coke, Hugh de Selincourt, and Christopher Stone contributed. In 1906 a comedy of his, "The Gentleman in Grey," was produced at the Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh; and he wrote most of the "Revue" which Mr. H. G. Pelissier produced at the Alhambra last December. It is interesting to know that "The Passionate Elopement" was declined by seven publishers before it came into the hands of Mr. Secker, and it sold so well that within less than three weeks from the date of its publication it had to be reprinted.

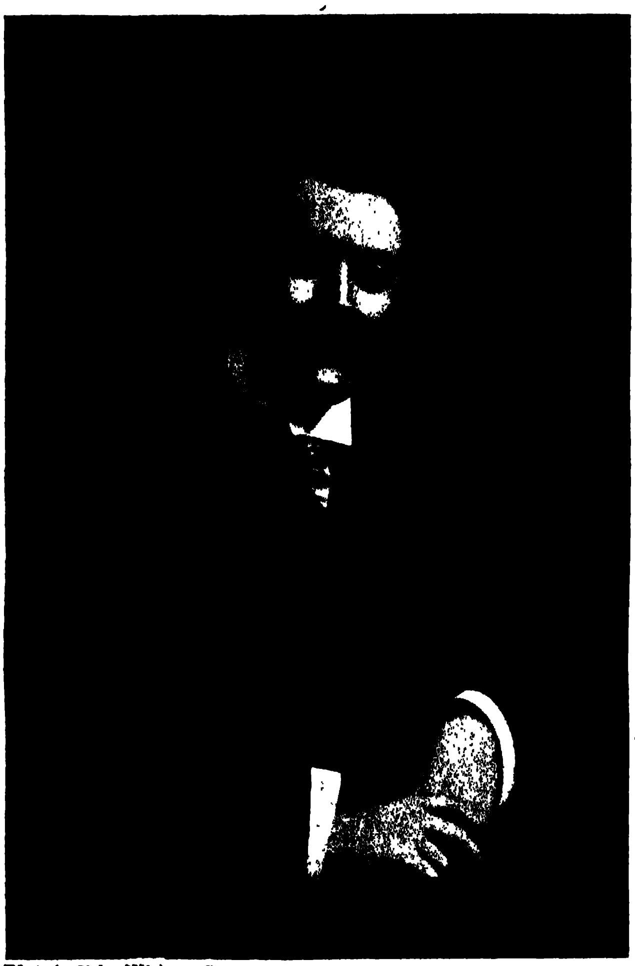


Photo by John Wickens, Bangor.

Professor John Edward Lloyd.

"Soul of the Snows" is the title of a new novel by D. H. Dennis which Mr. John Long will publish shortly. "D. H. Dennis" is the pen name of Mr. Denis Cox, who is a younger son of Mr. Harding Cox, the well-known newspaper proprietor.

Mr. John Edward Lloyd, whose "History of Wales" (Longmans) we are reviewing in the April BOOKMAN, is Registrar and Professor of History at Bangor University. His leisure for the last ten years has been devoted entirely to the preparation of this work. He first took up the subject in 1884, when he won a prize offered at the Liverpool National Eisteddfod for a handbook to the history of Wales, his essay being published in the Eisteddfod Transactions. From 1893 to 1900 he covered the same ground more fully in three simple reading books on Welsh history, written for elementary schools, and during the same period he contributed a large number of Welsh articles to the "Dictionary of National Biography." For many years now he has lectured on the subject in and out of College, and has written articles on it for various Welsh magazines. Mr. Lloyd is to be one of the contributors to the new volumes of the "Dictionary of National Biography," and is at present engaged in writing "Carnarvonshire" for the Cambridge County Geography Series.

Mr. Edward Arnold has just published a new book by Miss M. Loane, who has proved in her previous work that she has exceptional qualifications for saying what should be the right attitude of the public towards the problem of poverty. Her new volume, "The Common Growth," deals with such subjects as dress, hospitality, holidays, working-class widows, and choice of occupation. As a district nurse and superintendent of district nurses, Miss Loane has not only grown closely familiar with the homes of the very poor, but she has won their confidence in an unusual degree, and so has come to a sympathetic understanding of them that enables her to write with authority of their lives, their hopes, and their outlook.

Mr. H. G. Wells has written a long and important article entitled "Cement of Empire" for the first number of *Everybody's Weekly*, a new journal which appears next week under the editorship of Mr. J. A. Hammerton. It is a new departure in periodical literature, combines seriousness with humour, and makes its appeal as a magazine for thinking people, its list of contributors including the best and best-known authors and artists of the day.

Messrs. Dent have published two plays of Shakespeare, "As You Like It" and "The Merchant of Venice," specially arranged for use in reading circles. The books are edited and prefaced by Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves.

Messrs. Cassell are publishing immediately a new novel, entitled "Joan of the Tower," by Mr. Warwick Deeping.

We note with particular pleasure the announcement of a new book of poems by that veteran popular novelist, Mr. Clark Russell. Its title is "The Father of the Sea," and it will be published by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.

Mrs. Barclay has written a new story, which Messrs. Putnam's have in hand for publication this autumn. It is to be illustrated in colour by Mr. F. H. Townsend, the well-known *Punch* artist. The sales of Mrs. Barclay's popular novel, "The Rosary," have now reached the remarkable total of a quarter of a million copies.

Mr. Stanley Portal Hyatt is editing and Mr. Werner Laurie is publishing a miscellany in aid of the Duke of Teck's Middlesex Hospital Fund. Among the list of authors contributing to it are the Duke of Argyll, Lord Rosebery, Marie Corelli, Sir Conan Doyle, Sir Gilbert Parker, F. Anstey, Owen Seaman, R. H. Forster, Mostyn Piggott, Arthur Morrison, Walter Emanuel, and Austin Dobson. The book is to be ready for publication next month.



Mrs. H. H. Penrose,
whose successful novel, "Denis Trench" (Alston Rivers), we reviewed last month.



Mrs. Stanley Wrench,
whose new novel, "The Burden Bearers," Mr. John Long is publishing this spring.

Mr. Lee Warner asks us to mention that he has removed the offices of the [Medici Society and his own publishing offices from Albemarle Street to 7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, W.

Four new volumes in Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack's "Pilgrim" Series which are to be ready shortly are "William Morris," by the Countess of Warwick; "Dickens," by Clement Shorter; "Ruskin," by James Symon; and "Tennyson," by Benjamin Ambler.

Most of our living English poets have a very limited allowance of fame in their own country and none at all abroad. One of the few who are meeting with a growing appreciation, both at home and on the Continent, is Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. His latest poems, "Daily Bread," were published last year by Mr. Elkin Mathews, and are already in a second edition, and Mr. Gibson and his work have been made the subject of a long critical and biographical article entitled "The Evolution of a Poet," by the well-known Dutch critic, Willem van Doorn, in *De Nieuwe Kroniek*, a literary journal published at The Hague. Discussing Mr. Gibson's early poems, Mr. Van Doorn finds them largely influenced by William Morris and Maeterlinck, and considers it is only in these latest volumes that Mr. Gibson arrives at independence and complete self-expression. "Gibson begins to ask himself," he says, "what he really aims at in writing poetry and what his dead kings and queens can signify to

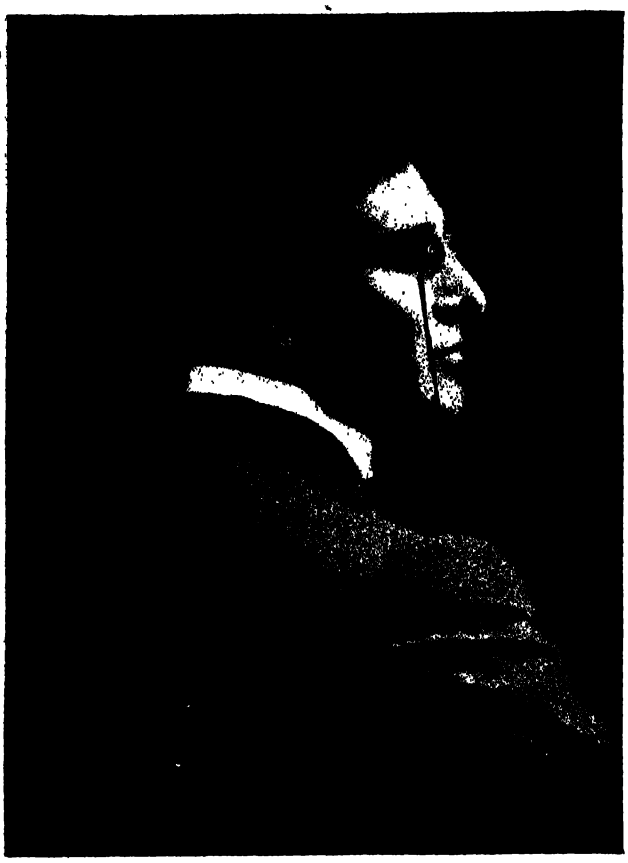


Photo by Talma & Co., Sydney. **Mr. A. R. Goring-Thomas.**

modern humanity; he realises that literature ought to be the actual mouthpiece of the actual period; perhaps he remembers Wordsworth's theories. His Urlyns and Averlaines could furnish him with only one theme for song—love; but in humble life he found, besides love, another equally potent, impelling power in human strivings and aspirations—to wit, hunger—the necessity of procuring daily bread. . . . The poet's daring now increases by leaps and bounds. In his latest volumes, 'Daily Bread,' it is little enough that remains of Urlyn the Harper. They contain a considerable number of dramatic pieces, emotional moments from the lives of working people. Navvies, miners, stokers, etc., are represented. The jerry-built tenement houses of a manufacturing town have not been avoided. The most unpromising material has been forced to lend itself to poetical treatment. . . . It is a proof of Gibson's powerful gifts as an author that his book, for all that its poetry is painfully realistic, does not depress the reader's mind, but raises and stimulates it." Mr. Van Doorn quotes largely from the poems to illustrate his criticism in the article from which we translate these few passages, and writes with an evident knowledge of English life and English literature that makes his essay as thoroughly interesting as it is authoritative.

Mr. A. R. Goring-Thomas, whose new novel, "The Lass with the Delicate Air," we review on another page, was born in Paris, and spoke French before he could speak English. His family is partly Welsh and partly English, his French connection coming through the Gorings, an English family that attached itself to the Stuarts. Ill-health took him for some years to Australia, and he has travelled and stayed in Canada, South Africa, and the United States. He tried a 'prentice hand at literature during his residence in Australia, and whilst he was in Canada did a great deal of work on the trade relations between England, Canada, and Australia, and always considers that he learned more of the craft of writing in trying to make simple economic truths clear to the merchants and traders with whom he corresponded than he ever did from his classical studies and exercises. It was whilst he was in Canada, too, that he wrote his first book, "Mrs. Gramercy Park," which was published by Mr. John Lane, who also publishes his latest story.

"The Kingdom of Dreams," Mr. J. J. Bell's new novel, will be published next week by Messrs. Cassell.

Mr. E. Clement Scott's new novel, "A Queen of All Hearts," will be published shortly by Messrs. Greening. The same firm announce another novel, by Mr. David Whitelaw, "The Expropriators," which has been running serially in the *Morning Leader*.

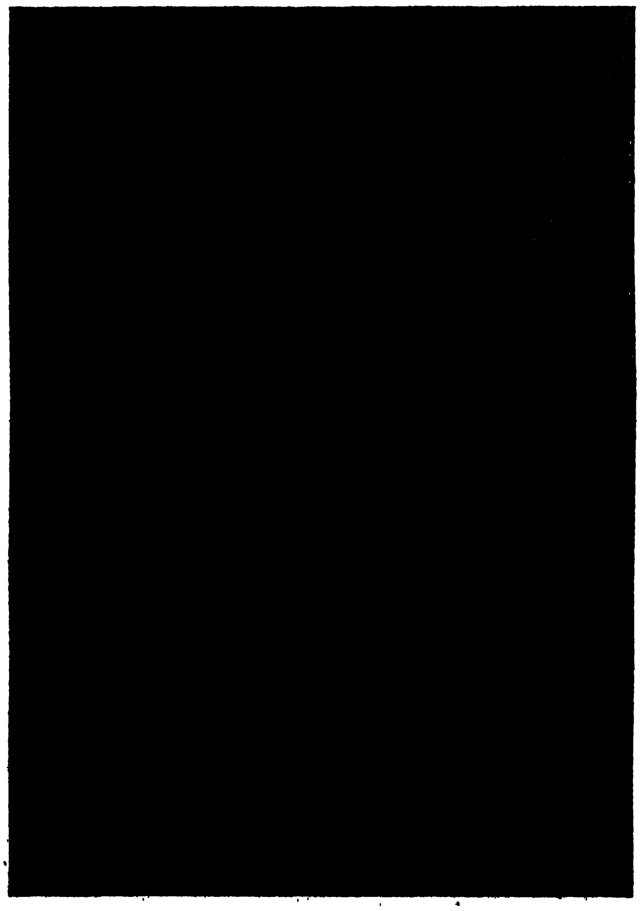


Photo by T. & R. Annan & Sons, Glasgow.

Mr. Frederick Niven,

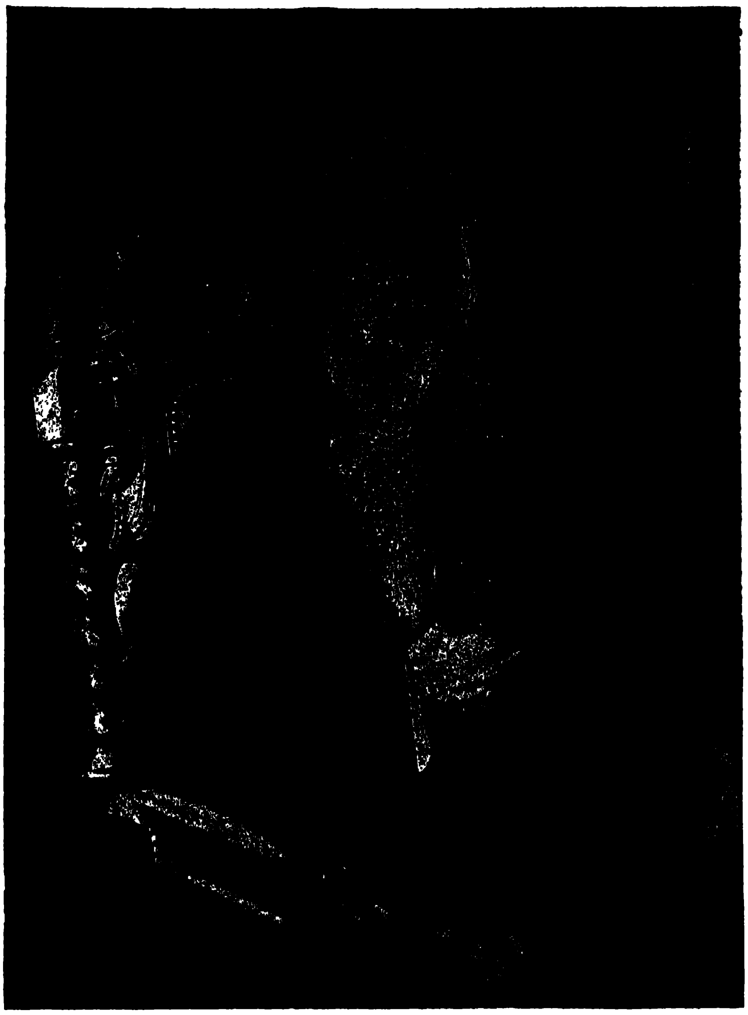
whose new novel, "A Wilderness of Monkeys," Mr. Martin Secker is publishing.

Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier are publishing a volume on "Non-Church-Going: Its Reasons and Remedies." The contributors include Sir Oliver Lodge, the Rev. Prebendary Carlile, Mr. J. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P., and the Rev. J. Ernest Rattenbury, who between them should shed helpful light on the vexed problem of why so many people do not go to Church nowadays.

"Round the Year with Nature" is the title given to a new country book by W. J. Claxton which Messrs. Routledge are publishing. It will be illustrated in black and white and in colour by Mr. Umphreville Clarke.

Messrs. Nelson are publishing, in twenty-five shilling volumes, a combined and complete Encyclopædia, English Dictionary, and Atlas. The first volume is to be ready on March 15.

We are asked to mention that in Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co.'s "Chesterton Calendar" certain passages that have been included from "The Ball and the Cross" are so included by permission of Messrs. Wells Gardner & Co.



Mr. Thomas Catling.
From his reminiscences, "My Life's Pilgrimage" (Murray), which is reviewed on p. 281.

Mr. Archibald Henderson is publishing shortly, in England and the United States, two important biographies. One is of George Bernard Shaw, and the other is an authorised Life of Mark Twain, which will be issued in this country by Messrs. Duckworth. Mr. Henderson knew Mark Twain personally for some years, and intends this Life, or, as he prefers to call it, this interpretation of him, as preliminary to a very elaborate and comprehensive work in which he will utilise everything literary and pictorial ever published about Mark Twain in foreign countries as well as in England and America.

Lord Rosebery addressed a large and influential meeting at the Mansion House last Friday in support of the movement inaugurated by the *Strand Magazine* to raise a fund for the benefit of certain of Dickens's descendants, by the issue of the Memorial Stamps to which reference has already been made in our pages. In the course of one of those gracious and eloquent speeches that we have learned to expect of him, Lord Rosebery strongly approved of the Testimonial scheme. "I like the idea of the Dickens stamp," he said. "There is not a man so poor in this country who cannot buy one penny stamp, and feel he has done something—it may be the utmost of his power, the utmost of his limit—to try to discharge the debt that he owes to the dead man who passed away in his prime before the days of great pecuniary profits for books, and left this immortal heritage to bless his nation and other nations of the same race. . . . The cause I am pleading for is an old debt, long overdue, which constitutes a stain on the English and American race, and which I cannot doubt that in this Centenary year they will be both willing and anxious to discharge." It is gratifying to learn that the suggestion has already been taken up with enthusiasm, and that an enormous number of applications for the stamps have come and are continually coming from English-speaking people all over the world.

For much assistance with the general illustrations in this number we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Chapman & Hall, Messrs. Alston Rivers, Mr. John Murray, Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co., Messrs. Hurst & Blackett, Mr. Martin Secker, and Messrs. Cassell.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MARCH, 1911.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

The date fixed above for sending in answers does not apply to Competitors resident abroad, except in the case of competition No 2 answers from foreign or Colonial readers for competitions 1, 3 and 4 (the subjects of these being the same each month) will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best epigrammatic verse in four to eight lines on Thackeray, in view of his approaching Centenary.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

I.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to A. M. WILFORD, Kimberley, Hallowell Road, Northwood, Middlesex, for the following:

THE OTHER WIFE. BY OLIVIA RAMSEY. (Long.)

"She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling"
SHAKESPEARE, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, IV. ii.

We also select for printing

THE AVERAGE MAN. BY A. C. FOX-DAVIES.

"He eats and hath indigestion,
He toils and he may not stop,
His life is a long-drawn question
Between a crop and a crop"
RUDYARD KIPLING, *The Masque of Plenty*.

(Miss M. R. Davies, 8, Duddingston Avenue, Sefton Park, Liverpool.)

ECHOES OF WHISTLER. BY L ALEXANDER.

"I pipe but as the linnets sing."
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*.

(S. Hunt, 52, Felday Road, Lewisham.)

THE PRIZE. BY SYDNEY C. GRIER. (Blackwood.) 1 and 2.
THE DISCOVERER. BY F. FRANKFORT MOORE. (Elkin Mathews.) 3, 4 and 5.

"Little Jack Horner sat in the corner,
Eating his Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum!"
Old Nursery Rhyme.

(Jess Pescod, Caxton Villa, Tring Road, Aylesbury, and Miss K. Fisher, 25, Cape Road, Warwick. Amy E. Hare, Elliande, Westgate-on-Sea; Miss A. M. Weir, Ladybridge, Arbroath, N.B., and Jean Davie, 48, Queen's Drive, Glasgow.)

LOVE AND THE IRONMONGER. BY F. J. RANDALL. (John Lane.)

"Ay me! what perils do environ,
The man that meddles with cold iron!"
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, I., Canto iii. 1, 2.

(Gladys M. Elias, Rosehill, Hindley.)

ELIZA GETTING ON. BY BARRY PAIN (Cassell.)

"Oh, Eliza! Dear Eliza
'Ow d'yer fancy 'Awkins for your other name?"
ALBERT CHEVALIER.

(A. S. Grant, Moselle Gardens, High Road, Tottenham.)

II.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is awarded to Miss CARRIE LEWIS, of 12, Trelawn Road, Brixton, S.W., for the following:

HOW TO CELEBRATE THE DICKENS CENTENARY.

One way in which the Dickens Centenary might be celebrated would be to establish a home for adult cripples. Such a home would be a two-fold blessing to humanity: sufferers would find shelter, food and care, and our market thoroughfares would be rid of unsightly objects of pity. Further, it would do good by helping to end indiscriminate charity. A fund for the purpose could be raised by public subscription. The cause would find ample support from the charitable, and it is one with which the heart of Charles Dickens himself, were he still alive, would be in perfect sympathy.

A good many papers have been received in this competition. There is rather a sameness about the suggestions, and no competitor has hit upon any really new or striking method of celebrating the Centenary, the best of the other attempts submitted being those of G. S. (Barnes), Mrs. Sims (Boxmoor), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Evelyn A. Pearson (Fleet), Mrs. H. M Creswell Payne (Roche), J. H. Langlois (Leeds), Arthur F Lunt (Liverpool), Maud Shields (Methwold), Emily Kington (Brighton), Miss Weir (Arbroath), Mrs G. M. Norman (Bury), Maud Findlay (Horsham), Geo Stevenson (Ilford), Mrs. Charles Wright (Sutton), Elsie C Daniels (Streatham Common), Mary E. Clifford (Sidcup), Miss V. Hursh (Hyde Park), Agnes M. Wilford (Northwood), Irene Pollock Lalonde (Bath), Alex. W Westmore (Liscard), T G McCabe (Wells), A. H. Mannington Sayers (Sheffield), Miss J A. Jenkins (Liverpool), and J. Herbert Brown (Hull).

III.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in a hundred words is awarded to Miss L. MUGFORD, Sutton at Hone, near Dartford, Kent, for the following:

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Among the best of the numerous other reviews received are:

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(Frederic Ferraboschi, 21, Lawrie Park Road, Sydenham, S.E.)

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(Kate Lee, 29, Butler Avenue, Harrow.)

We specially commend also the reviews sent in by Florence L. Bate (Folkestone), Mrs. Sybilla Stirling (Glenfarg), Dorothea M. Ford (Gloucester), Rev. Chas. H. Hodgson (Wells), M. G. Lewis (Wellingborough), Helen MacLeod Scott (Edinburgh), Miss E. Rippon (Hull), E. Percy Adam (Nottingham), Barbara K. Webber (Plymouth), Mrs. Alice M. Sykes (Huddersfield), J. P. Thomson (St. Andrews), Miss van der Pant (Folkestone), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Miss E. O. Browne (Worcester), Mrs. Creswell Payne (Roche), Sidney E. Bell (Wandsworth Common), William Morris (Sheffield), Jess Pescod (Aylesbury), Miss I. Swinscow (Tunbridge Wells), Gwendoline C. Perks; M. McDermott (Abingdon), Mrs. Wilfrid Thomson (York), Sybil Waller (Boscombe), W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood), Mrs. J. G. Bussell (Oxford), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Millicent Hocken (Finsbury Park), E. Clacy (West Kirby), Mrs. Phelps (Dublin), H. Allen (Hull), Harry Naden (Heaton Moor), Mrs. C. Ryan (Belfast), A. H. M. Sayers (Sheffield), B. Moore (Catford), Constance Ursula Kerr (Dirleton), Florence L. Stephens (Bodmin), J. B. Foulkes (Worcester), Beatrix Terry (Brixton), Irene Harrison (Bristol), and C. V. Hancock (Worcester).

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THE READER.

ARNOLD BENNETT: AN APPRECIATION.

By F. G. Bettany.

OPPOSITE the title-page of Mr. Arnold Bennett's latest tale will be found printed a list of its author's various works. It runs to an imposing length, and evidences a career of uncommon industry. Mr. Bennett is still only forty-three years of age, and had turned thirty before he published his first book. Yet he has already to his name a dozen novels, seven fantasies, so called, two sets of short stories, eight volumes labelled "belles lettres," and a couple of stage-plays, besides a collection of "polite farces." If to these we add two romances, as they are described, in the composition of which Mr. Eden Phillpotts assisted, Mr. Bennett's output amounts altogether to some thirty-four volumes. The impression of strenuous labour such statistics produce on the mind is intensified when we remember that all through his years of authorship the novelist of the Five Towns has been actively employed in journalism, performing for five years the duties of a dramatic critic, and writing even now a weekly literary causerie, and also when we reflect that the more ambitious examples of Mr. Bennett's art happen to be among the longest of modern novels. In the appreciation of this indefatigable craftsman which follows I shall not attempt to cover all the books to which he has put his signature, but shall content myself with selecting for mention representative specimens of his work in its different modes. If any justification were needed for this policy, it is supplied by the fact that not a few of Mr. Bennett's writings may be classed as journalistic writings. Some of his essays, for instance, offer information or criticism on matters of but momentary significance. Again, there are stories of his—sensational stories—which were obviously produced more to please the public than the novelist himself; I think we may rightly call that sort of fiction journalistic. It is good journalism, of course, for Mr. Bennett is never less than thorough in anything he attacks; but it may be left out of account in any consideration of him as a serious artist. His claim to be in the front rank of our younger novelists depends on a relatively small group of books in which, with a minuteness of detail that is curiously insistent, with a realism that is as meticulous as it is convincing, he has reconstructed for us the town life and types of the Potteries under the Victorian era. "Anna of the Five Towns," "The Old Wives' Tale," "Clayhanger"—these and one or two others are the foundations on which his fame rests, solid and secure.



Arnold Bennett.
From a photograph taken about 1906

It is characteristic of Mr. Bennett's self-confidence that he should have set himself deliberately to explain in a book "How to Become an Author"[1] (very sound and serviceable advice he gives), and it is no less characteristic of him that he should urge the novice to accommodate himself to, and compromise with, his readers. Certainly, if he was to square theory with his own practice, Mr. Bennett was bound to enter his protest against artistic intransigence. For, like Mr. Phillpotts and Mr. Wells at times, he has not scrupled to keep the pot boiling by such compromises, and yet has been able, like his comrades, to remain true to his ideals. His complacency, to be sure, did not lack cunning. If he granted concessions to his patrons in early days, it was only to impose on them his own notions later on. Not all authors can afford to take such a risk. There are men who must write in their own way, and cannot make any sacrifice to popular taste if they are to retain their consciences. There are others who adopt the course of providing the public with "what the public wants," only to discover eventually that their capacity for achieving any nobler aim

[1] "How to Become an Author." By Arnold Bennett. (Pearson.)

has somehow disappeared. There lies the danger of being too indulgent to the moods of the "great beast"; doing the second best may impair a faculty for doing the best—the material may react on the artist. Mr. Bennett in his time has written plenty of "popular" fiction, but he could always switch off his Muse, at will, to the service of serious art. His first book struck the note of high endeavour. It may well have contained, I should think, some autobiographical material. Though it was called "The Man from the North,"[1] it was pretty plainly about a man from the Midlands, and described affectingly the loneliness of a provincial, friendless amid the millions of London. But the next novel was frankly sensational. In "The Grand Babylon Hotel"[2] Mr. Bennett beat the mystery-mongers on their own ground. And yet just about the same time he must have been at work on the first of his splendidly vital studies of the Five Towns.[3] How has he contrived to keep the two sides of his fiction so long in tandem? Partly, I conceive, through his exceptional will-power. The most methodic of writers, he has trained himself, when at his desk, to act like a machine. Partly through his never permitting himself the least relaxation of style. You will not light upon a single slovenly phrase in "The Grand Babylon Hotel"; its language is as carefully wrought as that of "Clayhanger." Moreover, Mr. Bennett has the knack in his sensational novels of getting hold of spacious ideas. Thus, *à propos* of the Babylon, he makes his readers realise the huge population housed in a fashionable West End hotel; he shows them the finesse needed to manage such a concern; he forces them to apprehend imaginatively how isolated is the individual guest in such a place. So in "Buried Alive" it is no ordinary man who, according to him, lets himself be supposed to be dead, but a world-renowned painter, whose imposture sets all sorts of incalculable events in motion. Even on this class of fiction Mr. Bennett leaves his special mark.

But there is a world of difference between the stories of the Five Towns and the other Arnold Bennett novels. It is just the same sort of difference as divides Trollope's Barset Chronicles from his other books, only that it is more considerable. Indeed, we might trace rather marked resemblances between Anthony Trollope and the author of "Clayhanger" in certain respects, notably in their methods of work, the regularity of their writing habits, their readiness to turn out thousands of words in a day. Trollope, however, did nearly equal his Barchester stories in later works; Mr. Bennett is not the same man away from the Potteries. They give quality to his novels—depth and certainty of effect, roundness of characterisation, colour and vivacity, along with a hardly definable intimacy of touch. I have heard that a wit once remarked that he believed Paris was one of Mr. Bennett's Five Towns, and I acknowledge that the Paris chapters in "The Old Wives' Tale" are picturesquely done—the execution scene and the descriptions of the siege in particular. But I must own, for myself, that in reading the book I was glad to be taken back to Staffordshire, and felt as if Mr. Bennett gained renewed strength, like Antæus, as soon as he touched his mother earth. How much the novelist owes to the county of his birth I doubt if even he fully grasps. Happy are those authors whose lot it has been to be born in the maligned provinces! There, at any rate in the Victorian days, changes came but slowly, old customs and old faiths survived, eccentrics and "characters" abounded, the patriarchal rule and domestic discipline still existed, dialect was spoken, local pride and local conservatism were rampant, old institutions, many of them abominable, such as the industrial slavery of children, had not been abolished. The superficial distinctions between men and men were scored more deeply then than now, there was less uniformity, we fondly believe at least, in type, and with more squalor and harshness were perhaps more sturdy virtues. The novelist who was brought up in such a corner of England, and could either watch or learn from others about the narrow life of his own or his father's times, had an enviable opportunity. For it is the things unconsciously seen and heard in childhood which leave the most lasting impressions on a sensitive mind. Mr. Arnold Bennett's mind must have been sensitive, and his memory retentive, with the result that he can call up for us pictures of the daily life of the Potteries in his youth and in his parents' time which give the idea of being extraordinarily vivid and actual. With no

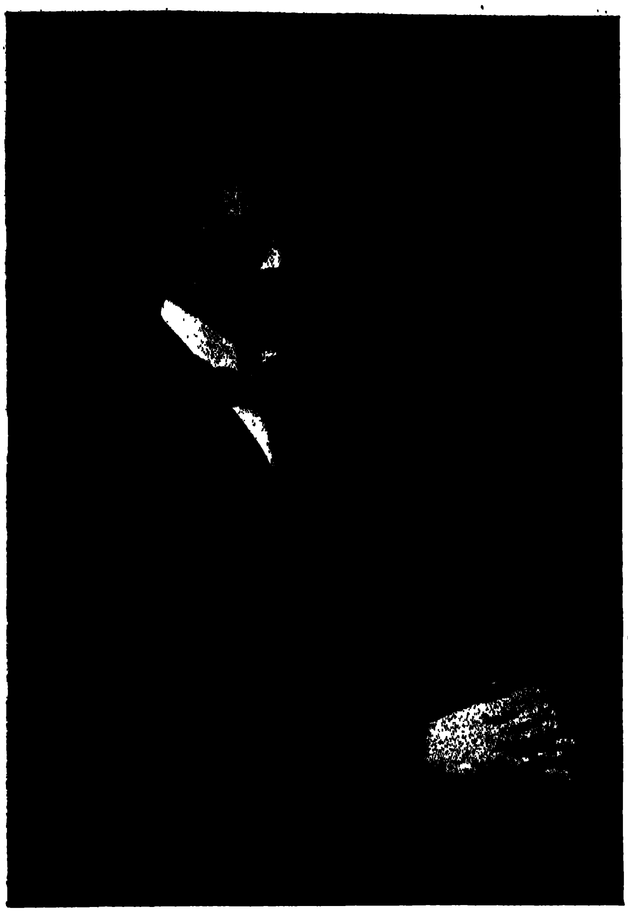


Arnold Bennett.

[1] "The Man from the North." By Arnold Bennett. 6s. (John Lane.)

[2] "The Grand Babylon Hotel." By Arnold Bennett. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

[3] "Anna of the Five Towns." By Arnold Bennett. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)



Copyright, Frank Palmer. **Arnold Bennett.**

A recent portrait.

other material is he ever likely to produce the same effects, for here he is drawing on records not deliberately collected with an eye to "copy," but carelessly accumulated in the most receptive period of existence. Mr. Bennett is indebted to Staffordshire for more than the subject-matter of his novels; from its stock he derives the tenacity and self-reliance and sanity of outlook which are revealed in his writings, as well as a rather odd vein of humour. But for his readers the main recommendation of his Midland origins is that he is able thereby to afford them a fresh view of life and human nature, to exhibit these in an unfamiliar setting, and, by a magic of his own, to make what to the average observer would have seemed commonplace and drab profoundly interesting and full of variety.

To analyse Mr. Bennett's technique is by no means easy. It is a matter of the multiplication of detail, and seems to betray the influence of Russian models. With stroke added to stroke the author proceeds till he has brought up before our eyes, first his leading figure or figures, next the family and shop or factory, then the street and neighbourhood and local society. But all the time you are looking at the microcosm thus gradually developed through the medium of one or more temperaments. Mr. Bennett will not be hurried over his detail. He insists on displaying every stage of the process that leads to a resolve or a clash of wills. His characters are sometimes a piteously long time dying—old Clayhanger, for example. In such a case as this the novelist is prepared to trace the development of physical or mental decay with an emphasis on pathological symptoms that causes the reader, no less than the invalid's son, Edwin, many a shudder. It would be absurd to style Mr. Bennett's method photographic, yet it deals with innumerable small things. I am not sure that half its success does not depend on the author's leaving nothing out. He is singularly precise and microscopic in his observation. He cannot take you for a chance call into a jeweller's shop, which you will never see again, without giving you an inventory of what is contained in the counter and glass cases. That is an extreme instance, but is tell-tale. In his account of how it is possible to become an author, Mr. Bennett is strong in his denunciation of the episode, yet in "Clayhanger"[1] he himself supplies a glaring illustration of what he has condemned. The whole section which describes with such pathos and flashlight intensity the experiences the elder Clayhanger had passed through as a child forced to work from daybreak in an underground factory, is wholly episodic, and *Punch* made great fun not so long ago, with this chapter as its text, over what it suggested was Mr. Bennett's habit of parenthesis. Yet no reader with any sense of beauty or pity would wish this retrospective section away, the more so as it throws

[1] "Clayhanger." By Arnold Bennett. 6s. (Methuen.)

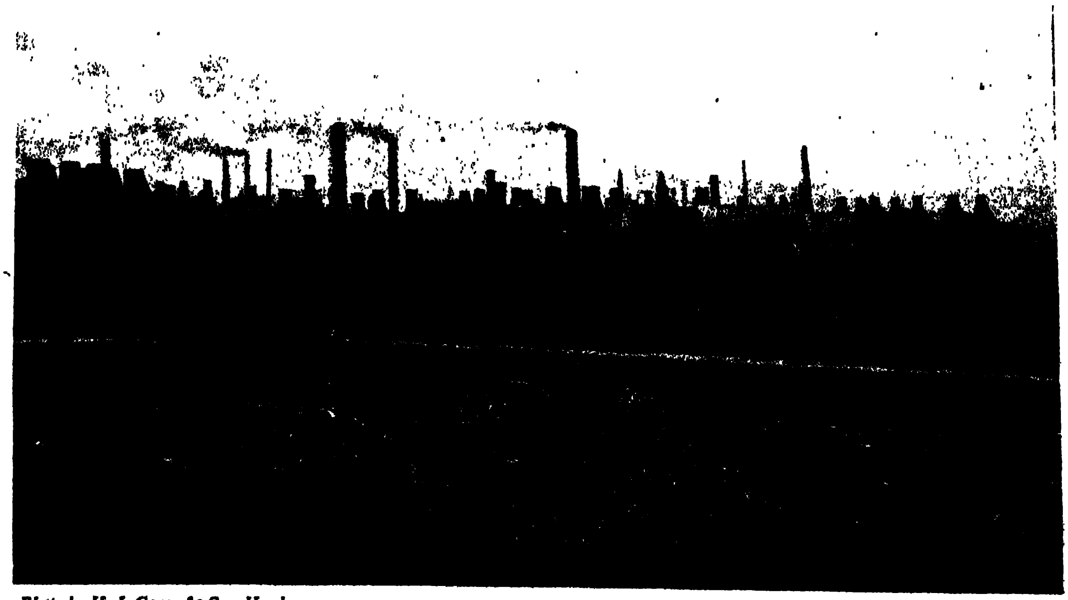


Photo by H. J. Gover & Co., Hanley. **General View of Hanley, where Arnold Bennett was born.**



Two Caricatures of Arnold Bennett by E. A. Rickards.

They are described by the author's friends as "admirably cruel"

a valuable and, indeed, much-needed light on the relations of father and son, and the jealousy the old man feels as he compares the joylessness of his youth with the comforts and education Edwin has enjoyed And that is a good sample of the difficulties which beset the critic who tries to pick holes in Mr. Bennett's technique. It is obvious, he may say, that "Clayhanger" ought to be half as short as it is, and that "The Old Wives' Tale" could do with compression. He may urge, and quite rightly, that the novelist should be more selective, and use the blue pencil more resolutely on his work. Mr. Bennett's art would be all the better if he could in these two cases have kept only the strictly representative scenes, and discarded much to which he has devoted loving labour. I am afraid it is true that he leaves his scaffolding on view without any sense of shame. But is it much use quarrelling with a novelist's method when it is so deliberately adopted as is Mr. Bennett's, and when it is so successful ? For when all is said, this author manages somehow to secure what he aims at—the suggestion of realism—as well as much besides—thus an individual interpretation of life, and at any rate his detail is always made interesting and contributory to the general scheme.

When we come to examine the result produced by this mass of detail, there can be little doubt, it seems to me, about that. Emphatic as is Mr. Bennett the critic on a story being the first requisite of fiction, it is life itself, rather than a story, which he presents to us as a novelist in his best work. The pageant of life, from its early promise to its eclipse in decline and death—that is his subject, and surely it is big enough. Because this subject is so admirably covered in "The Old Wives' Tale,"[1] because the novel becomes an epic, as it were, of true, as distinct from sham realism, of Balzac's and Maupassant's, as distinct from Zola's realism, I regard the story of the Baines' sisters, who met with such different destinies, as far and away the completest and most striking thing Mr. Bennett has done. "Clayhanger," clear cut as is its battle between the old and the young, suffers from being but the first part of a trilogy, and from possessing a heroine whose personality is in the clouds and whose marriage to a man other than the one she loves is a mystery "to be explained" in our next." "The Old Wives' Tale" labours under no such disadvantages. Within the range of a single novel we watch the progress of two girls from the age of fifteen till they sink into their graves. All the routine of the household and the shop, saddled with an invalid proprietor, is brought out as the tale gathers momentum. A typical section of the shop-keeping life of the Five Towns is spread out before our gaze. Then we are asked to watch the careers of the sisters. The one, hot-blooded and adventurous, ruins her chances by eloping with a contemptible sensualist, and has to pay for her folly by spending all her best years in running a boarding establishment under the Second Empire, and slowly amassing money enough to justify her in returning home. The other girl marries a worthy tradesman, becomes a widow, and the mother of a not too affectionate but mildly talented son, and drifts into a groove. The sisters join company, make allowances, but get rather badly on each others' nerves, and it is a relief to the gentle Constance when Sophia, who tries hard to make her move out of her stuffy house, dies with a rather tragic suddenness. There you have one of Mr. Bennett's most urgent morals—the difference between the spring and the winter of life. Sophia is so full of

[1] "The Old Wives' Tale." By Arnold Bennett. 2s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

vitality in her youth, Constance so sweet and good-natured; at the end both have become fussy old women who are fluttered and rendered miserable by the moods of a maid-servant. Disillusionment is the key-note of the novels; the revolt of youth against age furnishes their drama. Conceive the young rebelling against the tyranny of their elders, and then picture youth becoming old in its turn and bewildered before the assault of the next generation, and you have the secret of the irony of Mr. Bennett's fiction. He is always producing that effect, and time cannot stale its pertinency. The piquancy of it is accentuated if the novelist can contrive, as Mr. Bennett can contrive, to hint at the costumes, the fashions, the politics, the literary interests of each particular decade. He makes no mistake on these points, and so we obtain from him a history of the Midlands under the Victorian reign which is as exact and pungent as Mr. Wells's description of the southern suburbs of London in the same era provided in "The New Machiavelli."

Still, Mr. Bennett can write of the Potteries in lighter vein (the mere fact of that makes me hope he will reconsider his resolution of ceasing to deal with them on the conclusion of the Clayhanger trilogy). He does not always look at life from the standpoint of the grave. He can see and share in "The Grim Smile of the Five Towns."[1] In one of the short stories to which he gives that title he refers rather self-consciously to a particular class of joke which appeals to his fellow-countrymen of the Midlands, and wonders whether it will carry with a larger audience. It concerns a quixote who, in consequence of a youthful misadventure, found himself saddled with the maintenance of his half-brother, and was anticipated in love and other ways by a cub who never raised a finger to earn his own living. This struck the inhabitants of the Potteries as funny. Mr. Bennett professed a doubt as to whether Londoners would see matters in the same light. He has grown

[1] "The Grim Smile of Five Towns." By Arnold Bennett. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

more courageous, for in his latest novel, "The Card,"[1] which is an uproarious farce, he has perpetrated a joke which is of the genuine Staffordshire pattern. "Cards" are eccentric but successful persons on whose actions it is never possible to count. Derry Machin was a "card" of that sort. He was an adventurer who somehow or other knew by instinct when to take the bold course. A laundress's son, he won a scholarship at the local endowed school by cheating, and he was never too scrupulous in after years. He took certain rent-collecting out of his employer's hands. He advanced loans to slum-tenants. He exploited a lifeboat at Llandudno. He started a thrift club in his native town, which had perilous adventures, but eventually brought him safe returns. He introduced himself to a local countess, and won her favour by a carefully arranged chapter of accidents. He made one mistake in love, and just in time transferred his affections to the most suitable of future wives. And by the most audacious of coups he became Mayor—the youngest Mayor on record—of his native town. His is the sort of career which the average townsman of the Potteries admires, and thinks amusing as well as clever. Mr. Bennett works out his history on humorous lines, and it is in its way very laughable. But he has carried through a much better joke in his play, "What the Public Wants."[2] Its dialogue is brilliantly incisive. The initial situation, which shows a great newspaper director confronted with friends who dislike the standard of taste adopted by his journals, is repeated with variations throughout the four acts. Again and again the policy of "What the Public Wants" is confronted with common decency, the demands of art, the matter of public morals, and the comfort of private persons. But the piece, though extremely diverting, is, of course, a key-play, to vary the label *roman-à-clef*, and its one purpose is to satirise, as it does aptly and mordantly, a newspaper millionaire of the hour. The only other play which Mr. Bennett has had staged, "Cupid and Common Sense,"[3] is a version of "Anna of the Five Towns." It is effective enough for three acts, but the last act, which aims at pointing the moral of the disillusionment of romantic love, misses fire, because it requires a break in the action and brings on characters that during the interval have lost their stage identity.

Mr. Bennett is a humorist, but in no sense is he gay. His comic mood is always associated with satire. His essays entitled "Fame and Fiction"[4] are in all truth amusing, but they are ferocious attacks upon "certain



Arnold Bennett in the study of his house at Fontainebleau.

[1] "The Card." By Arnold Bennett. 6s. (Methuen.)

[2] "What the Public Wants." A Play in Four Acts. By Arnold Bennett. 2s. 6d. net. (Frank Palmer.)

[3] "Cupid and Common Sense." A Play in Four Acts. By Arnold Bennett. (Frank Palmer.)

[4] "Fame and Fiction: An Inquiry into Certain Reputations." By E. A. Bennett. (Grant Richards.)

popularities." On women novelists of the day he is ruthlessly bitter and yet not unfair; he acknowledges their good points. There is indeed an element of hardness about his attitude towards life, as well as towards its interpreters. Love is for him a passion that is sure to end in disappointment, and the "common sense" which sacrifices it to material advantages has his sympathy. He does not sentimentalise this passion any more than he does the pathos of age. The old he makes lag, like veterans, superfluous on the stage. There is a piteous example of this in "The Old Wives' Tale," where an old lady is described as promising to a young couple presents they do not want, and they smilingly murmur "Poor old thing!" Age, I fear, does not obtain from Mr. Bennett its proper meed of respect and indulgence. Alike towards the old and towards love he is unromantic, and echoes the opinions of Mr. Bernard Shaw. Nor will he allow any false dignity to death. Constance Baines's husband may not in his coffin escape criticism; his beard stood out in a perky, tiresome way, even when the undertakers began their job. So, again, Mr. Bennett is sometimes a little bitter in his references to religion. What I have heard through Staffordshire relatives of the enthusiasm of Methodism in the 'sixties and 'seventies makes me dubious about accepting some of his pictures of chapel life in those decades. In point of fact, Mr Bennett is a realist of great imaginative power. We must not look to him perhaps for poetry or romance. But if we can bear the prose of life refracted through a very practical and unillusioned temperament, we may trust him about that confidently.

MARK TWAIN AS PSYCHOLOGIST.

BY PROFESSOR JOHN ADAMS.

IT may come rather as a surprise to the general reader that for the last thirty years of his life, Mark Twain had a keen interest in the subject-matter of psychology. He found his satisfaction not so much in reading on the subject—though on at least one occasion he spent a long restful day in bed reading a book on psychology—as in studying himself and others at first hand. The problem that attracted him specially was the automatic nature of our mental workings. About thirteen years ago he put his ideas on paper, and read them once or twice a year ever afterwards for his own edification; and he assures us that he remained satisfied that what he had written was truth. Now we have his little book with the title "What is Man?" *

It takes the form of a dialogue between an old man and a young one, and so far as literary execution is concerned, it cannot be said that Twain has been very successful. His style does not lend itself to this class of composition. The reader cannot fail to feel that the author is working in an unfamiliar medium. The book conveys the impression that its writer is anxious to convince, so it is quite probable that the dialogue form appealed to its author as the best for didactic work. The number of repetitions may be explained in the same way, and also perhaps the excessive use of italics. But when all has been said, the admirers of Twain's admirably terse style will regret his present choice. As is perhaps inevitable in such a case, the "old man" has rather the lion's share of the talk; but there is less of the convenient "Certainly, Socrates" replies than one might expect. The "young man" is genuinely, and sometimes epigrammatically, disappointed at the flattening effects of his elder's teaching.

Twain loses no time in answering his title question, What is man? The heading of the first chapter runs: "Man the Machine." This figure has always been popular. Lamettrie has a well-known little book with the title "L'Homme Machine," while Mr. Arnold Bennett produced quite lately an admirable short treatise on "The Human Machine." Lamettrie is not pleasant reading, but Bennett is eminently stimulating, and ought to be read by every one who rises up depressed from "What is Man?" For it cannot be denied that Twain's book is depressing, save in the case of vigorous readers who are roused to opposition. The main thesis is that man is a machine, and there is no personal merit in him. He is a mere resultant, and never has an idea of his own, an idea that may be legitimately said to be manufactured on the premises. Most of us are plain sewing machines, while Shakespeare and his kind are Gobelin looms; but machine and loom alike are free from personal desert. The driving power of the mechanism is always the same. Man's sole impulse to action is the securing of his own approval and the approval of his fellows. All our most generous impulses are merely different forms in which we seek our own approval. With this lowering mental diet, the student of ethics is tolerably familiar. Self-love as the origin of all human activity is no new doctrine; but it is seldom that it is so vigorously put and so strikingly illustrated as here. The ordinary philosophical writer runs to excess in abstractions. Twain emphasises the concrete.

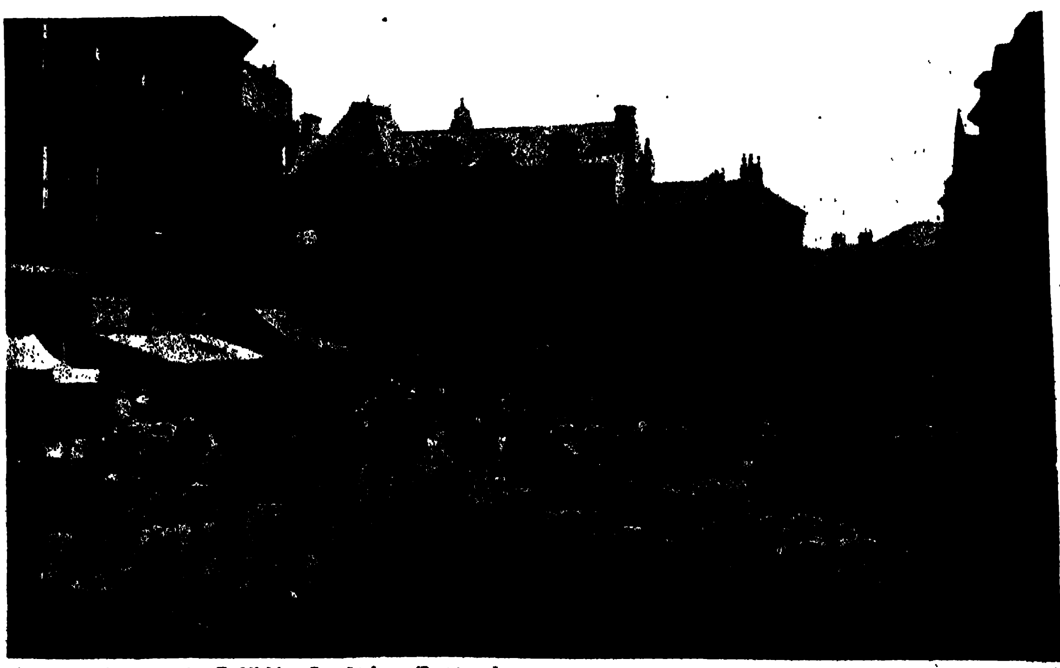
It is curious that so clear a thinker should have failed to note the dualism into which he falls when dealing with the motive power that drives man. He tells us that there is the man who does things, and there is the force within him which makes him do them. The man is not free, because he must satisfy this inner force —"that exacting and inflexible master within him," that "Interior Monarch." Twain does not seem to

* "What is Man?" 2s. 6d. net. (Watts & Co.)

realise that he is thus splitting up his man into two. But as a matter of fact, there is only one man. Every man is his own Interior Monarch, only from our mental build we find it essential to turn ourselves back upon ourselves in order to make sure that the whole self does its work as a whole. It is of the very essence of the nature of man that he should go through this process of reflection. So far from being ashamed that we have to content our inflexible master within, we ought to be proud that he insists upon being contented, since after all he *is* the self that he dominates. Man's struggle is really after unity. The most fundamental law of our being is this desire for internal peace. It is as imperative in pure thought as it is in that form of thinking that leads to overt action. The internal conflict that worries Twain is really the interaction between one arc of the self and another arc. The ultimate appeal is always to the whole self instead of merely to a fragment of it. The appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober is an appeal from a small arc of the self to the self as a whole.

Twain has missed this unity of the self as a source of comfort for his young man, who is frankly disgusted with the sense of helplessness induced by the argument. But a glimmer of hope is suggested in *training*, to which a whole section of the book is devoted. This includes, we are told, not merely study, instruction, lectures, sermons, but *all* the outside influences, and "there are a million of them." Along with training goes temperament, which is defined as the disposition we are born with. These two by their interaction can effect great changes in the human machine. The question naturally arises: Can the ordinary human being take any share in thus modifying himself? If we are to accept the reiterated statement that "all his thoughts, all his impulses, come *from the outside*," we must admit that self-initiated improvement is impossible. Yet we find the young man's assurance accepted when he says that he has managed to control his temper more and more each year. In other words the young man is able to train himself, and to do it deliberately. Further, the old man goes the length of formulating an Admonition beginning "Diligently train your ideals upward." Had the injunction been "diligently train other people's ideals upward," it would have been consistent with the rest of the doctrine. It is reasonable that the old man should recommend: "the laying of traps for people. Traps baited with *Initiatory Impulses toward high ideals*." But can we lay traps for ourselves without any outside suggestion? It cannot be denied that we sometimes deliberately put ourselves in certain circumstances in order that in these circumstances we may be more or less compelled to act in a given way. The force thus put upon us no doubt comes from without, but in its origin it came from within. It is true that psychologists admit that it is impossible to find any bit of mental process that is *entirely* caused by preceding mental process. But all that is necessary is that preceding mental process should have some share in determining present mental process. That our process at any given moment is modified by external influences limits our freedom only to the extent that we need an external world in which to live. The process of training consists mainly in increasing the power of the preceding mental process to determine present mental process. When a sufficient degree of training has been reached, we have merely to set certain processes going, and they do all the rest without our further stir. So far from limiting our freedom of action, this merely enlarges the field within which freedom may be exercised.

Working as he does on the plane of the concrete, it is remarkable that Twain does not take account of the phenomena of remorse. He is treating his subject from the purely practical and common-sense point of view, and from that standpoint remorse is as sturdy a fact as is the need to content ourselves. It is not necessary to think of remorse as the grand passion that follows great crimes. It must be held to include the sense of dissatisfaction with ourselves that follows any slight failure to come up to our standard. If we are mere machines we have no use for remorse; yet remorse we certainly have. Accordingly, we have a right to know what the machine theory has to say in explanation.



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The centre of the Five Towns, in which the scenes of Mr. Arnold Bennett's best novels are laid.

It is gratifying to find that the author appears to realise how discouraging his treatise is, for in the person of the old man he appeals to the young one, who has to admit that he has never seen the old man uncheerful or unhappy in spite of holding these views. The young man fitly pleads that it may be merely a matter of temperament, and we can well believe that many temperaments will be greatly depressed by Twain's ingenious pages. Let such readers concentrate their attention on the old man's Admonition, and remember that if it is inconsistent with the rest of the book, so much the worse for the rest of the book.

A FRENCH VIEW OF THE BRONTËS.*

By WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

THE Abbé Dimnet, who is familiar with England, its language and its literature, has chosen a fascinating subject. He has read the books by and about the Brontës carefully, and his admiration is tempered by the critical instincts of one who is of a different race and creed from the remarkable women of whom he writes. He makes mistakes, but these are unimportant for the English reader who will go to the book not for statement of facts, but for the author's opinions of that strange household of genius whom Fate had secluded for tragic ends, on the Yorkshire moors. All the family had the literary instinct, yet the father, with the greatest educational advantages, was, in literature, a mediocrity, and the son a woeful failure, whilst two, if not all three of the sisters, take their place in the front rank of English novelists. M. Dimnet places Emily first, Charlotte second, and the gentle Anne third, and that after a long interval. Of her last poems he says:

> "Ces vers se chantent encore souvent et portent la résignation dans les cœurs de milliers d'hommes. Un des petits plans d'Anne s'est réalisé sans qu'elle s'en doutait, *mais c'est sa vie qui a donné à ses humbles strophes leur vertu.*"

From the sentence here italicised I should strongly dissent. These verses, as throbbing with heart-break as with resignation, are not "humble strophes," but reach a high level of lyrical power. And they have carried and will carry their lesson alike to those who know and to those who are ignorant of the sorrows of Anne Brontë's brief, dark life.

M. Dimnet's book gives an excellent epitome of the biographies of the three short-lived sisters, and of their ill-fated and short-lived brother and of the father whose length of days was so full of labour and sorrow. M. Dimnet has some penetrating criticism upon the sisters, but lays too much stress upon their combatant Protestantism, and their "provincialism," which he regards as its cause. He is surprised at the local enthusiasm for the Brontës, and he tells us in a footnote that "la gardienne du musée de Haworth, rude fille de dix-huit ans, lisait 'Shirley' pendant que l'auteur de ce livre examinait les reliques des Brontë." Why not? The incident, slight as it is, might have shown the Abbé that the "narrow provincialism" which he deplores in England is not so narrow as to exclude acquaintance with the masterpieces of literature. He would find on further inquiry that there is no insuperable difficulty of access to the works of the great writers in a Yorkshire town or village. Charlotte Brontë would probably not have loved Shakespeare better had she been born in Southwark. Too much stress surely is laid upon the "provincialism" of the Brontës. Would they have been less "Protestant" had they been born at Clapham? or less Tory if their home had been in Mayfair? Would they have come in contact with a wider variety of character and degrees of culture and education had the whole of their short lives been passed in the social surroundings of Bloomsbury or Hampstead? As to literature, there was no narrow range in the reading of the sisters, as may be seen in the letter of advice Charlotte sent to Ellen Nussey in July, 1834. Would M. Dimnet expect anything better from a "metropolitan" girl of eighteen?

The Brontë sisters owed little of their fame to contemporary critics. It was the readers, not the reviewers, who found out their excellences. The reviewers for the most part only helped by unjust denunciations which now appear grotesque. The critic who misjudges a work of genius runs a deadly peril. The Abbé Dimnet, oblivious of Lady Eastlake's many and serious services to literature, speaks of her as "une certaine Miss Rigby." And she will be best remembered as the woman whose cruel words wounded Charlotte Brontë in her tenderest susceptibilities. Lady Eastlake has also to her account a confident exposure of what she styled "Ruskin's elementary errors" in matters of art. But that was later. In both cases she showed the honest inability of even the "cultured" Philistine to understand Genius, speaking what to her was a new language and expressing thoughts she had never even dreamed. Yet Miss Rigby was not "provincial" but "metropolitan"—that is if foreign travel, residence in London and Edinburgh, intercourse with notable people, and literary experience could excuse her original sin of being born in Norwich. Another critic to whom M. Dimnet refers was the author of the article in the *North American Review*. It was written by Edwin Percy Whipple, whom Poe accused of belonging to the class who shut their eyes tightly to "autorial blemishes" and "open them like owls to all autorial merits." He certainly was not guilty of the last-named crime in the case of the Brontës. He earned the character of a sagacious and conscientious critic. Yet he thought that "Jane Eyre" had more than one author, and that this literary syndicate was composed of a brother and two sisters. He says: "Especially when

* "Les Sœurs Brontë." Par Ernest [illegible] Grands Ecrivains Etrangers.) (Paris: Bloud [illegible]

we are favoured with more than one scene given to the exhibition of mere animal appetite, and to courtship after the manner of kangaroos and the heroes of Dryden's plays, we are gallant enough to detect the hand of a gentleman in the composition." With especial ill-luck he hit upon Acton as the male partner and styles him "the author of 'Wuthering Heights,' 'The Tenant of Wildfell Hall,' and, if we mistake not, of certain offensive but powerful portions of 'Jane Eyre.'" Of "Wildfell Hall" he says: "The work seems a convincing proof that there is nothing kindly or genial in the author's powerful mind, and that if he continues to write novels, he will introduce into the land of romance a larger number of hateful men and women than any other writer of the day." More might be quoted to show how completely a really clever craftsman of literature may miss his way when a masterpiece not yet free from the crime of novelty is thrust upon his attention. It is worth noting that Poe dissented from Whipples' verdict. The bewilderment of the professional literary people before the mystery of Acton, Ellis, and Currer Bell has its comic side. The biographer of William Harrison Ainsworth records that Charlotte Brontë's first novel was favourably reviewed in his three magazines. That is to his credit, but what shall we say of his first suspicion that G. P. R. James was the author of "Jane Eyre"?

M. Dimnet, who lays so much stress upon the "narrowness" and Puritanism of Charlotte Brontë, appears in the last pages of his book to adopt the ethical standard, for his peroration is from the text "Elle a préféré être que paraître." He protests against the theology that says that *they* please God who please themselves, and against that "self-realisation" which means the refusal to sacrifice the pleasure of the certain present moment either to the problematical future or to the happiness of others. He looks to a time when men will not be regarded as gods because they were brilliant. "Ce jour-la," he says, "on n'ira plus en pèlerinage à Haworth où la poussière des Brontë achevera de se dissoudre, mais Charlotte paraîtra grande d'avoir, ayant du génie, consenti à vivre et mourir petite." This is not convincing. Charlotte met her sombre lot with the courage, though not with the indifference, of a stoic. Would she have been happier or greater by the audacities of debasing revolt—by the unavailing refusal of the bitter cup which Fate presented to her trembling lips?

A GREAT AMERICAN JOURNALIST.

A Note on the Centenary of Horace Greeley.

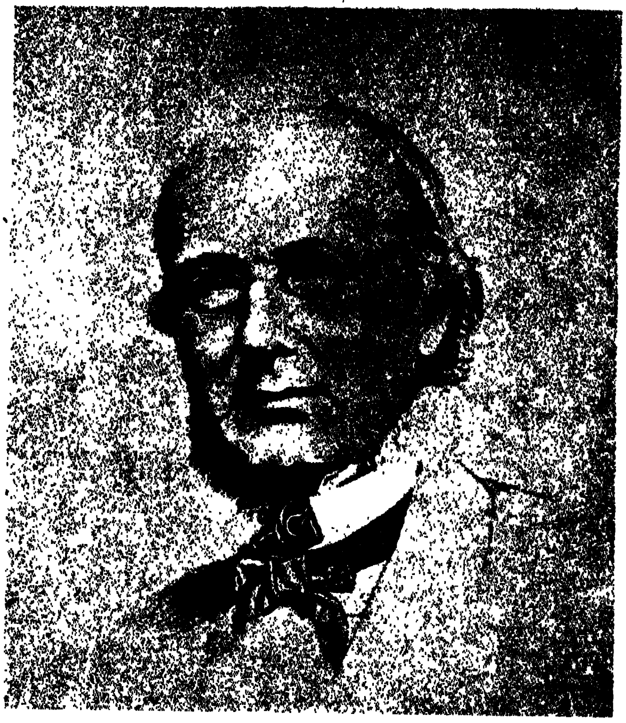
I FIRST made acquaintance with Greeley in a ridiculous story by Artemus Ward of "Horace Greeley's Ride to Placerville," and nowadays I can never see Greeley's name without recalling that tale. After referring to the enthusiasm with which he was greeted everywhere when he went lecturing through California, the story proceeds to relate how Greeley made a journey of forty miles in a ramshackle coach to keep an important engagement at Placerville. At the outset, the lender of the coach warned the driver: "Now, mind, this great man must be there by seven sharp"; and the driver pledged himself, "He shall." They started so slowly that Greeley put his head out and admonished the man, who only answered stolidly "I know. I've got my orders." Presently, however, the whip cracked, and the horses began to get up speed and went on getting it up till they were tearing at ever so many miles an hour over one of the worst, bumpiest, ruttiest roads on earth, with Greeley bouncing about helplessly inside. By a superhuman effort he steadied himself sufficiently to look out again and suggest that they need not go quite so fast, but the driver cracked his whip and replied implacably, "I've got my orders. Keep your seat, Horace!" and so the wild ride continued, Greeley still bouncing about violently till one terrific jolt shot him up and he burst through the roof of the coach with his head.

At a village a couple of miles outside Placerville, they were met by a huge procession, including the Mayor, with banners, a brass band, and a wagonful of beautiful maidens in white who were prepared to start singing something on a given signal. Some of the astonished citizens saw the crumpled and damaged orator huddled inside the coach as it slowed down, but before they could ask questions, the driver demanded the time, roared, "My orders is to get him



Horace Greeley's Birthplace, Amherst, New Hampshire.

there by seven. Clear the way! Whoop! *Keep your seat, Horace!*" and off they went again, scattering the procession, dashing through and leaving it to straggle in pursuit and be startled at intervals by the apparition of Greeley's bald head bobbing up and down through the hole in the top of the coach.



Horace Greeley.

The outrageous absurdity of this story left me in doubt—for it was many years ago—whether Greeley was a real person, or merely a character created by Artemus Ward. But very soon after these doubts were resolved, for I found him meeting Dickens in Forster's Life, and I came upon an allusion to him in Bayard Taylor's "Diversions of the Echo Club." There, at the club's first meeting, Zoilus reads a composite parody of "The Bells" and "The Raven," which refers to a penal scroll on which a mystic fifty was written :

> "And the days have passed, the three,
> Over me!
> And the debit and the credit are as one to him and me!
> 'Twas the random runes I wrote
> At the bottom of the note,
> (Wrote and freely
> Gave to Greeley.) . . ."

And at the conclusion, Galahad asks : "What do you mean by the reference to Greeley ?" and Zoilus explains, "I thought everybody had heard that Greeley's only autograph of Poe was a signature to a promissory note for fifty dollars. He offers to sell it for half the money." Then a chance reading of Greeley's own "Recollections of a Busy Life" sent me to some of the books that have been written about him, and I realised how great a man he was.

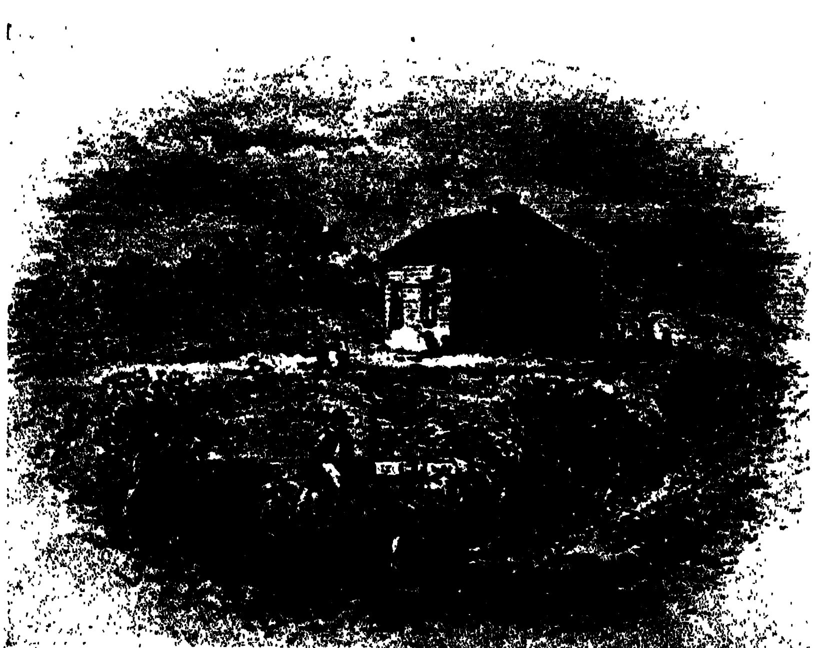
In America, just now, they are celebrating the centenary of his birth. The hundredth year is not completed until February next, but they are a go-ahead people out there, and anyhow it is always better to be too early than too late.

Horace Greeley was born at Amherst, New Hampshire, on February 3, 1811. He was the son of a farmer, who seems to have made nothing out of farming but debts. Before he was three he was sent to the primitive district school; as soon as he was old enough he worked in the summer on the farm, and only went to school in the winter. His first books were the Bible and "The Columbian Orator," which latter was presented to him by an uncle whilst he was laid up with measles. The Greeley household was continually in embarrassed circumstances, and in 1820 the home was sold up for debt, and the father took to flight to avoid arrest. When it was safe to do so, the family rejoined him at Vermont, where Horace, at fifteen, was apprenticed to a local printer.

Five years later, bent on bettering himself, he tramped a long journey to New York, picking up odd jobs by the way, and arrived at his goal with ten dollars in his pocket. After many disappointments, he was taken on by the foreman in a small printing establishment, and the first day he was there the head of the firm, seeing such a raw, simple-looking country lad standing at the cases, growled, "Where did you get that fool? Pay him off to-night!" But the foreman kept him on, and he proved more capable than he looked.

His looks were always against him. He was a weedy youth, his face expressing neither character nor intellect; one of his gentlest friends was constrained to admit that his countenance was "not expressive." This is amply borne out by his portraits, those showing him in his latter days, a round-visaged, placidly beaming old gentleman, with clean-shaven upper lip and a fringe of white beard under his chin, being distinctly disillusioning.

Howbeit, before he had been ten years in New York, whilst he was a young



Horace Greeley's first School-house, Amherst.

man of thirty, he founded the *Tribune*, which under his editorship became the leading and most powerful American journal of his generation. In an illustrated "Comic Life" of him published when he was a candidate for the Presidency, it is said that "at the outset, he began to pitch into everybody, like a boy with a pop-gun," and it is true to this extent, that he was a social reformer in grain, a man of ideals, with old memories behind him that prompted him in striving to ameliorate the lot of the poor; he was never afraid to print his opinions, and was always on the side that fortune had not favoured. He made vigorous war on what he considered corrupt in American journalistic methods; advocated education and temperance reforms; took up the gage for the downtrodden, and was defying "the priests of the god Cotton" and fighting for the emancipation of the slaves whilst Lincoln still hesitated, thinking the freedom of the blacks a less important matter than the preservation of the Union.

In the 'forties, Greeley became one of that famous Brook Farm brotherhood of which Emerson was the prophet. His wife was a friend of Margaret Fuller; and though he never lived in the Farm Colony, he was intimate with the transcendental enthusiasts who did, shared to the full their altruistic aims and passion for right living, and was among the contributors to their official journal, the *Harbinger*.

But he drifted away from them, fell in with certain food-faddists, dabbled in spiritualism, and got a reputation for being eccentric, and his dietetic experiments and natural carelessness in dress and appearance involved him in a good deal of ridicule. He was considered an uncommonly bad business-man; there are amusing stories told of his absent-mindedness, and certainly his creditors appear to have taken advantage of his easy habits; but throughout he remained a hard worker and his influence went on increasing. Turning to public speaking, he became as successful on the platform as he was in the press, and found so much pleasure in oratory that, after a while, when he was run down with overwork, the only way to induce him to take a holiday was to start him off on a lecturing tour.

In 1849 he was elected into Congress, and I imagine it was whilst he was writing and lecturing for the abolition of slavery that he may have made the journey to Placerville that Artemus Ward burlesqued. On the platform, his appearance was ungainly, his voice unmusical and monotonous, but he succeeded as a speaker because he was sincere and in earnest, was clear, concise, logical, as he was in his writing, and "never said a foolish thing." It was his speeches, his leaders and open letters in the *Tribune* that roused Lincoln to a decision, and influenced him at last to issue his momentous Emancipation Proclamation.

Greeley was himself nominated for the Presidency in 1872, and entered upon a tumultuous and bitterly contested election. He stood as an uncompromising social reformer, but the interests he attacked were too strong for him, and he emerged from the struggle "the most thoroughly beaten candidate who had ever run for the Presidency." It was commonly believed that this, coming as the culmination of the ridicule, slander, and misrepresentations to which he had been mercilessly subjected during the contest, broke his heart, for he died within a few days of his defeat.

He crowded an enormous amount of good work into the sixty-one years of his life. Whittier aptly named him "our later Franklin," and he stands out inevitably as one of the few great figures in the history of American journalism. He edited three other newspapers whilst he was conducting the *Tribune*; wrote Histories of the Struggle for Slavery Extension, and of the War between North and South; a book about farming, one on social reform, and prefaces to many books; but his greatest work went into the columns of the *Tribune*, and his highest claim to fame is as the champion of the slave. In that business, he was the man behind the President, and he had been the man before him. At the time of his death, one of his critics spoke the right thing when he said, "The coloured race, when it becomes sufficiently educated to appreciate his career, must always recognise him as the chief author of their emancipation from slavery and their equal citizenship."

But his own simpler claim on posterity, whether it includes the other or not, bespeaks the true journalist. "I cherish the hope," he wrote, "that the stone which covers my ashes may bear to future ages the still intelligible inscription: 'Founder of the New York *Tribune*.'"

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

New Books.

GOLDWIN SMITH.*

Those who are familiar with Goldwin Smith's books—they are now, it is to be feared, a diminishing company—and who know his capacity as a master of long views and short sentences, will turn with some avidity to this record of a life which it has so long been the fashion *monstrari digito*. They will be disappointed if they look for a personal revelation or a memoir of intellectual growth. Goldwin Smith's friendships, he tells us, were the great events of his life, and he certainly makes his friends bear the brunt of his autobiography. About his mind or his inner self or the motives which determined his expatriation he tells us little or nothing. He was not one of those like Herbert Spencer who could go home and think about their past until it became for them the axis of the universe. He was one of those rather who accumulated stray leaves of recollections, some very vivid, written either under an immediate impression or in some very lucid interval of the memory, others written, perhaps, as collecting links or based upon generalised

* "Reminiscences." By Goldwin Smith. Edited by Arnold Haultain. Illustrated. 10s. net. (Macmillan.)

reminiscence. The leaves grew into an autumnal stack and were left at the end of eighty-seven years still unfinished. An accident in February, 1910, gave the author little opportunity of adjusting or revising them. This work has devolved upon his secretary, a French Canadian, Mr. Arnold Haultain, who was the *alter ego* of his later years and whose name has already appeared as the author of at least one *jeu d'esprit* of considerable merit. The task was no doubt an extremely difficult one, and Mr. Haultain, who is said to meditate a further sheaf of gleanings about the historian's later years, may be congratulated upon a substantial achievement. Yet it is not unfair to add that the book would have been sensibly improved had the text and footnotes (the latter especially) been sedulously revised by a literary man of these latitudes. Mr. Haultain informs us that he wrote the notes for a younger generation. He should have added "of French Canadians," for the information that he supplies and for which he avows that "Messrs. Smith, Elder & Company's 'Dictionary of National Biography' was invaluable" is not of the kind permissible among the class of people of whatever age who read books of this order in their native tongue. We do not want to be reminded on every page that Hooker (whose birth and death dates are scrupulously given) wrote the "Ecclesiastical Polity," or Joseph Butler (dates) "The Analogy of Religion" (full title), or John Keble (dates and appointments) "The Christian Year." We are not stimulated to any intense glow of appreciation by learning that Queen Victoria succeeded William IV. in 1837, that Gladstone was a great English statesman, Jowett the author of a translation of Plato, or the Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain Secretary of State for the Colonies.

Such diligence is the more misplaced inasmuch as there are a considerable number of real difficulties and obscurities scattered about the text. I will not speak of the repetitions, though these are far too numerous—the substance of one paragraph, for instance, about Mazzini is reproduced in no less than three slightly different forms. To take a few difficulties of construction alone (and passing by the fact that on page 123 the Latin epitaph does not seem to construe, unless for Anglicæ we read Angliæ), what is meant to be conveyed by this sentence on page 107: "Perhaps there is a certain similarity between the cases of a political leader and a stormy element which would make extreme sensitiveness a drawback," and how (if at all) should we emend this sentence on page 367: "In the early days of the University notices were put up for students of employment in tending masons"? These are strange derelictions from Goldwin Smith's usual type of expression, which is the acme of lucidity.

To those unaccustomed to his staccato style the pathos of the first few chapters may be somewhat veiled. They are certainly among the best in the book, which is saying much, for very few volumes of recent reminiscences have approached these in interest or power. The small English country town (Reading), the rural life that the Miss Mitfords knew, and the covert-side of eighty years ago are indicated here in few but unerring words. Like most dissatisfied men and caustic interpreters of history, Goldwin Smith had a warm spot for the unsophisticated land of his youth. Few pleasures can equal a good run. There was a fellow feeling then among fox-hunters. "Sir John was a type of his class. He hunted a wide country. In winter his life was spent in the saddle. He swore in good old style. 'Sir John's pretty well in his swearing, sir,' was his groom's answer to my father's inquiry after his health." The stories of the Iron Duke are delightful. He had not much taste, and when a Roman villa was opened on his estate and drew visitors he had it covered up, saying that if people wanted to see curiosities they must go to Italy. He went regularly to church and had a gallery to himself with a fireplace, the fire in which, growing deaf, he was apt to poke rather loud. Though cold, hard, and unsympathetic, his delineator sums him as a noble model of simple devotion to duty, without undue vanity. He is perhaps fairer to Wellington than to any of his own contemporaries. Even old Routh could not excite his veneration. Routh's deafness at ninety, increased by his wig, combined with his old-fashioned Oxford regard for rank to produce a funny incident. A gentleman commoner, son of a baronet, having been beyond measure lawless, was being reprimanded by his tutors at collections. The President, who had been looking the other way, hearing the loud sound of voices, turned round, saw a baronet's son on the opposite side of the table, and taking it for granted that the tutors were paying him compliments, chimed in with "I am very happy, Mr. Blank, to hear what the tutors say of you. Pray tell Sir Charles with my compliments that you are a credit to the college."

Smith was a tutor at University College in the early 'fifties of the last century, then he became secretary to the Royal Commission, and the Parliamentary Commission of University Reform which followed it. In this capacity, as an advanced Liberal who knew Eton and Oxford, and had strong conservative instincts to qualify his rationalism, he got to know many of the most eminent men of his day. Conington, Freeman, and Archbishop Tait are among the very few whom he praises at all unreservedly. The two great London hostesses of the day, Lady Waldegrave and Lady Ashburton, are vividly brought before us, and we have a comic view of the author as bear-leader taking Carlyle for a trot in the grounds at the Grange in order that Tennyson might read "Maud" without molestation. Disraeli is painted altogether *en noir*, but not it would seem from very close observation. A chance phrase of dislike discharged against Smith as an academic parasite or social sycophant appears to have rankled like poison. The author wings shaft after shaft at the author of "Lothair" and would like to outdo Carlyle. His barbs, however, are not very formidable, and his half-praise of Gladstone is more damaging.

"That Gladstone was a statesman of the very highest class I should find it difficult to believe. His moves always seemed to be impulses rather than the parts of a settled plan. In his speeches on the extension of the franchise he failed to indicate the polity which he expected to produce, and talked fallacious commonplace about uniting the whole people about their ancient throne. If he attacked the Lords, it was not that he had deliberately made up his mind in favour of a change, but that they came in his way at the moment; and the constitutional doctrines which he put forward on that occasion were the angry fabrication of the hour. His proposal to give Ireland a Parliament of their own and at the same time a representation in the United Parliament which would have enabled her to hold the balance of parties and practically to dominate there can hardly be mentioned with calmness. His lifelong friend and supporter, Lord Selborne, said in a letter to me that Gladstone was morally insane.

"As a speaker he was in the highest degree effective, but the effect was produced by his command of the subject, by the ascendancy of his character, by the impressiveness of his manner and an admirable voice, rather than by any grace or force of language. He was at his best, I think, in expounding a great measure and steering it through the House. He had, as was said before, marred the freshness of his style by over-much speaking in debating clubs early in life. His prolixity, which Disraeli called his verbosity, was not felt by the hearers of his speeches, who were rather struck by his command of perfectly correct language, but it is greatly felt by his readers."

It is rather strange to find so venomous an assailant of Disraeli reverting to the language of that numerous confraternity of Tories who wandered about the 'eighties asseverating that Gladstone ought to be horsewhipped. The mere repetition of that senseless phrase disgusted me with all party politics for ever. But it is the same with almost every public man who swims into Goldwin's ken. His epithets suggest that a man cannot divide his life between two hemispheres with impunity. Why he left Oxford and the chair he had occupied with distinction for eight years or so (from 1858 to 1866) is not explicitly stated. There is no doubt, however, that the tragic end of his father proved a great shock to him. His was a restless mind, exasperatingly calm and far-seeing in moments when others are blind with instant passion—qualities which do not always promote goodwill. His position at Cornell and his

translation to Toronto seem a strange epilogue to such a career as his. He probably felt rather "cooped up," even though he was to a certain extent recognised as a social and political arbiter and a master of ceremonies to eminent Europeans upon their disembarcation in a new world. Both parties appealed to him as to an old man eloquent, and his sayings had some at any rate of the medicinal properties of quinine. His written opinions are only a pale reflection of his obiter dicta. The sayings of an old man are less eloquent than his lightest recollections—it is so at any rate in the present instance.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.*

This book was originally published eleven years ago in Germany, where eight editions and 60,000 copies have been sold, but its author is an Englishman and his work deserves to be equally well known in his own country. For Mr. Chamberlain has written a book which, however it may often startle or displease, must yet leave a deep and lasting impression on the mind. The misfortune is that to give any real account of it in a brief review is almost impossible. Lord Redesdale, who contributes an Introduction of fifty-six pages, complains of the narrowness of his limits, while the writer himself continually refers to the compelling necessity for condensation under which he labours. And the subject is indeed immense. Since the dim and distant days when an obscure tribe of nomad Semites first drove its flocks northward from "Ur of the Chaldees," and the Aryan forefathers of the Greeks, the Romans, and our own Teuton stock began to migrate from behind the mountain fastnesses of India, the long and secular story of our origin seems to exceed all power either of comprehension or of statement. None the less, to get some insight into it is a necessity; for we ourselves are largely what the past has made us, and to-day we build, as it were, on air, unless we understand something of the work done by those who have gone before us in unnumbered yesterdays. But amid the great labyrinth of facts where shall we find the clue to their interpretation? "In race," is Mr. Chamberlain's decisive answer; in examining, that is, how two great races, the Aryan and the Hebrew, have made us what we are. He will have nothing to do with "humanity" in general, as being something too vague to grasp, but he lays hold on "race" and racial influence as the most palpable reality in history. It is the good stock, the pure breed, which alone counts, while the rest of mankind "are as though they had never been." Look, he says, at antiquity, and whatever really survives comes either from Greece and Rome on the one hand, or from Judea on the other. Look at to-day, and you see everywhere the mastery of those Aryan races which we call "Teutonic," threatened only, as he holds, by the unconquerable will and tenacious superstition of the Jew. The art and culture of Hellas, the law and statesmanship of Rome, the teaching of that Galilean carpenter who is "the supreme religious genius" of mankind—these are part and parcel of our very lives, and they are gifts which come to us from an age when races still retained their strength because they still retained their purity.

Then followed the Roman Empire, that "chaos of peoples," that "State without a nation," that "congeries of mongrels bound together only by community of taxes and superstition," which crushed out all that was characteristic, destroyed the very idea of race, and in the realm of thought heaped together only a confused mass of fragments borrowed from every creed and every philosophy under the sun, so that when Christianity itself reappears, crowned though it was and "seated upon the seven hills," it is no longer a pure religion of the heart but a code of dogmas that require obedience but not belief. The Romish Church dreamed indeed—and it is an inspiring dream—so to blend in one the *Imperium Romanum* and the *Civitas Dei* that the kingdoms of the world might become the *regnum Christi quod in terris incohatur in cœlo perficitur*, but in fact it wholly forgot that great saying, "the kingdom of God is within you." It brought back the whole "law of ordinances" and sought to set up a universal tyranny which should hold the nations under its sway and every soul of man in its perpetual servitude. And then, like "a light from the north," the Teutonic races burst upon the gloomy scene. Strong in hand and steadfast in heart, lovers of freedom and with a deep instinct for religion, not as an outward rule, but as a power from within, these men refused to be coerced. Slowly and surely, through long ages of struggle, they built themselves into nations, and when they became so, they resolved that the nation should be sole master of its own destinies, and above all that each member of it should possess the captaincy of his own soul. Thenceforth Rome might lay her ban on what she would, but the Teuton cared no longer for either bull or ban. He opened the long-closed book of Nature, and as he explored with fearless eagerness its ample pages, the pulse of life beat ever quicker in his veins, and he grew as it were from strength to strength. He opened the New Testament—the book that hitherto had been "sealed with seven seals"—and as the figure of Christ grew ever clearer and clearer he shook off dogma after dogma, fetter after fetter. That is his story in the past, and therein is his hope for the future. Around him is the material universe with its inexorable mechanism, whose laws, the more he explores them—and the struggle for life compels him ceaselessly to do so—seem to hold him in an ever closer grip of iron necessity. But that outer necessity has for him no terrors, for within him he finds another universe where he is himself supreme, where the intellect and imagination can create their own world of art, poetry, and music, while the soul may become that true "kingdom of God" which brings with it perfect liberty, the being made one with Christ, and the entering into eternal life.

Such, so far as they can be put in a few lines, seem to be the guiding thoughts which run through these two volumes. But quite apart from its main theme the book is everywhere rich in matter of the deepest interest. The sections, for instance, which deal with "Hellenic Art and Philosophy," "Christ and Buddha," "The Mystics," or with "Paper" in regard to its influence on civilisation are admirable quite apart from their connection. So, too, is the whole history of the Jews, and especially the study of their ethnography, as a race sprung from the crossing of a Semitic ancestry with the Syrian stock of the "sons of Heth" and with that breed of men "tall as cedars, strong as oaks," whom we know as Amorites, and then, after the exile, kept pure and consequently vigorous by priestly legislation of the most exclusive type. Nor, perhaps, is Mr. Chamberlain less instructive when he comments on the ill effects which the formal and materialistic tendencies of later Judaism have had on Christian theology, but he is open to severe criticism when he becomes recklessly "anti-Semitic." He is never weary of telling us how the greatest intellects have ever regarded the influence of the Jews as "pernicious," and he can even write with savage ferocity, "*Delenda est Ierosolyma.*" Doubtless indeed he can bolster up his argument by referring to many harsh sayings to be found in Ezekiel or the Torah or the Talmud. But men are often better than their creed, or it would go ill with the world. And as no one would take the Symbol of Athanasius, or the Article on Predestination, or Milton's anathemas against episcopacy as typical of Christian feeling, so we

* "The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century." By H. S. Chamberlain. Translated from the German by J. Lees, D.Lit. With an Introduction by Lord Redesdale, K.C.B., etc. 2 Vols. 25s. net. (John Lane.)

must deal not less fairly with the Jew, whose ways may not be our ways but whose failings are, perhaps, not greater than our own. This, however, is the only clear blot on Mr. Chamberlain's book. Everywhere else we may disagree but we cannot help admiring, while those who hold that in those inner impulses which we call "religion" is to be found the *primum mobile* of all progress, and that consequently "the birth of Jesus Christ," from whom that impulse received a new force and a new direction, "is the most important event in the whole history of mankind," owe him, assuredly, a deep debt for the fearless manner in which, after exploring all learning and all history, he sets the immediate personality of Christ in the foremost place as the supreme subject of all rational study. For if we would indeed find the true "foundation" of religious life, then we must seek it, not in creeds and dogmas, not in decrees of councils or amid the disputes of theologians, but by direct reference only to the life and teaching of Christ himself. All else is fleeting and ephemeral: that alone is basic, steadfast, and enduring.

"Subtlest thought shall fail, and learning falter,
Churches change, forms perish, systems go;
But our human needs, they will not alter,
Christ no after age shall e'er outgrow."

T. E. PAGE.

CHRISTIANITY IN ACTION.*

This is a sequel to "Broken Earthenware," a set of religious studies or stories written in a highly emotional style and with evident sincerity. With one exception, "A Tale of a Treaty Port," the contents describe incidents and characters in connection with the West London Mission, which Mr. Hugh Price Hughes founded. It is to such a mission, Mr. Begbie claims, "that the inquirer must go if he would really understand the place and power of Christianity in the destinies of the human race." The sub-title of the book is "A Study of Christianity in Action," and the West London Mission, with its social and evangelistic activities, its sisters and its services in the Lyceum Theatre, is taken to represent Christian energy in touch with the actual problems of modern civilisation. Mr. Begbie is careful to point out that the rescue-work of the mission is not everything. That appeals, as he admits, "more dramatically and poignantly to one's sympathy"; but, he adds, "I doubt if any part of its activity is more useful to the community and more serviceable to the cause of religion than this quiet, unpicturesque, and almost commonplace devotion to the shopman and clerk." A story like that of "The Flowing Tide" is enough to prove how insidious are the temptations which beset assistants in some of the large houses in London.

In two respects it is claimed that this book differs from its predecessor. It also describes cases of conversion, but they are less characterised by suddenness and passionate emotion. Some, for example, narrate the slow recovery from dipsomania. Once again, to quote from the author's preface, "in 'Broken Earthenware' the testators were all men, and of the humblest classes in the community, some of them the very lees and dregs of society. In the present book most of the stories concern women, and in all cases the strata of society is above the depths." These differences, together with the fact that the one book draws upon the Salvation Army and the other upon the West London Mission, seem to give the sequel an independent interest. But the same qualities which swept "Broken Earthenware" into such a widespread popularity are evident in this volume. Mr. Begbie preaches more, perhaps; he takes the opportunity of re-stating his beliefs in reply to criticism; but it is the preaching of a man who has seen things, and been stirred by the sight. He has also the faculty of enabling his readers to feel something of the practical enthusiasm whch throbs in his own heart. Fielding made Squire Western break out upon the parson with the indignant remonstrance, "Art not in the pulpit now! When art got up there, I never mind what dost say." Mr. Begbie is in the pulpit here; he writes with an undisguised religious purpose; but the success of his preaching is proved by the fact that he does get his readers to attend to him, not only when he is relating a story, but when he is commenting upon its social or psychological or religious bearings. As a specimen of the author's descriptive power, the following passage may serve:

"At my side, leaning against the closed shutters of a shop, were men of ill-appearance, with hard faces and fierce eyes, their clothes stamped with all the marks of a degrading destitution. On the opposite side of the street was a many-windowed public-house, bright with gaslight, the doors open, the various compartments filled with an identical swarm of dirty but hilarious men and women; at an upper window, dressed in a white blouse, her arms resting on the edge of a flower-box, was a barmaid listening to the hymns and watching the people. Next door to the tavern was a butcher's shop, the meat set out on trays under the spouting gas-jets, the butchers walking or lounging in front, sometimes calling their wares, more often regarding the Mission service with faces of amused disdain. Everywhere, from side to side of the houses, were grimy children, shouting and screaming at their play, occupying the whole road with chalked-out spaces, settling their disputes with abuse at the top of the voice and blows with all the force of fury at their back. Occasionally these grimy children would throng round the hymn-sheet, gape at the printed words, glance at the preacher on the rostrum, and then with an impatient and disgusted 'Oh, come on!' dash back to their play. Through this herd of noisy children passed constantly solitary figures, men with grim faces, women with streaming hair and blotched skins, some of them walking like spectres, others stumbling and swaying like the swine of Epicurus—a few of them glancing with dull interest at the missionaries, some of them tossing their heads in a scorn that was almost hatred, some of them passing into the darkness without a sign of anything."

This is not the description of foreign missionaries in a pagan town. It is a London scene of to-day. Mr. Begbie is amply justified in asking whether these things should not sink into the conscience of the churches and of all who believe in the gospel of purity and salvation.

JAMES MOFFATT.

* "In the Hand of the Potter." By Harold Begbie. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THE LIFE OF NIETZSCHE.*

By some misunderstanding this volume crossed in the post my letter declining to review it on the ground that I knew too little about Nietzsche and wished that I knew less. I wish it now more than ever, for after toiling painfully through the book one is not much the wiser, and assuredly none the happier.

An insuperable disability should perhaps arrest my pen. It is this. The biographer, M. Halévy, reluctantly admits, or at least implies, and Mr. Kettle in his Introduction boldly asserts, that Nietzsche's opinions and philosophy—or rather philosophies, for he had so many, and so inconsistent—are valueless save to the paradox-collectors as mental curios and *chinoiseries*; but that his glory is supreme as the reformer, refiner, and perfecter of German prose. If then he is to be judged solely as a German stylist, I could not judge him with confidence even after reading him in the original, nor I suppose could any one but a German born.

Yet just a caveat in passing. May there not be a little fashionable exaggeration? Both the above critics fasten upon one of Nietzsche's random remarks, where

* "The Life of Friedrich Nietzsche." By Daniel Halévy. 8s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

he exclaimed that he would "Mediterraneanise" German prose. Well, no doubt, like the few of his compatriots of like mental complexion, he chafed against the tardy and overweighted German sentence, and relished keenly the form and lucidity of Greek, and in a less degree of Latin style. But I suspect that unconsciously he was only trying to "Gallicise" German. He does not strike me as really German at all, but rather as a Sclave or Celt "made in Germany." The family legend of his Polish extraction may very likely have been true. His strict and excellent schooling at Pforta, his studies at Leipsic, his home life at Naumberg, all pressed his mind into the Teutonic mould, but it was never congenial; it cramped and irritated and paralysed him. For all his enthusiasms about the "German spirit" and his fancied patriotism, he viewed Germany from the outside as a critical foreigner might do. His amazing versatility, his power of rapid acquisition, his visionary exaltation, his reckless audacity, his blindness to logical fallacy, his charming inconsistency and fickleness, above all his instability of thought and purpose, seem to me symptoms of a Sclavonic origin, though doubtless to some extent accentuated by incipient mental disease.

Long before he owned, or even recognised, it, he, like other Sclaves, was attracted by the Gallic spirit, and that attraction became paramount when in his last period French authors became his favourite reading. But surely Nietzsche is not the first German who could be sprightly, lucid, and epigrammatic when he liked. He boasts that the language passed through Luther and Goethe to be finally perfected by him. And this boast our two critics allow. That he has entirely and for ever revolutionised German diction, I suspect is an ephemeral judgment.

To eradicate the spirit of a great language would be pernicious, were it possible, which it is not. Our Latinisers thought they had stereotyped a perfect literary language to reign for ever raised above the vulgar tongue. Theirs now survives only as the language of burlesque. But indirectly their efforts have proved fruitful and salutary.



Friedrich Nietzsche.

After a statuette by Herr Arnold Kramer. Executed from life in 1898 by request of Frau Elizabeth Förster Nietzsche for the Nietzsche Archiv at Weimar.

From "The Life of Friedrich Nietzsche," by D. Halévy. (Fisher Unwin.)

If Nietzsche has really transformed German—which I venture to doubt—a reaction will soon come, but some results of his innovations will survive for good.

Of course, if the Germans become Nietzscheans, or if they achieve a Napoleonic tyranny over Europe, they may affect a cosmopolitan speech, but as long as they remain Germans they will think and talk like Germans. And so much the better. To each race its genius; to each genius its own voice, its language.

Nietzsche the stylist being thus beyond our ken we can deal here only with the man and the philosopher as he flits in unsteady, kinematograph fashion through M. Halévy's pages. This author is competent and painstaking, but his book unsatisfying and disappointing, more from error of judgment than from the obvious difficulties of his task. He gives us no Preface whatever, not a word of his attitude and aim, nothing about his predecessors, no *resumé* of what has hitherto appeared about Nietzsche and his opinions, no bibliography or even brief list of the hero's works.

It is only from Mr. Kettle we gather that his book is "founded on that of Madame Förster," the good sister, who however is evidently supplemented and at times controverted. The childhood and youth are well treated and very interesting, but afterwards the biography becomes more and more vague and fragmentary: after Nietzsche gave up his professorship in 1879 we read mostly about his constant flittings, with trivial details about the various lodgings, and his recurring illnesses and convalescences; these meagre facts interspersed among scraps of letters and too loose and wordy comments. But what is really exasperating is that the author, like Carlyle in "Sartor Resartus," leads us on almost to the end in the vain hope that something really important and wonderful is in store. Nietzsche is going to work marvels, so please attend while I trace his developments and preparations—see, he is advancing—now be careful, the climax is near—and so on. The consequence was that instead of skimming the book, I read laboriously, and fearing to miss some precious hint, some important key, I studied again and again many an obscure passage, the obscurer from awkward translation. I hoped that Zarathustra was the climax, but no, higher summits lay beyond. And at last with dismay I found Nietzsche finally retiring to the asylum—I had missed the climax—looked back for it—there never was one. Nietzsche had not developed, only oscillated for years on the moderate altitude which he had very early attained.

M. Halévy, though by no means uncritical, is an indulgent and sympathetic biographer, His worst fault is the practice, now too common, of guessing or inventing his hero's thoughts and opinions, then summarising them and jumbling them up with actual quotations, so that one is never sure how much is authentic. This is called tracing the development of genius. I hate this misleading use of the *oratio obliqua.* However, cut down to one-third, the book would have been well worth reading. Mr. Kettle's brief Introduction is much more: it says almost all that needs to be said about Nietzsche, and says it magisterially and finally.

Nietzsche's manhood was a sad failure; his youth alone attracts us by its rich promise. As a mere boy he meditated and wrote like a mature philosopher. The passage on p. 31 is indeed marvellous in its ripe reflection. He reminds us of the young student Gibbon—but how different was their harvest-home of achievement! Hölderlin and Schopenhauer influenced him for the good, but Wagner on the whole did him harm. Both were born charlatans; both had

vast genius and noble aims. Wagner was the bold, magnificent charlatan, Nietzsche the gentler type, affectionate, hero-worshipping, truthful, conscientious, scrupulous, yet all the same with an innate instinct for pose, a born eye to effect, a yearning to dazzle and impress. This blending of a very beautiful sincerity and simplicity with frank chartalanism was probably due to mental disease. Hence too his faults, which were many—perhaps grave, for we know so little of his life during his spells of Bohemian seclusion. But his virtues, if few, were very, very great and rare. I am sure that the picture of his mature life—no blame to his biographers—is utterly inadequate and misleading—inferred as it is from his own wayward, inconsistent, spasmodic revelations of feelings of the moment, and from the reports of friends who never really understood him. His Life should never have been written at all.

Though the Nietzschean philosophy never existed, it has, we are told, numerous disciples. I can well believe it. He not only contradicted himself from year to year—that was only reasonable—but always he contrived to hold two contradictory views at the same time, and was wretched because he could not reconcile them. In vain his apologists try to trace a consistent thread in his mental career. Even his persistent optimism was really but an aspiration which he perpetually neutralised by practical pessimism. Therefore cranks of diverse and opposing factions can all find something in Nietzsche to bolster up opinions which he detested. But though his philosophies were fantastic and barren, he was a brilliant thinker. His poet-mind teemed with splendid and noble imagery, but he argued from images, not facts. His logic is deplorable. He took the most original and searching views of the profoundest problems and gave them new aspects, but they were not of his propounding, nor solution. His theories were all unconsciously borrowed. He handled them brilliantly but left them just where he found them. We may, we must, take leave of him at that typical moment when he discovered his central doctrine of the Eternal Return. But first recall in passing how the "Decline and Fall" was conceived by a mightier sage as he meditated in the ruins of the Colisseum. Nietzsche sits under a rock—suddenly the Secret of the Universe is revealed to him. Matter is eternal and only capable of a definite number of combinations—give it long enough and it must return to the forms of to-day—the time will recur again and again, when the universe will be in its minutest detail what it is now—here "a man like me—*myself in fact*" (mark the bold fallacy) will again and again rediscover the Great Secret, etc., etc. He bursts into tears—is half-mad for some days—records his precious revelation, dating it "August, 1881, at Sils-Maria, 6,500 feet above the sea, and far more than that above all human things." His first conception is really a curiosity (see p. 231)—the many false premisses and barefaced wrong deductions, his horror at the black prospect, his joy in the blessed hope—the old, old story of his two-faced inconsistency. And then he tries to work it out in "Thus Spake Zarathustra," and failing to make head or tail of it, worries himself into the madhouse. And not a few, it seems, are to-day following his torch to the same bourne. Nietzsche would not see that the Secret is being rediscovered, not by previous or subsequent Nietzsches, but always and everywhere by nearly everybody who amuses himself with such speculations, for it is so obvious. And then rejected, for it is so obviously false, obviously fruitless and uninteresting. As a mathematical paradox the Eternal Return may be postulated for Eternity, but in Time, still more in the life of the solar system, it is absolutely impossible. And were it possible, were it true, it would not move us to horror or joy, would bear in no way whatever on human thought or conduct, for "a man like myself" is *not* "myself in fact," but somebody else. When you have stripped off the tinsel the Return is but a vain speculation as uninteresting, as barren and trivial as the question whether in the planet Saturn there are or are not forms of organic matter so vulgar as to eat peas with a knife.

A saner, simpler, manlier philosopher rediscovered the Secret, years before Nietzsche, though only at sea-level, and exploded it with a wise laugh. Mr. Muddle, in "Peter Simple," cherished the Eternal Return:

> "'I beg your pardon, Captain Savage, you found just the same fault with me on this very quarter-deck 27,672 years ago.' 'If I did,' interrupted the captain, 'depend upon it that at the same time I ordered you to go aloft and attend to your duty; and although, as you say, you and I cannot recollect it, if you did not obey instantaneously, I also put you in irons, and' . . . 'I rather think, sir,' replied the carpenter, humbly touching his hat, 'that no such thing took place, for I went up immediately, as I do now, and,' he continued as he ascended the rigging, 'as I shall again in another 27,672 years.'"

It is all there. Go aloft—not "far more than 6,500 feet above all human things," to squeeze out of your poor crazy brain some will o' the wisp to set fools agape. Go aloft, and attend to your duty.

Y. Y.

A DIVINE ACCIDENT.*

In a sympathetic and illuminating introduction to Mr. Raphael's translation of "Marie-Claire," Mr. Arnold Bennett describes the book in a bold but just phrase as "a divine accident." In all the columns of criticism which "Marie Claire" has provoked no phrase sums up so admirably the effect which it produces. Even if the book did not bear the unmistakable stamp of truth, of direct personal experience, the story of Marguerite Audoux is so wildly improbable that no one would have dared to invent it. All the world knows now how Marguerite Audoux, having lost her mother and being deserted by her father, was brought up in a convent orphanage until she was old enough to be "boarded out" with a farmer in the Sologne.

* "Marie-Claire." By Marguerite Audoux. Translated by John A. Raphael. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)



Marguerite Audoux.
Author of "Marie-Claire."
From "Marie-Claire." (Chapman & Hall.)

Of education in the ordinary sense she had little or none. But she learned at the convent to read, and though her books were few, by some instinct or rare gift she chose at once the best. A tattered copy of "Télémaque" was a godsend to her. No one told her the difference between literature and trash, but she needed no one. She was born with the sense of style. After a few years as a shepherdess in the Sologne she came to Paris in search of more books. Here in the scanty leisure afforded by her work as a sempstress she read eagerly, but it was not till failing eyesight forbade her to sew at night that she thought of realising a vague but ever-growing ambition to write a story herself. In the meantime, though desperately poor, she was not without friends. The singular charm of her personality had won her a place in a circle of young literary men, the best known of whom was the late Charles Louis Philippe. She wrote at first simply because she loved to write, and it was the enthusiasm of her friends which suggested to her the possibility of finding a publisher for her work.

When "Marie-Claire" was finished the manuscript was shown to Octave Mirbeau, who not only persuaded Fasquelle to publish it, but himself contributed a charming and appreciative preface. Its success was immediate and decisive, and it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that Marguerite Audoux woke up to find herself with a European reputation. Her book is not in any ordinary sense a novel; it is her own life up to the time of her coming to Paris, with the addition of two love episodes which, good as they are, are not on a level with the rest. She tells her story very simply, without any sentimental self-pity, with a purity of phrasing and restraint of style which are beyond praise. She describes herself and her life with a detachment and unflinching candour peculiar to the French, and she writes without illusions, but also without any bitterness. There are no *clichés*, no commonplace phrases, and no padding. With infallible instinct she chooses always the simplest word and the right word. She does not have to search laboriously for *le mot juste*; it comes naturally and instinctively. In short, the book is a miracle without a parallel in literature. But it is more than a merely literary achievement. Marguerite Audoux has temperament, perhaps even a touch of genius; but what gives more value to her work than the interest of her personality is the fact that she belongs to the vast multitude of the inarticulate workers. "Marie-Claire" gives us a new point of view. There is all the world of difference between a writer playing at being a shepherd and a shepherd inspired to write. "Marie-Claire" is Millet's "Bergère" come to life. The task of translation in the case of a book of such delicate and limpid grace is more than ordinarily difficult. French prose never translates well into English, and Mr. Raphael, though an able journalist, was hardly an ideal choice. If "Marie-Claire" could have been translated at all, only a poet or another Marguerite Audoux could have done it.

LIFE'S DINING-TABLE.*

Supping one night with the late Edgar Fawcett, an American poet and novelist who, by the way, has never received his due measure of appreciation in England, and listening to his anecdotes of the many English and American celebrities he had met, I inquired:

"Why don't you write your Recollections, Fawcett?" His wistful blue eyes (for he always struck me as in a continual condition of mild and aggrieved surprise at his failure to win greater recognition in this country) rested on mine meditatively for a moment. Then, with that characteristic lisp which sounded so quaintly on the lips of a grey-haired, grey-bearded man, he said softly:

"We draw back our chair so soon from the dining-table of life, that it is scarcely worth while to think of the dishes we have eaten, or even of those we have left untasted."

Fawcett left many dishes untasted, for he died in early middle age, and died something of a pessimist. Mr. Thomas Catling would have us to believe that, to all intents and purposes, he has drawn back his chair from the table, but so long as he continues to write in the glad, grateful, and optimistic strain which characterises his volume of recollections, "My Life's Pilgrimage," his friends and readers must think of him as an honoured guest, still seated with them at the feast. Mr. Catling is, as all the world knows, the ex-editor of the most widely circulated of all our Sunday journals, *Lloyd's News*, and was in the service of the proprietors, first as a boy of fifteen in the composing room, and finally as chief editor, for fifty-three years. His book is thus a history of the rise of *Lloyd's Newspaper* from a circulation of some sixty or seventy thousand to that of more than a million; and is also, in a sense, a history of Fleet Street for the last half-century.

Than Lord Burnham, who contributes an admirable and graceful Introduction, no more appropriate sponsor for Mr. Catling's recollections could be found, for only by a journalist can such a work be adequately prefaced or reviewed. Remembering what was said by a writer, signing himself "E.," in the *National Review*, to the effect that "a journalist is a person who combines universal ignorance with a desire to instruct," I hasten to add that by "only a journalist" I mean no disrespect to a great and honourable profession. A journalist's information on any particular subject may not always be exact or exhaustive, for his chief business is to get "copy," and to keep the public informed upon current events, not to constitute himself a walking encyclopædia. But if twenty men, all of different occupations, started at "scratch" in a race to discover something of which each of them was ignorant, my money would be put upon the journalist, for he generally knows just where to go to find out what he wishes to know. A score of times, in Mr. Catling's absorbing book, he tells us—modestly, but not without pardonable professional pride—of his own astounding feats in nosing out "copy" in the unlikeliest quarter, and in "getting ahead" of every one, not excepting the police, in obtaining the earliest information in regard to a murder, a marriage, or a political crisis.

Having admitted that "only by a journalist" can Mr. Catling's book be adequately reviewed, I ought, perhaps, in justice to my editor, to explain that though I am not a journalist, I was, for twenty years, Mr. Catling's near neighbour in Salisbury Square, where I was working as editor and literary adviser to a great firm of publishers, Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co., and so I came to know rather more of journalists and journalism than falls to the lot of the ordinary author or reviewer. In this connection, I remember Lord Northcliffe's words when he and I were discussing journalism. "Find me the right man, the born editor, the man with ideas, energy, enterprise, application, and brains, and I'll start a new journal every day in the week. It is Ideas and the Man that are so hard to get."

Mr. Catling is a man of ideas, energy, application, enterprise, and brains. He is a born editor, a born journalist, and no matter on what paper he might have happened to find a place, sooner or later he must inevitably have forged to the front. That his book is more journalism than literature he would be the first to admit. None the less it is more likely to be read and remembered many years hence than much that passes for literature, inasmuch as it is an expert's record of the development of modern journalism. To-day journalism is a giant. In Mr. Catling's 'prentice time, the giant was little more than a lusty youth. Mr. Catling was one of that youth's tutors and trainers, and in his book he has not only rendered a faithful account

* "My Life's Pilgrimage." By Thomas Catling. With an Introduction by Lord Burnham. 10s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)

of his tutorship, but has given us much else of extraordinary interest and value. "My Life's Pilgrimage" is in fact a commentary upon the principal happenings of the last fifty or sixty years. It has thus a historical value, other than that of the familiar volumes of recollections dealing chiefly with the writers' own careers and livened by anecdotes of the more or less eminent persons they have met. Not that Mr. Catling's volume is deficient in good stories. On the contrary it is packed with them, for he has known personally many prominent public men of his time, including Irving, Cruikshank, Frank Buckland, Captain Webb, Blondin, Douglas Jerrold, Tom Hood, Burnand, Sala, the Broughs, H. J. Byron, Gilbert, Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, Toole, the Grossmiths, Hollingshead, Dion Boucicault, Andrew Halliday, Augustus Harris, Sir John Gorst, Bancroft, Froude, Kitchener, Harry Pettitt, President Cleveland, Wilson Barrett, Archbishop Benson, William Black, Watts-Dunton, Swinburne and very manyothers. Moreover, he has travelled widely, and his excellent memory enables him to brighten nearly every page with a characteristic anecdote, a picturesque description, or some item of curious but forgotten information. To read, for instance, that Wellington only once saw Napoleon, and saw him, then, at a distance is somewhat astonishing. Recalling her experiences to Sir Henry Irving (Mr. Catling's informant) the Baroness Burdett Coutts said that she went to a ball at Willis's Rooms with the Duke of Wellington, and asked him to tell her, as Louis Napoleon entered, if the Prince in any way resembled his great uncle. Wellington's reply was that he could scarcely say, as it was only on a single occasion that he saw a little man in a grey cloak, riding at a distance, and was told that the little man was Bonaparte. Against one passage in Mr. Catling's book I venture to place a note of interrogation. On page 202, speaking of serials, he says: "Kipling's story, 'The Light that Failed,' was offered for a hundred pounds, and I agreed to accept it. The Americans who held the copyright, however, failed to agree as to date of publication, and ultimately the British serial rights were abandoned."

The facts are that "The Light that Failed" was written for *Lippincott's*, an American monthly magazine of which, as Mr. Catling has perhaps forgotten, a special English edition was published in this country by Messrs. Ward, Lock & Bowden, as that firm was then called. This edition was, in the main, similar to the American issue, except that certain articles, too markedly American in interest, were omitted—their place being taken by articles written here, in England, by English writers. Different, however, in some respects, as were the American and English editions of *Lippincott*, Mr. Kipling's great novel appeared in both, so Mr. Catling is hardly correct in saying that "the British serial rights of 'The Light that Failed' were abandoned"—presuming, that is, that by "serial rights" he means publication in a magazine. I speak with some knowledge, as I was at that time assistant editor of the English edition of the magazine and well remember asking Mr. James Bowden, then the managing director of Messrs. Ward, Lock & Bowden, but now the Lay Secretary of the Religious Tract Society, how many copies of the issue of *Lippincott's* containing "The Light that Failed" he proposed to put upon the market.

"Fifteen thousand," was the reply.

"What!" I exclaimed. "Fifteen thousand of a magazine containing Kipling's first long novel—and to be bought complete, magazine and all, for a shilling! If you can't sell a hundred thousand, we had better give up issuing *Lippincott's* over here!"

Mr. Bowden, one of the ablest and most honourable, but also one of the most cautious of men, thereupon increased the number to thirty thousand, playfully warning me that if they "stuck," I should hear more of it. In passing I may say that all I did hear of it was that something like a hundred thousand copies of the issue of *Lippincott's* containing Mr. Kipling's novel were promptly called for, and that the demand did not end there.

In all "My Life's Pilgrimage" there is only one passage which I regret; and that is a reference to a divorce case in the 'seventies, in which a famous Nonconformist minister was concerned (I omit the name purposely). That Nonconformist minister has now passed beyond reach of human judgment, but his brother (also a Nonconformist minister) is alive—a fact of which Mr. Catling was no doubt unaware, or he would not, I think, have expressed himself so severely in regard to a case on which opinions were verymuch divided. In such matters we do well to remember Ian Maclaren's words: "Be pitiful, for every one is fighting a hard battle." That, in fact, is the spirit in which Mr. Catling's book is written: he tells us frankly of the bitterness of his early struggles, but those struggles and that bitterness have softened, not soured him; and even when speaking of men he dislikes, of men who failed him, and abused his trust, or of those journalistic derelicts who drift up and down Fleet Street (we all know them), in and out of newspaper offices and of taverns, to sponge and to soak—he has nothing but pity and tenderness at the thought of wasted lives and ruined careers. That he has always been ready with practical help for the unfortunate, all Fleet Street knows, and, to my personal knowledge, he has given many a generous "lift" to a struggling journalist or author. Singularly courteous as an editor, genial as a man, loyal as a friend, just, high-minded, and born with the gift for good-fellowship and camaraderie by which his brother-members of the Savage Club set such store—it is small matter for surprise that there is no better-known or better-loved personality in journalism than he. Reading his book, or meeting him in the flesh, none of us can think of him as drawing back his chair from the dining-table. Except for the evidence it bears of his vast experience and wide knowledge, his "Pilgrimage" might be the work of some young and hopeful man, for there is no croaking, no dismal comparison of the present with the past. His outlook on life at seventy-two reminds one not a little of a passage in a letter by R. L. Stevenson. Realising that the end was near, protesting that "literally no man has more wholly outlived life than I," Stevenson adds, with the indomitable courage, the incorrigible humour, that were his to the last, "and still it's good fun!"

That life holds many years of "good fun" for "Catling of *Lloyd's*" is the hope and belief of innumerable friends and readers.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

SUBJECTIVE CRITICISM.*

An author hazards his reputation when he reprints fugitive articles contributed, often at short notice, to a daily paper. He is expected to discuss the latest speech or the newest book, and he writes in all the heat of a first impression. Long before he can revise his first impression, his article has been written and probably forgotten. A critic must be singularly well equipped and well balanced in his attitude to life and letters who can stand the ordeal of having his fugitive pieces imprisoned in a formal volume. That no living critic is better equipped than M. Anatole France scarcely needs to be said; and no apology is needed for republishing some of the reviews and studies which he contributed to the *Temps*. But the reader must not look for a consistent body of criticism, a second "Causeries de Lundi." M. France has no system. He writes what the mood of the moment suggests. His whole philo-

* "On Life and Letters." By Anatole France. Translated by A. W. Evans. First Series. 6s. (John Lane.)

sophy of criticism is crystallised in a single sentence in the charming and whimsical preface: "The good critic is he who relates the adventures of his own soul among masterpieces." Not only is M. France confessedly a subjective critic, but he even denies the possibility of objective criticism. "Objective criticism," he writes in the preface, "has no more existence than has objective art, and all those who deceive themselves in the belief that they put anything but their own personalities into their work are dupes of the most fallacious of illusions." The objective critic might reply that the argument is inconclusive, and that making all allowance for the personal equation there is still room for principles of criticism independent of personal prejudices. Indeed, without some objective canons how is it possible to say what is a masterpiece? But M. France rejects such a theory entirely. In his view the critic, to be quite frank, ought to say, "Gentlemen, I am going to speak about myself *apropos* of Shakespeare, *apropos* of Racine, or of Pascal or of Goethe. The occasion at least is excellent enough." As a theory of criticism this statement is open to many objections, but as an account of M. France's own practice as a critic, it is frank and complete.

These delightful little studies snatched from forgotten pages of the *Temps* are veritable adventures of the soul, not always among masterpieces, but usually among books. M. France speaks of himself *apropos* of subjects as diverse as Mounet Sully in "Hamlet," Maupassant, Prince Bismarck, or Bourget's "Mensonges," and he records his impressions with a candour and simplicity, one might almost say with a humility, only possible to the philosopher and the scholar. The essays and reviews collected in this volume were written in the late 'eighties and range over a wide field. Among those of purely literary interest is a brilliant study of Maupassant in which M. France displays an amazing knowledge of the development of the *contes* and *fabliaux* in mediæval French literature. The essay on three poets, Sully-Prudhomme, Coppée, and Frédéric Plessis, reveals him as a keen and sympathetic student of modern poetry. In "La Terre" he demolishes Zola's claims to the title of realist in a few pages of criticism at once trenchant and penetrating. In a review of Bourget's "Mensonges" M. France shows himself a match even for M. Bourget in psychological analysis. "On Mad Folks in Literature" is a charming bit of reminiscence. In fact, there is a temptation to give some special mention to almost every study, all are so attractive. M. France is bookish and would be the first to confess it. No one indeed is more alive than he to the dangers of bookishness. He must not be taken too literally, yet beneath the playfulness there is a serious meaning when he writes: "Those who read much are like hasheesh-eaters. They live in a dream. The subtle poison which penetrates their brains renders them insensible to the real world. . . . Books are the opium of the West. They devour us." Anatole France has never become insensible to the real world, but he, if any one, may claim to belong to the dream-world of books, and as a guide to that enchanted land he has no superior among living writers.

SEVEN AT RANDOM.

One who looks into the mirror of contemporary fiction gazes at first into a darkened glass. The travail of new ideas is abroad; their images as reflected in the novels of the day are often hard to discern, their incessant emergence giving the unsteady, flickering effect of pictures shown by a cinematograph.

Readers desiring the honeyed cake of sentiment, and chancing upon the subtly flavoured product of Mr. Oliver Onions's imagination, "Widdershins," * will either be nonplussed, mystified, or frightened. His latest work is a symptom of the fascination exercised by the occult, and an example of the growing tendency of writers to exploit the artistic temperament.

Mr. Onions achieves a triumph in the genre of the supernatural. According to a prefatory note, the title means "contrary to the course of the sun," a definition that in itself suggests a reversal of the customary, an overthrow of the usual. The scene of the best and longest story in the book, "The Beckoning Fair One," is laid in an uninhabited house, a portion of which is furnished by Oleron, a novelist. The past taps him on the shoulder almost as soon as he crosses the threshold, and the time-tinged structure starts into life. His well-tried comrade, Elsie Benbough, a journalist of practical views, and the prototype of Romilly, the heroine in Oleron's unfinished novel, is a frequent visitor. Subtly as night seizes a landscape, the spirit of the haunted house descends on Oleron, changing him in all his relations to objective life, and shifting his allegiance from Elsie to "the beckoning fair one." It would not be fair to Mr. Onions to tell the part played by the shadow. The story is told with extreme artistry, the author unfolding a creeping horror that some readers may think would be better left unexpressed. Fellow craftsmen who appreciate literature, and detest pot-boiling printed matter, will relish the latest expression of Mr. Onions's talent in its several manifestations. In addition to "The Beckoning Fair One" eight other stories are contained in his new book.

To a limited and partial degree, the reader savours some of the atmosphere of occultism in "A Woman on the Threshold," † by Maude Little, who is also superlatively concerned with the artistic temperament. The pleasant anticipations aroused by her previous novel, "At the Sign of the Burning Bush," are here fulfilled in good measure, even in too good measure from the point of view of construction, for Miss Little has hardly yet mastered the selective art that discards the good for the best material, and builds a shapely whole out of the economised product.

Intelligent readers will find abiding satisfaction in "A Woman on the Threshold." Fundamental brain-work went to its making, and the whole story is informed by courageous sincerity and profound knowledge of human nature, especially of the artistic type. How the knell of Dosey Haining's literary ambition is rung by a peal of marriage bells, how Linty Lymbourne, an extraordinary house-painter, becomes a fascinating exponent of the artistic temperament, and, above all, how Dosey's son, Lorrin, fulfils in almost every particular the actions fore-ordained by his mother for the hero of her unwritten novel, are the main strands in the warp and weft of a strong and individual story, that is strengthened with powerfully executed subsidiary characters, moving in a well-rendered atmosphere.

In yet another example of the latest fiction, "Odd Come Shorts," ‡ by Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick, we are, in the opening story, "A Woman with a Future," in the company of a literary man, an historian. The assured art of the accomplished craftswoman once more reveals the paradox of how to be poor on a thousand a year, thanks to Hesperia, the extravagant fool Philip, whom Hesperia marries, and her mother, Mrs. Madison, who have moved in the nondescript society of foreign hotels which Mrs. Sidgwick treats so ably. Among the other stories in this volume some sketches entitled "The Opinions of Angela" are altogether delightful. A slightly more emotional handling of character would enhance the appeal of the book.

* "Widdershins." By Oliver Onions. 6s. (Martin Secker.)

† "A Woman on the Threshold." By Maude Little. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

‡ "Odd Come Shorts." By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

In Miss Marjorie Bowen's new novel, "Defender of the Faith," * we step into the atmosphere of quick and robust action—the austerely told story of William of Orange, who is presented as a fine figure of a man. Nobly does he shine beside the intriguing purposes of Charles II. and the French king's spies. Miss Bowen appears to have conquered the tendency to melodrama which artistically marred her earlier work. With commendable restraint she packs into her very clever plot not only the European struggle in which the Netherlands played such a gallant part, but plentiful incident connected with Mary Stuart, courtiers, and foreign and English intriguers. The incidents are tightly knit into a narrative of unflagging interest, and the scene in which William of Orange succeeds in converting Mynheer Cornelius de Witt from a lifelong enemy into a staunch friend will thrill even the most jaded novel-reader.

Dolf Wyllarde has achieved the difficult feat of writing a successful sporting novel, "The Riding Master," † in which the romantic interest is strong. People who love horses more than books will be lured by this book into the unfamiliar pleasure of reading, while ordinary library subscribers may do worse than make the acquaintance of the imperturbable riding master. Some of his pupils and their associates are not worth knowing, but Mrs. Devereux is distinctly interesting. Her struggle to retain the affection of her husband and her friendship with Major Vane-Hurst belong to real life, but the South African adventuress is not drawn with sufficient subtlety to convince one of her reality. Although a fair amount of "pitch" is handled, no one should be a bit the worse for it, as the dice are loaded on the side of virtue. Amusement is provided by an "enfant terrible," Lady Sweetie Beauman, and the other children are drawn with far more than the average ability.

Adventure finds two spirited exponents in Mr. Anthony Partridge and Mr. John Ironside. A hunchback, a singing girl, a monkey, and their barrel organ form the central figures in Mr. Partridge's story, "Passers-By." ‡ The plot is one of exceptional ingenuity, and the incidents are often thrilling, though the treatment is rather theatrical in places. "The Red Symbol," § if it is the work of a new writer, reveals capacity for the field in which Mr. William Le Queux won his literary spurs. Much of the action passes in Russia. Mr. Ironside realises for us a series of breathless adventures among Russian revolutionaries with infectious vigour, forcing us to admire the resourceful Maurice Wynn, and the way in which he tackles the mystery that enshrouds the girl who became his wife.

Some reflections come as the fruit of the pleasant hours spent with these seven novels chosen at random from among the bewildering output of modern fiction. Novelists who take their calling seriously, in and above their impulse to tell a good story, appear to be realising their function as social historians of the twentieth century. The hypotheses or truths of spiritualism and advanced science, the activity of food reformers, the upward struggle of new ideals in womanhood, the fads and follies of the hour are finding adequate treatment. Ready-made romantic properties are disappearing in favour of copy procured at first-hand from the outside world of the past or present day, or the hearts of the writers themselves.

WILKINSON SHERREN.

* "Defender of the Faith." By Marjorie Bowen. 6s. (Methuen.)

† "The Riding Master." By Dolf Wyllarde. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

‡ "Passers-By." By Anthony Partridge. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

§ "The Red Symbol." By John Ironside. 2s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

PROFESSOR BLACKIE.*

It is now sixteen years since Edinburgh became the poorer by the loss of the remarkable personality of John Stuart Blackie, the last survivor of the golden age of Scottish letters. That Blackie himself will be remembered for any of his writings is exceedingly improbable, but to Scotsmen of the later Victorian days he stood as the representative of an older tradition that seemed to reach back to the age of Jeffrey and Lockhart. "German in training, Greek in spirit, and cosmopolitan in sympathy . . . ever a perfervid advocate for the land of his birth," is the present editor's admirable synopsis of this many-sided character. But no account of Blackie is complete that does not lay stress on his invincible energy and on the streak of eccentricity that made his character known throughout the length and breadth of his native land. The value of his work as a teacher cannot of necessity be appraised. That he trained any number of exact scholars is more than doubtful. But there is no doubt at all that on several generations of ardent youth he exercised a beneficent and magnetic influence, and was a passionate lover of the beautiful in literature, a zealous patriot, a fearless and tireless champion of what he took to be the right.

Shortly after his death there appeared an admirable memoir by Miss Anna Stoddart. This was supplemented last year by a collection of his "Letters to his Wife." The materials in the present volume represent the greater portion of Blackie's uncompleted autobiography. That they were drawn upon for the memoir does not detract from their value or render their publication superfluous, for they are full of interesting pictures and impressions reflecting a career of very unusual distinction and opportunity. There is nothing in the book better than the interesting reflections on his boyhood:

> "In after years I never could understand why people talked of their infancy in such sentimental terms. My boyish years, on review, I consider to have been pleasant enough on the whole, but rather empty and stupid. I do not mean that I found them empty at the time. I only know certainly now that they were very empty as compared with the wealth of incident and the intensity of enjoyment that belong to my manly years. I might wish to retain for ever the mixed elements of youth and manhood that belong to middle age—to the season between twenty and forty—but I never could seriously desire to have been eternally a boy. A boy is a fruitful thing for a thoughtful spectator to contemplate, but a somewhat barren and very imperfect thing to be."

On his return from his extensive travels on the Continent Blackie met many notabilities in London. Of his father's cousin, Lockhart, he says he came of

> "a remarkable handsome set of people, mostly clever, but not always wise. . . . I saw him several times at Melrose and in Edinburgh, and admired his handsome face, though I thought his fingers too fine for a male. But deeper I never entered into his nature, for he seemed cold and distant when I dined with him in London, and never gave me any encouragement to come within tongue-shot of him."

Another interesting note runs:

> "Of my visit to Coleridge, living then at Highgate, . . . I remember only two things: (1) that he was an old, infirm, downbent man; (2) that he told me he had thrown overboard all speculative philosophy, finding perfect satisfaction in the first chapter of the Gospel of John."

These extracts are sufficient to give some idea of Blackie's brief but penetrating method of characterisation, which ranges over a large number of celebrities in the worlds of Church and State and literature and education. The volumes includes some typical specimens of Blackie's verse; and it is to be remembered that his place in the Scottish

* "Notes of a Life." By John Stuart Blackie. Edited by his nephew, A. Stodart Walker. 6s. net. (Blackwood.)

anthologies is secure. His love of Scots songs was one of his ruling passions. The last occasion on which the present writer saw the Professor was on board the boat at the old railway-ferry at Burntisland. He was then striding up and down the deck and lustily singing "Kelvin Grove," beating time with his famous "runt." His name is written large in the official Song-Book of the Scottish students, and there is no kind of immortality, we believe, that Blackie would have desired more than this.

PICTURES FROM EGYPT.*

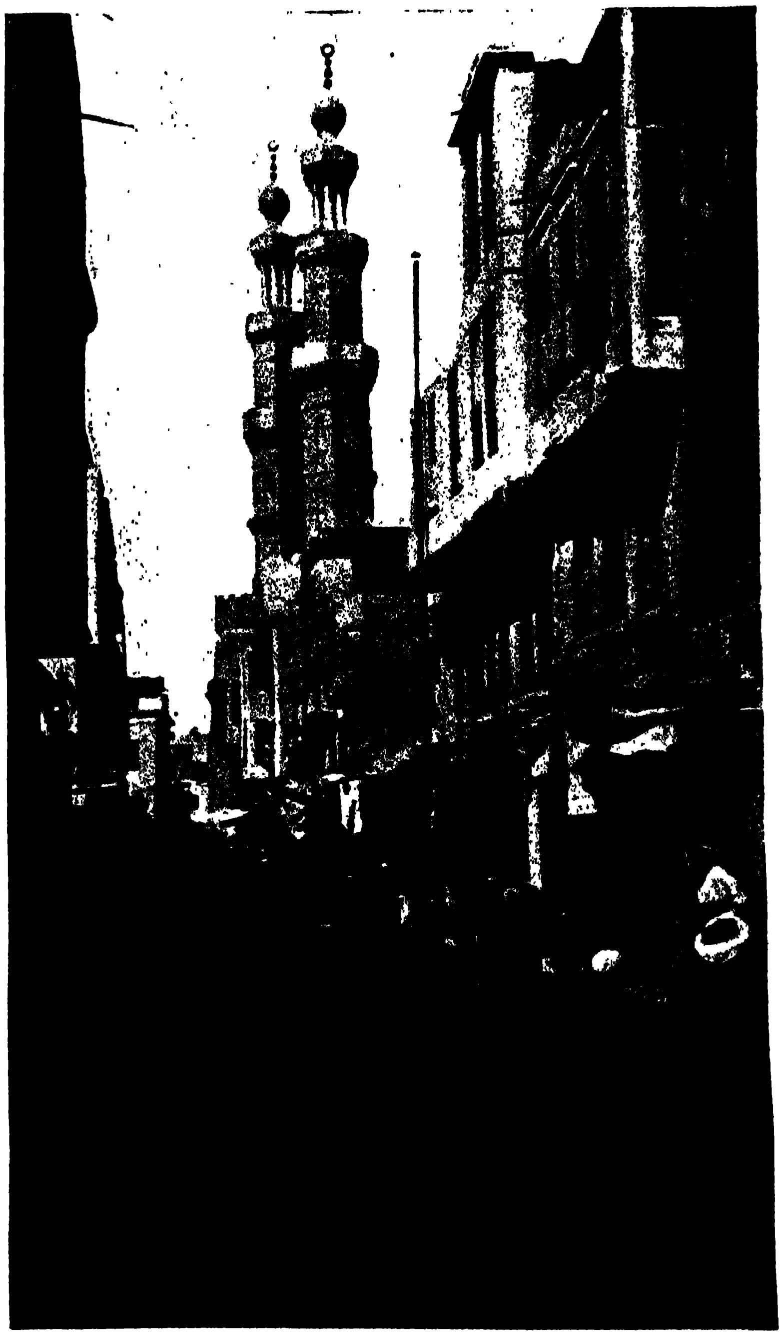
This is the fourth book Mr. Douglas Sladen has written about Egypt, but, as he rightly says in his preface, the subject is inexhaustible, and he has easily found interesting matter enough to fill this large and handsome volume about Cairo alone. Professor Lane-Poole, in "The Story of Cairo," has dealt ably and exhaustively with the history of that city, but there was room for a book that should describe the topography of Cairo and "conduct the reader round the sights of the native city and the innumerable monuments of mediæval Arab architecture which were in existence in Cairo when it supplied the local colour for the 'Arabian Nights,' and still exist," and this is the book that Mr. Sladen has written.

He has done his work thoroughly and well. Following his preface are minute directions for a drive round Cairo, divided into fifty-six sections, in which he sets out the sights that are to be seen at each stage of the journey; in the two parts of his book he deals with the city itself, and with the country and the life of the country round about it; and in some useful appendices he supplies practical information as to the best ways of getting to Egypt, the expenses of the journey and cost of living there, gives a special list for the guidance of artists in search of subjects for painting, reprints Mr. Roosevelt's famous Guildhall speech and Mr. Lane-Poole's chronological table of the rulers and monuments of mediæval Cairo.

But though "Oriental Cairo" is an invaluable guide-book, it is not written like one. Mr. Sladen has a sense of humour as well as an eye for the picturesque, a narrative gift and a keen interest always in the human side of things, as well as a skill in cataloguing topographical and architectural details. His pictures of street life and of the daily employments and home lives of the people are admirable, and not less so are his chapters on the amusements of the Arabs, their religion, and his vividly realised descriptions of the mosques and the Coptic churches of Old Cairo. In a word, he gives you in these pages a many-coloured panoramic view of Cairo as it is to-day, with such information about its past as may serve to explain its present, and an alert and sympathetic study of the outlook, manners, and quaint or romantic customs of the native population.

It is all the genial, gossipy chronicle of a shrewd, understanding observer who went about the streets, the markets, bazars, hotels, mosques, shops, and gardens with a camera, seeing things for himself, making acquaintance and chatting with all sorts and conditions of men, and, with a good, insatiable curiosity, learning more of their ways of living and thinking than can be picked up by the casual passer-by. As a result you have nearly four hundred pages of information and entertaining reading illustrated with over sixty excellent photographs and a map of Cairo.

* "Oriental Cairo." By Douglas Sladen. 21s. net. (Hurst & Blackett.)



The Heart of Cairo.

The old gate called the Bab-es-Zuweyla, which has the minarets of the El-Moayyad mosque on its towers. In front is the street called the Sharia Darb-el-Ahmar.

From "Oriental Cairo," by Douglas Sladen. (Hurst & Blackett.)

THE SECRET CHRYSANTHEMUM.*

The arrival of books from Tokyo, Japanese in everything but language, is becoming quite a common occurence. But while, hitherto, such immigrants have been, for the most part, merely ornamental, the latest arrival, though

* "The Japanese Letters of Lafcadio Hearn." Edited by Elizabeth Bisland. 12s. net. (Constable.)—"Home Life in Tokyo." By Jukichi Inouye. (Tokyo.)

not without that Japanese characteristic, has also its utilitarian side. It is an attempt—and a most successful attempt—to give us occidentals an authentic, that is to say a Japanese, account of daily life in Tokyo, which city has been selected as at once important and representative. As Mr. Inouye says:

> "I felt that it would add materially to clearness and simplicity if I localised my observations; and it was only natural that Tokyo, the capital, should be selected for the purpose."

It is in such immaculate and idiomatic English as this that Mr. Inouye describes the life of his countrymen, from birth to death, their comings and goings, their business and their pleasure, the houses they live in and the food they eat; the whole being illustrated with a multitude of delightful and instructive drawings. The thing has been done before, but, as the author says, by Europeans or Americans who "naturally look at Japanese life and civilisation from an occidental point of view." And it is becoming a platitude to say that the West will never understand the East; so that, however one may regret the occidentalisation of Japan that such a performance implies, Mr. Inouye's book is of real value.

Of all Westerns who have grasped in large or little measure the meaning of Japan, none ever got nearer the heart of the mystery than Lafcadio Hearn. He went to the country after experience of many lands, and with the traditions of many races in his blood. He lived among the Japs—shunning like poison all that was Europeanised—and chose a wife from among them. Thus by inheritance and acquisition he had material for comparative if not positive knowledge; to which were added the artist's insight and the strong desire to understand and to love with which he was equipped from the first. Yet even he, in the end, had to confess himself disappointed. He could not know Japan, and his love, which he had been so ready to lavish on the race, must be reserved for a few individuals.

The "Life and Letters," which a few years ago came as such a fascinating revelation of Hearn's personality, contained a considerable number of letters written from Japan. This new collection, which is contained in one volume equal in length to either of the earlier two, consists of nothing else. The great bulk of it is formed by letters to Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain, dating from Hearn's arrival early in 1890 to November, 1894. To these are added a few written to another friend, W. B. Mason, in 1892, and some charming notes to his wife which belong to the summer of 1904. These last entirely corroborate Miss Bisland's vindication of Hearn's private life against the malicious attacks which have so wantonly been made on it.

It will be observed that the letters to Professor Chamberlain and Mr. Mason belong exclusively to Hearn's earlier years in Japan. Yet one has not read very far before the note of disillusion is heard. With Izumo, where he lived first, he was delighted; but at Kumamoto, where he taught in the Government school, the spell was gradually broken. In May, 1894, he wrote to Chamberlain:

> "To-day I spent an hour in reading over part of the notes taken on my first arrival, and during the first six months of 1890. Result, I asked myself: 'How came you to go mad?—absolutely mad?' It was the same kind of madness as the first love of a boy.
>
> "I find I described horrible places as gardens of paradise, and horrid people as angels and divinities. How happy I must have been without knowing it! There are all my illusions facing me,—on faded yellow paper. I feel my face tingle as I study some of them. Happily I had the judgment not to print many lines from them. . . . Perhaps I was right in one way. For that moment Japan was really for *me* what I thought it. . . . Perhaps the man who comes to Japan full of hate for all things Oriental may get nearer to the truth at once—though, of course, he will also make a kindred mistake."

This, of course, is an extreme mood, but it is indicative. It implies something more than the European artist's hatred of occidentalisation. Hearn kept his original love for all that was left of the old Japan, but he got little return for the sympathy which he brought with both hands. One gets the impression that even in his adopted family, loved and honoured as he was, he remained an alien. There was mutual respect, but no fusion. He began to long for more kindred company. He dreamed of holidays, not in Europe, but in the Spanish tropics. A visit to the open ports, of which he had at first been so scornful, filled him with joy.

> "Another day, and I was in touch with England again. How small suddenly my little Japan became!—how lonesome! What a joy to feel the West! What a great thing is the West! What new appreciations of it are born of isolation!"

These letters do not destroy the notion that Hearn knew Japan better than any other European had known it; but they do emphasise the impassability of the gulf between East and West. Each has its own standards and ideals, by which each must work out its own salvation. Miss Bisland has done her work of editing as excellently as ever. If there is any criticism to offer it is that a short glossary of Japanese words would have been useful; and it might be pointed out that the undated letter from Hearn to his wife, which has been placed last, should obviously follow the first in the series.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

A SCOTT YEAR.

The year just ended affords striking proof of the popularity of Sir Walter Scott. There is no need to say he is on the wane, for the signs are all in the opposite direction. At home and abroad, in Britain and America, he is as much read as ever. Take these testimonies from two leading librarians in both countries: First, we have Mr. G. M. Fraser, of the Aberdeen Public Library, writing to a popular monthly a short time ago: "I had the curiosity to look into our issues of the classic novelists, and some of the results may be instructive. We have from six to ten copies each of Scott's novels, and taking them altogether, we have issued Scott's romances 1,288 times in the last six months, an average of fully 49 issues of each novel. The most frequently issued was 'The Fortunes of Nigel,' 73 issues. After it came 'Guy Mannering,' 68 issues; 'Rob Roy,' 52 issues; 'Ivanhoe,' 52 issues; 'The Fair Maid of Perth,' 52 issues; 'The Heart of Midlothian,' 48 issues, and so on." Then Mr. Thomson, of the great Free Library of Philadelphia (a true Scott lover), assures us that the Waverley Romances, by a long way, head the demand for fiction on his side of the Atlantic. He thinks that "all over America Scott is the most widely read of fiction-makers." It is pleasant, too, to notice the popularity of Sir Walter as a school classic. The Poems, to be sure, were ever pre-eminent in this respect, but it is the turn of the Novels to-day. Apart, however, from the Wizard's own marvellous output, think of the world of literature which has grown up around Scott and his work. In the history of British Letters what a power the three names—Shakespeare, Scott, and Burns—have been! Outside the Bible itself, it is doubtful if any other set of writings has evolved so much honest criticism or such wealth of kindly companionship and praise. And it is a growing literature. Year after year something is added to the pile. Not, indeed, that much is added to our knowledge of the men themselves, for that is hardly an easy matter nowadays. But there is the new setting, the fresh presentation of old facts, and the glamour which somebody else, drinking at the well-head, may be able to throw around fond scenes and memories. Hence the welcome which one gives, and ought to give, despite an already goodly supply, to such disquisitions on Scott and Burns as their enthusiasts are willing to make to us. For of those two Mighties it is plain that the reading public never tires—they have so much in common with humanity that their hold on the heart of the generations is nowise slackened.

Now 1910 was emphatically a Scott year. Was it Mrs. MacCunn's "Sir Walter Scott's Friends" that paved the way? There is the genuine ring about Mrs. MacCunn's pages. *She* is a Scott enthusiast who has described the happy circles at Edinburgh and at Abbotsford with a winsomeness of imagination and diction that have been rarely surpassed. "The Skene Papers" added somewhat to our stock of Waverley lore. James Skene was one of Scott's dearest confidants, whose Diary carries into the nooks and crannies of Scott's being.

Following these volumes, both of which were noticed in The Bookman at the time, there must now be mentioned several others which go to make up the Scott year. "Sir Walter Scott Studied in Eight Novels" * is apparently a reissue, under a new title, of the author's "Philosophy of the Waverley Novels," published thirty-one years since. There is, however, nothing new in the book. A resumé of eight typical novels, with a more or less dispassionate analysis of their principal characters, are the main features of the work. There are certainly too many quotations. Still, it is good reading, and Scott students will not quarrel with the writer's idiosyncrasies. "A Dictionary of the Waverley Novels" † was scarcely a desideratum. One of the best compilations of the kind was Dr. Cornish's "Waverley Manual" (1871); and May Rogers's "Waverley Dictionary," published at Chicago in 1879, must be accessible in many libraries. Both of these are to be preferred to the present production, which follows a simple alphabetical arrangement instead of treating of the novels *seriatim*—a more business-like method. There is no attempt to identify particular Originals. The book is just what it professes to be—a mere Dictionary. From a popular point of view one of the best Scott books of the year was Mr. David Douglas's one-volume edition of the "Journal," ‡ a really wonderful six-shillings' worth. First published in 1890, in two volumes, at thirty shillings, here it is, twenty years afterwards, extending to well-nigh a thousand pages, most beautifully printed, most strongly bound, for one-fifth of the original price. It is the cheapest Scott book of recent years. We can hardly know Scott until we have mastered his "Journal." Lockhart, to be sure, utilised considerable portions of it, but just enough to whet one's appetite. There is as fine and as tender writing here as in anything Scott ever gave us. In the "Journal" we see the man at his best, when the worst things befell him, when he wore his sorrow's crown of sorrow, when to the end the fight was keen and resolute as Wellington's at Waterloo. He who reads Scott's "Journal"—now so accessible to the multitude, thanks to the publisher-editor's public-spiritedness (monetary gain must be a minor consideration in this instance)—will have his conceptions of Scott strangely heightened and ennobled. The softer touches are felt throughout these pages. We are peering into some of the truly sacred things of Scott's life, and if we are not welded closer to that heroic heart of his, then must our own hearts be hard and impenetrable enough.

The chief event of the Scott year was the controversy (somewhat prolonged) between Colonel Fitzwilliam Elliot, on the one hand, and the redoubted Mr. Andrew Lang on the other. Colonel Elliot § has written a couple of volumes to prove, or to make an attempt at proving, that Scott practically forged some of the better-known Border ballads, passing them off for genuine specimens of the

> "songs to savage virtue dear
> Which won of yore the public ear,
> Ere polity, sedate and sage,
> Had quenched the fires of feudal rage."

"Auld Maitland," for example, and "Jamie Telfer" are affirmed to be purely modern compositions. Scott is said to have penned large portions of "Otterburne," and the whole of "Kinmont Willie" is declared to be his own. Now these are very grave charges. Mr. Lang maintains * that Scott did none of the things attributed to him, but that he "edited" the ballads got from oral tradition in an honest and open manner, though not in the way that a modern editor would do. There is something to be said for both sides, but Colonel Elliot is much too extreme in the presentation of his case. In some respects his arguments look convincing enough, at other times they fall to pieces. It is unlikely, to say the least, that Scott would deliberately demean himself by practising deceit in the matter. We are aware that he did prevaricate on occasion. He denied the authorship of the Novels, for instance. But the compilation of the "Minstrelsy" was a very different affair. That was actually a collaboration, and it is difficult to see how Scott could deceive men so skilled in ballad discrimination as Leyden, and Ellis, and Ritson, and Skene, and Laidlaw. He was himself imposed upon by Surtees, it is true, but there is no reason, neither is there evidence for assuming that Scott, in his turn, perpetrated a three or four-folded fraud upon a trustful public. It cannot be denied that Scott "edited" many of the ballads, and mayhap the ballads in dispute. He probably added necessary and glaringly missing stanzas, for one thing. He may have been obliged to "tinker" some of the intolerable expressions used by those old rhymesters. And in the case of varying versions he would set himself to create a "standard text." That is likely all that he did. The "Minstrelsy" contains specimens of his own workmanship: "Thomas the Rhymer," "The Eve of St. John," and an edition of "The Dowie Dens," but each is greatly different in form and style from those ballads that stand in Colonel Elliot's pillory. Mr. Lang has scored in his defence of Scott. No man knows the ballads of the Border better than Mr. Lang. And has he not seen at Abbotsford the very original manuscript of "Auld Maitland," as it came direct from Hogg's hand, who took it down from recitations, and do we not know now that Scott printed it with the very minimum of emendations? That of itself should be sufficient to put an end to further bickering on the subject.

Mrs. MacGregor's Life of Scott † for young people is a pleasantly written account of the Wizard, and should prepare the way for the study of Lockhart in due season. There were no new uniform editions of the Novels in 1910, but the present year will see at least one fresh venture in this direction.

The Country of Scott—the Scottish Border—is of thrilling interest to every lover of the name of Scott. The Border has been rather lacking in purely historic literature. Ridpath's folio "History" has been long out of print. Sir George Douglas's exceedingly able monograph alone holds the field, for one fears that Mr. Hindes Groome's "Short History" is almost forgotten. There is, to be sure, Dr. Borland's bracing "Border Raids," ‡ of which a handsome new edition was issued last year, and Mr. Craig-Brown's "Selkirkshire," as well as the work of other county historians. But 1910 gave us Mrs. Jean Lang's "Land of Romance," § the most delightful volume the Border has welcomed for many a day—a feast of fat things to that multitude for whom the associations of the Tweed and the Leader, the Yarrow and the Teviot, are the sweetest upon earth. The Border is haunted ground,

* "Sir Walter Scott Studied in Eight Novels." By Hon. A. S. G. Canning. 7s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin.)

† "A Dictionary of the Waverley Novels." By M. F. A. Husband, B.A. 8s. 6d. (Routledge.)

‡ "Sir Walter Scott's Journal." Edited by David Douglas. 6s. (David Douglas.)

§ "Further Essays on Border Ballads." By Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Fitzwilliam Elliot. 3s. 6d. (Andrew Elliot.)

* "Sir Walter Scott and the Border Minstrelsy." By Andrew Lang. 5s. (Longmans.)

† "Scott for Boys and Girls." By Mary MacGregor. 1s. (Edinburgh: T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

‡ "Border Raids and Reivers." By R. Borland, D.D. 5s. (Dalbeattie: Fraser.)

§ "A Land of Romance." By Jean Lang. 7s. 6d. (Edinburgh: Jack.)

every foot of it. And here, in these so fascinating chapters we may read the record of its thousand years of romance, and struggle, and song. Of the Romans and the Reivers of the Border, of its Saints, and its Stalwarts on many a well-fought field, of its Monks and Minstrels, of Queen Mary's passionate pilgrimages over its wastes, and the tramping of "Chairlie's" Highlanders along its valleys, down to the advent of Sir Walter (best patron-saint of all), Mrs. Lang's word-pictures are perfect gems. We cannot praise her work too highly. Ah, it is largely because this fair and storied land is Scott's own, that this book is as it is! It is *his* charm which has lent inspiration to a noble piece of writing.

"Here, in the heart of your own country, among your own grey, round-shouldered hills, it is of you and of your works that a native of the Forest is most frequently brought in mind. All the spirits of the river and the hill, all the dying refrains of ballad and the fading echoes of story, all the memory of the wild past, each legend of burn and loch, seem to have combined to inform your spirit, and to secure themselves an immortal life in your song. It is through you that we remember them, and in recalling them, as in treading each hillside in this land, we again remember you and bless you."

We look for a moment at the Scott poetry of 1910. Since "J. B. Selkirk" left us, Will Ogilvie * has become the representative bard of the Border Country. He has the true Scott heart, the true Scott fire. Long may his verses rattle in their ranks. Take this from "Dryburgh":

"He hath woven the wonderful threads of Life
  From cradle to bier in a cloth of gold;
He hath crossed on the spears of Border strife
  And the hands of the Highland lords of old;
  And every word is a jewel to hold,
While a nerve shall thrill or a sword shall thrust,
  Till the last of the fairy tales be told,
And the mouldering Dryburgh stones be dust."

There are blithesome snatches in Sir George's little book,† —nothing prettier than this in "The Lambing Fold":

"Books and the world have taught me long,
  But your true heart has taught you more—
Patience, wise tolerance of wrong,
  And—worth all Newton's, Bacon's lore—
  Your upward-looking life endued
  With single-minded rectitude;
Whilst, from the care of helpless things,
  That plead, and wander, and caress,
And can no more—from this, there springs
  Almost a mother's tenderness,
  Implanted in a stoic breast
  To temper and subdue the rest.
Then, Shepherd, grant me this, I pray
  To be your house-mate here to-day."

The author of "The Borderland"‡ is a discovery of T. P. O'Connor, in whose *Weekly* the verses which give the volume its title first made their appearance. Originally a city man, Mr. Quin has caught, as he could hardly have failed to do—living now under the shadow of the Eildons, ever within hearing of the music of the Tweed—that spell of the Border, that spirit of Poesy, that breath of old Romance which long ago laid hold of the "little lamiter" Walter Scott dreaming amongst the crags of Sandyknowe.

W. S. CROCKETT.

TWO SORTS OF SCHOOL.

In spite of scoffers, there is a good deal yet in the public-school tradition. So at least Mr. Coke thinks, and so he makes us believe.§ Here is his hero, Dick Hunter, the typical public-school boy of the best type; not perhaps very brainy, but at least a hard worker, excelling at games, honest and straightforward, perhaps a little unbending towards his "inferiors"—in fact, just the sort of boy who is best summed up in the adjective "sound." He is the normal type of public-school "blood," perfectly happy in everything that he does, but without much depth to his character: he has not yet found himself. Upon Dick Hunter swoops Mr. Coke in the disguise of a designing Providence. His hero has been happy; he shall be happy no longer: a man *in posse*, he shall be one *in esse*. Something must be done to develop his character. And so Hunter's father is ruined for a little while—the convenient length of the Easter holidays and the summer term. Dick must be taken away from Sherborough—but here the head-master intervenes. "Wilson's" is about to be converted into a big house, and Wilson is looking out for a big boy who shall guide the erring few at present under his care along the paths that they should tread. He will take Dick for nothing. This would be all very well, were it not that Wilson's is such a pathetically bad house. The master is all right, but his boys are all wrong. They don't work, they don't try to play games, they do nothing (which is the worst crime in the schoolboy calendar). It is a splendid opportunity for the prospective Head Boy to show what he is made of; and incidentally it is a splendid opportunity for Wilson's to show what it is made of. Of course Dick Hunter takes the job in hand, and succeeds (although several times he was within an ace of failure), and of course the book ends exactly as it should. Nobody needs to be told that, good reading though it all makes. But the interesting points about "Wilson's" are the methods by means of which the hero carries his task to a successful end, and the gradual development of the boy's own character. Here Mr. Coke shows once more how thoroughly he understands public schools and the ideals of the public-school boy. With a subject which in the hands of the unskilled might prove decidedly a dull one, he has made a success which calls to mind the brilliant "Bending of a Twig" which the author has already given us. "Wilson's" can have no higher praise.

Mr. Walpole believes in tradition too—perhaps not to the same extent as Mr. Coke, but still he is a believer. He has given us a school story of an entirely novel kind.* Impressive, sombrely true, nobody will read "Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill" for the amusement of an idle half-hour; but it is devoutly to be hoped that it will not be for that reason neglected, for it is a fine book. Moffat's, the lonely school in Cornwall to which Mr. Walpole introduces us, is not a first-class public school. It has had no history to speak of; it is only a dreary place of education for the sons of gentlemen, or would-be gentlemen. It aspires, but there is nothing behind it. It is wretchedly badly governed, miserably understaffed. Mr. Walpole concerns himself little with the boys who have what can only be regarded as the misfortune to be there. The masters, fifteen or so of them, have supplied the author with his drama. The position is admirably summed up by the eccentric Birkland, himself a master at Moffat's:

"Mind you—what I'm saying doesn't apply to the first-class public school. That's a different kind of thing altogether. I'm talking about places like Moffat's—places that are trying to be what they are not—to do what they can't do, to get higher than they can reach. There are thousands of them all over the country, places where the men are underpaid, with no prospects, herded together, all of them hating each other, wanting, perhaps, towards the end of term, to cut each other's throats. . . . Do you suppose that I meant to stay here for ever when I came? But one postpones moving. Another term will be better, or you try for a thing, fail, and get discouraged . . . and then suddenly you are too old—too old at thirty-three—earning two hundred a year—too old! and liable to be turned out with a week's notice if the Head doesn't like you—turned out with nothing to go to; and he knows that you are afraid of him, and

* "The Land we Love." By Will Ogilvie. 3s. 6d. (Dalbeattie: Fraser.)

† "The Border Breed." By Sir George Douglas. 3s. 6d. (The St. Catherine Press.)

‡ "The Borderland." By Roger Quin. 3s. 6d. (Galashiels: Walker.)

§ "Wilson's." By Desmond Coke. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

* "Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill." By Hugh Walpole. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

he has games with you. . . . You will be allowed no friends here, only enemies. . . . You must not be friends with the Head, because then we shall think that you are spying on us. You must not be friends with us, because then the Head will hear of it, and will immediately hate you because he will think that you are conspiring against him. You must not be friends with the boys, because then we shall all hate you and they will despise you. You will be quite alone."

There is the Thing that threatens the amiable young Traill, the Thing that has poor Mr. Perrin throttled in its grip. And Mr. Walpole shows us Perrin and Traill in an unwished-for propinquity, hating each other, doing things no really sane men would do, quarrelling bitterly and foolishly over an umbrella, quarrelling till one of them would be a murderer. It is a remarkable exposure; and there can be no doubt that you will be missing a very great deal if you miss "Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill."

L. T. S.

BREVITIES.*

According to the old adage, every man by the time he is forty is either a fool or a philosopher. We do not know whether Mr. Holbrook Jackson has yet arrived at that age-limit, but, if we are to judge him by his "Platitudes in the Making," he has emerged from his probation wearing the right label. It is easier to be a philosopher than to condense your philosophy of life into a series of pithy epigrams, but this Mr. Jackson has essayed to do within the covers of this little book, and has done it with brilliant success. Now and then he is merely perverse and freakishly paradoxical, but in the main his two hundred concise hints and aphorisms are as true as they are clever.

Here are a specimen handful, taken almost haphazard:

Genius is initiative on fire.
Altruism is another name for Egoism.
Forgive everybody but yourself.
Don't try to convert the elderly person: circumvent him.
Be sure your kindness is not cowardice.
Suffer fools gladly: they may be right.
Those who are careless of happiness are happy.
He who spends well saves.
In degenerate ages the arts are pastimes.
Nobody is competent in all things. Obedience is the prerogative of the incompetent.
Charity corrupts both receiver and giver. The philanthropist is a symptom of disease.
Shoddy and adulteration are products of poverty. Luxury is a kind of shoddy.

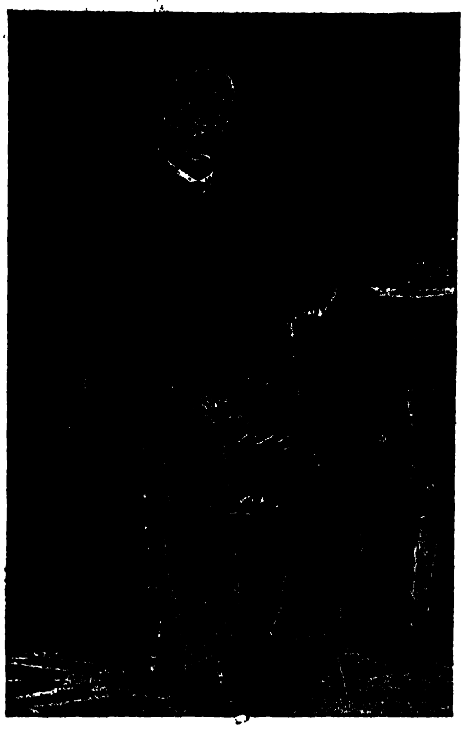
The volume is divided into sixteen sections, beginning with "Preliminary Precepts for Those about to Live," and ending with a "Prelude to Art." The wit has a flavour of irony and the wisdom of whimsicality, but there is a man's experience at the back of it, and the thought of a man who is not afraid to think for himself. This is a book to buy, to read, and to keep.

WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL.†

In February, 1909, in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, a bust of Russell, from the chisel of Mr. Bertram Mackennal, was uncovered, with grave, simple, well-found words of praise, by Sir Evelyn Wood. An inscription beneath the fine bronze portrait records a life's distinctions with the brevity demanded of and proper to the epigraph:

"SIR WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, LL.D.
THE FIRST AND GREATEST OF WAR CORRESPONDENTS.
CRIMEA, 1854. INDIA, 1857.
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, 1861.
FRANCE, 1870. SOUTH AFRICA, 1879.
BORN MARCH 28, 1821. DIED FEBRUARY 10, 1907."

Laconic as a British officer's dispatch from the battlefield, it is in truth a kind of dispatch consecrated to Russell for the reading of posterity. A notable and high career is comprehended in it, and as the epitaph of a journalist it is presumably unique. In that the mortuary legend has left off being chatty or familiar there is just this much to regret, that the visitor to the crypt at the end of the century will hardly recognise in this stern-faced chief in campaigning cloak, writing in his note-book with gaze intent upon the business at the front, the "Billy" Russell of the seventies, 'eighties, and 'nineties who was loved by a world of friends, and to whom King Edward whispered at a ceremony: "Now, don't take the trouble to kneel, Billy." But the war correspondent was the man whom the sculptor rightly set himself to imagine; and him he has here fixed with the dynamic concentration of purpose that helped to lift Russell into fame. As for the Russell in whole, he is bound to have another pretty long life in the skilful, judicious, and fascinating pages of Mr. Atkins's biography.



Dr. W. H. Russell, at the time of the Austro-Prussian War.

From "The Life of William Howard Russell," by John Black Atkins. (John Murray.)

Although Russell went through many fields of war, and wrote home from each of them something that the competent critic of war (whether a soldier, or a cabinet minister, or an editor of a newspaper) could profitably read or digest, it is to the Crimea in 1854 that both his work and his celebrity will always be referred; and at this spot and period our interest in him centres. It was in the Crimea that Russell unexpectedly encountered his destiny. Rising to it with his cheerful Irish courage, he shook England through his letters to the *Times*, overthrew a ministry, saved the remnant of an army, revolutionised certain time-worn methods of the War Office, made the special correspondent a power to be feared, and lifted himself into a fame that has endured. It has been stated that Russell's was the chance with which not one journalist in a million is ever blessed. Well, when everything is said on this, it was of all forlorn chances the forlornest, and not one journalist in a million would have had pluck or endurance enough to find his profit in it. At the outset, Russell's situation in the Crimea was the most wretched, the most humiliating that a capable writer with a sense of his mission could be placed in. It was the position, in fact, of a camp-follower. He had neither standing nor countenance. To the military chiefs he was a mere meddling interloper; to the one or two staff officers inclined to friendliness he was an encumbrance who could not be "attached" to anything or anybody. He had not the right to pitch anywhere the tent that he smuggled from somewhere. And what was he to do when hostilities began?

"As the Army moved on," says Mr. Atkins, "it suddenly struck Russell as quite a new idea that he had to go with it wherever it went. How and where in the event of a battle was he to take up a position?"

* "Platitudes in the Making." By Holbrook Jackson. 2s. 6d. net. (D. J. Rider.)

† "The Life of William Howard Russell, C.V.O., LL.D., the First Special Correspondent." By John Black Atkins. With Portraits and Illustrations. 2 Vols. 30s. net. (John Murray.)

Russell himself said long afterwards:

"I never was in a more unpleasant position. Every one else on the field had some *raison d'être*. I had none. They were on recognised business. It could scarcely be a recognised or legitimate business for any man to ride in front of the Army in order that he might be able to write an account of a battle for a newspaper. I was a very fly in amber."

In this anomalous situation, isolated, cramped, and harassed, Russell remained until his letters from the seat of war, with their incisive and damnatory criticisms, began to be noised throughout the Army. Then for a while his footing in the Crimea was even more precarious than it had been. He became, as Sir Evelyn Wood says, "a dangerous and obnoxious pest to be crushed as soon as possible." In the long run, however, the Irishman's unassisted pen prevailed. If he was harsh as truth where blame had to be bestowed in the highest places, he was sympathetic as truth where pity was to be evoked for the neglected and worse than decimated British troops. England was profoundly stirred. Food and clothing and healing things were poured into the Crimea (the *Times* alone collected £30,000); and the young Ishmael of that bitter field was acknowledged for its saviour. There has been mismanagement at home since then; but one chord that Russell found in the nation's heart has not ceased to vibrate. He made the people understand, feel for, and esteem the "common" soldier.

In the Crimea, then, Russell's great work was accomplished; but he carried the same valiant pen to the Civil War in America, and compelled the English to realise "that the Federal cause"—which was that of the slave —"was the cause of justice and truth." His vigour and valour were nothing abated when (close on fifty years of age) he set out in 1870 to describe the struggle between France and Germany; but the conditions of war correspondence had been transformed, and the correspondent was now almost at the mercy of the clerk in charge of the wire. Moreover, Russell was no longer in practical possession of the field. There was a swarm of newspaper men, and the competition was terrific. In the race for first news Russell was not always in the van; the Franco-German war, it was soon perceived, was to be not his triumph but the brilliant and inexhaustible young Forbes's. None the less, when the letters, as distinguished from the "wires," got the benefit of print, Russell's experience, keenness of vision and of judgment, and trained power of expression served him almost as well as ever, and one may scarcely say that he lost a laurel in that campaign.

The memory of William Howard Russell is well secured to him. As the first of war correspondents his place is eminent in all chronicles of the Press. As the critic who saved the starved, diseased, and naked remnant of the British army in the Crimea, his mention is assured in the history both of war and of the Empire.

Mr. Atkins has written with discreet admiration a handsome and taking Life of this distinguished and most lovable of men. Making full use of the diary and notes of Russell he has given to the book a great deal of the idiosyncratic fascination of an autobiography, while keeping over it his own critical control. It is easily the biography of the moment, but it is more than this. In sundry ways it is a piece of history, and by its merits as well as by the importance of the subject it is a work that should thrive in the general regard. TIGHE HOPKINS.

ADVENTURES IN FRIENDSHIP.*

The great flaw in most of our present-day essayists is that they are too self-conscious and too clever to be simply human. You do not feel towards them as you do to the man who sits and talks wisely and familiarly with you by your own fireside, but as you feel towards an actor in a theatre: he is showing off before you, he is out to exhibit his skill and win your applause.

The charm and power of Mr. David Grayson's "Adventures in Friendship" is that he has recovered that almost lost art of leading you to forget the essayist in the essay, or to have him only in your mind as an unaffected, quiet, natural person who talks to you naturally of the things he has enjoyed and suffered, the universal experiences that have mellowed and enriched his sense of humour and qualified his egoism till it is nothing more aggressive than a thoughtful, genial interest in himself and his affairs merely as they represent the personality and the affairs of average humanity. A humour whose laughter often has a hint of tears in it, a kindly tolerance, a profound sympathy with humanity, a charity that is "wider than the wideness of the sea"—these make the undertone in all he writes; these and a homely wisdom that comes out in such passing comments as "What a lot of kindness and common human nature—childlike simplicity, if you will—there is in people once you get them down together, and persuade them that the things they think serious are not serious at all"; or, "Joy of life seems to me to arise from a sense of being where one belongs, as I feel right here; of being foursquare with the life we have chosen. All the discontented people I know are trying sedulously to be something they are not, to do something they cannot do. . . . It is curious, is it not, with what skill we will adapt our sandy land to potatoes and grow our beans in clay, and with how little wisdom we farm the soil of our own natures."

There are stories woven into the essays—stories of the everyday things that come under the eye of a friendly, big-hearted country farmer who is interested in the well-being of his neighbours, and finds happiness in their happiness, and the essays are largely his reflections on such incidents and events. Once you get into his mood and his large, calm, open-air spirit has taken you under its influence, you will acquiesce in his sympathetic acceptance of the curious, industrious man who is "a drunkard," and you will not wonder that there is no hint of blame in his "story of Ann." Mr. Grayson knows the world and men and women; he can be sorry for them, and help them, and, never expecting them to be faultless, can always forgive them. It is a book that should appeal to every one, because it touches on life as we all know it, and touches on it in such fashion that you understand him when he says, "Lord be praised for that which is common," and are ready to say it with him. Nevertheless, this is no common book; but it makes one wish that it were.

* "Adventures in Friendship." By David Grayson. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Novel Notes.

THE COIL OF CARNE. By John Oxenham. 6s. (Methuen.)

Mr. Oxenham has constructed an admirable plot. It is laid in the early part of the nineteenth century. Sir Denzil Carran of Carne, the grandfather of the story, had "won the esteem, such as it was, of the Prince Regent by running through the heart the Duke of Astrolabe . . . and lost it for ever by the injudicious insertion of a slice of skinned orange inside the royal neckcloth in a moment of undue elevation, producing thereby so great a shock to the royal system and dignity as to bring it within an ace of an apoplexy and the end of its great and glorious career." The courtier's son also forfeited his position in this country, and, after killing a gambler by accident, had to exile himself in France, where he rose to high rank in the army. Before leaving, however, he forged the coil of Carne. His wife died in child-birth, and the child was presented to its grandfather along with another male infant, whose mother claimed to be also married to the exile. No one could identify the real heir, except the living mother and her mother; but as

the former at once disappeared, and the latter refused to speak, Sir Denzil was left with his two grandchildren, hoping that death or some other providence would solve the difficulty of the succession. We do not intend to give away the solution of the plot, and this self-denial rules out any further account of the story. Both lads, however, enter the army and fight in the Crimean War. This may be said, without prejudice. There is also a first-rate curate, Mr. Charles Eager, who would have rejoiced the heart of Charles Kingsley, and his sister supplies most of the love-interest in the book. Mr. Oxenham has been much better employed in delineating the growth and fortunes of these two clean, virile English lads than in some of his previous stories about heroines. The opening chapters, in particular, are full of crisp and thoroughly fresh writing. The relations of the two boys to their tyrannical grandfather, to the curate who tames them out of their savage ways, and to the girl who wins both of their hearts, are described with singular attractiveness. It is a daring thing to describe the charge of the Light Brigade over again, but Mr. Oxenham has come well through this ordeal, and the novel, from start to finish, may be pronounced a suggestive and stirring piece of romance.

THE PASSIONATE ELOPEMENT. By Compton Mackenzie. 6s. (Martin Secker.)

Mr. Compton Mackenzie introduces us to a world of pretty Dresden china figures, who mince and bow and curtsey, pace through the minuet, make love in stilted phrases, and trouble "vastly" about their clothes. It is by no means a real world until far into the story we find real emotions turning the puppets into real men and women. They are the inhabitants of the mimic kingdom of Curtain Wells, which is ruled by its mimic king, Beau Ripple. Curtain Wells is perhaps meant to be Tunbridge Wells, but we have here in effect a somewhat shadowy reconstruction of Bath in the time of its greatest glory, when Beau Nash visited any rebellious subject with dignified and dire displeasure and kept a paternal eye on every one's business. Beau Ripple is more dainty and less acute in character than his more robust prototype; the latter would not have allowed anger to prevent him from acting upon a hint of evil brewing among his subjects; he would have stopped the unprincipled Vernon from carrying off the blue-eyed Phyllida, and the story would have had a different ending. Vernon is one who cheats at cards and who for the sake of a pearl necklace is plotting to cheat at love; Charles Lovely loses his heart to Phyllida, and would certainly have won her had not Vernon been in the way, but through many vacillations she becomes in the end passionately enamoured of the scamp, who in return gives her the best of love that he has in him to give. This analysis of the various phases through which the trio come at last to the tragic ending of their love-story is extremely clever, and Mr. Mackenzie is to be congratulated upon producing a story light and graceful in style, yet subtle in characterisation.



Mr. Compton Mackenzie.

DECLINED WITH THANKS. By Una L. Silberrad. 6s. (Constable.)

We note with some amusement, but no particular surprise, that this book derives its title from the fact that "polite but discriminating editors have declined most of the tales in this collection." Truth to tell, of the eight stories, none are especially suitable for the ordinary magazine. Apart from the question of length, the subjects dealt with are not of the "popular" variety, while the manner of their treatment is perhaps somewhat lacking in movement and excitement. Nevertheless, those people—and we believe them to form a large section of the reading public—who demand insight and thoroughness of treatment rather than briskness and sensation will find in "Declined with Thanks" a book which will satisfy their wants. The stories all treat of different periods but are none of to-day, and a vein of mysticism runs through a great part of the book. Miss Silberrad's latest book makes most agreeable reading, and shows her great abilities in a favourable light.

MAC'S ADVENTURES. By Jane Barlow. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Macartney Valentine O'Neill Barry is a precocious young gentleman aged four at the beginning of Miss Barlow's chronicle. His grandfather is Lord Ballyduff, and most of the adventures take place in Ireland, where Mac gets into mischief himself or unconsciously is the means of getting other and older people out of mischief. Miss Barlow has dedicated these eight stories "to the memory of Algernon Charles Swinburne." We believe the poet would have welcomed them almost as enthusiastically as he hailed Mr. Kenneth Grahame's two masterpieces. Unlike Mr. Grahame's children, Mac is an only child, however. Probably this accounts for the larger part played by grown-up people in Miss Barlow's pages. But Mac himself is an independent, unconventional hero, and, though at the beginning he suggests the need of Solomon's rod, he improves as the tales proceed. The book is a capital specimen of its class. In a story like "The Aunt of the Savages" Miss Barlow is at her best; "A Wedding Gown" verges on the melodramatic; but upon the whole this volume shows not only a real insight into child-life, but the literary dexterity which the authoress has already proved herself to possess.

THE LASS WITH THE DELICATE AIR. By A. R. Goring-Thomas. 6s. (John Lane.)

The Irish characters in this story carry off all the honours. The Major, who is Fitzgerald's step-father, is a fine specimen of the domestic, military bully, but even he yields to Mrs. Hicks with her pseudo-theatrical airs and her two attractive, vulgar daughters rejoicing in the names of Ellen Terry and Vestris Siddons. The heroine is the daughter of an

old Methodist minister who lodges and dies in Mrs. Hicks's house. Fitzgerald falls in love with her for her quiet, beautiful character, and then—just as the reader believes in this pathetic paragon—she turns out to be a cousin of Becky Sharp. Her literary reputation is won by plagiarising. Her demure airs conceal the heart of a selfish flirt, and this comes out during the honeymoon in Paris. The change of character is too abrupt to be quite convincing, but Mr. Goring-Thomas otherwise deals kindly with his people and his readers. There is plenty of good-humoured artistic satire in the Parisian scenes, and whether he is depicting low life or semi-fashionable society Mr. Goring-Thomas contrives to be decidedly entertaining.

THE PLOUGH AND THE CROSS. By William Patrick O'Ryan. 2s. 6d. (Dublin: *Irish Nation* Office.)

Here is an intimate account of certain actual happenings in Ireland, where men and women of the orthodox faith are finding the old order of spiritual things sadly lacking for the accomplishment of their ideals in building up a nation. Mr. O'Ryan has chosen the novel as the form in which to convey his message, but it may be said at once that the artistic side of his book, excellent as it is in its own way, is of very secondary importance. It is the straightforward piece of contemporary history that awakens our interest and holds it to the end. "Irish History is for Englishmen to remember, for Irishmen to forget," says one of the most patriotic Irishmen of modern times. Another has more vigorously and in equally well-known words, contemned history, and said "Go out and make it," and Fergus O'Hagan, Mr. O'Ryan's hero, certainly sets out to make history in his own quiet, determined way. He wants to get right down to bedrock facts in the task of awakening his countrymen to what is best in themselves and their native land; but from the very outset he finds himself in opposition to the powers that be: the bishops and archbishops of his own Church. More than one book has been written around a similar position of affairs in Ireland, but none carries weight and conviction like this one; it is temperate in statement throughout, not a thing being set down that is not well known for fact; and there is, moreover, an utter absence of that bitter carping spirit so evident in certain recent works by other Irishmen which suggests at once they were written chiefly for Protestants of the old bigoted school. Mr. O'Ryan means his book principally for Irishmen, but the English reader will do well to study it. He will find his whole conception of modern Ireland and the Irish question very likely changed as he reads, and that old bogey, clerical tyranny, will assume a new aspect, and a less terrifying one. For "The Plough and the Cross" brings one thing out more clearly than any other, and that is the revolt of the younger clergy against the past system of clerical dominion and control. That for the moment the old order seems to have the upper hand need not cause any one to despair. In the end victory will go to the young and brave in Ireland as in every other country under the sun that believes in itself. Mr. O'Ryan introduces us to several well-known contemporary figures, such as George Moore and T. P. O'Connor, under the thinnest of disguises; and there is the necessary element of love-making amid beautiful scenery and under ideal enough conditions.

GREED. By Marie Connor Leighton. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

It would be hard indeed for any one to surpass Mrs. Leighton in the art of popular sensational fiction, and her latest work retains all the usual elements that go to make her books so widely read. There is nothing half-and-half about the people in "Greed"; the heroine is really a heroine, and the villain is a villain, a thoroughly out-and-out scoundrel who is baulked by nothing and nobody. There is one great advantage in having a villain of this sort in a book—everything can end comfortably, and we can all be righteously pleased when he dies and leaves sufficient evidence behind him to prove the innocence of the virtuous people he has wronged. There is no possibility of our cherishing a sneaking regard for him and preferring him to the hero as we do in some books, for Mrs. Leighton's hero is heroic. A glance at the titles of the chapters will prepare you for the feast of sensation, mystery, and tragedy in store. It is a book to take you out of yourself; there is hardly a page that does not contain some intensely exciting and dramatic incident, and we are kept breathless by Mrs. Leighton's skilful pen and vivid imagination from the beginning to the end.

THE FIDDLER. By Mrs. J. O. Arnold. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

The keynote of this story is struck in a short quotation from Henley at the front of the book: "Fate's a fiddler, life's a dance." And strange are the tunes the fiddler plays for the characters in Mrs. J. O. Arnold's new book The story is divided up into three movements, which are appropriately called Andante (Part I.), Allegro (Part II.), and Adagio (Part III). It deals with the consequences of an act of abnormal pride. Lady Weybourne strongly disapproves of her nephew's marriage, and finally succeeds in separating his little daughter from the mother, because she thinks the child will be far better brought up under her own supervision. She regards the girl as exclusively the property of her own family, the Delacourts, and hopes to crush out of her whilst she is young any characteristics she inherits from her mother. Luckily the girl is sufficiently like her mother to see the cruelty of pride. She is not by any means a perfect heroine, though, and makes the inexcusable error of marrying a man whom she doesn't love; but she is admirably drawn, as indeed are all the characters in the story. "The Fiddler" is an uncommonly clever first book, and we look forward with pleasant expectations to future books from the pen of its gifted author.



Mrs. J. O. Arnold.

SPLENDID ZIPPORAH. By Maud Stepney Rawson. 6s. (Methuen.)

"She gave herself one steady look in the little mirror and faced her own eyes, large, generous, dilated, pathetic, blue-grey in colour, of full shape, undeniably musical. Her mouth sensitive, full, controlled, moved a little, her lips parting to say to the lips in the mirror—'Want of courage and self-love are the enemies of great music—remember that—and they are the enemies of the world! Remember!'" This is Miss Zipporah Londesbury, a tall, handsome young musician. Her ambition is to conduct an orchestra, and the story tells how she achieved her purpose. Like all musical stories, it has a gay, Bohemian touch. The authoress describes the musical jealousies of a little provincial town, the fortunes of a touring company in this country and on the Continent, and finally Zipporah's engagement to a tall, handsome singer, who had previously deserted her for an aristocratic daughter of the Philistines. The little Russian Puschkov is one of the most vital figures in the book, but he is married off with incontinent haste in order to leave the way clear for Commadine. The authoress has made her story err on the side of length. There are several episodes, like that of Zipporah going

up in a Suffragist's balloon, which display her courage and absence of self-love, but which are not very relevant to the main threads of the tale. Still, the story is full of life and interest, and it is mercifully free from the technical jargon which disfigures the ordinary musical romance.

THE PROFITABLE IMBROGLIO. By Adrian Hayter. 6s. (Duckworth.)

Many a good story has been spoilt by poor characterisation; it would be an easy matter to mention dozens; but it is not often that a clever piece of character-drawing has been wasted on a feeble plot. Such, however, is Mr. Adrian Hayter's misfortune in "The Profitable Imbroglio." His central character, Anthony Playfair, is quite a charming creation, with his love of classic law and nonsensical conversation. The dialogue, indeed, whenever Anthony appears on the scene, is wholly delightful. Sir Joseph R. Parkin, the self-made man, who desires to gain an academic degree by buying up classical manuscripts, is another well-drawn character. Lettice, too, whom we may call the heroine, is delicately sketched. But all these characters are made to revolve round a plot which is so extravagant, and altogether so grotesquely improbable, that one is inclined to wonder why the author wasted so much genuine ability in so paltry a cause. There is a mysterious league which includes Sir Joseph Parkin, a waiter, a peer of the realm, a goods manager, and a society lady, among others; but what the league exists for, and why it is so secret, it would defy the most experienced novel-reader to discover. Anthony, however, redeems the book, and, if only to make his acquaintance, "The Profitable Imbroglio" should be read. It would almost seem as if the author had originally intended a book on the lines of Mr. Chesterton's "Man who was Thursday," but forgot to enshroud his story in that atmosphere of wise extravagance which is the charm of G. K. C.'s romantic writing.

PAM THE FIDDLER. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. 6s. (T. Werner Laurie.)

Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe's readers will not be disappointed in his new romance. "Pam the Fiddler" has all the "clean fighting," the poetry of the feud, the quixotic pursuits of hopeless quests, which its author finds such attractive material. The story is placed in the land of the Nortons, a Catholic family who are biding their time till "the rising of the brooks" when Elizabeth's rule shall cease and Catholic Mary of Scotland shall be placed on her throne. The task of rescuing the beautiful Queen from Elizabeth's clutches is entrusted to the high-mettled Kit Norton, the youngest of the family. He brings the project to the eve of success, and it is from no lack of hard hitting on the part of himself and a trusty follower that Mary is not brought to safety. The whole story is charged with sixteenth-century superstition and hillside fancy. Pam the Fiddler is a grotesque old figure who hears vague prophecies in the moanings of his violin. His daughter, Patience o' Pams, is a beautiful girl, at times half-witted, who regains her balance in a passionate devotion to Kit Norton. The novel is written in a leisurely style, which at first appears slightly forbidding, but the author warms up to his work after the first chapters, and holds the interest of the reader to the end. The fight on the bridge in which, Horatius-like, Kit Norton defends the Queen from fourteen pursuers, with the help of an old shepherd and Graeme the hound, is a stirring and intensely vivid piece of active literature.

THE GAME OF LIFE. By Effie Adelaide Rowlands. 6s. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

The game of life reads rather like a game of death when Miss Rowlands' pen describes it. This authoress well knows the recipe for a story which will grip the attention of lovers of sensational fiction. In this new novel she does not scorn such well-tried incidents as the decoying of a heroine, an attempt to poison the youthful heir, a foreign manservant who is a deeply dyed villain, or heroes who are strong of heart and arm. Incident follows incident in this readable story, and from the page where Maurice Bruton marries Gywnra Mordaunt, beside Lord Guisborough's death-bed, to the happy ending on page 320, we make no complaint of dulness. Miss Rowland believes in black hearts for villains and white ones for heroes and heroines: she has no use for greys in her schemes.

THE ROMANCE OF A WOMAN OF THIRTY. By Louise Mack. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

The style of Miss Louise Mack is peculiar to herself. There is a temptation to use the word "openwork" in describing it, but that might imply a certain inefficiency which does not exist. Her new book is a charming feminine revelation, cleverly conceived and introspective in treatment. It is a study of a woman who, though thirty in years, still keeps her youth and still confesses to a passion for romance. She has her little band of admirers, though she is a shade doubtful as to how far she ought to encourage them. The book is made the vehicle for much discursive reflection and piquant talk. It is full of picturesque description which might be too irrelevant if the book were not frankly a subjective study of the working of a woman's mind. The story is of the very slightest. Though the scene changes from London to Italy, from Italy to Australia, incident never forms the main interest of the book. The choice between two devoted lovers has to be made, the "mothering instinct" prevails, and the charming widow gives her hand to the one who most needs her care and in whom she ultimately discovers the greatest kinship of feelings and ideas. The other characters are not over-distinct, with the exception of the delightful Joanna, but the novel, as a whole, is full of delicate work and will certainly not fail to be highly appreciated.

The Bookman's Table.

RECREATIONS OF A BOOK-LOVER. By Frederic W. Macdonald. 2s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

There is a difference between the book-lover and the bibliophile. The latter has the passion of the collector; he craves for first editions and rare copies; but the former loves the book for the reading that is in it and is not so particular about its age or its binding so long as the edition is a good one. Mr. Frederic Macdonald rightly calls himself a book-lover, for he loves them in the best way. He opens this volume with four letters to a friend on books and reading, and writes discursively and charmingly round the hundred and odd volumes of Everyman's Library that his friend has bought. He loves Hazlitt, or he were no true book-lover, and he finishes his third letter with a hint of the real value of books: "In your collection you have, as Johnson said of Thrale's brewery, and as you may say with immensely better reason, 'the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice.' Make haste, then, to be rich, for in haste after such riches there is no peril. And books can make you rich in knowledge of many kinds, in happy memories and pleasant fancies, in wide sympathies and large tolerance, in a deepened sense of the wonder and mystery of life, and in a clearer perception of the Divine wisdom and love by which human things are encompassed." There are two admirable essays on Dr. Johnson; one on Allingham's Diary, and one on Carlyle's relations with Allingham, as they are disclosed in the Diary. Among the other papers that one holds in pleasantest remembrance

are those on "Secondhand Book Catalogues," "The Letters of Birkbeck Hill," and on "The Biography of Herbert Spencer." But there is not an essay in the book that we have not read with keen enjoyment. "In an Old Scottish Garden" and "Snowed up near Ambleside" are delightful little sketches, and of course you do not get far away from books in either of them. "Recreations of a Book-Lover" is an ideal book for a quiet hour, and it does not matter whether you read it by the fireside or on a garden-seat, for it has its own pleasant atmosphere and absorbs you into it.

IN THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS. A Short History of Egypt from the Fall of Ismail to the Assassination of Boutros Pasha. By Duse Mohamed. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul.)

The author has spacious notions, apparently, as he considers this history of some 360 pages a "short" one. He is a native Egyptian who gives abundant proof of his claim to the possession of a full knowledge of the aims of his fellow-countrymen. He has a stimulating racial pride and sympathy. At times an exalting sense of the deeper spirit and contemplative life of the Orient gives dignity to his interpretive pages. On the other hand he sometimes unhappily descends—when his theme is acutely controversial—to the method of excited politicians and hasty journalists. He forgets on such occasions that truth is calm; he is a little too suggestive of that Fleet Street which "has no God and very little style." We do not want an able and acute Egyptian to be "Westernised" in this way, even temporarily. He knows a good deal about England, and appreciates the finer British ideals of liberty and justice, but he does not consider that British administrators and civil servants invariably live up to them. He writes as an emphatic opponent of the continued British occupation of Egypt and as a sturdy critic of certain British administrative methods. Whatever one's view of these aspects of the case may be, it will be conceded that it is well to have the native side presented with such frankness and thoroughness. Of more permanent interest are the pictures of Egyptian conditions and circumstances, while the studies of historic and typical modern individualities are singularly clear and informing, sometimes vivid. Phases of the work will prove distinctly provocative, but much of it conveys a decisive knowledge of the deeper Egypt for which the author has so impassioned a sympathy and so high an ideal.

AN OLIVE-BRANCH IN IRELAND AND ITS HISTORY
By William O'Brien, M.P. 10s. net. (Macmillan.)

Mr. O'Brien's latest work is virtually an *apologia pro vita sua* for the last twenty years, during which he claims, not altogether unconvincingly, to have laboured for peace whilst others made themselves ready for battle. The most interesting part of the book, as it will be of greatest value to the historian, is the beginning, for the light which it throws on the events which followed Parnell's deposition and especially on the Boulogne negotiations, in which Mr. O'Brien took a prominent if unavailing part. Parnell had a peculiar affection for Mr. O'Brien, and his supporters awaited, with feverish anxiety, the latter's declaration of policy. Mr. O'Brien, after the failure of the negotiations, sided with the majority, went to gaol to serve a sentence of six months' imprisonment, and in a few months Parnell was dead and chaos reigned. The author suggests that there had been no direct negotiations between Mr. John Morley (as he then was) and the Irish members regarding Parnell's retirement. But at the time it was confidently and repeatedly asserted that Mr. Morley gave his opinion in the following question—"Would it not be better for you to have Parnell and a United Ireland without Home Rule, than to have Home Rule and a disunited Ireland without Parnell?" Mr. O'Brien is wrong in saying that



The House of a Bey.
(By kind permission of Mohamed Soliman Bey.)
From "In the Land of the Pharaohs," by Duse Mohamed. (Stanley Paul.)

only one Protestant Irish member supported Parnell. Besides Mr. Pierce O'Mahony, there were Mr. MacDonald, a former Anglican clergyman, and Mr. Henry Harrison, the latter just fresh from Oxford. The second part of the book deals with the genesis and development of the Conference inaugurated by Captain Shawe Taylor; the Devolution Scheme; the Secretaryship of Mr. George Wyndham with Sir Anthony (now Lord) MacDonnell as his coadjutor; the growth and aims of the All for Ireland League; and with frank criticism of Mr. O'Brien's political opponents. As might have been expected from so brilliant a journalist and so lively and engaging a personality, there is no part of the book dull, and if Mr. O'Brien carries a sharp sword as well as an olive-branch, it does not diminish the reader's interest. The absence of an index is a sad defect.

A CENTURY OF BALLADS: 1810–1910. By Harold Simpson. 10s. 6d. net. (Mills & Boon.)

The "Ballads" of Mr. Simpson's treatise are those which flourish in drawing-rooms and more particularly on ballad-concert platforms. Mr. Simpson is himself a by no means undistinguished lyric author, and he has a hundred and one anecdotes to relate of the writers, composers, singers, and accompanists who each bear their part in giving utterance to the completed song. These may be hailed with avidity by the particular section of the public for whom the concert platform is a Mecca, and the personalities who move about it the priests of a sacred order—culture. No doubt there will be many who will not count half-a-guinea a dear price to pay for a little additional light on the mysteries, especially when it is known that the text is enriched with souvenir portraits. In his preface the author disclaims any critical

or instructive value for his work, and it has none." The century under review produced some few fine songs, but it also produced hundreds which returned with all speed to the dry dust of which they were formed. For the days when the ballad bore a close relation to the life of the nation one has to go back to the palmy Elizabethan days when "milkmaids sang ballads, carters whistled, and each trade and even the beggars had their special songs." Some of the most original of English musicians turned their brains to the making of ballads then, but times are changed, and, as Sir Edward Elgar has pointed out, our young composers of to-day have yet to learn that it is more blessed to write a simple tune well than a pretentious symphony indifferently. Mr. Simpson passes the old times in review in his first six chapters, and one cannot but feel (though he does not comment on it) the change for the worse which came over our popular music during the centuries which intervened, and from which it is even now recovering with difficulty.

Notes on New Books.

MR. B. T. BATSFORD.

The great, imaginative genius of **Piranesi** has been well and delightfully proved in Mr. Arthur Samuel's new monograph of this artist (12s 6d. net). Mr. Samuel, ardent lover and admirer of Piranesi's etchings, has collected from every possible source information and facts about the man and his work; and has added to this his own opinions and criticisms. His volume is a treasure, holding as it does, in addition to an intensely interesting account of the artist, a series of beautiful reproductions of rare etchings by him. Mr. Samuel contends that Piranesi was the inspirer of the Adam and Sheraton styles of building, furniture, and ornament, influencing Wedgwood, too, and Chippendale. The noble etchings reproduced (reduced) in these pages certainly help us to understand the tears of Gavin Hamilton, "art dealer," on parting with his treasures when a sale had been effected.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN.

Some very wise words are said about Japan and the Japanese by Lady Lawson in **Highways and Homes of Japan** (12s. 6d. net). We are so well accustomed to read and hear of Japan as the land of beauty and of blossom, of pretty little ladies in kimonos, and of art at its best, that it is good for us to read the accounts of real travellers who observe as well as of the amiable artists who see. Lady Lawson, we hasten to say, gives us long and charming accounts of the pleasures of Japan, and the merits; but she also tells of things which are generally omitted from books by Japan-lovers: she tells of some of the disagreeables, of their smells, of their rats and fleas, of their "defective commercial integrity." The volume is extremely rich in good illustrations, and full of information and interest.

A good example of the cut-and-thrust style of novel will be found in Mr. Percy J. Hartley's **The Hand of Diane** (6s.). The hero is a young aristocrat soldier returning, in the first chapter, from the long-continued wars in Poland. When near his old home he is brought into contact with a masked lady, and from this point incident crowds thickly upon him. He finds his mother blind, and his castle just on the point of being wrested from him to please the whim of France's uncrowned Queen, Diane of Poictiers. King, Duchess, masked lady, villains, and faithful men come into the narrative and make a capital tale with a good semblance of history.

The waters and water-ways of London are of unfailing interest, and a knowledge of their past state and position is of great value to all who touch the history of the city. **Springs, Streams, and Spas of London,** by Mr. Alfred Stanley Foord (10s. 6d. net), is a volume which every Londoner should have on his bookshelf, for the story of London's wells and streams is also the story of her modes and customs.

MESSRS. DIGBY, LONG & CO.

A sinister doctor is the principal figure in **The Kestrel** (6s), which is a well-planned and brightly written novel. Mr. Reginald E. Salwey, the author, is an experienced writer who has a decided gift for characterisation and a turn for clever and effective dialogue. There are some dramatic situations, and a little pleasant love-making, but we ourselves found most enjoyment in the descriptions at the beginning of the book of life in a quiet country parsonage.

In The Reproof of Chance, by E. W. Savi (6s.), we read the story of another child—the unspoiled, uneducated daughter of a timber-merchant in Bengal. Into her life comes Robert Chase, the son of her father's old friend. Early in the story Robert, not having seen the girl, refuses the offer of her hand, and undertakes the post of guardian instead. In the later pages he realises his mistake, and the child, grown to a beautiful woman, goes far to wreck her own life and his. The story ends happily, and will please a large public.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

We have had three anthologies of humorous verse through our hands lately, and neither of them has included any of the work of Henry S. Leigh. He did some excellent work in this kind, and it is strange to find our anthologists persistently neglecting him. Mr. R. M. Leonard sins in this respect, but he has given us in **A Book of Light Verse** (5s.) the fullest and best selection of this sort that has come to our knowledge. Mr. Leonard has laid all the English and American poets under contribution, from Chaucer to Swinburne. His book covers much of the ground covered by Locker-Lampson in his "Lyra Elegantiarum," but is more exhaustive and takes in sixty poets that have no place in the latter, and wisely avails itself of Locker-Lampson's useful and interesting notes; it is beautifully printed on India paper and gives portraits of five poets by way of frontispiece. This and **The Poetical Works of Thomas Moore,** edited by A. D. Godley (5s.), and **The Poems of John Dryden,** edited, with a scholarly introduction and notes, by John Sargeaunt, are the newest additions to Mr. Frowde's admirable series of **The Oxford Poets.**

MESSRS. CASSELL & CO.

In **Eliza Getting On** (1s.) Mr. Barry Pain continues his irresistibly amusing record of incidents and events in the life of Eliza and that most joyous and exasperating ass among men, her husband. He begins with their removal into a new house, and ends with their difficulties over naming the baby. Only twice—in the story of "The Circle Club" and in that concerning the "Psychic Investigations"—is the humour somewhat overstrained; otherwise, it is all most excellent fooling, and has more good laughs to the page than any recent book we have read.

Italy, The Magic Land (7s. 6d. net), by Lilian Whiting, is a chronicle of recollections and impressions gathered up after many visits to Italian cities, a survey of modern art in Rome, and a vivid and picturesque description of journeys to and about the magic land. There is a very interesting chapter on the social life of Rome, and an exceptionally charming one on a pilgrimage to Assisi. It is a pleasantly informing and well-written volume, illustrated with a number of beautiful photographs.



"I described the bureau to the foreman."
From "Eliza Getting On," by Barry Pain. (Cassell.)

New Books of the Month.

FROM JANUARY 10 TO FEBRUARY 10.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

ANDERSON, REV. GEORGE, B.D.—The Scottish Pastor: a Manual of Pastoral Theology. 2s. 6d. net..(Blackwood)
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Report of the Librarian of Congress and Report of the Superintendent of the Library Building and Grounds for the Fiscal Year ending June 30, 1910. With Frontispiece and 6 Plans. (Govt. Printing Office, Washington, U.S.A.)
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Transactions of the International Swedenborg Congress, Held in Connection with the Celebration of the Swedenborg Society's Centenary, London, July 4 to 8, 1910. Illustrated ..(Swedenborg Society, 1 Bloomsbury St., W. C.)
TURNER, CHRISTOPHER—Land Problems and National Welfare. With an Introduction by the Right Hon. Viscount Milner, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., etc. 7s. 6d. net (Lane)
YEXLEY, LIONEL. Charity and the Navy. 3d. net (*The Fleet* Ltd., 411a, Harrow Road, W.)

NEW EDITIONS.

Dictionary of French and English, English and French. Compiled by John Bellows. Revised and Enlarged by his Son, William Bellows, with the Assistance of Auguste Marrot and Gustave Friteau. 5s. net.....(Longmans)
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Encyclopædia of Sports and Games, The. Edited by the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire. Illustrated in Colour and Black-and-White. Part XV. (Vol. III.). 1s. net (Heinemann)
MILES, MRS. EUSTACE.—The Cry of the Animals and Birds to their Human Friends in Their Own Words. With Introduction by Ernest Bell, Foreword by John Strange Winter, and 23 Illustrations by Miss Margaret Dovaston. New and Enlarged Edition. 3s. 6d. ....(Drane)
Where to Live Round London (Northern Side). With a Chapter upon the Geology and Subsoils by O. A. Shrubsole, F.G.S. Edited by Prescott Row and Arthur Henry Anderson. With 12 Illustrations and 9 Plans. Third and Revised Edition. 1s. net (Homeland Association and Warne)

The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 235. Vol. XL.
Subscription rate 8s. per annum post free.

APRIL, 1911.

Price One Shilling.
Published Monthly.

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WITH 68-PAGE ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT.

NOTICES.

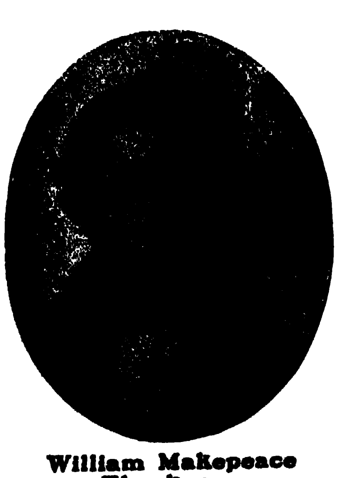
All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

£1,000 PRIZE NOVEL COMPETITION.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are announcing a great Prize Novel Competition that is to be open to all writers. Novels submitted should contain between 90,000 and 120,000 words, and must not exceed 150,000. A prize of £600 will be awarded to the best Novel received, and a prize of £400 to the second best. The last date for sending in MSS. is August 31st next, and the adjudicators will be Miss Beatrice Harraden, Sir William Robertson Nicoll, and Mr. Clement Shorter. Full particulars and conditions of the Competition will be sent post free on application to Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton (Novel Competition), St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.



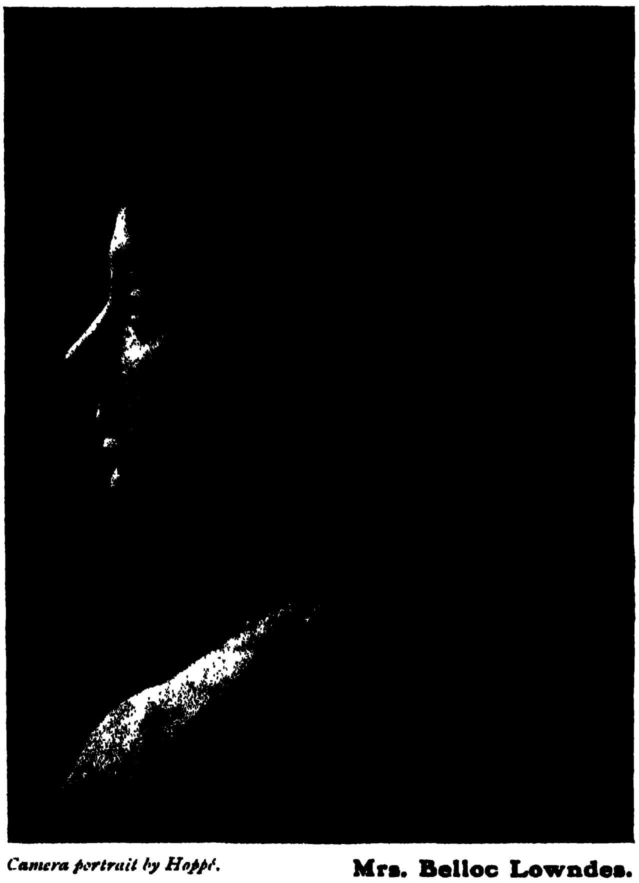
William Makepeace Thackeray.
(Age about 24.)
From a miniature painting in the possession of J. Pierpont Morgan.
From "The Yellowplush Papers," Centenary Biographical Edition. (Smith, Elder.)

We reproduce on our cover the original wrapper-designs for the monthly parts of four of Thackeray's books; these are taken, by permission of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew & Co., from the facsimiles of these wrappers that are given in Messrs. Smith, Elder's Centenary Biographical Edition of Thackeray's works. For much other assistance with the Thackeray illustrations we are indebted to the kindness of Messrs. Smith, Elder, Mr. Frowde, Mr. John Lane (who published Mr. Lewis Melville's admirable "Life of Thackeray"), Messrs. A. & C. Black, and Messrs. Macmillan, who have permitted us to reproduce a number of the delightful drawings with which Mr. Harry Furniss illustrates the Centenary Edition de Luxe of Thackeray that they are now issuing.

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes has completed a new novel which is to appear serially in the *Daily Telegraph*. She is at present engaged on another novel, the scene of which is laid partly in Scotland and partly in France, and is planning yet another, a story of intensely dramatic character which was suggested to her by a French *cause célèbre* of sixty years ago. She is also preparing a further volume of short

stories which, like her "Studies in Wives," will have a unifying thread of interest running through them.

Mrs. Lowndes was educated at the Convent of the Holy Child at Mayfield, but spent much of her youth in France, with which country she has strong links of sympathy. She is Mr. Hilaire Belloc's sister, and is descended through her mother, Madame Belloc (*née* Bessie Rayner Parkes, and author of "In a Walled Garden," "La Belle France," etc.), from Joseph Priestley, of whom Madame Belloc possesses some very interesting memorials, including the prism with which he made certain of his scientific discoveries, and a curious contemporary picture of his house being sacked by the Birmingham mob. Mrs. Lowndes was brought up in a literary and artistic atmosphere from childhood, both in France and in England. Her grandfather was a famous painter whose portrait of his wife and little daughter hangs in the Louvre. She has made a special study of past and present French literature, and succeeded Miss Flora Shaw (Lady Lugard) as reviewer of the French magazines in the *Review of Reviews*, a post which she retained for some years after her marriage. Mrs. Lowndes speaks very gratefully of Mr. Stead, to whom she was introduced by Cardinal Manning, and who encouraged her greatly in her literary work, always prophesying her success as a novelist. Her first book, published anonymously when she was twenty-one, was an edition of the Life and Letters of Charlotte Elizabeth, Princess Palatine. It was published by Mr. Heinemann, who has brought out all Mrs. Lowndes's books; her first novel, apart from a short dialogue story, being "The Heart of Penelope" in 1904, and her eighth and latest "Jane Oglander," which we review on another page.



Camera portrait by Hoppé.

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes.

Not many successful novelists can write short stories with equal success, but Mrs. Lowndes is one of the few who have done so. Her first short story and three later ones appeared in the *Fortnightly*, and attracted so much attention in America that Mr. McClure made arrangements to reprint them in his popular magazine, to which and to *Scribner's* and *Ainslee's* Mrs. Lowndes has since been a frequent contributor. A new story of hers is appearing in *McClure's* for May. In spite of a sort of revival of the very long novel lately, Mrs. Lowndes believes that the short novel of about 30,000 words is destined to have a great vogue in this country. Her story, "The Uttermost Farthing" (1908), was one of this kind; it was published by Mr. Heinemann at half a crown, and though she confesses it did not do particularly well in that form, she finds it has done very well indeed in other forms, at a dollar and a half in America, at sixpence in England, as well as in the Tauchnitz series, and in German and French translations; this making the third of her books that have been included in the famous Tauchnitz library.

That distinguished Italian poet and scholar, Dr. Luigi Siceliani, has published in Italy a volume of admirable translations from English poetry. His selection includes Swinburne's "Garden of Proserpine," two of Keats's Odes, some of Shelley's lyrics, Poe's "Raven" and "The Bells," and many translations from the Brownings, the Rossettis, Matthew Arnold, William Morris, Meredith, Oscar Wilde, and Kipling. It is a representative and varied gathering, to which he has given the challenging title of "Perfect Songs" (*Canti Perfetti*).

Mr. Heinemann is publishing shortly a new book by Mr. J. E. Patterson under the title of "My Vagabondage: Being the Intimate Autobiography of a Nature's Nomad." It tells the story of Mr. Patterson's wanderings and adventures at home and abroad, at sea and ashore, his experiences

as a sort of vagabond in journalism, and later in the fields of literature, and has been written on the suggestion of those who have knowledge enough of the facts of his varied and strenuous career to know how full of interest it has been. The motto of the book is Sidney's "Fool, said my Muse to me, look in thine own heart and write."



Mr. W. A. Mackenzie.

Mr. W. A. Mackenzie, whose "Rowton House Rhymes" (Blackwood) we review on another page, was long well known in Fleet Street as an able and successful journalist, but he has now for some time been resident in France. He was born in the Highlands forty years ago, and studied medicine at Aberdeen University, where he collaborated vigorously in the editing of the University magazine, *Alma Mater*. In 1893 he came to London as editor of one of James Henderson's publications; and from 1897 to 1900 was editing *Black and White*, with Eden Phillpotts for his first assistant. Then he forsook office work and turned to writing fiction; he has published many serials, and six or seven novels in book form—"light, popular stuff," he says, "having rather less than more success." We remember some of these as books that certainly deserved rather more than less, but for the moment we are concerned with Mr. Mackenzie as a poet.

As a rule, when an author publishes a book, especially a book of verse, at his own expense, it means that he is going to lose money. But Mr. Mackenzie adopted this course at Aberdeen with his first book of poems in 1893, and made a profit of £20. Between 1894 and 1897 he issued privately four booklets containing verse that had appeared in the *Yellow Book*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Sketch*, etc. One of these poems, "Shon Campbell," achieved a wide popularity, "owing to the publicity given to it," says Mr. Mackenzie, "by Claudius Clear in the *British Weekly*," and on the walls of the Students' Union at Aberdeen University other of his verses are to be seen in fresco, the expense of such work being defrayed by Mr. Pirie, M.P. for North Aberdeen. The "Rowton House Rhymes" were all written since Mr. Mackenzie, whose health has broken down, has been living in France—in the years that have passed since he sojourned (as his article in last February's *Graphic* related) at "the King's Cross Road palace." He did not write them for publication, but "to lay the ghosts of a miserable time and empty of old rancour the rag-bag of memory"; and the "Rhymes" were published for the reason given by his Apologia in the book. Not many will read that book without being glad that for any reason, no matter what, it was published; it is no ordinary collection of poems and should not be missed by any lover of modern poetry. At present Mr. Mackenzie is engaged on two new novels, and is preparing another selection of his poems, less drably realistic than are the "Rowton House Rhymes," for the press.

At the end of his book on "Mark Twain," which we review elsewhere, Dr. Archibald Henderson remarks that though the bibliography he gives there comprises more than two hundred and thirty titles, it is of necessity incomplete. "There remain," he adds, "numerous articles, essays, and interviews scattered about in newspapers and magazines all over the world. These articles are



Photo by Marcus Macdonald. **Mr. Frederic W. Macdonald,**
Whose essays, "Recreations of a Book Lover" (Hodder & Stoughton), were reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.



Photo by Elliott & Fry **Mr. F. Raymond Coulson,**
Whose new book of humorous verse, "This Funny World" will be published this month by Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co

not indexed, and consequently are difficult to trace. . . . The author will sincerely appreciate any aid given him in the effort to perfect the present bibliography, and will gratefully acknowledge all articles or titles that may be sent to him," care of Messrs. Duckworth, 3, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C. Mark Twain authorised Dr Henderson to write this book about him during a visit Dr. Henderson paid to the great humorist at Stormfield about a year and a half before his death; but the present work is intended as preliminary to a more elaborate and comprehensive volume that will include everything of permanent literary, biographical, or pictorial interest that has ever been published concerning Mark Twain. Dr. Henderson's work is not to be a formal biography such as is now being written by Samuel Clemens's official biographer, Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine, but a gathering together of all that has been said of Mark Twain in anecdote and criticism all the world over, and it will not supersede his just-published book, but be the complement of it.

Mrs. Henry Grey-Graham, the author of "An Odd Situation," which has just been published by Messrs. Ouseley, is the widow of the late minister of Hyndland Church, near Glasgow, who is well known for his writings on the social life of Scotland in the eighteenth century.

Mrs. Maud Diver, the author of "Captain Desmond, V.C.," "The Great Amulet," and other excellent stories of Indian life and character, has received a long personal letter about her work from "an unknown friend," who withholds her address as well as her name, and wishes Mrs Diver to reply to her through the columns of THE BOOKMAN; and in response to this curious request Mrs. Diver asks us to find room for the following communication

"DEAR MADAM,

"Since I cannot have the pleasure of answering your letter in a more personal form, I am—through the courtesy of THE BOOKMAN editor- to take the means you suggest of assuring you that those who made the statement you mention in regard to my future books know more about my plans than I do myself Though for the present I am working on other lines, I feel the call of the Frontier far too strongly to desert it altogether It is good to know from many sources the strong liking my readers have for those particular characters But it is not advisable for an author to harp too persistently on one string The suggestion you make had already occurred to me; and I hope very much I shall some day achieve a novel in which so fine a relief could form the central event. It was a great pleasure to hear from you and to know how much you like the characters and the books.

"Yours truly,
"M. DIVER."

Messrs F V. White & Co. are publishing a new novel by Dick Donovan (J. E. Preston Muddock) entitled "The Trap." It is a sensational story founded on facts that Mr. Muddock has gathered from quarters that are reliable, but not easily accessible, and deals with a mystery that centres on the doings of the Camorra and Black Hand secret societies. It has a particular interest just now, when the astonishing trial of the infamous Camorra gang is proceeding in Italy. Mr. Muddock, by the way, has written under official sanction, a "Romance and History of the Crystal Palace" which will be on sale there during the forthcoming Festival of Empire.

Mr. Stanley Paul is publishing a History of Clifford's Inn, with which his own business has been associated since the outset. He had hoped to publish it on the ground it celebrates, but as that part of the Inn he occupies is presently to be

demolished, he asks us to mention that by the time this appears in print he will have removed to larger premises at 31, Essex Street, Strand. To say nothing of its historical associations, Clifford's Inn is full of memories of Scott, Coleridge, Southey, Lamb, and that most delightful of eccentric bookmen, George Dyer, and a full story of the place and its people should make good reading.

Mr. Jonathan Nield's "Guide to the Best Historical Novels and Tales" was first published just before the last Coronation. It then ran to no more than a hundred and twenty pages, but with each new edition it has been revised and enlarged, and next month Mr. Elkin Mathews is publishing a fourth edition (making five thousand copies) which has been further revised and brought up to date and contains a large supplement. The book has already taken its place as the standard work of reference on this subject; it now deals with some three thousand novels, to say nothing of juvenile fiction and short stories, and its author tells us he has not "gone to workers in the same field of bibliography and stolen their honey," but has got his information direct from the novels or tales described. Mr. Nield was born forty-eight years ago at Rochdale, in Lancashire, and is the son of a well-known banker of that town. He went from Eton to live in France for a while, and later was for many years engaged in business in London; then he became private secretary to a Scotch M.P., and afterwards acted for several years as a publisher's reader. He has written and published one novel, but it was not a historical one, and he speaks of it disparagingly; and two years back Messrs. Duckworth issued his translation of Professor Emile Boutroux's "Science and Religion in Contemporary Philosophy." He has edited a good many theological books, and has contributed articles and reviews to the theological newspapers. But his most important work is this Guide to Historical Fiction, which promises in its latest form to be as comprehensive and as nearly complete as such a book can be.



Mr. Jonathan Nield.
Photo by G. R. Lewis, Eastbourne.

Miss D. Brandon, whose new novel, "The Davosers" (John Long), has been very favourably received by both critics and public and is already in a second edition, has lived a good deal at Davos, where the scenes of her book are laid. She wrote the story during a long convalescence when, as she puts it, she was feeling very bored with her own personality, and so escaped from it by assuming another and representing herself as the Reginald Challoner Eyre of her novel. She has written a number of short stories and has another novel in course of preparation, but, like most present-day novelists, her ambitions are towards the theatre, and she is busy also on a play which she hopes to see produced in due course on the London stage.

Messrs. Herbert & Daniel, who lately brought out three charming poetical anthologies, "A Book of Verse by Living Women," "Eyes of Youth" (with an introduction by G. K. Chesterton), and "For Her Namesake," a dainty selection of famous and lesser known poems on girls' names, are starting the publication of a series of little books of selections from the works of great authors, beginning with "Johnson," by Alice Meynell, and following with "Leigh Hunt," by Edward Storer; "Richardson," by Sheila Kaye-Smith; "Wordsworth," by E. Hallam Moorhouse; and "Fanny Burney," by Thomas Seccombe.

Those who saw Mr. Charles MacEvoy's admirable realistic comedy "All That Matters" at the Haymarket last month, and wondered that so fine a piece of work did not meet with a larger measure of popularity, will be glad to know that Mr. Herbert Trench has published the play at a shilling. "Whether it fail or succeed (and those best qualified to know will recognise the great technical difficulties inherent in a work so delicately beautiful)," writes Mr. Trench in a preface to the volume, "I

shall not regret as long as I live attempting to bring before the public a true piece of English country life in a true piece of English literature."

Last year the Buckinghamshire Players produced at Naphill Miss Gertrude Robins's "farcical fact in one act" entitled "Pot Luck." Like Mr. MacEvoy's play it gives a realistic picture of country life, but it is much slighter, and is woven round a broadly farcical incident in the lives of a poacher and the local police. It is a brilliantly clever little sketch, and its success on the amateur stage has led Messrs. Samuel French, Limited, to issue it as a sixpenny booklet.

Mr. Martin Secker announces a book of fantastic tales entitled "The Hoof-marks of the Faun," by Arthur Ransome.

Mr. Ramsay Colles, whose new book "In Castle and Court House," has just been issued by Mr. Werner Laurie, has recently resigned the editorship of *Madame* and severed his connection with journalism, and is dividing his allegiance between literature and commerce. He began life as a carpenter's apprentice, and one of the first things he made when he became proficient was a coffin. This he fitted with shelves and drawers and kept standing in his room at Dublin as a cupboard. In later years he has been manager of a bank, timber importer, managing director of a cycle company, and newspaper founder and proprietor. He has also edited the poems of Darley, Beddoes, and Hartley Coleridge in Messrs. Routledge's excellent Muses' Library series. Mr. Colles has just signed a contract with Mr. John Long to write a book dealing with the ladies of Charles II.'s Court; he is otherwise more prosaically engaged as Chairman of the National Footballers' Club, and in the arranging and signing a contract for an important commercial undertaking.



Miss Gertrude Robins.

[illegible]



Photo by Mills & Co., Wimbledon.

Mr. Mulvy Ouseley,

Whose new novel, "The Jewess," has just been published by Messrs. John Ouseley.

We have much pleasure in printing on another page, with the author's permission, the special preface that Mr. Arnold Bennett has written for the edition of "The Old Wives' Tale" that Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing in America. By common consent this is Mr. Bennett's greatest novel so far, and it has met with an immense success in America and in this country, where the same publishers have issued it at two shillings. Mr. Bennett's story of how he came to write this book, as it is revealed in his Preface, is a very vivid and interesting bit of autobiography.

The portrait of Thackeray on our cover is from the painting by Samuel Laurence; and our plate portrait from a painting by H. P. Jackson.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

April 1 to May 1, 1911.

Messrs. George Allen & Sons.

EVELYN-WHITE, C. H. [illegible] County Churches: Cambridgeshire. [illegible] net
IONE, GERTRUDE M. The Russian [illegible]
MACLEANE, DOUGLAS. The [illegible] net
MAETERLINCK, MAURICE. The [illegible] net
NEAL, MARY and R. R. BUCKLEY. The Shakespeare Revival. [illegible] net
NYE, G. H. F. The Story of the Church [illegible]
ZUNZELMANN, C. W. DE. The [illegible] net

Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith.

COUCH, SIR ARTHUR QUILLER. [illegible]

Messrs. A. & C. Black.

BESANT, SIR WALTER. South London. [illegible] net
BROWNE, EDITH A. Sugar. [illegible] net
MORRAH, HERBERT A. Highways and Hedges. [illegible] Bentley. 7s 6d net

Messrs. Wm. Blackwood & Sons.

BRIDGES, PHILLIPPA. The Green Wave of Destiny. 6s
CANDLER, EDMUND. The General Plan. 6s
CRAWFORD, ALEXANDER. [illegible]
CURTIS, MARGUERITE. Oh [illegible] Angel. 6s
FITZGERALD, JOHN ZACHARY. Ruth Wertless, Father O'Hanlon and Some New Christians. [illegible]
GRAHAM, J. EDWARD, K.C. A Manual of the Acts Relating to Education in Scotland. [illegible] net
HOBART-HAMPDEN, [illegible] The Price of Empire. 6s
RONALDSHAY, EARL OF, M.P. An Eastern Miscellany. [illegible] net
SIMPSON, VIOLET A. In Fancy Mirror. [illegible]
WEIGALL, ARTHUR E. P. The Treasury of Ancient Egypt. Illustrated. 7s 6d net

Messrs. Cassell & Co.

ALEXANDER, J. The Truth About Egypt. 7s 6d net
BERGER, H. BRUNO. [illegible] for All. Translated by Stella Bloch. [illegible]
DELPINE, WARWICK. [illegible] 6s
HAGGARD, H. RIDER. The Yellow God. [illegible] net
HOWARD, KEBLE. The Happy Vanner. 6s
JONES, BERNARD. Electric Accumulators. Electric Primary Batteries. [illegible] net each
JONES, BERNARD. [illegible] Steel. [illegible]
PEMBERTON, MAX. The Show [illegible]
Book of the Coronation. 1s net
Nature [illegible] net
Penny Book of Beauty.
Penny Book of Household Management.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall, Ltd.

ARCHER, WILLIAM. Life, Trial and Death of Francisco Ferrer. Illustrated. 10s 6d net
BROWN, VINCENT. The Irresistible Husband. [illegible]
CHANCELLOR, E. BERESFORD. Lives of the British Sculptors. Illustrated. [illegible] net
CULLUM, RIDGWELL. The One Way Trail. 6s
DAWSON, SCOTT. [illegible]
DICKENS, CHARLES. [illegible] The Uncommercial Traveller. Centenary Edition. [illegible]
REYNOLDS, MRS. FRED. The [illegible]
THURSTON, E. TEMPLE. The [illegible] 6s
WILLSON, THOMAS. [illegible] net
Author of [illegible] 6s

Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

JERNINGHAM, CHAS. EDWARD. The Bargain Book. 7s 6d
McCARTHY, JUSTIN. A History of Our Own Times. [illegible] (St. Martin's Library.) [illegible] net
MACDONALD, GEORGE. [illegible] Works. [illegible] (St. Martin's Library.) [illegible] net
RUSSELL, W. CLARK. [illegible]
STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS. [illegible] and Other Papers. 6s
ZOLA, EMILE. [illegible]

Messrs. W. B. Clive & Sons.

BRAY, S. E., M.A. School Organisation. [illegible] largely rewritten. [illegible]
CARTER, M. E. Outlines of English History. 3s 6d. In three parts. Part I [illegible] Part III [illegible] 1s 6d each

Messrs. Gay & Hancock, Ltd.

CATT, ANNIE PAYSON. [illegible]
POCOCK, ROGER. [illegible] net
WHITING, LILIAN. The [illegible] net
WIGGIN, KATE DOUGLAS. Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. 1s net
WIGGIN, KATE DOUGLAS, MARY FINDLATER, JANE FINDLATER, and ALLAN McAULAY. Robinetta. With 8 Half-tone and 30 Text Illustrations by A. [illegible] 6s
WILCOX, ELLA WHEELER. Are You Alive? [illegible] net
WILCOX, ELLA WHEELER. Great Thoughts for Each Day's Life: a Birthday Book with Thumb Index. Cheering Words. [illegible] net and 5s net

Messrs. Harper & Bros.

JOHNSON, WILLIAM SAMUEL. Glamourie. 6s
WILLIAMS, H. NOEL. Queen Margot. Cheap Edition. 7s 6d

Harper's Library of Living Thought. [illegible] and 3s 6d.

FREMANTLE, THE HON. W. H. (Dean of Ripon). Natural Christianity.
PETRIE, PROF. W. M. FLINDERS. The Revolutions of Civilisation.

Mr. Wm. Heinemann.

ANSTEY, F. The Brass Bottle. Paper 1s 6d, cloth 2s 6d
BERGET, ALPHONSE. The Conquest of the Air. New and Revised Edition.
GIBBS, PHILIP. The Street of Adventure. 1s net
HOURTICQ, LOUIS. Art in France. 6s net
LONDON, JACK. Burning Daylight. 6s
McCARTHY, J. H. If I were King. 1s net
ROLLAND, ROMAIN. Storm and Stress. (John Christopher.) 6s
RYCE, MARK. Mrs. Drummond's Vocation. 6s
SCHWANN, DUNCAN. The Magic of the Hill. 6s
SHARP, WILLIAM. [illegible] net
STEEL, FLORA ANNIE. The Bread upon the Waters. [illegible] net
TENNYSON, ALFRED. [illegible] History. 6s
Author of [illegible] Germany. 1s net
Author of [illegible] Her Husband's Country. 6s

Messrs. Herbert & Daniel.

ATKINSON, SOPHIE. An Artist in Corfu. With 14 Coloured Illustrations by the Author. 15s net
BUNSTON, ANNA. The [illegible] an Allegorical Poem. 3s 6d net

The Regent Library. [illegible]

KAYE-SMITH, SHEILA. Richardson.
MEYNELL, ALICE (Edited by). S. Johnson. With Introduction by G. K. Chesterton.
MOORHOUSE, E. HALLAM. Wordsworth.
STOREY, EDWARD. Leigh Hunt.

Illustrated Literary Encyclopedias. 3s 6d net each.

FULLERTON CASTLE, MARIE LOUISE. Italian Literature.
[illegible] Persian Literature.

Messrs. Hutchinson & Co.

MAXWELL, W. B. Mrs. Thompson. 6s
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THACKERAY.

By Prof. George Saintsbury.



Initial drawn by Thackeray.
From "Vanity Fair."
The Oxford Thackeray. (Frowde.)

A DAY or two before I was asked to write this article, I happened to be reading a book (the subject does not matter) which was published in 1854. The lithograph-illustrated paper-boards in which, after a fashion of the time, it was bound, were somewhat dilapidated, and even more soiled, as was natural; but on the end-papers there was pasted, almost as fresh as if it had been printed yesterday, a pink advertisement-slip informing the public that they could now buy "The Works of ENGLAND'S GREATEST LIVING NOVELIST" (the three first words in small, the last in large caps) for "a sum very often given merely to read them," to wit eighteenpence a volume. The pecuniary estimate was somewhat excessive; for, so far as I remember, even seaside circulating libraries did not make you pay sixpence a volume for three-volume books, though they often, and wisely, did insist on a "deposit." But that is not the present point of interest, which concerns another estimate in another line of value. Who could—without absurdity even in the mouths of his own publishers—be called "England's greatest living novelist" in the year 1854?

It was, of course, a great period of novel-writing; it is probable that Prince Posterity will allow it to be the greatest ever known in England. Some of the lights of its galaxy-gallery had indeed not yet appeared, or were hardly settled in their place and magnitude by astronomers. Mr. George Meredith had produced nothing but verse. Charlotte Brontë's brief life was all but over, and her too scanty work practically done, but she had not been registered in any part of public opinion as "greatest"—if as "great." George Eliot had not begun. Reade, and Kingsley, and Trollope had; so also had Mrs. Gaskell. But "Westward Ho!" was only of this very year; "The Warden" of the next; and "It Is Never Too Late to Mend" of the year after that. There were only three writers of fiction who (without the aforesaid absurdity) could be described in the words quoted—Bulwer, Dickens, and Thackeray. The first, after writing novels in great numbers, and in considerable variety, for nearly thirty years, had just—with that curious versatility of his which has not always been duly recognised—taken to a fresh style in "My Novel." Dickens had just finished "Bleak House," and was beginning to make his more critical admirers look rather uneasily at each other as to "Hard Times." Thackeray, after an almost unexampled struggle of nearly twenty years, not merely with public coldness, but with certain strange hampers of temperament and craftsmanship on his own part, had at last and for some seven years "got himself ready" and with the four great victories of "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "Esmond," and "The Newcomes" had conquered his place.

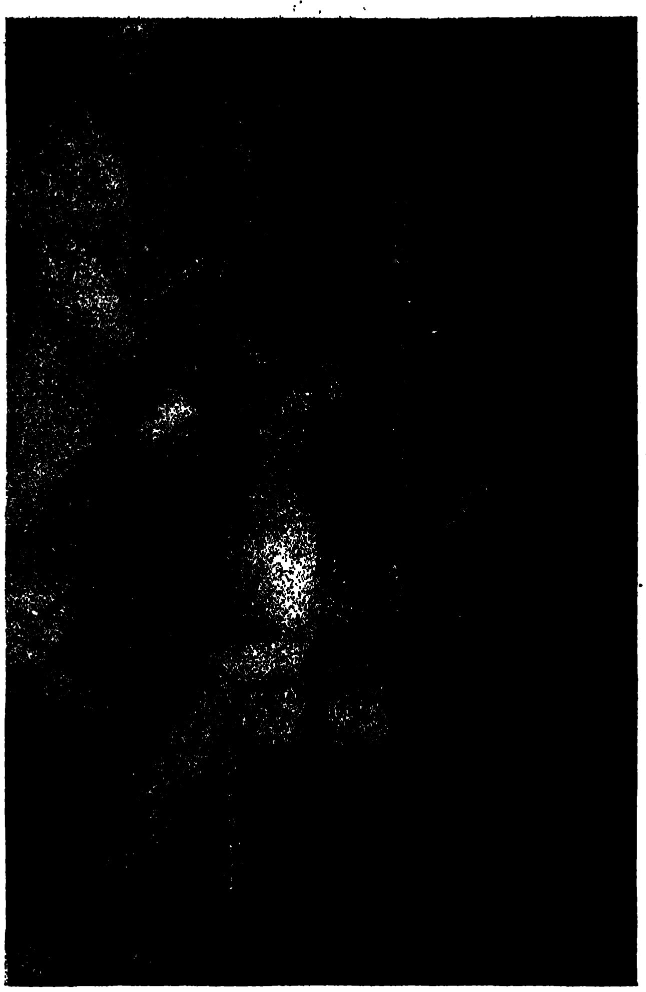
Not, however, with our friend of the pink advertisement. *He* thought—not merely as it was his duty, being a puffmaker, to do, but in common with a very large number of the people of England itself—that Bulwer was the greatest living novelist. I say that a great number of people would have agreed with him, and I am by no means sure that it would not have been the greatest number. At any rate Bulwer would have had, so far as mere popularity went, only Dickens to contend with. If you weighed the votes, instead of counting them, Thackeray might have had more than a chance; but, on a general poll of the never-mind-how-many-millions mostly never-mind-what, he would certainly not have had the faintest.



Thackeray.
From the painting by Samuel Laurence in the National Portrait Gallery.

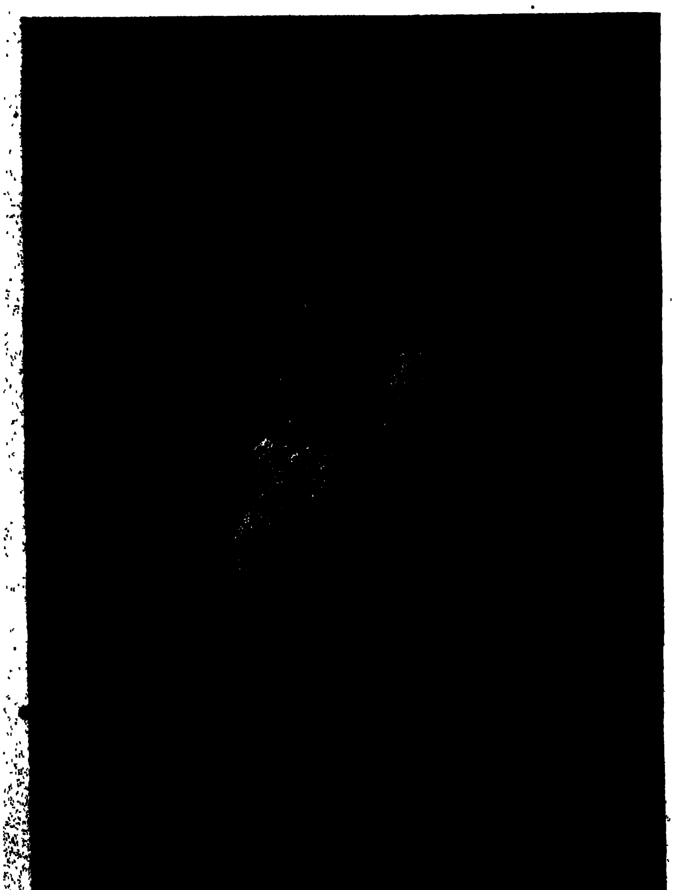
How far that chance would have been increased since must be a matter of individual and rather hazardous calculation. Bulwer, indeed, must have dropped pretty well out of the running for a long time. I fancy

he had done so, despite the extraordinary cleverness of his latest books, even before his own death. He never quite won the weight-carrying votes; and "A Strange Story" was about his last successful appeal to the numbers. Dickens, I suppose, has held his own pretty steadily, both as regards the quantity and the quality of the admiration and predilection bestowed upon him. It is less easy to trace the record of Thackeray's always lesser popularity. It has certainly not, as a whole, sunk; that fact may be said to be proved to demonstration by the issue, as copyrights fell in, not merely of individual books, but of whole sets, containing a great deal of work which never has been, and hardly ever can be, in any wide sense popular. But whether it has grown in due proportion to the increase of reading and of the book-trade, is a point on which I am very uncertain. Nor is it possible to be much more positive as to the position of what I have called the weight-carrying vote. It is still very considerable; the really competent critic, professional or amateur, who like Matthew Arnold "does not think Thackeray a great writer," must be, as Matthew Arnold himself, by the usual irony of Fate, undoubtedly was, a slave of Caprice of one sort or another. But I rather doubt whether, if you could catch in a net the exceedingly undulating and diverse body of persons who intelligently like literature, and know something about it, and could poll them, the voters for Thackeray would be quite so numerous in proportion as they would have been had a similar process been carried out, say, thirty years ago. At any rate, if there were a decrease it would not surprise me, for reasons which, except perhaps



Thackeray at the age of two, with his father and mother.

From the water-colour by Chinnery in the possession of Lady Ritchie.



Richmond Thackeray, the father of the Novelist.

by some future glances, it would be impertinent to give in this place.

I need, however, hardly say that this test of popularity (that is to say, of general vogue at any particular moment) is, on any really critical estimate, merely curious and hardly in the least important. Nothing like sufficient time has passed for anything like a sufficient perspective to have been attained or established. Beginnings of centuries have often had a quaint habit, like other children, of regarding their immediate elders as removed from them by almost impassable gulfs. But the fact remains that every person who is still middle-aged, besides those who are no longer so, was an actual contemporary of Thackeray, and that while the general atmosphere, say of "My Novel" itself, has an indefinable but distinctly perceptible old-worldness about it, large passages of "The Newcomes" might, with the slightest change of mere "furniture" in slang, etc., have been written to-day. It must take another generation or two before men can—at least before most of them can—take even such a comparatively achromatic estimate as they can take (and this is by no means quite "dry-lighted") of Scott or Miss Austen, much less such a one as can be taken of Fielding; least of all such as can be taken of Milton or of Shakespeare.

Nor will even Time himself always settle matters. Even now, it is not so very uncommon to hear the

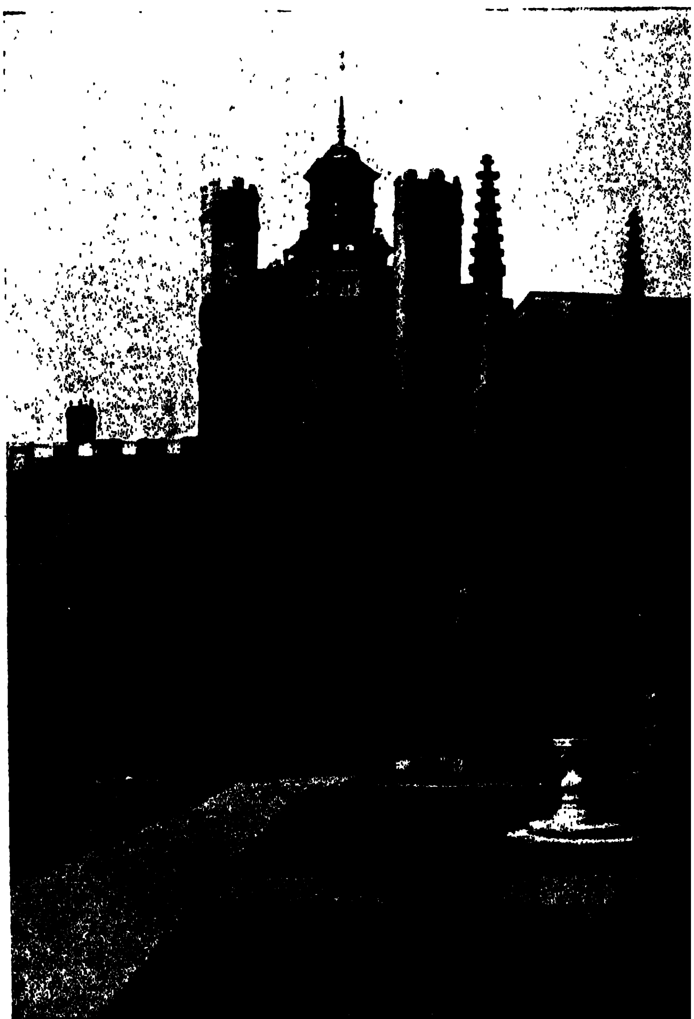


Larkbeare.

The home of Thackeray's mother in Devonshire.

young ass strain his innocent lungs in braying against Scott, against Miss Austen, against Fielding, against Milton, against even Shakespeare; and it is said, possibly with truth, that the reading of all classics, old and new, is less than ever practised, either in the choked and piecemeal education of youth, or amid the idle racket of business and pleasure in later years. We see indeed continual returns of *engouement*—of accidental or engineered fancy for this and that writer not of the present day. But they seldom last; and one does not even know that it is very desirable that they should. For all fashions are, as fashions, bad: though taken together, and as parts or symptoms of the endless revolutions of the unchanging human mind, they are almost always tolerable and sometimes relatively good. Besides, Thackeray, though he may be made the object of such *engouement*, is singularly ill suited for it. I have actually heard defenders of his use arguments which reminded me of that famous minister who asked, "D'ye think *Powl* knew Greek?" and I fancy the expression on the countenances of the apostle and the novelist, if they heard the respective utterances, must have been not dissimilar. No: for the majority, Thackeray never was a "greatest living novelist," and, for the majority, he never will be a greatest dead one. I should even doubt whether he will ever seem one of the very greatest to any but a comparatively small minority.

To that minority—which perhaps, despite its comparative smallness, has never been and never will be contemptible—he has always seemed and will always seem of the very greatest, and perhaps to some of its members the very greatest of all. But before coming to the reasons of their appreciation, it will be fair to give those of the commoner depreciation. The extreme inequalities of his production—the painful wanderings in the wilderness before the Promised Land was reached—have been admitted; and though in the novice-work there were almost everywhere premonitions of the craftsmastery—though Canaan itself is always in sight from the upper places of the desert—you cannot expect the average reader to be content with, or even to perceive, this. But even the masterpieces themselves are not provided with many strictly popular qualities. A regular plot may seem to some of us a rather idle thing, within the reach of a pretty mean intellect, and hardly capable of giving satisfaction, save of the most banal kind, to an accomplished taste. But there are of course others who attach the highest critical importance to it, and a much larger number who, without any definitely critical views, think there ought to be something of the kind. Thackeray neither would, nor, I think, could, give anything of the sort. Life very rarely, if ever, gives these regular plots; and Thackeray followed Life as the sunflower follows the sun. As a matter of direct consequence, he would not or could not give very intricate plots, regular or irregular, and though these are insucculent to not a few palates, and positively disgusting to some, they are undoubtedly and largely popular. After "Vanity Fair," except in "Esmond" he contented himself (at the bidding of Life again) with the most ordinary incident; he never attempted bizarre or ornate style, elaborate pictorial descriptions, insinuation or proclamation of problems,

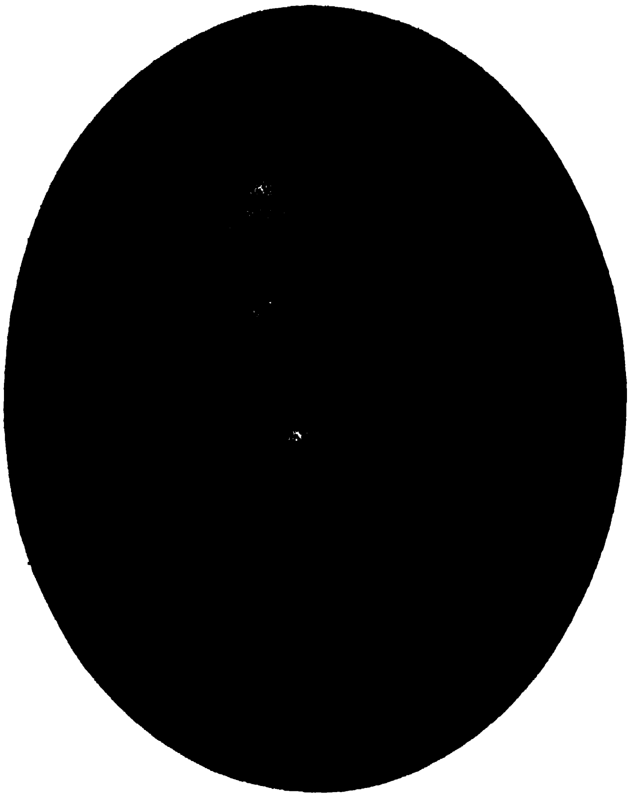


Trinity College, Cambri
where Thackeray studi

From "The Thackeray Country," by Lewis Melville. (A. & C. Black)

meddling with topics or fashions of the day, or any other tricks of what may be called the "fly-paper" kind.

And if, in this way, many people did not find in him what they wanted, the same and many more also did find in him things that they did not want and did not understand The abstract critical objection to the *parabases*, or addresses to the reader, has always seemed to me utterly unsound and not quite intelligible, but I am fully prepared to acknowledge that there is a large number of people, unpretentious and uncritical but not contemptible who are honestly bored, provoked, or otherwise made uncomfortable by them I never forget the perfectly genuine remark (not to be brushed aside or sneered at) of such a person that ' there is *too much* in Thackeray"—a remark which does not apply merely to these abused digressions And the "too much" is not in quantity only. I should be prepared to admit that Thackeray is one of the most thoroughly undemocratic of writers, for all his curious political *affichage* of democratic principles. Although not in the least posing as a superior person himself (he would probably have been found more forgivable, or at least have *imposed* more, if he had), he is perpetually pointing out to every one of the forty (or is it now fifty ?) millions that he is mostly a fool, and if not exactly a rascal, a poor creature as well Now this is perfectly true, but few there are who like to be told of it, not in the form of pulpit warning or pamphlet abuse—that is not much minded—but by a cunning process of artistic and inevitable exhibition He is always hitting people "on the angles of the moral oxygen'- angles which are as sensitive as funny-bones He is, without being bookish, literary, and you must have something of letters yourself to understand him. He does not, like some famous writers who have sometimes exchanged unpopularity for its opposite, flaunt "obscurity," and so tickle the vanity of those who think they have cleared him up. And yet only an exceedingly superficial reader will find Thackeray superficial Above all he is, beyond question or cavil, one of the greatest and, except Swift and Fielding, one of the most profuse users and masters of irony And there is nothing more certain than that not merely the average woman as is so often said, but, to almost as great an extent, the average man, regards irony with a feeling which is always one of suspicion and discomfort, not unfrequently rising to something that is positive fear and is very like hatred



W. M. Thackeray.
From an oil painting by Frank Stone (1836) in the possession of Lady Ritchie

All these be truths and the Devil's Advocate need not adopt his client's favourite weapon of not-truth in order even to add to them But do they matter ? Do they interfere with the canonisation, now and for ever, of Thackeray as one of the very greatest of great English writers and (not to be unnecessarily contentious for the present) one of the very greatest of the far smaller body of great English novelists ? Never, for a moment! On the head of ' writing" in the strict sense, indeed, things have actually improved of late years, as they usually do A settled estimate of an



18, Albion Street, Hyde Park.
Where Thackeray stayed with his mother in 1837.
From "The Thackeray Country," by Lewis Melville. (A. & C. Black.)



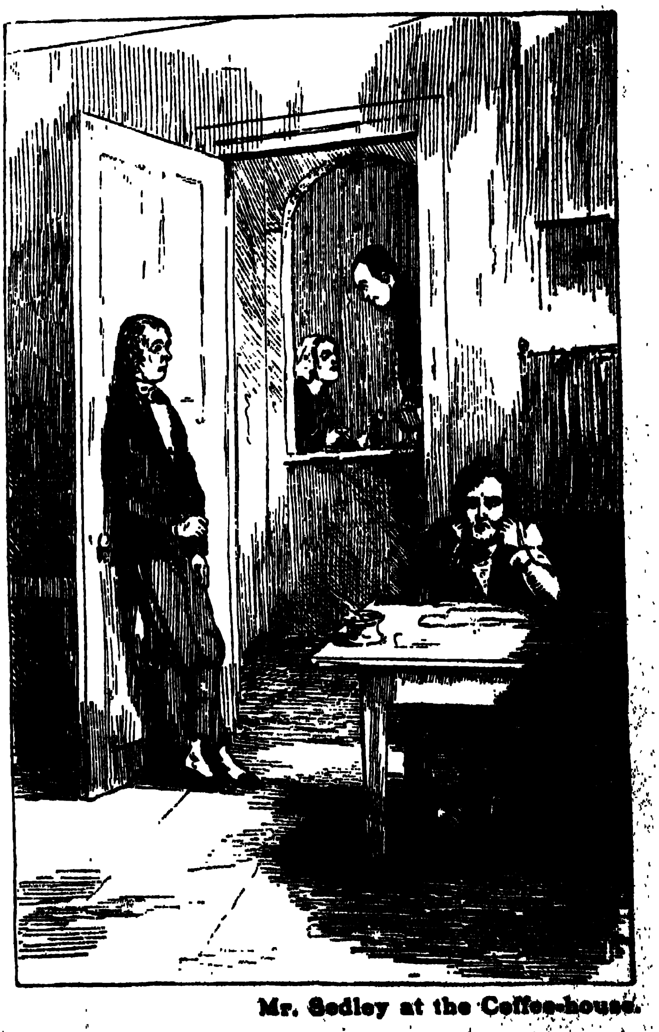
Mrs. Rawdon's departure from Paris.



Sir Pitt's Last Stage.



Rebecca makes acquaintance with a live Baronet.



Mr. Sedley at the Coffee-house.

FROM DRAWINGS BY THACKERAY ILLUSTRATING SCENES IN "VANITY FAIR."

From the Centenary Biographical Edition. (Smith, Elder.)

author in the widest sense may (it has been said) never be reached, and always takes a long time to reach. But it is curious how often styles, which have been denounced as bad by short-sighted or pedantic critics at first appearance, have righted themselves in the eyes of succeeding generations. There is nothing which frightens critics more than novelty or unconventionality of style, but they soon get over it. The very censors, nowadays, who have allowed the parrot-cry of "Sentimentality" to take the place with them of the older parrot-cry of "Cynicism" are often good enough to acknowledge that Thackeray could write. But it would hardly be fulfilling the duty of this paper not to go on and inquire *what* he could write—what his contribution to English novel-writing and English literature is in substance as well as in form.



Thackeray, age about twenty-four.

From a drawing by D. Maclise, about 1835, in the possession of Major William H. Lambert.
From "The History of Samuel Titmarsh," Centenary Biographical Edition. (Smith, Elder.)

Something has been said already as to what that contribution was *not*—always, to fairly logical minds, the readiest way to apprehension if not to comprehension of what it was. But it would be pusillanimous, and in fact absurd, to keep to negatives; and the positive has been already foreshadowed. His contribution was that of the novelist proper; that is to say, the depicting or re-creating of Life by imaginative presentment, but without the embellishments and the intoxication of poetry, or the factitious accessories of the drama, and with something less than the embellishments and

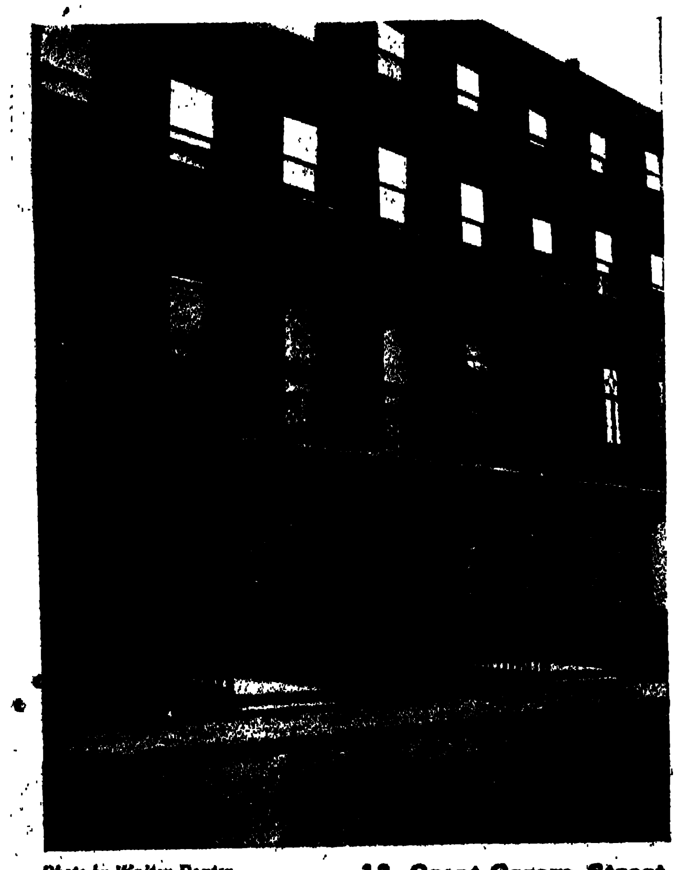


Photo by Walter Dexter.

13, Great Coram Street, Bloomsbury,
Where Thackeray lived from 1837 to 1840.

accessories of romance, though with something of these also. The art of novel-writing is not old—it is barely at the beginning of its third century, strictly speaking; and already there has fallen, between Thackeray and that one of his predecessors who was most like him in kind and degree of greatness—Fielding—one of those curious veils which Time drops now and then, but at quite uncertain intervals, and through which we can only see darkly, and by a certain effort and calculation. Of the great English dealers with Life through fiction who are this side that veil, Scott, though he is still on the right side of it to all but very poor and unhappy optics, seems to have been partly entangled in its folds to some, and undoubtedly, pioneer as he was, and dealing as he did mainly with romance itself and with past times, gives only partial play to the actually intimate knowledge of pure Life that he possessed. Miss Austen, almost as absolutely lifelike as Thackeray, has, we are told, her lifelikeness obscured by a partly obsolete style, and she certainly limited and "miniatured" her presentments. Bulwer—our pink friend's "greatest living novelist"—*did* know Life; but he chose to adulterate his knowledge to an intolerable degree with all sorts of conventions, tricks, fashions. Dickens knew it better—in flashes indeed perfectly; but he, again, chose to subordinate his knowledge, itself very partial, to a perpetual glamour of comic or tragic fantasy—not real at all—as well as to worse things, such as political and social prejudice and crotchet, teasing mannerisms of style, hampering disqualifications of literary and other ignorance. Charles Reade, a genius certainly, never could get that genius into any organic condition, and latterly hampered and choked it by flinging on and into it masses of superfluous information. Charlotte Brontë, a genius likewise, had too short and cramped an existence, too narrow an experience, too little critical faculty, and perhaps a temper none too

genial. George Eliot bound herself to the schools and the systems till she became little more than a mere eyeless grinder at the mill with scientific slaves. And the late Mr. George Meredith, himself a novelist, be it remembered, of the 'fifties, handed over in no dissimilar way his subtle and eccentric but real life-knowledge as a familiar spirit to jargon and play to coterie-galleries, and subtle cobweb-spinning to catch the flies of foolish cleverness. It would be absurd to say with the poet that in this case as in another

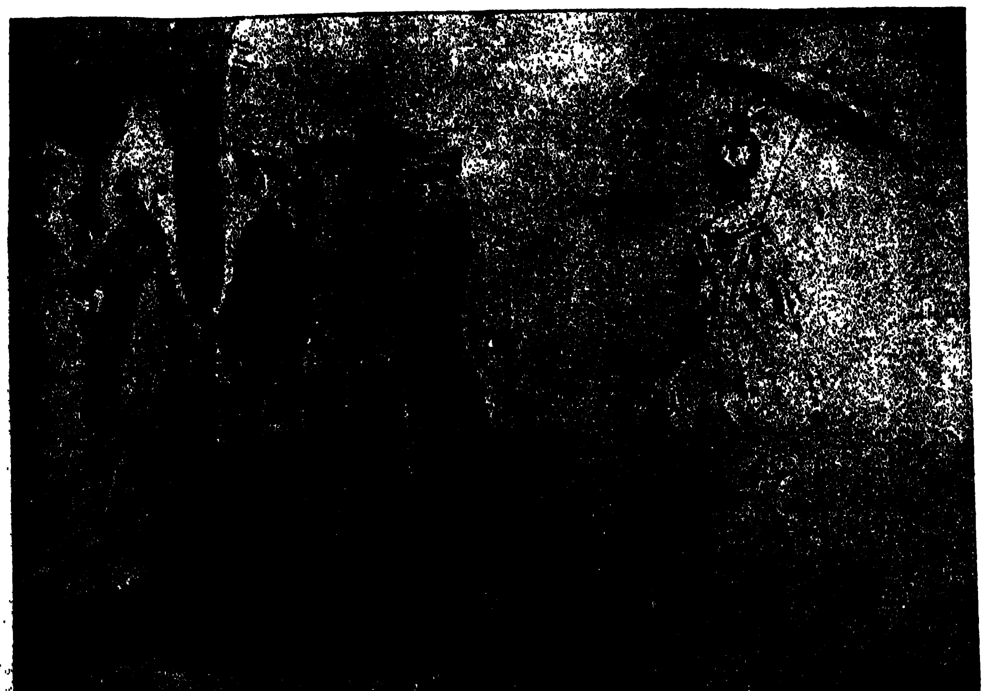
"everywhere
The Knights came foiled from the great quest,"

for all these and some others did great things and achieved great adventures. But none of them ever quite mastered *the* problem, *the* quest of the novelist proper—which is the presentation and criticism, without wandering from it or adding to it, of human Life and character by the way of fiction.



William Makepeace Thackeray, age thirty-six.
From a drawing by Count D'Orsay, in 1848, in the possession of Major H. Lambert.
From "Contributions to *Punch*," Vol II., Centenary Biographical Edition. (Smith, Elder.)

Thackeray did. That he saw Life whole is not true. Who has, in the words of the great Platonic conclusion, "except God"? Not Sophocles, certainly; that, with all respect to Mr. Arnold, is absurd. Of even Shakespeare, near as he has come to it, it is well to remember that Dryden (with that critical finger of his which was unerring when he would let it be so) pointed Shakespeare out as "the *most* comprehensive soul." His universality is comparative, is indeed superlative; but it is not absolute. So, and much more so, there are parts of Life which Thackeray does not touch: large parts, some may say; most interesting parts, others; even the best parts, some. So be it; he was human. But the almost superhuman thing about him is that in nothing that he does touch—after he has attained his majority at least—is he ever *un*lifelike, as, from different reasons and in different manners, all the great rivals and contemporaries mentioned above are sometimes. No other writer with whom I am acquainted, save Shakespeare himself, and no other novelist at all, has this infallible and almost divine power of infusing life—life absolute and quintessential—into every human figure that he creates, or that he even touches for a momentary purpose. It is a power which seems specially to belong to ironists—Lucian seems to me to have had more of it than any ancient—yet there is always a danger of their misusing it, as Swift certainly did to some extent. But Thackeray did not. The two parrot-cries above referred to—the old



The Sedan Chair.
From a newly published drawing by Thackeray.
From "Esmond," Centenary Biographical Edition. (Smith, Elder.)



"I wish you could see some of Rawdon's friends who are always about our door" (Becky and the duns).—*Vanity Fair.*



Becky sings to Jos Sedley, "When I'm gone."—*Vanity Fair.*





FOUR SCENES IN THACKERAY'S NOVELS

cry of "Cynic!" and the new one of "Sentimentalist!"—are actually testimonies to the fact: for those who utter them unconsciously say, "This cynicism, this sentimentalism, touches us too much on the raw—is too true to life, and therefore too contrary to what we should like life to be."

Some people hold that the novel, having come late, will complete the old joke by going early—that it has not, like poetry and drama and romance, deep enough roots to last. I do not know; I am a critic, not a prophet. But, as a critic, I know that the greatest things and persons in literature never die and are never excelled in themselves. And whether the novel goes or stays, I am pretty sure that Thackeray will never lose, with those who can see, his position (with only the limits noted above) as the Master of Life in the creation of novel-character. Periods which themselves allow the absolute to be obscured by the temporary Life may overlook or under-value him; but Time and Life and he will abide together.

THACKERAY AND THACKERAY'S LONDON.

By Lewis Melville.



Initial drawn by Thackeray. From "Pendennis." The Oxford Thackeray. (Frowde.)

ORN at Calcutta on July 18, 1811, William Makepeace Thackeray was sent home at an early age, and, after being taught the rudiments of education at private schools at Southampton and Chiswick, he went to the Charterhouse School, then under the headmastership of Dr. Russell. There he remained until he was nearly seventeen, when he came away less distinguished for scholarship than for certain gifts of parody and caricature. His father had died in India in 1815, and his mother had since married Major Henry Carmichael Smyth, of the Bengal Engineers, who, after returning to England with his wife, for a while was Governor of Addiscombe College, and presently settled down at Larkbeare, a house on the confines of Ottery St. Mary—a village that figures in "Pendennis" as Clavering St. Mary. For some nine months after leaving the Charterhouse, Thackeray studied privately at Larkbeare, reading with his stepfather, and perhaps also with some curate who may have been the prototype of the Rev. Mr. Smirke; and then, in February, 1821, he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he occupied rooms in the Great Court, opposite the Master's Lodge, and on the left of the Great Gate, under those once occupied by Newton. He came down from Cambridge in June of the following year, without having taken a degree, and having been there, as at school before, more of a social than an academic success. A minor Grand Tour followed, during which, while staying at Weimar, he had an interview with "grand old Goethe"; and, after his return to England, in the autumn of 1831, he entered himself as a student of the Middle Temple, read (or made pretence of reading) law with one Taprell at Hare Court, and rented the chambers at No. 2, Brick Court that once had been occupied by Goldsmith.

For Thackeray, as earlier for Benjamin Disraeli, the law had no attractions, and when he came of age, in spite of his mother's protest, he abandoned it. He felt justified in following his inclinations because on attaining his majority he came into a sum of money as to the amount of which the authorities differ, but which certainly brought in an income of not less than five hundred a year. Thackeray, however, soon lost most of his patrimony. Some of it went to pay the debts he had incurred at the University; more went into the pockets of his associates at the card-table; and a considerable portion was scuttled in that Indian bank failure that suggested the Bundelkund Bank incident in "The Newcomes." It was, therefore, necessary for Thackeray to earn money, but it was not easy to see

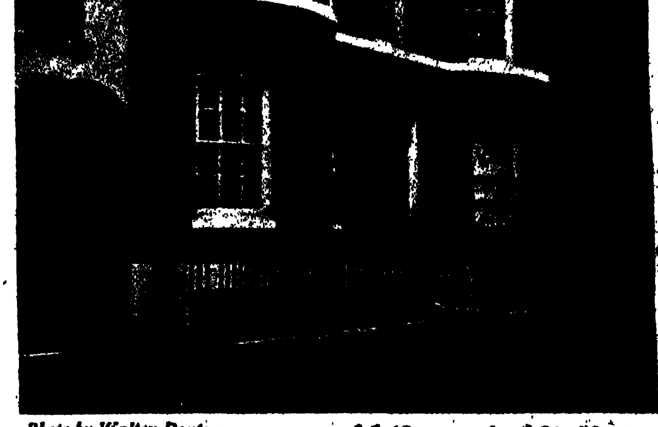


Photo by Walter Dexter.

16 (formerly 13), Young Street, Kensington.

Where Thackeray lived when he was writing "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis."



W. M. Thackeray.

From a pencil sketch by Richard Doyle.
From "The Life of Thackeray," by Lewis Melville. (John Lane.)

in what way it was to be made. He would not return to the study of the law, he was too old for the services, and neither the church nor medicine attracted him: the professions of art and letters alone were open to him, and these are not usually regarded as avenues to wealth. A chance decided his choice. He happened to know "Alphabet" Bayley, who had just started a weekly paper, the *National Standard and Journal of Literature, Science, Music, Theatricals, and the Fine Arts.* To this periodical Thackeray contributed early in its career; soon he bought it, and for seven or eight months edited it, and poured into its columns reviews, stories, verses, articles, and drawings, not any of them, it must be confessed, of any particular merit. When his finances could no longer stand the strain of the weekly losses—for the paper never paid its way—the publication was stopped. The story of this unfortunate venture may be read in "Lovel the Widower."

Journalism seeming to the young man to be, as he expressed it, "not hoverandabuvremunerative," he turned to painting, in the pursuit of which, however, he was not more successful. He studied for a while at Paris under Brine and Gros, but none of his paintings have come down to the present generation, though a few of his later water-colour sketches have been preserved. In the spring of 1836 he was summoned by Major Carmichael Smyth to London to assist at the discussion of a project to establish a paper that should advocate the ballot, triennial parliaments, the freedom of the press, and religious liberty and equality; and, the scheme maturing, he returned to Paris as the correspondent of the *Constitutional* at a salary of £400 a year. On the strength of this he married; about a year later the paper was abandoned. This indirectly was Thackeray's salvation, though at the moment it must have seemed to him nothing less than a dire disaster. It forced him to make money at once, and, following the line of least resistance, he entered upon the thorny path of literature which he was to tread for the rest of his life. Owing to his wife being connected with Barnes, he was enabled to boil some pots in the *Times*, and, through Maginn, whose acquaintance he had made in Paris, he became a contributor to *Fraser's Magazine.* In these, his 'prentice days, he did work that attracted the favourable attention of good judges. Among his earliest writings were "The Yellowplush Correspondence" (1837–8), and "Major Gahagan's Reminiscences" (1838–9), both of which humorous works were at once pirated in the United States; in 1840 "Catherine" appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*; and in the next year "The Great Hoggarty Diamond"; in 1844 the best of all his earlier works ran through the same periodical, "The Luck of Barry Lyndon." This story, which is now generally accepted as a masterpiece of irony, attracted no notice from the public; and it was only with the publication about a year later of "The Snobs of England" in *Punch* that its author became widely known. It was the success of this series of sketches that induced Thackeray to take up a discarded idea for a novel to be entitled "Pencil Sketches of English Society," and to publish it in monthly numbers—in this following the fashion of Dickens and Lever—as "Vanity Fair." Before the story had run its course the author had "arrived." He became at once a literary lion, and, unlike most literary lions, he had come to stay. His subsequent career was a path of roses, and the public and society combined to worship him from this time until that fatal Christmas Eve of 1863 when, at the early age of fifty-two, he passed away. A great deal of sympathy has from time to time been expressed for Thackeray's struggles, but to the present writer this does not seem called for. From the time he returned to England after the failure of the *Constitutional* newspaper, Thackeray always earned a sufficient income, and within twelve years of his becoming a professional writer he was at the top of the literary tree.

Of all novelists of the nineteenth century Thackeray is, *par excellence*, the novelist of the London of the well-to-do; and it would doubtless be possible—and at some future time may well be done—to reconstruct from his pages the life, in early and mid Victorian days, of the middle and upper classes in the metropolis. Thackeray was in many ways cosmopolitan, but he was at heart as arrant a cockney as ever was born within sound of Bow bells. He loved his London and



Thackeray at the grave of Goldsmith.—*English Humorists.*



A bit of old Chelsea.—*The Bedford Row Conspiracy.*



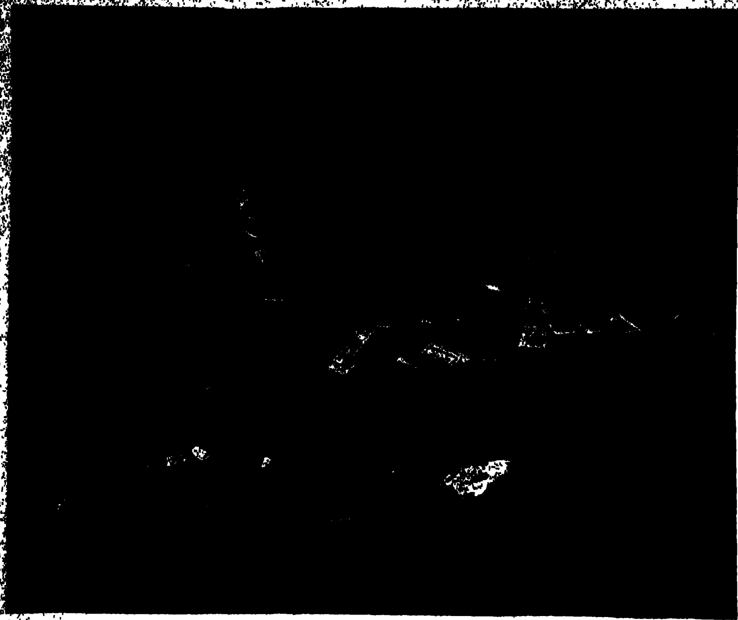
"Blenheim."—*Esmond.*



Society in St. James's Park, 1790.—*The Four Georges.*

FOUR DRAWINGS BY HARRY FURNISS.

From the Centenary Edit'on de Luxe of the Works of Thackeray. (Macmillan.)



Thackeray in his study at Onslow Square.

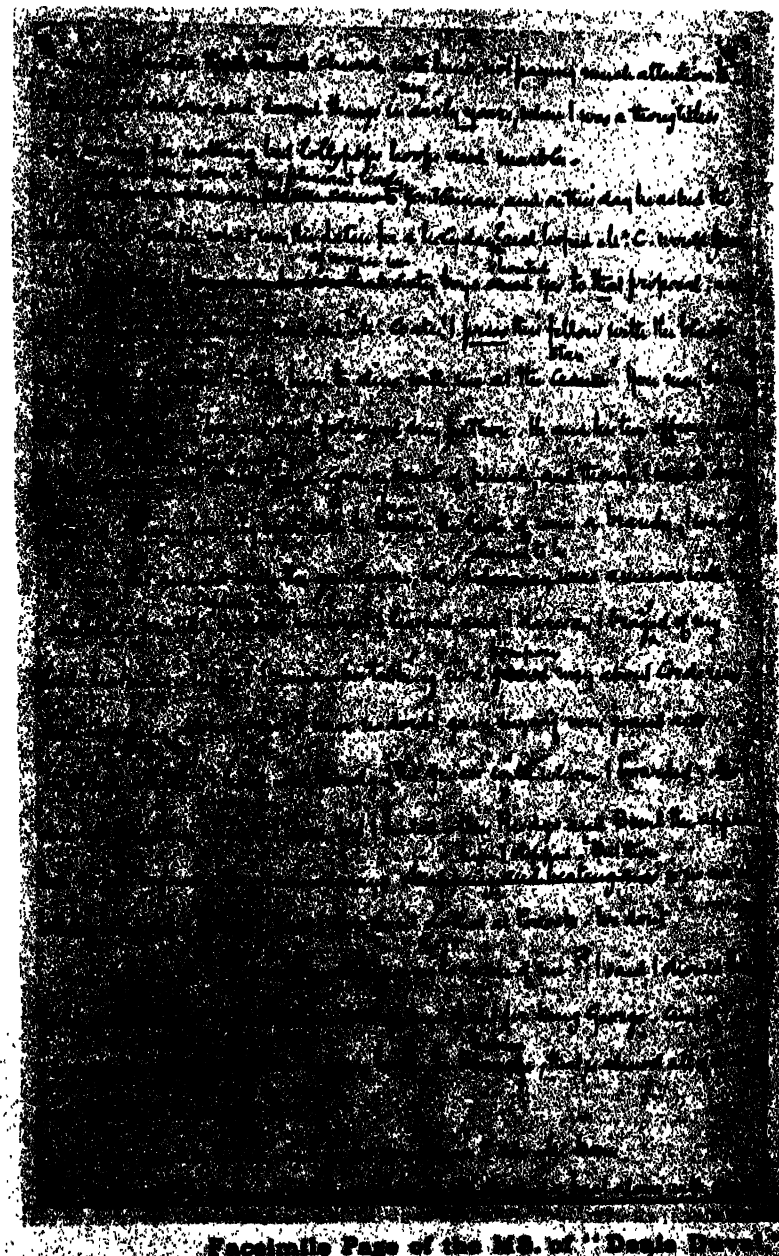
From a painting by E. M. Ward.

From "Esmond." The Oxford Thackeray, edited by Professor Saintsbury. (Frowde.)

knew it as well as most men; but his London, it must be confessed, did not cover the entire area of the capital. With the City he had but little acquaintance, of the East End he knew nothing, and little more of the suburbs, save those directly west of Kensington Church. He knew the west-central district because he lived for a time in Great Coram Street, and the Temple he both knew and loved; but the West End was his beat, from the Garrick Club, in King Street, Covent Garden, to Holland House; and Mayfair and St. James's were the quarters in which he delighted.

Thackeray's interest in London, however, was not so much topographical as human: it was not in perambulating its highways and byways that he found his pleasure, but in the people that lived in its houses and thronged its thoroughfares. It is difficult to recall descriptions of places in his novels: yet with sure touch he always gave the correct atmosphere to any district he introduced. That Thackeray knew his limitation there can be no doubt, for he made fun of himself in this respect. "If you want to travel, my poor Spec," he makes the Rev. Frank Whitestock address him, when he is setting out upon his "Travels in London," "you should not be trusted very far beyond Islington. It is certain that you can describe a tea-kettle better than a pyramid." He also knew his gift, which was to observe people, and utilised it to the full, as all his readers are aware. Wherever he went he kept his eyes open, and his wonderful powers of insight enabled him to observe more clearly than others. Where the ordinary man saw a grumpy old retired officer he saw Major Pendennis; where the ordinary man saw an unscrupulous adventurer, he saw Miss Rebecca Sharp; where the ordinary man saw a disreputable Irishman, he saw Captain Costigan. Often he read into people more than there was in them, but when he turned his experience to account what he put into them never made them impossible, and it would be difficult indeed to select from the hundred of characters in his works, major and minor, any that are so unduly exaggerated as to be untrue to life. Though so many of us pass them by with unseeing eyes, his characters are to be met with every day. To quote from one of the very interesting "Artist's Prefaces" which Mr. Harry Furniss is contributing to his edition of the novelist's works:

"Costigans will not disappear when Home Rule is granted. Claverings and Altamonts are walking about London, and occasionally can be sketched in the dock at Bow Street; and as for



Facsimile Page of the MS. of "Denis Duval."

The unfinished novel Thackeray was writing at the time of his death.

In the possession of his daughter, Lady Ritchie.



THACKERAY.

[illegible] a crayon drawing by E. GOODWYN LEWIS, formerly in the [illegible] of Mackworth Praed, and now in the Kensington Library.



Walpole House, the Original of Miss Pinkerton's Academy.

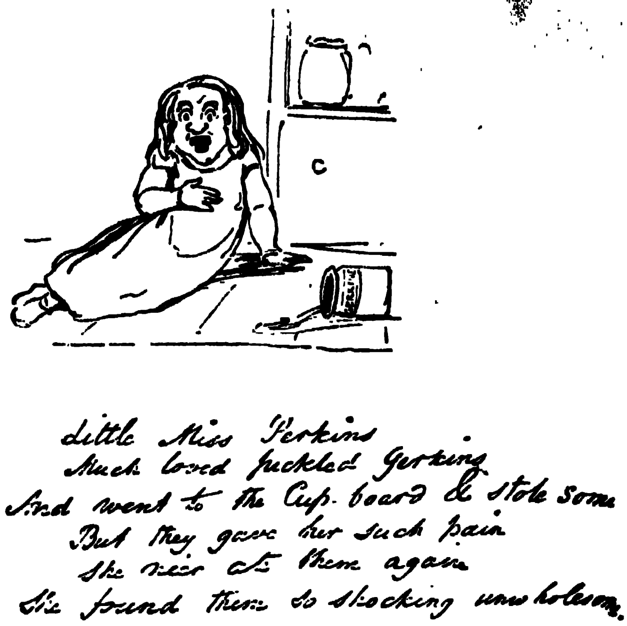
"While the present century was in its teens . . . there drove up to the great iron gate of Miss Pinkerton's academy for young ladies, on Chiswick Mall, a large family coach"—the Sedley coach, come to fetch Amelia from school.—*Vanity Fair.*

Major Pendennis, you will find him—at least I did—in his Club in Pall Mall. Pendennises and Warringtons still have chambers in the Temple, only they do not wear long hair and whiskers. The barber has done more to alter the Thackeray types than the tailor."

Fashions in hair and in clothes come and go, but human nature never alters, and Thackeray's creations are to-day still as true to life as when he wrote "Vanity Fair" more than sixty years ago.

When Thackeray settled in London as a professional man of letters, he had already touched life at more points than most young men of six-and-twenty who look to their pen to provide them with a livelihood, and in so far he was better equipped than his contemporaries for the struggle. He had entered London life through the gates open to the upper middle-class. He came of a well-to-do family of Anglo-Indian officials, civil and military, and among his connections found men who could sit for Colonel Newcome and James Binnie. The Charterhouse supplied him with a knowledge of public-school life; and his residence at Cambridge, of course, largely increased his circle of acquaintances. There he found the prototype of Major Dobbin, and brought away with him material for some chapters of the as yet undreamt-of novel of "Pendennis." His proprietorship of the *National Standard* brought him into touch with journalism; and his connection with the *Constitutional* was the means of introducing him to several of the leading Radical politicians of the day, notably Sir James Molesworth—the Bullers he had known earlier, and before he came of age had absented himself from Taprell's to go down into Cornwall to canvass for Charles Buller, who was standing for Liskeard in the Liberal interest. When he was studying art in London he made many acquaintances, who doubtless furnished him subsequently with characters that figure in certain chapters of "The Newcomes"; and his stay at Paris broadened his mind, for there he acquired a knowledge of another literature and another nationality, with its different manners and customs and ways of thought. With Germans and Germany he had previously familiarised himself. The Temple had been the means of his meeting with many young lawyers and numerous journalists of the better (social) class. There it was that he acquired some knowledge of Captain Rook and Mr. Pigeon, which not only furnished him with a character-sketch bearing the name of these two worthies, but which also gave him the idea for a section of "The Yellowplush Correspondence." He also, in the days when he was supposed to be studying law, as again some years later, was introduced to the mixed society of those places of entertainment out of which eventually the music-halls of to-day developed, the "Cyder Cellars," the "Coal-Hole," and "Evans's." What use he made of his acquaintance with these haunts of dubious resorts all readers of "Pendennis" and "The Newcomes" are aware. To club-land he had the entrée in early life, having been elected a member of the Garrick when he came of age, and there, at this his favourite club, he met the undoubted original of Foker. In his thirtieth year he became a member of the Reform Club, and it is generally supposed that it was at this club he found most of the Snobs whom he so calmly dissected. It has been said that he saw

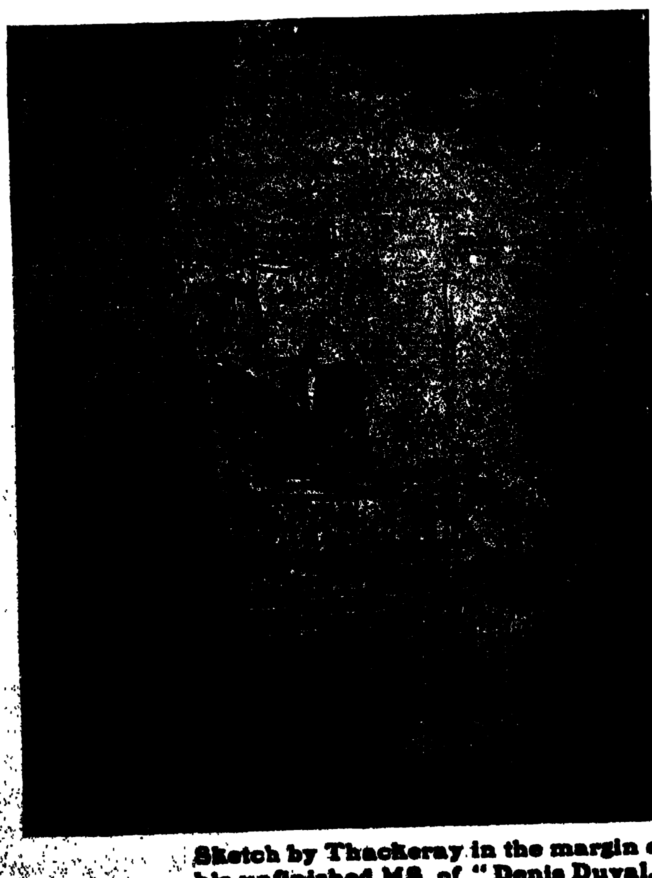




Little-known Drawings by Thackeray, from a sketch-book in the British Museum.
Two of the illustrations in "Ballads and Contributions to *Punch*." The Oxford Thackeray, edited by Professor Saintsbury. (Frowde.)

in every man a snob, and it is certain that this particular work is not vastly popular: how can it be popular when every reader who is not eaten up with self-satisfaction sees in one snob or the other some traits of his personal character? No man likes to have the mirror held up to his own nature.

Thackeray, then, returned to London with several qualifications for the work that henceforth was to be his—a knowledge of life as it was lived in the upper middle-class, and in literary, journalistic, artistic, Bohemian, and club circles; with three languages at his command, and an acquaintance with the world that every intelligent rolling-stone gathers. How wise he was in the ways of the world every one knows from the sane, kindly week-day sermons which he delivered under the titles of "Mr. Brown's Letters to a Young Man about Town" and the "Prose Papers," which together make up a little volume that should be placed in the hands of every lad about to be launched upon life. So clearly did he see into humanity in its depths, that there must be many who feel as Edward FitzGerald did when he wrote that his friend's books were terrible: "I look at them on the shelf," he said, "and am half afraid to touch them."



Sketch by Thackeray in the margin of his unfinished MS. of "Denis Duval."



A Thackeray Drawing of Himself.
From "Contributions to *Punch*," Vol. II., Centenary Biographical Edition. (Smith, Elder.)

As has been said, with the publication of "Vanity Fair" Thackeray became a personage, and he took his place in Society (with a capital S) as one of the leading representatives of letters. London Society of the 'fifties differed greatly from the London Society of the present time. It was not so close a borough as when George IV. was King, but its gates were not then thrown open to admit nearly every one who had money enough to entertain it: one had to have, as Disraeli put it, a title, a genius, or a million—and a million in the 'fifties was a vastly rarer thing than now. To-day there is still a section of Society which demands from all that enter good breeding, but the Society of the newspapers is merely a circle of plutocrats and those who hang on to the coat-tails of plutocrats. Society in the 'fifties was still a comparatively small body, most of the members of which knew each other and were connected by marriage, and of this select coterie Thackeray was soon made free. There, as elsewhere, he was provided with incidents, and in his published letters it may be read how this suggested a scene and that a chapter for a book. Society extended his horizon, as every clever man's horizon is extended when he meets a fresh set of people, whether aristocratic or plebeian. Thackeray did not want to meet a duke to enable him to draw a duke: before he met a marquis he had drawn Lord Steyne with as sure a hand as Trollope drew his bishops without ever having held converse with any member of the clerical hierarchy higher than a rural dean. What he did want was the dining out, and the wines, the lights, the bright conversation, and, above all, the flattery: these things it was that in his later days when he was weary gave him the necessary stimulus.



Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.

W. M. Thackeray.

One of the latest photographs taken of him.

FOGAZZARO: AN IMPRESSION.*

By L. G. Brock.

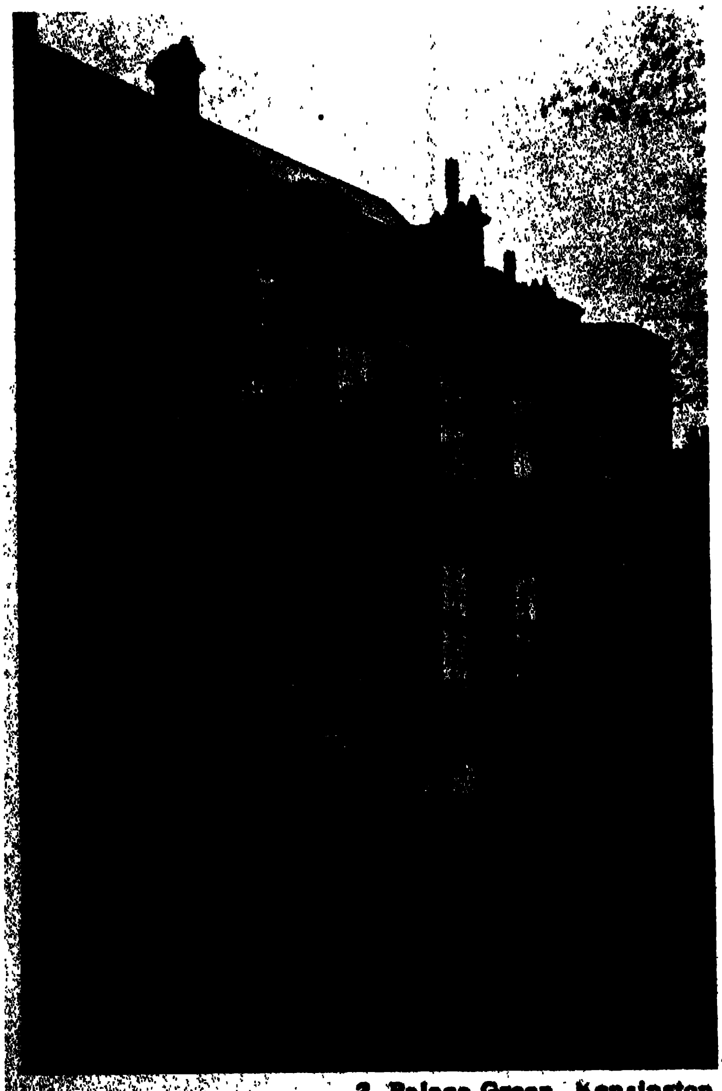
A SQUARE-SHOULDERED, thick-set man, below medium height, with a pale mobile face and a shock of grey, almost white, hair and alert, keen, and extraordinarily expressive eyes, which seem to mirror every fleeting emotion of a highly strung sensitive nature—such is Fogazzaro as I remember seeing him more than a year ago in the garden of his beautiful villa at Montegalda, about ten miles from Vicenza. My first impression, I confess, was one of surprise, almost of disappointment. At a first glance this sturdily built, elderly man seemed so ordinary, the reality contrasted so oddly with the imaginary portrait which I had pictured to myself. I had anticipated a more striking and dramatic figure, with something of the grand manner, and perhaps a hint of the patriarchal dignity of Tolstoy. Indeed, there is a real similarity between Fogazzaro and Tolstoy, but a similarity in mind and soul history rather than in manner or physique. But if my first impression was one of momentary disappointment, the author of "The Saint" had hardly spoken before I was fascinated by his wonderful eyes. Most men's faces are masks, Fogazzaro's was a mirror; and the most expressive features of a singularly expressive face were his eyes, nervously bright and alert and reflecting every passing shade of emotion.

Fogazzaro was a restless and elusive man. By temperament he was shy and something of a recluse, but his restlessness prevented him staying long anywhere. Besides his house in Rome, he had at least three villas in different parts of northern Italy, and moved frequently from one to another. He readily accorded me permission to see him, but the difficulty of finding him made me despair of a meeting. At last I learned from a mutual friend, for Fogazzaro himself rarely answered letters, that he was staying for a few ways at Montegalda. A hasty journey from Rome brought me to Vicenza late at night, only to find that a pilgrimage had filled the limited hotel accommodation of the picturesque old town to overflowing. At last I secured an attic in an unpretending and amazingly uncomfortable inn. But next morning, when the innkeeper discovered that I was going to see *il Senatore*, the whole resources of the

* Note.—This article was written a few weeks before the death of Fogazzaro.

establishment were put at my disposal. The landlord apologised for not being able to drive me himself, and the crazy victoria and the patched harness enjoyed the rare luxury of being polished and dusted. Even the tired and bony horse seemed to realise the importance of the occasion and simulated an unwonted briskness. It was a beautiful morning, one of those rare golden days of autumn when the dying summer makes a last effort, and the warmth of the sun banishes for the moment the thought of the coming winter. As I drove along the straight high-road, raised, as is usual in North Italy, several feet above the level of the surrounding plain, I passed many little groups of peasants gathering the vintage. All round me stretched a great fertile plain, cultivated to the last inch, with here and there a deserted villa with gardens running to waste and quaintly melancholy statuary, such as d'Annunzio describes so vividly in "Il Fuoco." In the distance the hills, veiled in a blue haze, formed a fitting frame to the beauty of the landscape. Certainly no man could wish for a more beautiful setting to his home than Fogazzaro enjoyed at Montegalda.

Our conversation opened with what might have been an awkward blunder on my part. My Italian is sadly limited, but as I did not know what other languages Fogazzaro spoke, I felt compelled to address him in



2, Palace Green, Kensington,
Where Thackeray died in 1863.
From "The Thackeray Country," by Lewis Melville. (A. & C. Black.)

Italian. As he came across the lawn to greet me, I bowed and murmured, "*Il famoso autore del Santo?*" The moment I had spoken I realised that *famoso* means not "famous," but "notorious," but my host, taking the blunder in good part, laughed merrily and put me at my ease at once. I found that though he understood and read English easily, he did not care to speak it; so we arranged that he should speak French and I English. I asked him how "Leila" (then unnamed) was progressing, but he would tell me nothing. He explained that he was so sensitive to criticism that the mere idea that the plan of an unfinished book was being discussed by others crippled his imagination at once. He would begin to anticipate criticism, and the work seemed to be passing out of his control. His freedom of design was checked and his inspiration ceased. Till the last word of the last revise was reached the secret was not to be divulged to a soul. He did not say so implicitly, but I gathered that every line was carefully revised and that much of the first draft was completely re-written. He confessed to being a slow worker, and that he could not write at all except in complete quiet and seclusion. In Rome he wrote little, if at all, but once he set to work he concentrated on it to the complete exclusion of everything else.

The writing of "Leila" was much interrupted by the part the Senate played in the sensational Nasi trial. But it must not be supposed because Fogazzaro was a senator, that he was a keen politician. The Italian Senate is a nominated body composed of men of good social position who have distinguished themselves in public, but not necessarily in political, life. Still, the author of "The Saint" took his political duties seriously enough to allow them to interfere a good deal with his literary activity. Fortunately, he was a man of considerable wealth, as wealth goes in Italy, and the pecuniary success of his books was a matter of indifference to him. Indeed, he refused to touch the profits of "The Saint," and intended to devote them to founding a course of modernist lectures, but the scheme was vetoed by the Vatican. Remembering that "The Saint" had been placed on the Index, a decree which its author accepted without protest, even to the extent of withdrawing the Italian edition, I could not ask him the question, which all the "intellectuals" of Italy were asking, What is to be the fate of modernism in Italy? But of one thing the interview convinced me, that whatever might be the fate of modernism, the revolt against the Papacy would never have been led by Fogazzaro. Up to a point he was singularly like Tolstoy. Like Tolstoy, he had been a man of the world, and he had tasted the pleasures of the world, and like Tolstoy he experienced a great spiritual change. But he was not the stuff of which great ascetics or great popular leaders are made. He might inspire new ideas, but he was never the man to lead a great cause. He was too nervous, too sensitive, too highly strung, to stand the shocks of a conflict with a great ecclesiastical power. His was emphatically the creative and artistic temperament, he had nothing of the driving force of the rebel or the missionary.

I found Fogazzaro keenly interested in English literature. His house was full of English books, among which I noted particularly a well-worn copy of Browning and some of the prophetic fantasies of Mr. H. G. Wells, whose semi-scientific books have excited far more attention on the Continent than in England. I was asked also what circulation d'Annunzio's books enjoyed in England, and Fogazzaro showed a manifest pleasure at hearing that the sale of "The Saint" in its English edition had far exceeded that of any other translation from modern Italian literature. He was a big man, but like all great artists very human. Simple and domesticated in his tastes, he loved to live surrounded by his family; and except when he was hard at work on a new book, his manner of life was very much that of an English country gentleman. But with all his frank simplicity of manner it was impossible to be in his company without feeling the impress of a great personality. He was a fascinating figure, delightful to meet and impossible to forget.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

APRIL, 1911.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

The date fixed above for sending in answers does not apply to Competitors resident abroad, except in the case of competition No. 2; answers from foreign or Colonial readers for competitions 1, 3 and 4 (the subjects of these being the same each month) will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best description of a first ride in a motor-car, in not more than thirty lines of verse parodying the style of Poe's poem "The Bells."

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MARCH.

I.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to K. FISHER, of 25, Cape Road, Warwick, for the following:

SOUND BUSINESS. BY ALBERT E. BULL. (Cassell.)

"Said the pieman to Simple Simon,
'Show me first your penny.'"

Nursery Rhyme.

We also select for printing:

GREED. BY MARIE CONNOR LEIGHTON. (Ward, Lock.)

"The carpenter said nothing but
Cut us another slice."

LEWIS CARROLL, *Through the Looking-Glass.*

(Rose C. Canning, 22, St. Mary Street, Kirkcudbright, N.B.)

THE HUSBAND'S STORY. BY DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS. (Appleton & Co.)

"I may have said that I've been dining *here*,
When as a fact I have been dining *there*;
I may have said with A, when 'twas with B,
I may have said with *him*, when 'twas with *her*."

W. S. GILBERT, *The Palace of Truth.*

(Frances Innocent, 83, Brixton Road, London, S.W.)

THE THIRD WIFE. BY HERBERT FLOWERDEW. (Stanley Paul.)

"And thrice my peace was slain."

EDWARD YOUNG, *Night Thoughts.*

(Josephine Gregory, 3, Oak Villas, Bradford.)

THE SIMPLE LIFE LIMITED. BY DANIEL CHAUCER. (John Lane.)

"Love in a hut, with water and a crust,
Is—Lord forgive us!—cinders, ashes, dust."

KEATS, *Lamia*, Part II.

(Mrs. E. M. MacGregor, 2, Chetwynd Road, Oxton, Cheshire.)

TALES OF THE UNEASY. BY VIOLET HUNT. (Heinemann.)

"He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust,
He couldn't ha' told you nuther."

J. R. LOWELL, *Biglow Papers.*

(William Morriss, 15, Wilkinson Street, Sheffield.)

II.—Results in this Competition for not more than eight lines on Thackeray, in view of his approaching Centenary, have been plentiful but rather disappointing. The best of the verses sent in speak of Thackeray's fame as having endured for a hundred years, which of course is an error. After careful consideration we have divided the Prize and are sending Two Books to J. RICHARD ELLAWAY, of Lynmoor, Basingstoke, and Two Books to the Rev. EDWIN C. LANSDOWNE, of The Manse, Derby Road, South Woodford, N.E. Of the other verses received, many are careless and pointless, but good examples have also been sent by W. M. Lodge

(Upper Norwood), John P. Wynne (Manchester), Kate Capper (Saffron Walden), Charles Webb (King's Lynn), Emily Kington (Brighton), Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), A. H. M. Sayers (Sheffield), F. B. Bull (Oxford), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Mrs. Sims (Boxmoor), David Whitelaw (Paisley), Miss E. A. Pearson (Fleet), William Morriss (Sheffield), S. A. Doody (Boscombe), Miss A. M. Weir (Arbroath), Miss Watson (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Carrie Lewis (Brixton), Mildred Emerson (Barnard Castle), and Alex Lawson (Edinburgh).

III.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Miss KATE LEE, of 29, Butler Avenue, Harrow, for the following:

VALLEY CAPTIVES. BY R. MACAULAY. (Murray.)

The interest of Miss Macaulay's story is both psychological and dramatic. The captives in the secluded Welsh valley are prisoners of their own temperaments. The story of the relations between the obtuse young Bodgers and the sensitive Vallon children, cruelty on one side engendering hatred and fear on the other, makes tragic reading. The analysis of poor Tudor's hideous nervous suffering is pitilessly clever, as also is that of Joanna's concentrated hate. There is much delicate writing, exquisite poetry and insight in the book- but one hates the Bodgerses, though the moral is that one should not do so.

Among the best of the many other reviews received are:



W. M. Thackeray.

From a drawing by D. Maclise (1833) in the possession of the Garrick Club.
Reproduced by kind permission of the Club Committee.
From the Oxford Thackeray. (Frowde.)

LORD RICHARD IN THE PANTRY. BY MARTIN SWAYNE. (Methuen.)

The plot of this sparkling novel is as striking as its title. Lord Richard is desirous of wedding a wealthy heiress, and the description of the proposal, which took place in the lion-house at the Zoo, is delightfully humorous, but not more so than the account of his lordship's fulfilment of the unusual condition made by his prospective bride. The quaint and original ideas expressed in the gay and clever talk of the other characters make fascinating reading and should ensure the popularity of this charming book.

(Florence L. Stephens, Coomberry, Bodmin.)

IN THE HANDS OF THE POTTER. BY HAROLD BEGBIE. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Perhaps no greater tribute can be paid to Mr. Begbie's new book than to say that it is an absolutely worthy companion to "Broken Earthenware." The stories composing this new book differ from those in "Broken Earthenware," in that they are chiefly stories concerning women; and also, as the author puts it, "They are instances of conversion, but not of sudden, violent, and passionate conversion." The book provides further convincing evidence of the reality of spiritual miracle in our day. Whilst a simple Gospel performs such miracles of saving power, controversies and quibblings on its origins and doctrines can do no great harm.

(H. M. Creswell Payne, "Parkwoon," Roche, Cornwall.)

THE PARTY SYSTEM. BY HILAIRE BELLOC AND CECIL CHESTERTON. (Stephen Swift.)

Though this is a dual authorship we can distinguish the predominant partner. It was a bad day for literature when Mr. Belloc went to St. Stephen's, it was a good day for both when he refrained from repeating the calamity. We regard this effort as similar to that of a dog shaking itself after a plunge into water, as much as to say, "I'm glad I'm out of it again." In view of Mr. Belloc's brilliant reputation, largely made through his volumes dealing with a subject he has made his own—French Revolution—we shall do well to treat this twin-souled contribution as mere "letting-off steam."

(A. H. Mannington Sayers, 18, Taptonville Road, Sheffield.)

PAM THE FIDDLER. BY HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE. (T. Werner Laurie.)

This story is as breezy and full of life as the northern moors in which the scene is laid. Keenest admiration must perforce be felt for those brave yeomen who were true to their faith, though their lealty meant persecution and death. The Court intrigues of Elizabeth's time are touched upon skilfully, and the glamour of romance aroused by the "Scots Queen" is convincingly and enthusiastically depicted. How Pam the Fiddler and Patience, his daughter, come to be concerned with the affairs of the two Queens must be left to the reader to discover, and he will be richly rewarded!

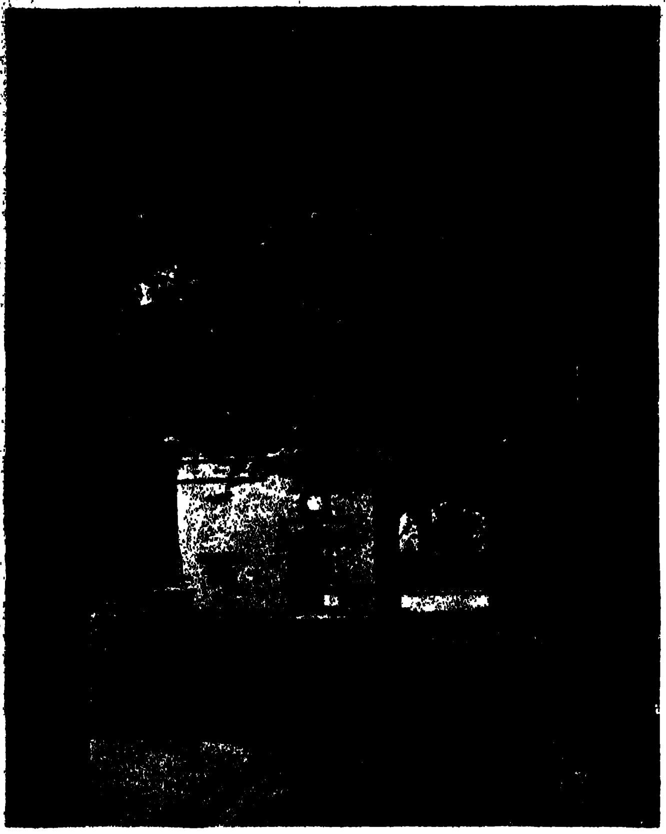
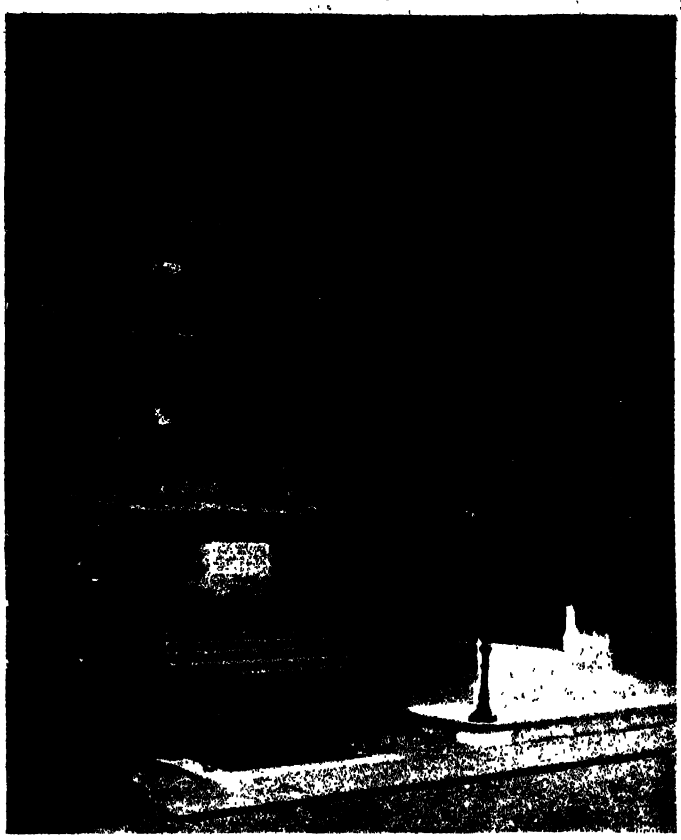
(Miss J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)

LECTURES ON GREEK POETRY. BY J. W. MACKAIL. (Longmans.)

Both the student and the general reader will appreciate "Lectures on Greek Poetry," because Mr. Mackail writes for all lovers of literature. He gives a delightfully inspiring chapter on Homer, and a most enlightening one on Sophocles and the drama. We should have liked a chapter on Æschylus, but perhaps the Sophoclean plays need more interpretation. One is charmed with the delicacy of Mr. Mackail's touch in writing of Sappho, and with his sympathetic treatment of Theocritus, the master of lyrical poetry. Lovers of literature should read "Lectures on Greek Poetry"; it will open a new world to them.

(Miss E. Moore, Greenbank Cottage, Liverpool.)

We also specially commend the reviews sent in by Theresa Herrman (Portsmouth), Miss L. Mugford (Sutton-at-Hone), Miss A. Eleanor Pinnington (Brighton), W. M. Lodge (Norwood), Miss Van der Pant (Folkestone), Alice Gibbs (Wooburn Green), E. J. Notcutt (Holland Park), Adam Miller (Leeds), Maurice A. McDermott (Oxon.), Miss A. Clarke (High Wycombe), Margaret Carter (Birmingham), Ivan Adair (Dublin), C. H. Abbott (Keighley), James A. Richards (Tenby), Sybil Waller

Photos by W. F. Taylor.

Entrance Arch of the Charterhouse, where Thackeray was at school from 1822 to 1826, and a corner showing doorway and window of the room occupied by Captain Thomas Light, whom Thackeray visited here when writing the last chapters of "The Newcomes."

(Boscombe), Harold Weston (Russell Square, W.C.), Constance Ursula Kerr (Lothian), K. Fisher (Warwick), G. M. Ellwood (Grimsby), Miss G. Rutherfurd (Onehunga, New Zealand), Jess Pescod (Aylesbury), Irene Harrison (Bristol), Miss D. Williams (Oxford), Barbara K. Webber (Plymouth), Miss Vane Nicholson (Ipswich), Alfred Redmond (Plumstead), Miss Gwendoline C. Perks (Norwich), Mrs. Sybilla Stirling (Glenfarg), Miss B. O. Andrews (Scarborough), Isabelle Swinscon (Tunbridge Wells), Sidney G. Bell (Wandsworth), W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood), Irene Pollock Lalonde (Bath), and Florence L. Bate (Folkestone).

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to Miss J. G. JEREMY, of Caldecote Towers, Bushey Heath, Herts.

"THE OLD WIVES' TALE."

Preface to the "Author's Edition" (U.S.A.).

IN the autumn of 1903 I used to dine frequently at a restaurant in the Rue de Clichy, Paris. Here were, among others, two waitresses that attracted my attention. One was a beautiful pale young girl, to whom I never spoke, for she was employed far away from the table which I affected. The other, a stout, middle-aged, managing Breton woman, had sole command over my table and me, and gradually she began to assume such a maternal tone towards me, that I saw I should be compelled to leave that restaurant. If I was absent for a couple of nights running, she would reproach me sharply: "What! you are unfaithful to me?" Once, when I complained about some French beans, she roundly informed me that French beans were a subject which I did not understand. I then decided to be eternally unfaithful to her, and I abandoned the restaurant. A few nights before the final parting, an old woman came into the restaurant to dine. She was fat, shapeless, ugly, and grotesque. She had a ridiculous voice and ridiculous gestures. It was easy to see that she lived alone, and that in the long lapse of years she had developed the kind of peculiarity which induces guffaws among the thoughtless. She was burdened with a lot of small parcels, which she kept dropping. She chose one seat; and then, not liking it, chose another; and then another. In a few moments she had the whole restaurant laughing at her. That my middle-aged Breton should laugh was indifferent to me, but I was pained to see a coarse grimace of giggling on the pale face of the beautiful young waitress to whom I had never spoken.

I reflected, concerning the grotesque diner: "This woman was once young, slim, perhaps beautiful, certainly free from these ridiculous mannerisms. Very

probably she is unconscious of her singularities. Her case is a tragedy. One ought to be able to make a heartrending novel out of the history of a woman such as she. Every stout, ageing woman is not grotesque —far from it!—but there is an extreme pathos in the mere fact that every stout, ageing woman was once a young girl with the unique charm of youth in her form and movements and in her mind. And the fact that the change from the young girl to the stout, ageing woman is made up of an infinite number of infinitesimal changes, each unperceived by her, only intensifies the pathos."

It was at this instant that I was visited by the idea of writing the book which ultimately became "The Old Wives' Tale." Of course I felt that the woman who caused the ignoble mirth in the restaurant would not serve me as a type of heroine. For she was much too odd, and obviously unsympathetic. It is an absolute rule that the principal character of a novel must not be unsympathetic, and the whole modern tendency of realistic fiction is against oddness in a prominent figure. I knew that I must choose the sort of woman who would pass unnoticed in a crowd.

I put the idea aside for a long time, but it was never very distant from me. For several reasons it made a special appeal to me. I had always been a convinced admirer of Mrs. W. K. Clifford's most precious novel, "Aunt Anne," but I wanted to see in the story of an old woman many things that Mrs. W. K. Clifford had omitted from "Aunt Anne." Further, I had always revolted against the absurd youthfulness, the unfading youthfulness, of the average heroine. And as a protest against this fashion, I was already, in 1903, planning a novel ("Leonora") of which the heroine was aged forty, and had daughters old enough to be in love. The reviewers, by the way, were staggered by my hardihood in offering a woman of forty as a subject of serious interest to the public. But I meant to go much further than forty!



Colonel Newcome in the Chapel of the Charterhouse.

"His dear old head was bent down over his prayer-book. He wore the black gown of the pensioners of the hospital of Grey Friars. . . . He stood there amongst the poor brethren uttering the responses to the psalms."—*The Newcomes.*

From "A Day with Thackeray." Days with Great Authors Series. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Finally, as a supreme reason, I had the example and the challenge of Guy de Maupassant's "Une Vie." In the 'nineties we used to regard "Une Vie" with mute awe, as being the summit of achievement in fiction. And I remember being very cross with Mr. Bernard Shaw because, having read "Une Vie" at the suggestion (I think) of Mr. William Archer, he failed to see in it anything very remarkable. Here I must confess that in 1908 I read "Une Vie" again, and in spite of a natural anxiety to differ from Mr. Bernard Shaw, I was gravely disappointed with it. It is a fine novel, but decidedly inferior to "Pierre et Jean" or even "Fort comme la Mort." To return to the year 1903, "Une Vie" relates the entire life history of a woman. I settled in the privacy of my own head that my book about the development of a young girl into a stout old lady must be the English "Une Vie." I have been accused of every fault except a lack of self-confidence, and in a few weeks I settled a further point, namely, that my book must "go one better" than "Une Vie," and that to this end it must be the life-history of two women instead of only one. Hence "The Old Wives' Tale" has two heroines. Constance was the original; Sophia was created out of bravado, just to indicate that I declined to consider Guy de Maupassant as the last forerunner of the deluge.

I was intimidated by the audacity of my project, but I had sworn to carry it out. For several years I looked it squarely in the face at intervals, and then walked away to write novels of smaller scope, of which I produced five or six. But I could not dally for ever, and in the autumn of 1907 I actually began to write it, in a village near Fontainebleau, where I rented half a house from a retired railway servant. I calculated that it would be 200,000 words long (which it exactly proved to be), and I had a vague notion that no novel of such dimensions (except Richardson's) had ever been written before. So I counted the words in several famous Victorian novels, and discovered to my relief that the famous Victorian novels average 400,000 words apiece. I wrote the first part of the novel in six weeks. It was fairly easy to me, because, in the 'seventies, in the first decade of my life, I had lived in the actual draper's shop of the Baines's, and knew it as only a child could know it. Then I went to London on a visit. I tried to continue the book in a London hotel, but London was too distracting, and I put the thing away; and during January and February of 1908 I wrote "Buried Alive," which was published immediately and was received with majestic indifference by the English public, an indifference which has persisted to this day.

I then returned to the Fontainebleau region and gave "The Old Wives' Tale" no rest till I finished it at the end of July, 1908. It was published in the autumn of the same year, and for six weeks afterwards the English public steadily confirmed an opinion expressed by a certain person in whose judgment I had confidence, to the effect that the work was honest but dull, and that when it was not dull it had a regrettable tendency to facetiousness. My publishers, though brave fellows, were somewhat disheartened; however, the reception of the book gradually became less and less frigid.

With regard to the French portion of the story, it was not until I had written the first part that I saw from a study of my chronological basis that the Siege of Paris might be brought into the tale. The idea was seductive; but I hated, and still hate, the awful business of research; and I only knew the Paris of the twentieth century. Now I was aware that my railway servant and his wife had been living in Paris at the time of the war. I said to the old man, "By the way, you went through the Siege of Paris, didn't you?" He turned to his old wife and said uncertainly, "The Siege of Paris? Yes, we did, didn't we?" The Siege of Paris had been only one incident among many in their lives. Of course they remembered it well, though not vividly, and I gained much information from them. But the most useful thing which I gained from them was the perception, startling at first, that ordinary people went on living very ordinary lives in Paris during the Siege, and that to the vast mass of the population the Siege was not the dramatic, spectacular, thrilling, ecstatic affair that is described in history. Encouraged by this perception, I decided to include the Siege in my scheme. I read Sarcey's diary of the Siege aloud to my wife, and I looked at the pictures in Jules Claretie's popular work on the Siege and the Commune, and I glanced at the printed collections of official documents; and there my research ended.

It has been asserted that unless I had actually been present at a public execution, I could not have written the chapter in which Sophia assists at the Auxerre solemnity. I have not been present at a public execution, and the whole of my information about public executions was derived from a series of articles on them which I read in the Paris *Matin*. Mr. Frank Harris, discussing my book in *Vanity Fair*, said it was clear that I had not seen an execution (or words to that effect), and he proceeded to give his own description of an execution. It was a brief but terribly convincing bit of writing, quite characteristic and quite worthy of the author of "Montes the Matador" and of a man who had been almost everywhere and seen almost everything. I comprehended how far short I had fallen of the truth! I wrote to Mr. Frank Harris, regretting that his description had not been printed before I wrote mine, as I should assuredly have utilised it, and of course I admitted that I had never witnessed an execution. He simply replied, "Neither have I." This detail is worth preserving, for it is a reproof to that large body of readers who, when a novelist has really carried conviction to them, assert offhand, "Oh, that must be autobiography!"

Arnold Bennett.

J. M. SYNGE.

By Darrell Figgis.

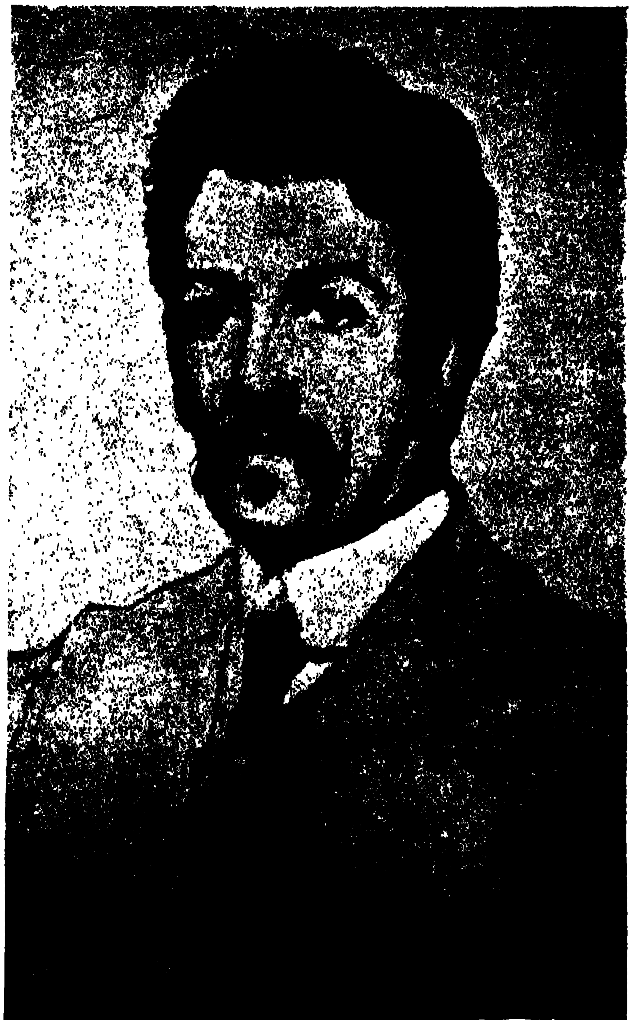
It was given to John Millington Synge * to achieve one of the supreme paradoxes of literature. He was, of course, not the only one. There was Shakespeare. Of them both it is possible to hear on the one hand that they are the complete expression of their several national spirits, and on the other that they are not national at all, but cosmopolitan and remote. Whereas in fact the truth is that they express their national spirits so completely and finally that they lift them out of the national into the international. They are not hedged by their boundaries, for they are so lofty that they can more readily see each other than the limits of the countries in which they stand. Yet the fact remains that they do indeed really stand in their several countries, and derive their sustenance—not merely their physical, but rather now their artistic, sustenance—from the national earth in which their feet are planted. They speak in the cosmopolitan upper air; but their emotions come from the red national earth that bred them. It is their stature that makes the paradox.

J. M. Synge himself in figure and temperament suggested the intense, brooding, imaginative, and sensitive Irish spirit. He was born in 1871 in Rathfarnham, Co. Galway, the youngest son of John Hatch Synge, barrister-at-law, and the owner of some landed property in that county. Tutored for Trinity College, Dublin, he entered there in 1888, graduated there four years later, taking prizes in Hebrew and Gaelic in the interim. Music, too, engaged his attention; and since in the year prior to his graduation he had taken a scholarship in Harmony, he passed, in 1893, to Germany to continue his studies there. But though music in later hours was to unlock secrets for him in the Isles of Aran and Blasket, it ceased to enthral him now; and in 1895 he was in Paris, seeking to qualify himself for literary criticism with a thoroughness characteristic of him.

* "The Works of J. M. Synge." 4 Vols. 24s. net. (Maunsel, Dublin.)

Yet, though he leaned thus toward literary expression, the creative impulse was then hardly awake in him. The few poems that mark this time are not so much characteristic of him as they are symptomatic of the language that marks a certain type of French poetry. It needed the word spoken into him to awaken the impulse to creation: and that word could not be spoken in Paris. Like all great souls he was paradoxical in all things. He was a silent man because he was full of speech. Thus, too, he wandered Europe because he could be at home only in Ireland. He might have achieved criticism in Paris, because criticism is an aloof function that sees life from without, through literature: he could only have risen to the spontaneity of creation where his soul was attuned to life itself, and this could not have been in alien Paris. Nor had his brooding soul the energy to discover this for himself.

It was discovered for him by a divine chance. And it was discovered, appropriately enough, by one who with him stands out and above the earnest band that has determined to raise Ireland again to dignity in European literature. During a visit to Paris in 1899, W. B. Yeats stayed, where he and a number of other Irishmen were wont to stay, at a little hotel in the Rue Corneille, opposite the Odeon Theatre. He here heard of an Irishman who, "even poorer than myself, had taken a room at the top of the house. It was J. M. Synge, and I, who thought I knew the name of every Irishman who was working at literature, had never heard of him." Seeing the man, noting his preoccupation with a literature that had already become obsessed with itself, remote from the warm pulse of life, perceiving, too, how truly he was kin to the soul of Ireland, he bade him leave all these literary forms and expressions, and go to the Aran Islands up the bay of Galway, there "to express a life that has never found expression."



J. M. Synge.
From a drawing by James Paterson.
From "The Works of J. M. Synge." (Dublin: Maunsel.)

It was a divine chance: it was, indeed, divination: more so than Yeats could ever have been aware of at the time he spoke. For Synge went to Aran; he left his wanderings over Italy, France, and Germany; and went to Aran, spending large portions of the following few years there. And he wrote of Aran. Or rather, Aran spoke through him; for in reading his account of his life there, we do not so much hear a man speaking of the externals of topography, manner of life, and the like, as the soul of a people speaking through the writer, brushing aside, or greatly assuming, those superficial aspects that the inquisitive eye would seek to be informed of. In fine, a manner of creation was already proceeding: impulsion and the act of writing were springing to spontaneity: intensity of life was speaking through intensity of thought. In Paris he essayed to be a critic of a literature that was already becoming decadent. In Inishmaan and Aranmore he was the living voice of a people that had kept its original awe and native purity truer than any other people in Europe. And this is the more remarkable, because he speaks in his book of not understanding the people, of feeling strangely aloof and alien to them. It was, in fact, because he passed so into their life that he felt he understood them so little, even as a man himself least knows the aspect of his own face. His intense identity with them blotted out the critic in him. Yet he was not of them; for he had a voice, and they had not.

It was at this time that he was caught up in the dramatic movement that was stirring to life in Dublin. It was, at least, singular that creation should be stirring in him while the vent for it was stirring in Dublin. Even such strange chances is it, giving the colour of divinity to life, that wake words of wonder on men's lips, such as Hamlet's startled observation. Yet, though he was caught up in it, he was the servant of no movement. He did not create it, as Yeats may be said largely to have created it; nor did it create him, as it has created others. He preserved his detachment by the imperious lonely instinct of his soul, brooding on all things, yet subservient to none; and, though it does not appear to be so at first flush, he really expressed the movement better by his detachment than he could have done had he been its servant, even as he expressed the Irish spirit better because he was an artist, and therefore knew how to select and arrange.

He even brought to it something that was external to it. For the inception of the movement largely arose from a preoccupation with the ancient literature and mythology of Ireland: whereas he came with some-

thing of a contempt for the aerial figures that meant so much to Mr. Yeats, for example, and A. E. They were engaged deeply and earnestly with Angus, Maeve, and Fand, the "plumed yet skinny Shee." He came from a people living on bare, stern rocks, set in a wild tempestuous sea, at war with Time, Wind, and Tide; men hardened to sudden death and wild sorrow; men who had small place for the phantasies of literature, though their lives brimmed and quivered with psychic wonder and adventure, and who knew how to drink deep and live hardily. Love was to him, as to them, not a romance, but a mating; and life was more tragic than tragedy, for there was no elation in it.

Coming thus, though he remained largely aloof from the initial spirit of the movement, he brought a strong earthy flavour into it that moved and bent the spirit of his fellow-workers to itself. Any who compare Yeats's early "Countess Cathleen" with his late "Green Helmet" may see this for themselves. "On the stage one must have reality," he wrote later in the introduction to "The Playboy"; and he brought reality. He came with two plays: "The Shadow of the Glen," a dramatisation of a story he had heard told on Inishmaan, with subtle and delicate alterations in it eminently characteristic of the man; and "Riders to the Sea," a tragedy, or perhaps, rather, a tragic episode, whose site is pitched in Aran. He came also with a speech that was the music of the language spoken in the West of Ireland rendered in smoother and mightier harmonies. How truly this speech was the speech of actuality can be heard by any who know its harmonies and have heard the speech in any old shebeen in Galway! What process of selection and arrangement went forward let the following example show. This is how an old man in the Aran Islands warned him against bachelordom:

"Listen to what I'm telling you: a man who is not married is no better than an old jackass. He goes into his sister's house, and into his brother's house; he eats a bit in this place and a bit in another, but he has no home for himself: like an old jackass straying on the rocks."

This is the first process as memory achieves it. It has not the music of high dramatic speech; but it has a rare cadence and charm in its truly colloquial flavour, the sap of life flowing in it, that await only the transmuting touch to swell into great music. And this is how Michael James speaks in "The Playboy of the Western World":

"What's a single man, I ask you, eating a bit in one house and drinking a sup in another, like an old braying jackass strayed upon the rocks?"

A quiet elimination of much, a calm compactness of the remainder, a suggestion of antithesis in food and drink, a swelling of the movement with an open-vowelled adjective and the clean music of a perfect tense in the verb: these are the hints of the mind that worked, but it was mind that wrought the miracle, scarce knowing what it did. It was even so the knocking of a neighbour stirred Beethoven to the wonder of his one Violin Concerto. Yet, while the process can be traced in this certain instance, it moved in the same way, calmly and unostentatiously, in aloof rumination, through the speech of all his characters, in varying degree, till it broke into magnificent flower with Christy Mahon as he discovers the power resident so long in him unsuspected of himself. It was the music of the West of Ireland, even though the West of Ireland could not see it, that spoke through Deirdre as she braced herself to her death:

"I see the naked trees and bare, and the moon shining. Little moon, little moon of Alban, it's lonesome you'll be this night, and to-morrow night, and the long nights after, and you pacing the woods of Glen Laoi, looking every place for Deirdre and Naisi, the two lovers who slept so sweetly with each other."

Speech being the highest function of man, to say of a man that he has found speech is to say that he has found himself, that he has found his soul—speech being clearly understood as speech, and not as talk. It was so with Synge. He became a director of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin. He became perhaps its most important, certainly its most debated, dramatist. All his previous years seemed an earnest preparation to this end, whether roving Europe or furling his soul about with one of the strange still nights in Aran till he became so much a part of the scene that he seemed to exist only in perception. Play followed play with unhasting deliberation. The desolation and loneliness of "The Shadow of the Glen" led to the wild, fateful "Riders to the Sea." In one was seen rebellion against the shackles of monotony, a rebellion that began with Nora joining speech with Patch Darcy as he passed up and down the lonely road near which their cabin lay, and concluding, even against herself, with her going out with the tramp to hear the "herons crying out over the black lakes," and the "grouse and the owls with them, and the larks and the big thrushes when the day is warm." In the other the soul of a mother set against a tragic and warring Nature, till with her last son taken she turns to a consolation that is more terrible than tears: "No man can be living for ever, and we must be satisfied." In both is heard the speech waked in him; and in both is seen the finished craftmanship learned in Paris.

Humour took him for awhile then. But it was a strange humour. It became boisterous in "The Tinker's Wedding"; it turned shrewdly sardonical, with one exquisite flower of tenderness, in "The Well of the Saints." And humour still hung about him when he set his hand to "The Playboy of the Western World," for it is conceived in the spirit of humour, though it passes to something that is not humour nor grief, but the poise of both. If "Riders to the Sea" be his most perfect gem, wrought with a skill that matches its poignancy, the "Playboy" is his best and completest expression. In it, as in all his plays, he brushes past externals and in a few strokes is in business with souls. In "The Playboy" it is the soul of a youth, stepping to manhood, long shackled, estimated as worthless, and accepting the estimate, but now learning his powers of

greatness in the heroic estimate of others. He burgeons and expands in the sunshine of their awe of him, and in the process of burgeoning breaks to perfect flower of speech. It is of a soul that he again treats in the play he was yet working at when he died, "Deirdre of the Sorrows." It is the soul of a woman who learns with horror that love may end, and who chooses death for herself and her lover, rather than so bitter and sordid an experience. She takes death in the full heyday of the soul, before it should shrink and shrivel at the touch of Time.

It was strange, and yet not strange, that he who should have won such rich music out of the prose should have failed so utterly in poetry. There is often incision, and frequently pungency, in his verse; but there is not music. He did not leave much verse. In truth, he did not leave any substantial body of work, for he was a fastidious and painstaking craftsman, and he was not given many years to work in, dying on March 24, 1909. He had hoped to break new ground of toil. Instead, like his Deirdre, he went to death in the full heyday of his power. Yet these four volumes enshrine an essence so rich that they will not easily be permitted to pass from time and memory.

New Books.

THE ECONOMIC FREEDOM OF WOMAN.*

A pathetic interest attends the production of Mrs. Schreiner's book. Early in youth the writer had begun a comprehensive study of woman, tracing the evolution of sex from the lowest organic forms, in which purely biological considerations predominate, into those delicate and complex moral and social issues which constitute the modern Woman's Movement. This, her chief life's work, was virtually complete in the summer of 1899. Unfortunately the MSS. was left in Johannesburg when Mrs. Schreiner left that city on grounds of ill-health shortly before the outbreak of hostilities, and during the period of disorder her house was looted and the book destroyed by fire. The present volume is a fragment, reconstructed by memory during a long period of military confinement to which she was subjected during the war, in a tiny cottage on the outskirts of an up-country village in Cape Colony. Chiefly embodying the contents of a single chapter of the larger work, it must not be taken as more than a single current of interpretation of a subject wide as the ocean itself. Yet so central in importance is the theme it treats, that this book will do more than any other in this generation to enable readers to realise the magnitude of the processes of sex readjustment which are in danger of being swamped by the more superficial, though necessary, struggles in the outer arena of politics.

The most essential character of the modern Woman's Movement, as Mrs. Schreiner sees it, is that of a half-instinctive, half-conscious struggle against certain social-economic forces driving women in the civilised world into a state of sex-parasitism. Historical research into primitive humanity shows that everywhere woman was the originator and the earliest practitioner of the industrial arts, connected with agriculture, clothing, building, pottery, and other productive work in and about the home. When man, originally absorbed in hunting and fighting, began to live a more settled and peaceful life, he took over certain departments of industry, especially the heavier work outside the home. For long ages there was a tolerably stable apportionment of productive industries between the sexes, women always adding to their peculiar work of bearing and rearing children many other useful functions. But in modern times two tendencies have co-operated to undermine the economic work of woman. Machinery and the factory system have taken out of the home most of the numerous trades formerly contained in housework, the new modes of production greatly reducing the amount of labour required, and substituting males for females in the execution of large parts of it. Along with this has gone the reduced birth-rate and the diminished task of child-care in the home.

If women, thus deprived of large portions of their former work, had been free to occupy themselves in the new trades and professions which have sprung up to satisfy the needs of an ever-elaborating civilisation, there would have been no danger. But they have not attained this freedom. Most of the new skilled occupations, professional and commercial, have not been open to women on equal terms with men. Educational, trade union, and legislative barriers have been made by men against their entry and competition. The effect has been to drive some classes of women into an idle dependency upon men, the futile, merely showy, parasitic life lived by most women of the well-to-do grades of society. Women of the poorer classes are driven either into sweated trades, whose miserable remuneration keeps them still in large measure dependent on male subsidies, or into the parasitic trade of prostitution. This "sex-parasitism" which Mrs. Schreiner sees growing in all civilised nations will, unless it is counteracted, drag down into physical, mental, and moral feebleness large numbers of women, widening the gulf of sympathy and co-operation between the sexes, and degrading by tradition and inheritance the character and ideals of the race. It is against this deep-seated danger that the Woman's Movement, of which the demand for a political franchise is but a single wave, is directed. "We take all labour for our province" is the summary of the demand. Not that woman is of necessity equally adapted to undertake all occupations now confined to men, but that there exists no *à priori* principle for discriminating those in which she can from those in which she cannot succeed. A mere study of physical sex characteristics does not, she urges, yield any evidence for assigning the occupations in which male and female intellects and wills should be employed. The presumption would indeed be favourable to a greater equality in the fulness of the sexes for those fine arts and occupations in which merely muscular skill and ruder physical endurance, where men admittedly excel, play a diminishing part. But the free test of experience should be the only guide. There should be no limits save such as Nature herself endorses, not as the result of pre-judgment, but of trial.

"From the judge's seat to the legislator's chair; from the statesman's closet to the merchant's office; from the chemist's laboratory to the astronomer's tower, there is no post or form of toil for which it is not our intention to attempt to fit ourselves; and there is no closed door we do not intend to force open; and there is no fruit in the garden of knowledge it is not our

* "Woman and Labour." By Olive Schreiner. 8s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)—"Mary Wollstonecraft." By G. R. S. Taylor. 7s. 6d. net. (Martin Secker.)

determination to eat. Acting in us and through us, nature, we know, will mercilessly expose to us our deficiencies in the field of human toil and reveal to us our powers."

Though the argument is by no means new, the force of Mrs. Schreiner's reasoned eloquence raises it to a higher power which sweeps aside the flimsy barriers that usage, prejudice, or sex interest have set up against it. For it is not merely the interests and aspirations of the sex, or of a little ambitious or excitable section of it, as is often held, that are at stake. Setting her issue in the full stream of a sociological interpretation, Mrs. Schreiner shows that what is at stake is the progress of humanity. For so inextricably knit by nature are the fates and characters of the sexes, that every denial of full liberty to woman must react on man and upon history, which is their joint life. Mrs. Schreiner does not, for instance, hesitate to insist that the survival of the horrors and iniquities of war is a result of male monopoly in politics. The equal weighting of women with men in critical determinations of policy will turn the scale against war.

"It is not because of woman's cowardice, incapacity, nor above all, because of her general superior virtue, that she will end war when her voice is fully, firmly, and clearly heard in the governance of States it is because, on this one point, and on this point almost alone, the knowledge of woman, simply as woman, is superior to that of man; she knows the history of human flesh; she knows its cost; he does not."

Though in this volume many highly disputable points are raised, and some of them settled in too arbitrary a manner, there is nowhere discernible that strain of sex antagonism which has of late, especially in this country, been far too prominent. Mrs. Schreiner does not see woman striving as a sex against a conspiracy of male monopolists and oppressors, the "new woman" against an inevitable "old man." On the contrary, she recognises everywhere a change in the sex attitude and disposition of man as large and as significant in its way as that of woman. She sees a "new man" preparing to grasp hands with the "new woman" in a spirit of equal comradeship, reforming on a sounder basis the structure not only of industry, but of marital and family relations, a gain and not a loss of sympathy between the sexes, a finer, because a freer, co-operation for all the purposes sexual, intellectual, and spiritual which contribute to the fuller life of humanity.

Mr. G. R. S. Taylor's able study of "Mary Wollstonecraft" (Martin Secker), which has just appeared, suggests some interesting points of resemblance and difference in the treatment of the woman question by its eighteenth- and its nineteenth-century exponents. "The Vindication of Woman" no more than "Woman and Labour" is to be regarded as a mere sex plea. For Mary Wollstonecraft, like Mrs. Schreiner, takes her stand on the wider basis of human society. Man is injured and degraded no less than woman by the artificial barriers to occupations and to liberty of individual expression which law and custom have set up in the case of women. The substitutes of equal rights for the blend of privilege and disability which actually prevails was argued by Mary Wollstonecraft with the same qualities of intellect and passion which give distinction to Mrs. Schreiner's exposition. The evolutionary treatment applied by the latter to sex division of labour is naturally absent from the earlier work. But Mr. Taylor rightly claims attention to the audacity and originality of character and intellect involved in this first attempt to formulate the full charter of woman's liberty. In one respect his book serves to modify the criticism of Mrs. Schreiner; for it reminds us how much more restricted were the economic and the social liberties of women of the well-to-do classes in the eighteenth century than they are now. For though by her genius and charm Mary Wollstonecraft was enabled to win for herself a fame and a hazardous livelihood as writer, she stood almost alone among the women of her day; the post of governess was then almost the sole refuge for an unmarried woman who left the shelter of her family. Moreover, while certain tempestuous qualities of nature may in part account for the wild "romance" of her life, nothing can be more evident from the chronicles of that age than the universal reprobation and risk attending any attempt of a woman "to live her own life." It is indeed likely that the measure of "liberty," which Mary Wollstonecraft gave herself in her relations with the other sex, served not a little to destroy the legitimate force of her "Vindication." So easy is it to stab in the back an unpopular cause in its early struggle for reasonable attention. In truth the "Vindication" is a particularly sane and moderate presentation of the case, erring chiefly by an over-confidence in reason as an actual guide of conduct, a fault common to the thinkers of the age.

J. A. Hobson.

FOGAZZARO'S LAST BOOK.*

A pathetic interest always attaches to the last book of a writer recently dead, particularly in the case of one who had Fogazzaro's gift of winning the affection of his readers. Fogazzaro has passed away full of years and full of honours, having achieved all that he had in him to achieve. Yet it is impossible to open "Leila" without a sense of keen regret, and criticism is tempered by the thought we are criticising the last work of one who has passed beyond all earthly judgments. Appearing in its English form on the very day of Fogazzaro's death, "Leila" appeals with special pathos not merely as a farewell, but because again and again we can trace in it the writer's premonition of his approaching end. There are no signs of failing power, there is nothing morbid, no unavailing fears. On the contrary, the latter part of the book is as strong and full of passion as anything which Fogazzaro ever wrote. The chapter entitled "Night and Flames" is drenched in passionate beauty; its freshness and romantic vividness are an astonishing achievement in a novelist mortally ill and not far from his seventieth year. But those who were privileged to meet the great Italian romantic cannot fail to recognise that in his description of the last days of Marcello Trento Fogazzaro was depicting his own attitude to death, and it is no less significant that in the death of Donna Fedele he anticipated the exact circumstances of his own end, heart failure following a nominally "successful" operation, from which it is clear he had no hope and perhaps little desire of recovery.

Like all Fogazzaro's books, "Leila" is long and the story is a little slow in developing. When the story opens Marcello Trento, now an old man, is living in his villa, "La Montanina," in the mountains near Vicenza. "La Montanina" is undoubtedly the author's own villa, the last of several which he occupied in the neighbourhood of his beloved Vicenza. Trento is a lonely man who has lost his wife and his only son Andrea, a youth of great promise cut off on the threshold of manhood. It will be remembered that the great sorrow of Fogazzaro's own life was the loss which he sustained in the untimely death of his only son, a brilliant boy who died in 1895 at the commencement of what seemed likely to be a great career. In the pathetic picture of the old man's grief over Andrea's death, it needs little imagination to realise that Fogazzaro is describing his own bitter experience. Shortly before his death Andrea had become engaged to Lelia Camin, the daughter of a scoundrelly father and a no less disreputable mother. The girl herself, beautiful, proud, and passionate, but haunted by the fear that her blood is tainted, has been adopted by Trento, who is anxious to make her his heiress. Now he is faced by the difficult problem of finding a husband for Lelia, and with this in view he invites to his villa Massimo Alberti, a college friend of Andrea, and

* "Leila." By Antonio Fogazzaro. Translated by Mary Pritchard Agnetti. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)



Antonio Fogazzaro.

a disciple of Benedetto, the Saint. Massimo had come to Velo for rest and peace. A disciple of Benedetto and still an orthodox Catholic, he was attacked by the Clericals as a heretic and despised by the Modernists as not having the courage of his convictions. He was passing through a crisis and his nerves were on edge: altogether he was in a condition if not to fall in love, at least to study with unusual interest this girl of whom his dead friend had so often talked. But Lelia's pride, which already had prompted her to refuse the inheritance, revolted at the idea that her marriage was being planned for her, and she treated Massimo with such marked rudeness that he left Velo persuaded that he was cured of any fondness for this baffling and hot-tempered girl. Scarcely had Massimo returned to Milan, when Trento dies suddenly in the night. Lelia finds herself an heiress, but as she had not yet come of age, she is under the guardianship of her blackguardly old father, who descends on the Montanina bent on plunder, and accompanied by his "housekeeper" and a disreputable lawyer. Now begins a complicated intrigue in which Camin and his legal ally and the archpriest of Velo and his chaplain all take a hand. Camin means to get as much of the property into his hands as he can, before Lelia comes of age. Molesin, the lawyer, intends to share the plunder, and as he is the representative of Camin's numerous creditors, he holds a strong position. The two priests are anxious to drive Lelia into a convent and to secure her property for the Church. After "The Saint" was placed on the Index, Fogazzaro, as a dutiful Catholic, made his submission and withdrew the book, but the portraits of the archpriest and his chaplain, skilfully contrasted types and cruelly real, suggest that he had not forgiven the ecclesiastical intrigue of which he had felt himself the victim. The four conspirators are only united in their enmity against Alberti, about whom they spread detestable scandal, and against Donna Fedele, Lelia's only friend. Donna Fedele had once been passionately in love with Marcello Trento and she was attached by ties of old friendship to Alberti. Convinced that Leila is really in love, she shows the girl Alberti's letters, which make it clear that so far from being master of himself, as he had fancied, he is in the grip of a violent passion. The poor girl, feeling herself powerless against her father and his fellow-schemers, and awakened at last to the real nature of her feeling for Alberti, determines to escape from Velo and seek her lover, who had fled to Oria, a little hamlet in Valsolda. The story of her flight and her meeting with Massimo is told in the wonderful chapter already alluded to, called "Night and Flames." In its intense vividness the chapter recalls the later portion of "The Saint," but in its passionate imagination and lyrical quality it is unsurpassed in Fogazzaro's work. It is to some extent an accident that Fogazzaro is chiefly known in England as a master of the religious novel, and when Modernism has ceased to be a living issue it may well be that his fame will rest mainly on his command of passion. Lelia is followed to Valsolda by Donna Fedele, who knows that the journey will cost her her life, but prefers to die in the service of her friend rather than risk an almost hopeless operation. But before her death the body of Benedetto is brought to Oria, that the Saint may rest in the tiny hamlet where he was born, and under the stress of his emotion Massimo, who had been drifting into agnosticism, finds spiritual peace once more in surrender to the Church whose highest and purest side is typified by Benedetto. Donna Fedele dies happy, surrounded by all she loved most dearly, and over all is shed the calm of Benedetto's spirit. In the end the Saint has conquered.

As in all Fogazzaro's work, the story is frequently suspended in the earlier chapters while some philosophical or religious question is discussed, but in the latter part it moves swiftly to its close. The love story and the clerical intrigue and the religious interest are not always harmonised, but the three main threads are dexterously woven together in the final chapter in which the body of Benedetto is brought to its last resting-place. Of the main characters Massino is far the weakest. He stands for a religious and intellectual position: he is the waverer, too devout by nature and by training to be a good heretic, and not strong enough in faith to master his doubts. Even Fogazzaro could not make the young man in bondage to religious doubt an interesting or sympathetic hero. But in Lelia—or Leila, to give her the name which she chose when she had been transformed by love—Fogazzaro has drawn a rare and difficult type with complete mastery; and in Donna Fedele and the saintly old priest, Don Aurelio, he has created two characters of exquisite beauty. The minor characters, Camin, Don Tita, and Don Emanuele, and the maid Teresina are all excellent. The book abounds in descriptions of the mountain scenery in Valsolda and the neighbourhood of Vicenza, admirably vivid, but sometimes a little difficult for those who are strangers to North Italy. But no small part of the attraction of the book lies in the charm of a lovable personality which pervades every page and has endeared Fogazzaro not only to all who met him, but to the multitudes of his readers. Only those who have struggled with the manifold difficulties of Fogazzaro's Italian can appreciate the debt they owe to Mrs. Agnetti for her translation.

EARLY WALES.*

The history of Wales has hitherto proved too difficult for the hardiest historical adventurers. Welshmen, taxed with the deficiency, have fallen back upon the fame or fable of excellent histories in the vernacular; but they have not been able to point to an adequate work that we could put to the test. Quite lately things have sensibly improved. English historians such as Tout and Oman have devoted a good deal of attention to the Welsh portions of eleventh, thirteenth, and fifteenth-century history. Sir John Rhys has produced in collaboration a sketch of Welsh history as a whole from certain points of view, mainly in reference to land-holding and religion. Mr. Owen Edwards, to whom the native student owes so much, has written another sketch. Owain Rhoscomyl too has done much to elucidate the salient and romantic episodes of medieval Welsh history. But, for all this, the subject has remained tenaciously in the shadow. It has been difficult to point to a single standard work, for nothing has been attempted on a compendious scale and in a categorical manner since the "History of Wales" given us in 1869 by Miss Jane Williams, a book which makes no attempt whatever to modernise any of its hard-earned information. But modern history grows like a stalactite and the present subject has acquired quite a new form since 1869. The increasing number of students who specialise in Welsh history have reason then to

* "A History of Wales, from the Earliest Times to the Edwardian Conquest." By John Edward Lloyd, Professor of History at Bangor. 2 Vols. Bibliography, Map, and Index. 21s. net. (Longmans.)

congratulate themselves upon the present work and its author.

Mr. Lloyd began as biographer-in-chief of medieval Welsh worthies in the "Dictionary of National Biography" as successor, in the main, to Mr. Lleufer Thomas about 1897. He had then but recently attained the chair of History in the University of North Wales. Since then he has made the annals and lives of the early Welsh saints and heroes his special study. So far as a connected history of Wales from the earliest times to the Edwardian Conquest could be satisfactorily accomplished, he has now achieved it in what is unquestionably a highly scholarly piece of work. But it is barely possible to make such a work interesting. Even Sir Walter Scott could not make the early history of Wales interesting. The land of the Cymry was not yet welded into a nation. It took a thousand years of attrition with the English to effect that. The old Wales was a conglomerate of races, tongues, dynasties, and interests. Its history is a long catalogue of pedigrees and dethronements and murders like the old chronicle of the Irish kings in "Whitaker's Almanack." And for an historian, such as Mr. Lloyd, who ensues minute detail and record, and who eschews topography and political economy and generalisations of almost every order as alien to his primary object, the subject does not lend itself very easily to absorbing narrative.

There is a good deal of what the French call proto-history before we come to the struggle between the Cymry and the English. Anxious above all to avoid guess-work, Mr. Lloyd is hampered by the lack of evidence, and he certainly lacks Mr. Oman's faculty of historical projection. He shows, however, very well how the contest gradually increased in intensity until by the time of Æthelfrith it had become almost a struggle for existence for the West of Severn folk. Hitherto the Welsh had mainly concentrated their eastern gaze upon Mercia, but the victory of Oswy at Winwaed Field destroyed the old Celtic unity altogether. It rendered the Welsh Cymry isolated and self-contained, dependent henceforth upon its own resources for its development.

Here we see the beginning of the process of nation-building, which was to be rendered complete in 1535. The age of almost complete isolation terminated with the advent of the sea-rovers. The critical need led to the emergence of the great house of Rhodri the Great, but it did not prevent the Welsh chieftains from looking to Alfred as a protector and champion against the Danes. It was a vital part of Alfred's statesmanship to lead the other Christian princes of the island to regard him as their natural lord and protector against heathen attack, and so it was that Wales came formally under the sway of Wessex, and the basis was laid of the homage which in later ages was regularly demanded from all Welsh princes by the English crown. Howell the Good seems to have been a warm supporter of an *entente* with the English. He was an admirer of Alfred and his successors, named one of his own sons after Edward the Elder, and introduced many English ideas into his famous code. This was the code to which the Welsh appealed from the tyranny of the later Edward I.

Passing by the nautical exploits of Edgar, we come to the surer period and ground of Gruffydd ap Llywelyn. The Welsh, as was natural enough, looked rather complacently upon the Norman Conquest; but their moment of contentment was brief. Between 1093 and 1099 the Normans made a serious attempt to conquer the heart of Wales, and they were foiled only by the semi-miraculous apparition (as it seemed) of a piratical Norwegian flotilla under Magnus Barefoot, who, like a true knight-errant, threw himself heart and soul upon the side of the under-dog in the struggle. During the next reign the Normans carved fiercely into the more fertile portions of South Wales; and English Gower obtained that quality of speech which characterises it to this day. The story of the Norman lordships in Brecknock, Glamorgan, Pembroke, and the like is excellently told. The death of Henry I. brought about an immediate change in the position of affairs in Wales. Everywhere the foreign yoke was cast off, the power of these new settlers was dauntlessly challenged, and a new spirit of daring and independence seems to have seized the whole Welsh race. It was lucky that the emergency coincided with the upspringing of a race of leaders which numbered Owain Gwynedd, Rhys ap Gruffydd, Llywelyn ab Iorwerth, and Llywelyn ap Gruffydd among its chiefs. The age of the two Llywelyns has already been ably outlined by Professor Tout, while the Welsh Wars of Edward I. have been illustrated with real mastery by Mr. Morris. The reign of Henry III. afforded to the Cymry an opportunity hardly inferior to the chaos under Stephen. But North Wales provided in Llywelyn the Great a man who well knew how to utilise the advantage given him by the opposition of 1215—a prince who, supreme beyond challenge in his hereditary dominions, could pursue a bold and independent policy in matters external, unfettered by the fear of trouble at home. For twenty-five years during the age of the "Mabinogion" the realms of Gwynedd and Powys lay, like a lake without a ripple, sunk in profoundest peace. How much that means you must read these pages to know! The contrast is a strong one, and slightly perplexes our verdict as to whether Edward's conquest was after all such a signal victory for civilisation. Both together (Llywelyn and Edward) were needed to create the little nation of which we hear so much to-day. Mr. Lloyd is warmly to be complimented as a proto-historiographer. The Welsh records have never before received such thorough and independent treatment.

T. S.

NAPOLEON ON HIMSELF.*

An enterprising American mind has here arranged that Napoleon himself shall reveal his significance in the universe and his place in history. It is essence and flame and ardour and irony and brooding of Napoleon from his childhood to his expiring breath. Letters, orders, conversations, curses, quips, and official documents of Napoleon have been studied and sorted, and each expressive item duly docketed and set in proper sequence against the day, or even the very hour, to which it relates, so that we obtain in a measure Napoleon's own commentary on his career, esoteric and exoteric, from Brienne to St. Helena. Mr. Johnston has explored a literature by and about Napoleon and his contemporaries, marked aught in the monster medley that was the great Corsican's own confession or comment or command or opinion, and the result is Napoleon undiluted and epic, a "diary" where was not a diary, and a sort of "apologia pro vita sua." The work is Napoleon, as it were, in cannonade, in musketry, in meditation, and occasionally in moonlight. Objectively there is little or nothing that is new, to the far-travelled Napoleonic student at any rate; subjectively the selection and sequence afford us an arresting document, often illuminating.

Napoleon has now become almost legendary. Here are sequent pieces of his reality, given with the decisiveness of marching orders, flashes of his psychology coming sharp as pistol shots. For a long time he hardly understood his destiny. He wrote of "the hollowness of life" at seventeen. At twenty-eight, after dramatic and historic experiences, he thought there was nothing left for him but to return from whence he came, take up the plough of Cincinnatus, and set the example of obedience to the laws and of aversion from military rule which, he said, had destroyed so many

* "The Corsican: A Diary of Napoleon's Life in his Own Words." By R. M. Johnston. 7s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

republics. The real conquests, he averred a little later, were those made over ignorance, the most honourable occupation to help on the diffusion of humane ideas. Again and again he inveighed against militarism. In every country, he insisted, force bowed to the civilian virtues. He foretold that a military government would never take in France unless the nation were degraded by fifty years of ignorance. "It is not as a general I govern [when First Consul] but because the nation believes that I have civilian virtues that make me fit for governing." When Emperor he avowed that his ambition was to create in France a lay State. A vehement sympathy with the people he voiced as earnestly as a battle-cry. "Democracy may run mad, but it has a heart, it can be moved; an aristocracy always remains cold, and never forgives." "My rabble," he declared at St. Helena, "would have become the best educated in the world. All my exertions were directed to illuminate the mass of the nation instead of brutalising them by ignorance and superstition." At stages we see him as intent on the recognition of art and literature as on the winning of his battles in the field. He held that imagination ruled the world. "The defect of our modern institutions is that they do not speak to the imagination. By that alone can man be governed; without it he is but a brute."

He admitted that he loved power, but he loved it as an artist, as a musician loved his violin, he said. He loved to draw sounds from it, chords, harmony. He was a soldier because, in his own words, it was the special faculty he was born with; it was his life, his habit. He knew how to do other things than wage war, but duty must come first. "All my life I have sacrificed everything, my repose, my interests, my happiness, to my destiny" When in crucial days he selected the island of Elba for his home he said it was the choice of a soul of adamant; that he was a fragment of rock hurled into space. Two years later in St. Helena he said: "Only adversity was wanting to complete my career! Had I died on the throne in the clouds of my almightiness, I would have remained a problem for many; as it is, thanks to my misfortunes I can be judged naked." He pointed to a long list of his constructive works, which he called the Treasures of Napoleon, and again monuments to confound calumny. He knew he was safe with posterity.

He believed he owed his success in generalship to his mathematical conceptions; his great talent was that he saw things clearly; a general should never imagine things. The "diary" shows his generalship in exhaustive detail, but nearly every detail is short, sharp, vivid, as if he wrote in the saddle on fields and highways that are now part of history. He says a little about love, a little more about the universe, in neither of which was he profoundly interested. As to the former, very characteristic is the "order" he issued after he had heard of a grenadier's suicide over a love affair: "That a soldier must overcome grief and the melancholy of love; that there is as much courage in supporting with firmness the afflictions of the soul as there is in standing steady under the grape of a battery of guns." There are many indices of his stern common-sense, sometimes expressed in biting epigram, and giving point to Talleyrand's plaint, "What a pity that so great a man should be so ill-bred!" The "diary" suggests a critical war-god who in ways seemed very human.

W. P. RYAN.

MARK TWAIN.*

It is possible that Dr. Archibald Henderson takes Mark Twain a little too seriously; but it is certain that most of us do not take him seriously enough. Once Mark wrote a quite serious poem which rather pleased him, and at the end of one of his lectures he announced his intention of reading it to his audience. They laughed; he assured them he was in earnest, it was not a funny poem, but something that was perfectly serious. They laughed again, and realising that they would not understand him, he thrust the manuscript impatiently into his pocket, said he would not read it at all, and left the platform; whereupon they laughed louder than ever, taking this as the greatest joke of all. It is an incident that fairly well illustrates the attitude of the general public towards him. He began his career as a jester; and when the world had accepted him as such and made up its mind that he was a king of laughter, it was prepared to find something funny in everything he said, and generally succeeded in doing so. That is the common lot of the humorist; we automatically ascribe profundity to the dull pedant, and shallowness to the man who makes us laugh.

Mark's earliest philosophy of life was, of course, "the philosophy of the Broad Grin," as Meredith phrases it. He started as a humorous journalist; then "The Jumping Frog" set all the world laughing, and he soon found he had no choice but to go on making it laugh to the day of his death. It is a little disquieting to read "The Jumping Frog" and "The Innocents Abroad" again to-day. We remember reading them some twenty years ago and finding them irresistibly amusing; but to-day they only yielded us a smile now and then, and a good deal of "The Innocents" bored us not a little. Does it mean that our sense of humour has become atrophied, or have we merely outgrown this form of fun as we have outgrown other things that suited us when we were younger? The fact seems to be that the humour of incident, the humour of farcical over-statement and other such brands do not mellow and gather richness with age; the volatile spirit evaporates from them and leaves them stale and rather flat. They are excellent whilst they are new, but when their newness is gone they are as out of date as any other fashion of two decades ago. It is melancholy that it should be so; one would sooner have it otherwise; but ask your contemporaries about "The Jumping Frog" and see how many of them can read it now and be tickled by it; or give a copy of it to some youngster and see him read without a grin what you could not have read at his age without bursts of hearty laughter. What does it mean?

It means that most of Mark Twain's humour was good but perishable stuff, and that Dr. Henderson is right in laying stress now on the more enduring qualities of his work. Not that Dr. Henderson himself appears to be aware that the purely humorous books are fading away; he is a whole-souled hero-worshipper, and has persuaded himself that all or nearly all that Mark Twain wrote has the breath of eternal life in it. He is right in saying that "Mark Twain makes a more deeply, more comprehensively popular appeal" than Tolstoy; but that is no more than to say that in his day Albert Smith's appeal was more comprehensively popular than Darwin's, but the one was a temporary and the other a permanent and a growing appeal.

We are at one with Dr. Henderson in all the praise he gives to "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn"; we have read this "interpretation" of his from beginning to end with unqualified pleasure, and though we have not been able to echo his fervid eulogies of all the other books of his hero, we wish we could, because of our past joy in them. When you have whittled away from Twain's achievement much that is not lasting, there will be enough left of what is great and inimitable to give him place not beside Emerson, where Dr. Henderson puts him, but still among the immortals of his generation, and we doubt if he would have claimed more for himself than that. For the personality of Mark Twain, for the whole life and character of the man, one can have nothing but the warmest admiration and affection; he was one of those rare spirits who was even greater in himself than he is in his writings.

* "Mark Twain." By Archibald Henderson. With Photographs by Alvin Langdon Coburn. 5s. net. (Duckworth.)



From a photograph by Alvin Langdon Coburn. **Mark Twain.**

From "Mark Twain," by Archibald Henderson. (Duckworth.)

and the value of Dr. Henderson's volume lies chiefly in its intimate study of "the man," and in its story of his career as humorist, lecturer, philosopher, and sociologist. He knew Samuel Clemens personally, and the charm that radiated from that wonderful personality and subdued everybody who came in contact with it is still strong upon him; it makes his criticism unreliable, but it enables him to re-create the character of Mark Twain in these pages so that the reader realises vividly the breadth, the height, the depth, and the ingrained humanity of it. The book is excellently illustrated with photographs in autochrome and monochrome by Mr. Alvin Langdon Coburn.

LORD RICHARD IN THE PANTRY.*

We know Martin Swayne already as the author of "The Bishop and the Lady," but, clever as his first book was, his second passes it. The story of "Lord Richard in the Pantry" is the lightest of light comedy, and the wit and gaiety with which it is told are so breezily fresh and spontaneous that you feel the writer himself must have enjoyed it all as much as the reader does, and rather as if you were laughing with him than as if he were making you laugh.

Lord Richard Sandridge is young, indolent, and short of cash. His father, the Marquis of Morenest, wants him to accept a business post, but his sister is anxious that he "should contract a marriage on a sound financial basis." She goes so far as to discover a desirable bride in Miss Evelyn Lovejoy, the daughter of a successful tradesman; she has neither blood nor distinction, but she has plenty of money; her father is dead, and her mother would like to see her marry into high society. The difficulty is that Richard does not fall in love with her, and does not desire to marry: his sister succeeds in making him dance with Miss Lovejoy three times in one night, and she proves to be something of a fussily philanthropical bluestocking, lends him a volume of essays, and, as he complains to his bosom friend Tubby, talks to him about his soul:

> "'People always like to talk about things they haven't got,' said Tubby. 'When we get a thing we cease to talk about it. When women get souls and get the vote, they'll have nothing to talk of except other people's husbands.'
> "'I don't suppose there'll be many husbands to talk about in those days. I must introduce Miss Lovejoy to you, Tubby. You'll get on famously. She says animals have got souls.'
> "'Then I'm not an animal, Richard.'"

Lord Richard is asking him presently if he knows what essays are, and Tubby explains:

> "'Essays are things people write to deceive their friends, Richard. They put all the beautiful thoughts which they haven't thought, and all the noble actions which they haven't done, into them. Never be deceived by an essay. Sensible people never read essays.'"

As the only way of evading his father's efforts to get him into a City office, Richard calls on Miss Lovejoy, stumbles into inviting her and her mother to go to the Zoo with him, and there is a delightfully amusing description of his and Tubby's adventures there, and of how he proposes to Evelyn in the lion house. She is willing to accept him, but she is an admirer of Ruskin, has ideals about the dignity of labour, and leads him to agree that before they are formally engaged he shall work and earn his own living for six months, that she may feel he has done this for her and is worthy of her.

He does not at all like the idea, but having pledged his word and seeing she will not otherwise give him her hand, he resolves to go through with it. He realises that there are not many things within the range of his capacity, and an advertisement in the *Morning Post* for a "capable butler of gentlemanly appearance" brings him to a momentous decision. The tale of his going after this situation and securing it, and entering upon it, is developed in the liveliest vein of farcical comedy: his employer is a charming young widow, Mrs. Lettice Gaythorne, with one small son, and of Richard's ludicrous and chastening experiences under her roof and all that rose out of them no more shall be said here than that, although he was working for Miss Lovejoy, she was not his reward.

The characters are admirably drawn, with just the touch of humorous exaggeration that is in keeping with the story. Richard's man, Carter, is an excellent sketch; so are the grotesque old Marquis and Marchioness; so, too, are the indispensable Tubby, with his everlasting story about the serpents of Brazil, and Richard himself. The fun of the book, indeed, lies as much in the humorous presentation of character and the smartness and sparkle of its dialogue as in the humour and ingenuity of its plot. Here are half a dozen epigrams and scraps of conversations picked out almost at random:

> "'The insolence of money!' sighed Tubby. 'I never had enough money to become really insolent!'"
> "People who marry for money never die. That's their punishment."

* "Lord Richard in the Pantry." By Martin Swayne. 6s. (Methuen.)

"Oh, we're all deceived. That's the blessing in everything It's only when we are undeceived that the trouble begins. . . Let's hush it up. After all, half of what happens in this world you must pretend not to see and the other half you've got to hush up!"

"Nothing you have to pay for is worth it after you've paid."

"'Heiresses are all the same,' he said. 'You can pick 'em out in a ballroom straight away. They're always rather pale, they never look at you, they never listen to what you're saying, and they always run down the supper, and they never have any sense of humour. If they had they couldn't be heiresses. Have you noticed that money has no sense of humour?'"

"All men are bad, excepts sons and brothers."

Such things must always lose a little in being taken away from their context. "Lord Richard in the Pantry" is not a book to read about, but a book to read, not because bits of it are witty, shrewdly satirical, quaintly farcical, but because it is a capital story, the whole of it healthfully alive with the very spirit of laughter and thoroughly enjoyable.

A. St. John Adcock.

LATIN LITERATURE.*

It is a pleasure to welcome the second edition of Professor Wight Duff's excellent "Literary History of Rome," which is in most respects quite a model of what such a book should be. As his volume forms part of a "Library of Literary History," the author had to keep in view throughout the requirements of two different classes of readers; he had to interest and instruct the general student of literature, for whom the series is primarily intended, and at the same time he had to satisfy the classical expert. His success in reconciling these opposed claims makes his achievement worthy of special admiration. In these days it is fortunately no longer a convention of criticism that a reviewer should set out to show how much more he knows about a subject than the writer whose work he is considering; and I need not, therefore, be guilty of the impertinence of praising the large and ripe scholarship which Professor Duff has brought to bear upon his task, and to which every page yields ample testimony. But what I may certainly be permitted to note is the ease and grace with which he carries his learning, and the skill with which he subordinates it to the real living interest of his theme. There is nothing drily academic about his treatise; he writes as one who knows and feels literature as literature; and his many "modern touches here and there" redeem his criticisms entirely "from the charge" of pedantry. Dealing, for example, with Horace, he glances aside to remark that for that genial poet-philosopher "regular duties would have been as distasteful and punctuality as difficult as for Charles Lamb at the India Office." Any reader who has been compelled to spend much time over the ordinary lucubrations of the schools will realise at once what freshness and life an incidental reference of this kind serves to give to the pages of a history of Latin literature. For once these old Romans are freed from the trammels of text-book and commentary, and stand out before us as living men.

Equally deserving of remark is the sanity of the author's criticism. His natural enthusiasm for his subject rarely tempts him into exaggeration; and he is wisely intolerant of the Swinburnian mania for exact appraisement. Mr. Mackail declares that the place of Catullus among the world's lyric poets is "third beside Sappho and Shelley." "I shall not," says Professor Duff, "attempt to number his place precisely; enough that it is high among the best." And he rightly adds, "For how can finality in such assessments be hoped for?"

These, however, are matters of detail. Professor Duff's book impresses me most by virtue of its structural quality. Brunetière once complained that what is called a history of literature is too often in fact nothing of the sort, but only a succession of monographs, put end to end, and attached to one another by the thinnest thread of narrative. If the great French critic felt justified in making this charge with reference to the writings of his own countrymen, by whom so much admirable historic work has actually been done, we must acknowledge that its application to our English labours in the same field is even more obvious. Professor Duff's volume is not a mere collection of independent studies. It is not simply a survey. It is really what it purports to be—a literary history of the Roman people. As we pass from chapter to chapter, it is always with the sense of continuity. Latin literature is for Professor Duff an expression of the genius and temper of the complex Latin race. It is the product of the "communal spirit" as well as of the "creative mind." He enters a timely protest against the tendency, which has doubtless gone too far, to regard Latin literature as wholly second-hand and imitative. Though "the Roman borrowed," he borrowed, as he admirably puts it, "in a Roman way." He "left his impress" upon everything that he took over from Greece. Thus Roman literature everywhere exhibits "an invariably close relation to social environment—to movements of progress or reaction, to needs and aspirations, to the fashions, the fancies, and sometimes the follies of an age"; while throughout "the Roman mark abides, modified, but never obliterated." It is with this "Roman mark" that Professor Duff is specially concerned. Thus he gives us something far more valuable than a descriptive catalogue of the Latin writers. He gets his authors into their historical perspective; shows their dependence upon the life and spirit of their times: and indicates their connection with their predecessors and their influence upon those who followed them. At the same time, while he is thus solicitous to trace the lines of literary evolution, he does not leave the personal factor out of account; he seeks, too, to preserve the humanistic attitude, and to make clear the permanent significance of the works that pass under his examination.

I have said that it is no part of a reviewer's business to parade his own learning at the expense of his subject. Still, his modesty does not deprive him of the right to his own opinions and to such pleasure as he may find in airing them; and there are, of course, occasions when, if I do not exactly dissent from Professor Duff's judgments, I feel that he has missed or slurred over points which seem to me important, or laid the emphasis in what appears to me to be the wrong place. Naturally it is in connection with the greater men that such differences in personal attitude are most likely to arise. I take Professor Duff's chapter on Virgil by way of illustration. I cannot quite satisfy myself that justice has here been done to the full meaning of the "piety" of Æneas, or to its bearings upon the extremely passive part which he plays in the action as the mere instrument of heaven. On this subject I think the reader will still be well advised to go back to what Boissier has said in his masterly work, "La Religion Romaine." It is also a little disquieting to find our author leaning, in however slight a degree, to the sentimental notion of Æneas as a faithless lover. Once more, Professor Duff does not really grapple with the problem of the want of unity in the character of Æneas. This is really an immensely interesting question, if only because of the parallel which Æneas presents with Hamlet. Like Shakespeare, Virgil sought to harmonise traditional conceptions with his own conflicting ideas; and like Shakespeare, he achieved only a qualified success. These are points which I note for criticism, but as will be seen, they do not carry far. For the rest, this chapter is wonderfully sound and comprehensive; it is an admirable example of Professor Duff's power of putting a great deal of matter into a comparatively small space and of being at the same time clear and interesting. And the same remark might

* "A Literary History of Rome, from the Origins to the Close of the Golden Age." By J. Wight Duff. 12s. 6d. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

quite as justly be made of other important chapters in the volume, such as those on the writers of comedy, on Cicero, and on Horace.

William Henry Hudson.

A WOMAN IN SOUTH AFRICA.*

There is no greater mistake, at least from a literary point of view, than that made by writers who go out to a strange land with the idea of collecting facts for a volume concerning it. No first-rate book of travels was ever produced in that way. You may get good journalism, but you certainly will not get Literature. The reasons for this are obvious. Usually, the author is in too great a hurry. He wants impressions which will furnish striking copy, and is quite content to get his "facts" from the local officials. He sees everything in an entirely false perspective. It is inevitable that he must go out with certain pre-conceived ideas, and that he will always be looking for the confirmation, rather than for the refutation, of those ideas.

Miss Mansfield is refreshingly frank so far as the amount of time she spent in Rhodesia is concerned. Her travels were confined almost entirely to the great main routes, and the society with which she mixed consisted mainly of the employees of the Chartered Company, men whose first duty is to keep up the value of the shares of that company, and so paint everything in bright colours for the benefit of the itinerant author; consequently, this book cannot be taken as an altogether reliable contribution to our knowledge of the Chartered territories; in fact, so far as the intending emigrant is concerned—and Miss Mansfield is very enthusiastic on the subject of emigration—it might be called a dangerous book, by reason of its irresponsible optimism. I am not afraid to criticise it on this score, for I have spent more years in Rhodesia than Miss Mansfield has spent months, and I know, only too well, what she failed to see, or to hear about—the Tragedy of Rhodesia, its ghastly tale of dead, its appalling list of financial disasters, its manifold diseases for man and beast, the moral dry rot which its atmosphere engenders.

When Miss Mansfield tells us only about herself and her doings she is wholly delightful. That part of the book is written exactly as such books should be written, without any striving after effect, without any attempt at literary style. She has just jotted down the things which happened, as they happened. Reading that part of the book—and it will well repay the trouble—one feels that there should be a great deal more of it. The author seems to have been afraid of introducing too much of the personal note—why, instead of a Chartered map, has she not given us her own portrait as a frontispiece?—and she is always breaking off into what one can only call semi-official matter. That is the great mistake in the book. She does not claim to have collected the facts relating to agriculture, stock-raising, mining and other industries for herself. She had no time to study even one of these subjects, and that section of the book could have been compiled just as easily from pamphlets from Emigration Offices at home—in fact, she has an irritating way of adding footnotes telling the reader where those same official pamphlets may be obtained.

On the other hand, no one, at least no one who knows South Central Africa, can help admiring Miss Mansfield's pluck and grit. She took on a very ugly proposition, one from which the vast majority of women would have recoiled in horror and alarm, and she carried the thing through splendidly. Luck was with her to a certain extent, as it so often is with the newcomer who keeps constantly on the move—she did not learn, through bitter experience, what the real nature of that Rhodesian climate is. Yet, in the end, her luck failed her, and she had to turn back, instead of completing her journey to Cairo. It takes an immense amount of nerve for a woman who has never been in Africa before, who knows not a word of the native languages, who has not the slightest experience in handling those most difficult of creatures, native carriers, to start on such a trip. Official assistance, of which she had plenty, is useful, so far as securing carriers is concerned; but, once you are out in the veld with your caravan, everything depends on yourself. Personally, I am surprised that the author did not meet with disaster. The measure of success she achieved and the cheerful way in which she relates the story of her adventure prove her to be a woman of exceptional temperament.

For my part, I should like to see her revise the book, and issue it in a new form. The first chapter, and all those later chapters dealing with industrial questions, should be deleted, whilst the personal narrative should be made much fuller. The chapter on Missionaries, on the other hand, is wholly admirable, and could not easily be improved. So far as that is concerned, she will have the sympathy of every sane man who has lived amongst coloured races.

The volume is splendidly produced; the illustrations are excellent throughout; and, despite its faults, it is worth reading, not for the information it contains, but for its revelation of a delightful and courageous personality.

Stanley Portal Hyatt.

* "Via Rhodesia." By Charlotte Mansfield. 16s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

AMERICAN WIVES.*

It was once said by the historian Buckle that every great age has always been ruled by one leading idea, peculiar to itself, often unexpressed, but nevertheless guiding all the activities of the time, behind its politics, its industries, its arts. And in a period so self-conscious as our own it is not difficult to put one's hand on the motive thought of to-day. It is surely a sense of the contrast between what life is and what it might be. In other words, to use the familiar cliché, what we want is racial efficiency. Among the novelists most plainly influenced by this idea must be reckoned the late David Graham Phillips, the writer who met so tragic an end a few weeks ago in the streets of New York, the young man full of hope and energy who was shot by a madman for his attacks on American women—attacks repeated in several novels, but rising to special vehemence in "The Husband's Story."

The peculiar significance of these studies of American women arises from the fact that Mr. Phillips wrote not from the standpoint of the mere raconteur, but rather from that of the scientific investigator. It is not the women themselves that matter so much, but the tendencies for which they stand. And of each of them the question their creator asks is not: is she frivolous, heartless, brainless, or immoral? but—is she adapting herself to the new civilisation that science is creating? Times are changing; the world is moving; the men are keeping up, are laying hold of the new chances of happiness, are adapting themselves to new conditions. Are the women doing the same?

The grand climacteric of married life is some fifteen or twenty years after marriage. By that time the two characters involved are either welded into one whole, or are as far apart as the Poles. Accordingly it is on this situation that Mr. Phillips again and again rings up the curtain: he did it in "Old Wives for New," he does it once more in "The Husband's Story." And always it is the same tale, with different characters: always the wife has allowed herself to "get left." In the first-named novel she is an old woman through pure laziness, while her husband remains young. In "The Husband's Story" a much more subtle declension has taken place in the wife's nature, for she is practically soul-less. Edna Loring and her husband began as idyllic boy and girl lovers in the very humblest circum-

* "The Husband's Story." By David Graham Phillips. 6s. (Appleton.)



By courtesy of Messrs. Appleton.

The late David Graham Phillips.

stances of provincial American life. But Godfrey is one of the men who attract money wherever they go, and Edna never loses an opportunity of spurring him on to fresh and often dishonest exertions in the race for wealth. By the time their daughter has reached girlhood, Edna has only one idea in life—to push herself into the front ranks of society. To do this she has atrophied her brain, killed her heart, tarnished her child's mind with snobbery, and utterly alienated her husband's affections. The results are tragic: her daughter's alliance with an English peer turns out to be a horrible travesty of marriage, while her husband struggles, and not unsuccessfully, to release himself from her. At this point we perceive Mr. Phillips's explanation of the frequency of divorce in America: he puts it down to the failure of the woman to keep pace with the man in the art of wise living. She takes no interest in his work save as it may bring in money for her to spend; finally, she takes no interest in him. Her brain dies slowly, till at last he shakes her off as a man cuts away a gangrened member from a living body.

"The Husband's Story" is in style a monologue by the husband: in method it is point-device in detail, shirking nothing of the tawdry or foolish facts in this gradual course of deterioration. It does not hold one so much by its plot, or its characters, as by its grip, its cruel grip, on the immense signification of the commonplace in human life. Money, efficiency, even cleanliness, are parts of the problem of how to live successfully. Mr. Phillips evades nothing. There is no sentiment, no faltering in the book—and above all no truce with any falsification of values. It is so earnest, in fact, that when we hate its conclusions and differ from its premises, we pay it the compliment of pausing to think again. For the author is fair: his study of modernity is no mere repetition of the old Adamic excuse, "It was the woman." On the contrary, he makes it quite clear that the woman fails to adapt herself, fails racially, because she has been trained to live as a parasite—by man. She has never been taught that her life is as full of meaning as his; everything in her environment goes to prove the contrary. She has, this fashionable woman, no meaning in the scheme of things. Small wonder, then, that she herself becomes meaningless. Over against these parasites are put outline sketches of other women, vital, active, full of mental activity. But they strike one as unreal for the same reason as does Solomon in "Virgin Soil," because they are ideals of what might be, not pictures of what is.

It is difficult for an Englishwoman to judge of the truth of the book, for certainly over here we have no class so dead-in-life, so brainless in their narrow cunning, so divorced from reality, as these women. But—the doubt strikes home—is this because the hyper-civilisation of the States is only a stage ahead which we have yet to reach? If so "The Husband's Story" is either a prophecy or a warning. At any rate, it deserves to be read, for though bitter and caustic and sometimes exaggerated, like poster-drawing, it is sincere, it *donne à penser*. And sincerity in novel-writing is not so common that one can afford to neglect it.

M. P. WILLCOCKS.

THE NEAR EAST.*

Mr. Woods has with great judgment chosen a subject untouched by any other writer, and for the next few years at all events all those interested in the political situation in the Near East will feel obliged to refer to the pages of this volume. For the author has already established his reputation for careful accuracy by his previous work, "Washed by Four Seas." That, however, was the book of a tyro at writing, to whom practice for newspapers has now given an easy command of language, and taught him how to marshal his facts. Mr. Woods has also had the advantage of acquiring his information from the highest placed authorities in the different parts of the Near East he has visited, although he is—on their account—too prudent to give their names more than occasionally.

Others have written admirable books—Sir Charles Eliot's "Turkey in Europe," although published in 1900, is yet vividly informative; Mr. Brailsford's "Macedonia" deals more fully with that unhappy country that might be so flourishing had not the Treaty of Berlin been substituted for the Treaty of San Stefano, for which substitution, alas! our own country is largely responsible. Yet where else but in this volume can we turn up a full and succinct account of the Albanian Question, the Cretan Question, the military Revolution in Greece, how the kingdom of Bulgaria won her independence and added to her territory? Though it happened but a few months ago, there are many of us who do not clearly remember even now how Bosnia was annexed by Austria. It seems but the other day that we ourselves travelled as far as Belgrade with a buoyant young officer of the Austrian cavalry, bound for Serajevo, as he told us with glowing cheeks, when all was not yet a *fait accompli*. Which of us quite understands why the Queen of Italy's father is now King in Montenegro? All these high affairs of State Mr. Woods handles in a quiet, masterly manner, never allowing himself to be led astray into picturesque descriptions of the scenery he traverses, lest they should interrupt the history of the political situation. Although approaching the Cilician gates in the Taurus mountains, he writes "Disconnected craggy rocks lend grandeur to the scene," and again the Bagdad line, when quitting the Cilician plain near Adana, will follow the river "which runs from the vale of Bozanti into the heart of the mountains, and finally dives down into a dark cave-like opening, to emerge on the southern slopes of the range after a subterranean course of some three hundred yards. The approaches to the localities where this curious river enters and emerges from its subterranean course are, I believe, entirely unexplored by any European, except one or two railway engineers who were compelled to cut down trees and make special paths" to do so. If for nothing else, however, this

* "The Danger Zone of Europe." By H. Charles Woods, F.R.G.S. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

volume would be valuable for its singularly unimpassioned and precise three chapters on the most awful massacres even Turks have ever committed and which, occurring only the year before last, seem to have been condoned, even acquiesced in, by the whole of civilised Europe with such nonchalance that probably nine out of every ten Englishmen even of the educated classes have already forgotten when they occurred or where.

The author tries to say everything he can in favour of the Turks and to extenuate where he cannot praise. We all hoped much from the Young Turks. Alas! that under their régime in these last few months torture should have been added to murder among those unhappy Macedonians, who still cry as of old "Come over and help us," but their cry is inarticulate, for the speculators of Europe have no interests at stake in Macedonia. Had it been possible to add to this volume as it went to press, the author must have told us of Turkish doctors feeling the pulses of Macedonian farmers—forced back under Turkish rule by the Treaty of Berlin—whilst additional blows are inflicted upon their backs or feet; how their villages are harried, their wives and daughters carried off or left to starve, and would probably have done so with the calm that characterises his account of the colossal massacres round Adana, where the reader is spared all those details that harrow the heart.

The book is well printed, light in the hand, and abundantly illustrated with reproductions from the author's own photographs. There is a satisfactory map, but what is to be said of an index in which we cannot find Sofia, the capital of the kingdom of Bulgaria, nor even the Taurus mountains? There are too many sham indexes about, compiled by people who never read books probably, so do not know what is wanted.

ALICIA LITTLE.

A BUNDLE OF NEW NOVELS.

To merit the publishers' seasonable, rather than descriptive, term, "Spring Novel," a parcel of new books at this period of the year should at least be varied, even as the spring temperature, or, better still, as a bouquet of spring flowers. The eight volumes in my parcel certainly fulfil this condition; even if they fail to suggest, chiefly, the rising of the sap, they are at least varied, and fresh, and very welcome.

The most original and striking of the collection is undoubtedly "A Wilderness of Monkeys," * by Frederick Niven. This is no ordinary novel; it is a well-conceived, well-written satire—a satire against the exaggeration of one side of human nature, against the erotic in literature, against a debased journalism, against unsavoury minds. It is the story of Bliss Henry, "the author," who leaves London and its blots and stains, that he may write his new book in the peace and purity of the country. He starts forth, a modern Sir Galahad, taking train at Euston and he finds that the country is rather worse than the city, equally sordid, and narrower in its outlook. At the end of his stay in Solway, Bliss Henry is a man of more worth than at the beginning. He has learnt some more real things, he has also taught good things to at least two men, and he has come to a truer appreciation of moral values. Mr. Niven has attempted again the sort of thing, Voltaire attempted, and his book is good.

A noticeable feature about many modern novels is the half-personal style in which the author tells his stories. He allows his readers to realise his personality, as well as that of his characters. This personal feeling is to be met with in "A Wilderness of Monkeys." It is also to be met

* "A Wilderness of Monkeys." By Frederick Niven. 6s. (Martin Secker.)

in the next volume in the parcel, O. Madox Hueffer's novel, "Where Truth Lies." * Mr. Hueffer's book is an amusing surprise. It begins as a conventionally interesting story, with clerks talking in an office; it proceeds as a fantastic and humorous tale—the adventures of the Earl of Danbury, told in serio-comic vein. Truth does indeed lie deep in this triumph of casual exaggeration.

Again, in "Perpetua," † by Dion Clayton Calthrop, we realise the author through the story. But the theme and style of this book are vastly different from those of Mr. Hueffer. Mr. Calthrop's sub-title, "The Way to Treat a Woman," might have been dispensed with: it is cheap-sounding and unworthy of the book. Perpetua, the heroine, is, in Chapter I., a small, brown-skinned artist's model, seven years old, and seated, naked, upon a high oak cupboard. In Chapter II. she adopts the artist as a father. Then, in a series of chapters, we follow this charming couple as they grow older, until, Perpetua's real father being found, unexpectedly we plunge into melodrama, and the story is not so good. It recovers, however, and leaves its readers approving in the end. We congratulate Mr. Calthrop upon his beautiful rooms; we know that he enjoys them as much as we do.

"Just to Get Married," ‡ by Cicely Hamilton, and "The Limit," § by Ada Leverson, are two clever, smartly written modern novels. The former gives a really poignant, though affectedly careless, picture of a woman, not in her first youth, dependent upon her relatives, with no marketable talent, and no future but marriage. The eligible man has appeared, and the household waits expectantly while the woman angles for a husband, feeling bitter and ashamed even as she does so. Then the man, unexpectedly, proposes, and his passionate adoration and kindness teach the woman that her methods have been intolerable, and in the face of her relatives' fury she tells the man the truth and parts from him. But we are glad to say the story does not end there. Miss Hamilton's work is vivid and forceful, and her dialogue is excellent. Dialogue is a strong feature of Miss Leverson's novel also. Here, too, as in Miss Hamilton's story, we have the good, quiet, rather unimaginative man. This time the good, quiet, unimaginative man is already the husband of the heroine when the story begins. And the superior, man-about-town artist, and bachelor friend, loves the good, quiet man's lively wife—at least, he thinks he does, and she thinks she does; and they are sorry for one another through much of the book. But the bachelor friend is generally sorriest for himself. He is of that genus which enjoys a hopeless attachment for another man's wife; the genus which, a few years ago, addressed its woman friends (it always had woman friends) as "dear lady." This bachelor friend, however, reached "the limit." He *would* talk, and at last he said the wrong thing. We are pleased to leave the husband and wife mowing the lawn together. It is clever work by which Miss Leverson has brought them to that point.

In another style and of another period is "Oil of Spikenard," ‖ by E. Smith-Dampier. It is a story of Jacobite times, and has something of a Jacobite plot. But its chief charm lies in the little Norfolk town to which Corinna comes, from Oxford, a pretty, priggish orphan, to live with her aunt and cousins, the vulgar widow and coarse, bouncing daughters of her uncle, a scholar and a gentleman. It would not be easy to say why this story should remind one of that masterpiece of quiet tragedy, Miss Findlater's "Green Graves of Balgowrie," but it does. Corinna

* "Where Truth Lies." By O. Madox Hueffer. 6s. (Stanley Paul & Co.)

† "Perpetua." By Dion Clayton Calthrop. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

‡ "Just to Get Married." By Cicely Hamilton. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

§ "The Limit." By Ada Leverson. 6s. (Grant Richards, Ltd.)

‖ "Oil of Spikenard." By E. Smith-Dampier. 6s. (Andrew Melrose.)

loves a city beau; a country parson—careless, handsome, middle-aged, apt to be coarse, and free with the wine-bottle—loves Corinna. The story is roomy and well told, and its author has succeeded in what is now a rare achievement—she has made an historical novel uncommon and distinguished.

"The Camera Fiend," * by E. W. Hornung, is a sensational account of the experiences of a conscientious and asthmatic schoolboy, who, by a disconcerting train of incidents, comes very near to death—not by asthma. He falls in with a doctor who holds theories respecting the departure of the soul from the body and strongly desires to photograph that departure. Naturally he has difficulty in finding a subject. Man and boy provide some genuine excitement, but we know that Mr. Hornung can do better than this.

The last volume in the parcel is a book of short stories by W. J. Batchelder, taking its title from the first story, "The Wine-Drinker." † If any one wishes to read a good story absolutely bare of human sentimentality, let him read this. It is one of sea and wind, of nets and ropes; dependent neither upon love nor (in spite of its title) liquor. The "wine-drinker" is the hero, and the hero is a herring. Mr. Batchelder writes with ease, strength, knowledge, and charm, and his royal herring makes a strong appeal. The volume is a fine, open-air book about fishermen and the sea. All its tales are vigorous and well-told, but, for choice, give me the "Wine-drinker."

L. Q. C.

A FORGOTTEN WORTHY.‡

Born about 1530 and dying in 1597, William Hunnis is known chiefly as the author of several metrical versions of the Psalms and as a contributor to the "Paradise of Dainty Devices," the most popular poetical miscellany of the sixteenth century. Mrs. Stopes demonstrates that he has many more important claims to our attention. His life, as she remarks, bridged over the whole period between the Mysteries and the Moralities and the perfected Shakespearean plays; and around it Mrs. Stopes has woven a kind of tapestry picture of the religious, political, musical, poetical, and dramatic doings of his time.

From the service of Sir William Herbert, afterwards Earl of Pembroke, Hunnis gravitated into that of the young Edward, becoming attached to the Chapel Royal. In Mary's reign he was involved in the Throgmorton plot, was cast into the Tower, and narrowly missed the fate of his fellow-conspirators. Released on the accession of Elizabeth, be became a brother of the Grocers' Company, supervisor of the Royal Gardens at Greenwich, succeeded Richard Edwards as Master of the Children of the Chapel Royal, was granted arms, wrote plays as well as poems, was rewarded by an appointment as Toll-taker on London Bridge, was brought into direct touch with the Essex-Leicester rivalry by the fact that his son Robin was in the service of the unlucky Essex; and not only accompanied Elizabeth to Kenilworth, but in the guise of "Sybil" welcomed the Queen to the Castle, and contrived the device of "The Lady of the Lake," which stimulated the eloquence of Laneham and possibly kindled the enthusiasm of Shakespeare, whose "Seven Ages" seems almost like an echo of Hunnis's "The Complaint of Old Age."

Mrs. Stopes is convinced that after his appointment as Master of the Children, "plays became the serious business" of Hunnis's life. None has come down to us, at all events none is known to exist; but as plays presented at Court were not allowed to be printed, there may be a cogent reason for this, even if Hunnis, in common with others, felt some compunction against having his name associated with dramatic composition. In all, the names of five and part of the titles of two plays by Hunnis are given by Mrs. Stopes, who conjectures that two poems in "England's Helicon" (1600), which have been always ascribed to Hunnis, may have been taken from some play, device, or masque, so that, after all, we have preserved a fragment of one of his dramatic works. Another very interesting point is the probability that Hunnis was the author of the anonymous "Comedy or Interlude of Jacob and Esau." If the further assumption be correct that this was written in Edward's reign, Hunnis and not Udall must be credited with the first classical use of acts and scenes in the history of the English drama. But it is just possible that Mrs. Stopes may be in error in dismissing the old theory that "Ralph Roister Doister" belongs to the Eton period of Udall's life.

Incidentally Mrs. Stopes gives a most sympathetic appreciation of the character of Mary Tudor; and many will learn in her pages for the first time of the extent to which Elizabeth was indebted to Philip's influence over his wife. In addition to much else that is worthy of note Mrs. Stopes supplies a great deal of valuable data relative to the attitude of the Court and the City Corporation towards the players; she touches with an illuminating hand such topics as the use of scenery; and she has a delightful picture of the friendship between Hunnis and Thomas Newton, the learned rector of Little Ilford and editor of "The English Seneca."

It cannot be too deeply regretted that Mrs. Stopes's book has come to us from abroad instead of from one of our own University presses. The Louvain printers have done their work better than might have been expected, but it is far from perfect. Perhaps some English publisher will give us a précis of the book, and so make its main facts available for the English student of limited means. In the circumstances it would be unkind to specify typographical slips; but was not the popular name of "Leicester's Commonwealth" *Father Parsons' Greencoat?* It is here printed "Father Parsons' Greenbacks."

W. F. A.

TWO HUMORISTS.*

A year or two ago we were continually complaining that we had few or no humorists. If this were true then, it is so no longer; almost every batch of new novels that has come to us this year has had at least one humorous story in it; we could name half a dozen that have been thoroughly good; among recent books of humorous short stories there has been nothing else quite so good as Neil Lyons's "Cottage Pie" (Lane), and of humorous novels there has been nothing better than these two of the latest—"The Bermondsey Twin" and "The Simpkins Plot."

They are both in the broadly farcical vein and both overflowing with high spirits and irresistible, irresponsible humour. Mr. Randall lays his scene in London, as he did with "Love and the Ironmonger"; he lays it at Tooting, where Mr. John Holdaway has built himself up a large and prospering business and a local reputation for temperance, staidness, perfect respectability, and lives near the Common in a villa of the most sombre and select pattern. When his good name is at its brightest, his business at its best, and he is on the eve of marriage to a young lady who will cast

* "The Camera Fiend." By E. W. Hornung. 6s. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

† "The 'Wine-Drinker.'" By W. J. Batchelder. 6s. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

‡ "William Hunnis and the Revels of the Chapel Royal: A Study of his Period and the Influences which affected Shakespeare." By Mrs. C. C. Stopes. ("Materialien zur Kunde des älteren Englischen Dramas," Band XXIX.) (Louvain: A Uystpruyst; London: David Nutt.)

* "The Bermondsey Twin." By F. J. Randall. 6s. (John Lane.)—"The Simpkins Plot." By George A. Birmingham. 2s. net. (Nelson.)

something of social splendour around him, but would not do so only that her father has no money with which to maintain his blood—just at this critical juncture, his twin-brother Jack, who was believed to have died in childhood, unexpectedly arrives at the villa one night and makes it clear that he has come to stay. John is greatly upset; his twin-brother has a free and easy manner with him; he has had trouble just before calling at the house and broken the head of a tram conductor and the police are looking for him. To avoid all risk of the family scandal that his arrest would involve John reluctantly conceals him in his snuggery. He forms an idea that Jack is a disreputable person, and is anxious to get him to go away out of the neighbourhood, but Jack, really a good sort and a man of means, plays up to his misconception of his character, refuses to depart, and enjoys himself hugely. He goes abroad covertly, does compromising things and is seen in compromising situations, and being precisely like John is mistaken for him, with the result that the demure and proper John soon finds himself involved in a complicated series of ludicrous misunderstandings that exasperate and humiliate him, and end in his missing a wife who would not have made him happy and getting one who will. It is a very well written book; the characters—particularly the twins and John's rascally butler—are drawn with marked ability, the plot is ingeniously contrived and developed, and the whole story one of the liveliest and most genuinely funny we have read for a long time.

"The Simpkins Plot" is every whit as ingenious and amusing, but more wildly improbable. If any living man would actually act as Simpkins does it would be a perpetual joy to go about with him, but no such gloriously ludicrous ass would ever be allowed to remain long at large in such a dull world as this. It is true he was in Ireland, and things happen there that never happen anywhere else. He was on a holiday, and in the train he had made acquaintance with a young lady whom he believed he recognised as a woman who had just been acquitted of a charge of murdering her second husband, though everybody believed her guilty. He throws out covert hints; she misunderstands, and seems not only to confirm his identification, but to speak of her criminal mania as an art, and he comes to the conclusion that she has come out here to find another husband on whom she can again exercise that dreadful art, with the inevitable consequences. He talks of his theory to a friend; fills in details and rapidly persuades himself that there is no possible doubt of its accuracy; then sets himself to prevent her from getting the wrong man into her toils and to bring about a marriage between her and the most objectionable man in the neighbourhood whom everybody but the man himself would be glad to have done away with. You say it is ridiculous; it is outrageously ridiculous; but it is so lightly and cleverly done that you laugh while you say it, and simply have to read on to see whether the knotty complications in which Simpkins entangled himself and some half a dozen others were ever properly straightened out and how it was done. It is a capital story. Take "The Bermondsey Twin" and "The Simpkins Plot" away with you on a holiday and you may confidently rely upon having at least as many hours' hearty enjoyment as it takes you to read through the two of them.

A FRIEND OF POETS.*

As the friend of Shelley and the companion of Byron, the memory of Edward John Trelawny is not likely to fade while the world continues to take an interest in those two poets. Of all Shelley's intimates Trelawny's life would best repay for the telling, and we hope Mr. Buxton Forman (than whom, with perhaps the single exception of Mr. Rossetti, no one is better qualified for the task) may some day undertake to give us the history—as far as it can be told—of this vigorous old campaigner. But one must be thankful to the editor of the present collection of Trelawny's correspondence, for there is nothing like these strong wayward letters in our literature, and they increase our desire to know more about the man who wrote them. Most of Shelley's circle were either men of letters or those who made some pretension of authorship. Trelawny was an exception. His early days were devoted to a life of activity and adventure, and it was an accident that put him in the way of writing his "Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron," a book that may be justly regarded as a classic. It is true Trelawny wrote one other book, "The Adventures of a Younger Son" (for the "Recollections" of 1858 which he enlarged into the less successful "Records" of 1878 is nevertheless the same book), and he aspired to write the life of Shelley, but he did not take to writing during Shelley's life, and was probably the only member of the Pisa circle who did not scribble. It is to be regretted that he abstained at that time from finding a literary outlet for his activities, instead of devising that unfortunate boat the *Ariel* in which his friend Shelley met his death. In Shelley's life-drama Trelawny enters at the beginning of the fifth act, as one of Fate's vassals: unaware of his mission, he supplies the boat, he sees the poet embark on his last voyage, and closes the tragedy by performing the funeral rites. The greater part of Trelawny's long life was centred in the recollection of the few months that he spent with Shelley and Byron, and his references to those two poets which one finds scattered throughout his letters comprise their chief attraction. In some brutally outspoken words about Mary Shelley, he says, in speaking generally of poets' wives, "I am solely interested in Shelley," and this was literally true: Shelley was his ideal, he loved him from the first, as he says, and throughout these letters he is for ever paying tribute to his friend's "bountiful and loving nature."

It is noticeable that Shelley's friends after his death, united by a bond of common interest, all more or less kept in touch with one another. Trelawny was no exception, but he did not care for Peacock and Leigh Hunt; he saw Medwin, however, till his death, and continued on terms of intimacy with Jane Williams (afterwards united to Hogg), and Hogg himself—"Jeff the man of iron, and irony," whom he thought "a soured and grossly ill-used able man." To Mary Shelley he was drawn in her early widowhood, and we find him writing to her in May, 1826, "You know, Mary, that I always loved you impetuously and sincerely—and time proves its durability—we are both somewhat self-willed and cross-grained—and choose to live in our own fashions,—but still, where is there a truer friendship than that which cements together Mary S. and E. T.? If I lose you I should be poor indeed." For some years Trelawny continued constant in his devotion to her. He sought her advice in his literary projects, and he helped her with money when she would let him, and in 1831 he begged her to become his wife, to which proposal she naïvely replied ". . . do you think I shall marry? Never,—neither you nor anybody else. Mary Shelley shall be written on my tomb,—and why? I cannot tell, except that it is so pretty a name that though I were to preach to myself for years, I never should have the heart to get rid of it." Few letters to Mary Shelley are printed after that date, and the last one bears the date of 1836. As years passed Trelawny was disillusioned, his references to Mary became more and more harsh, and his latest remarks are full of acrimony. To Claire Clairmont most of Trelawny's letters in this volume were addressed, and to her he was uniformly kind and sympathetic. Miss Clairmont was resident in Italy, and Trelawny was wandering up and down the world until 1835, when he settled down in England, but she is known to have been an excellent writer of gossipy letters, and nothing serves to keep a friendship alive as a good correspondent. With

* "Letters of Edward John Trelawny." Edited by H. Buxton Forman, C.B. 10s. 6d. net. (Henry Frowde.)

Claire he gossips delightfully about old times—"I still have some old allies of my youth that I hold to," he tells her in one of his later letters, "and you are of the elect: at Pisa we were all under thirty-except Byron." His letters are not unlike his "Recollections"—they are the work of an unliterary man (and none the worse for that), he is fearless, impetuous and sometimes brutally outspoken, he writes whatever comes into his head at the moment, and never—as he says—re-reads what he has written. His meaning may not always be quite clear, and his spelling is sometimes peculiar, but we cannot quarrel with Mr. Forman for leaving in most of his blemishes and harsh expressions—they are part of the man, who was after all not an essentially lovable character. Mr. Forman's notes and introduction are for the most part useful and to the point, but in his apparent desire to avoid anything approaching sentimentality, his humour is sometimes overdone, and he might well have spared us his jesting reference to "roast poet," in allusion to Shelley's burning body on the shore at Viareggio.

THE VOW.*

"The Vow" is the story of a man who made a covenant with God and fulfilled it, fearing not his own hurt. Viewed in this aspect, it appears a story constructed upon very simple lines, introducing characters typical of several distinct social classes, and relying for its effect upon the essential drama of situations that are not extraordinary. It is also a stern indictment of the means resorted to by the Belgian officials for the collection of rubber in the Congo Free State, and viewed in this aspect it appears as a demand for intervention by the Great Powers eventuating in their joint assumption of the administration of the Congo. The indictment is presented with full knowledge of the facts, without lurid exaggeration of details, and with commendable freedom from intemperate language. Viewed in both aspects, the book is a capable and conscientious piece of workmanship which deserves the wide attention it will probably obtain.

John Gaunt is a strong man who has made a vast fortune by methods accepted as permissible in the City, but requiring the subtlety of the casuist to defend as ethically justifiable. His chief pride is that he is "a man of his word," inflexible where his promise has once been given, and to this fundamental honesty, reinforced by iron resolution, he attributes the success that has attended his efforts to win, first, wealth, for the sake of the power it gives, and, next, love in the person of a good and a beautiful woman. A year after marriage, the cardinal moment in his life arrives. He is summoned from the City to the bedside of his wife and told by the first authorities that she cannot live the night. When she is in the very article of death John Gaunt makes his covenant with God. "Give me the life of my wife—give her back to me—and I vow the rest of my days to Your service. I will not pretend that I can become a Christian, but I swear to You—and I keep my word—that every action of my life shall be deliberately thought out and shall be taken in accordance with the teaching of Christ." He does not quibble with himself. Restitution, reparation, good service instead of evil—all shall be loyally done and made, and his side of the bargain kept in the spirit and the letter without a single reservation if God gives him back his wife. And Lady Mildred Gaunt gets well. While sceptics might deny that prayer is answered, and point out that there was no antecedent impossibility of the thing desired, whatever medical science might say, John Gaunt knew that a miracle had been wrought and the covenant completed. What follows tells how he kept his vow, and, chiefly, how he sought and fought to stop the stream of blood and tears that defiles the wealth amassed in the Congo. The action that is involved is stirring, but of deeper interest is the study of the effect made upon modern men and women of the world by the conversion of one of themselves. John Gaunt contemplated possible financial ruin as one result of his vow without dismay. The possible alienation of his wife's affection just unfolding into love was a fear that tried him, in a seven times heated furnace.

The man who chooses fiction as the medium through which to preach a political crusade, or to propound a philosophy, hoping so to reach a larger audience than can be contained in any hall, handicaps his Pegasus by putting a weight upon it which it was not bred to carry. Uncommonly skilful riding is required of the jockey if the gallant beast is to win home. The wisdom born of general experience underlies the broad rule that the novel shall not be allowed to usurp the place and attempt the function of the pamphlet or the sermon. Mr. Trent is perfectly aware of this, and it was deliberately, and with full knowledge of the risk, that he put so heavy a weight upon his Pegasus in the present instance. After the event one is compelled to acknowledge that his riding has saved the race. "The Vow" does not fail as a novel, and it carries its message home.

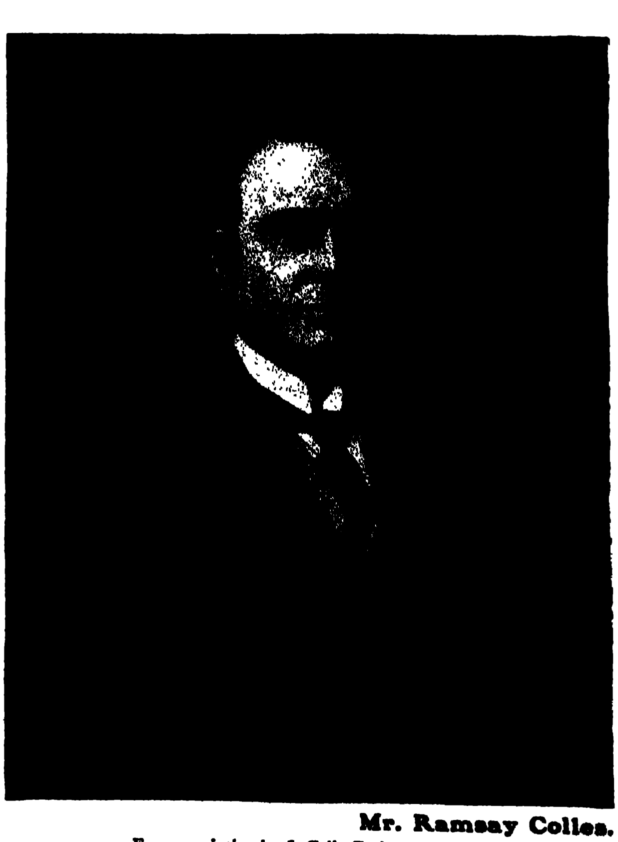
CRANSTOUN METCALFE.

* "The Vow." By Paul Trent. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

OMNIUM GATHERUM.*

In order to write an entertaining book of reminiscences one must be something—but not too much—of an egoist. One also must have personality, and personality which attracts the sympathetic interest of the reader and softens the natural asperities of fault-finding. Mr. Ramsay Colles shows himself to be possessed of both these qualifications in his recent book "In Castle and Court House." There

* "In Castle and Court House." Being Reminiscences of thirty years in Ireland. By Ramsay Colles. 12s. 6d. net. (Werner Laurie.)



Mr. Ramsay Colles.

From a painting by J. Colin Forbes, R.C.A.

From "In Castle and Court House," by Ramsay Colles. (Werner Laurie.)

is very little Castle and not a great deal of Court House in the volume, but that is neither here nor there, as the late John O'Leary used to say. Mr. Colles has had the advantage of thirty years of life in Ireland, many of them spent in Dublin, which still echoes the immortal jokes of Father Healy, Dr. Nedley, Judge Adams, and Chancellor Tisdall, and whose society is still enriched with the witticisms of Professor Mahaffy and Dr. Tyrrell. After such an experience, he should be a dull man indeed if he had nothing to tell, and Mr. Colles, if he is often diffuse, not infrequently inaccurate, and occasionally irrelevant, is never dull.

The author refers to an amusing paper read before the University Philosophical Society, as entitled "Signs of the Times," and the authors are given as Henry Stewart Macran and W. Pocock. This is not quite accurate. The Essay was called "The Spirit of the Times," a translation of "Zeitgeist," and purported to be a serious contribution to metaphysical argument, but had in reality no meaning at all. The authors were Mr. H. S. Macran, now a Fellow of T.C.D., and Mr. Robert H. Woods, now President of the Royal College of Surgeons of Ireland. Only the verses parodying Browning were written by Mr. Pocock. The joke was a complete success, many strangers as well as students taking part in the serious debate which followed the reading of the paper.

A pleasant story of the late Sir Henry Irving, told by Mr. J. F. O'Hea, the artist, and one of the wittiest men in Dublin, is recalled in these pages.

"When Irving paid his first visit to Ireland, he was called upon by O'Hea, who wished to make some lightning sketches of the great actor. Having made a few thumbnail portraits, O'Hea said: 'May I ask, Mr. Irving, if you can give me a photograph? It may assist me in completing these sketches.'

"'Certainly,' replied Irving, producing a couple of dozen photographs of himself. 'You can have which you like.'

"O'Hea chose a photograph, and then, as he was taking leave, said, 'Will you add to your kindness, Mr. Irving, by signing this photograph?'

"'With pleasure,' said Irving, and taking up a pen he wrote across the foot of the photograph: 'To my very dear friend——' he paused, and turning to O'Hea, asked, in the charming manner which all lovers of Irving will recall with a sigh, 'What name did you say?'"

In his chapter on Oscar Wilde, Mr. Colles recalls two witticisms of the great dramatist after his visit to America. "He spoke of Mrs. Langtry having had her photograph taken 'with the Falls of Niagara as a kind of unpretentious background,' and incidentally referred to the American girl as being 'a delicious oasis of unreasonableness in a desert of common sense.'"

By the way, the title of the book of verse to which Wilde contributed, and to which the author refers as having been adversely affected by the prosecution of Wilde, was not "Poems by Graduates of T.C.D." but "Dublin Verses by Members of Trinity College." Oscar Wilde migrated to Oxford without taking his degree at T.C.D.

The late Sir John Gilbert, the historian, referred to the jar of Irish whisky, with which Mr. Colles used to regale his friends, as "The Spirit of the Nation."

Of Mr. Edwin Hamilton, whose rooms used to be the meeting-place, of most of the gayest and wittiest spirits in Dublin, one or two good stories are told.

"Once, in the heart of the country, I entered a small inn on a July day and found the coffee-room swarming with blue-bottle flies. I turned to the waiter and asked, 'What are the flies a dozen?' 'I assure you he replied with the utmost gravity, 'Sure, Sir, it's by the pound we sell them.'"

An amusing story is told of Mr. Justice Ross, whom the author refers to as "His Honour, Judge Ross." His lordship having, as chairman of the Committee of the Zoological Gardens, had occasion to ask for an overdraft from the bank, was requested by the secretary to give some collateral security. The Judge thereupon offered to deposit with the bank two Royal Bengal tigers and a boa constrictor."

Mr. Colles gives at some length an account of how his life was threatened; but after reading his book we find it difficult to believe that he was ever in any more serious danger than might have been caused by a penny pop-gun.

The last chapter has the heading "Omnium Gatherum," which well describes the whole, and a very amusing Omnium Gatherum it is. The volume is illustrated by some excellent portraits including one of the author in Court dress, and a beautiful portrait of Miss Maud Gonne.

H. A. Hinkson.

A MAN WITH A PAST.*

"He taught us to laugh," said Lord Rosebery in speaking of Dickens and the particular value of his humour to the mid-Victorian age, whose faults and failings are so easily derided by the youthful members of debating societies.

But the value of laughter to the twentieth century cannot be overrated. Thinkers are daily coining fresh riddles for weary readers to solve, and society runs the risk of becoming either bored or stupefied by the intellectual antics of some and the over-seriousness of others. Nearly all of us are suffering from self-conscious gravity, and the people who are not hag-ridden by problems are often the victims of a still more mischievous levity, expressed by a sniggering attitude to life. Who but the humorists can physic this disease? To all and sundry sufferers I would say, Take frequent doses of "A Man with a Past," by Mr. St. John Adcock. There's a laugh on nearly every page of his new novel. Its humour is infectious, its high spirits exhilarating, its view of life sane and sunny.

If you are over-anxious about the fate of the House of Lords, make the acquaintance of Elmer Patten and Nock, two characters conceived in the spirit of true comedy and inimitably portrayed. If you are daunted by the hardness of the soil in that long row you have to hoe, consider Olive Patten, a delightful flesh-and-blood girl, and the dauntless way she grasps her nettle.

In "A Man with a Past," Mr. St. John Adcock stands revealed as one of the foremost humorists of the day. "Billicks" raised expectations which are here completely fulfilled. This novel must have flowered spontaneously from the author's whimsical mind, for such a book can never be made. The humour is inherent in an enthralling story that is a particularly clever blend of sensational incidents and versatile characterisation, with episodes and atmosphere reminiscent of Dickens, and a London and provincial background absolutely suitable to the main theme. Readers who demand emphatic plot interest will not lay the book down until they know why Austin Leroy forsakes Olive on the wedding-day. Before the tangled skein of mystery is unravelled, they will have been provided with plenty of excitement, for Leroy is an astute waster, and the byways of commercial villainy as described in the operations of Mickles are an education for unsuspecting country people in the habit of sending postal orders to London. In the wronged man who, under the ominous alias of Mr. Death, awaits the hour of vengeance, the tragic underside of comedy is shown.

The author's comprehension of feminine character ranges from twentieth-century Olive to her early Victorian aunts, the Misses Mull, who, as they sat in chapel, "peered out from sombre bonnets that twinkled with innumerable beads." How Miss Susan Mull rose to the heroic height of doing a wrong thing for love of Olive has the note of fine unexpectedness that only a master craftsman can convey. Mention must also be made of Mr. Sapp, a subsidiary character, interesting in himself, and valuable as a vehicle for a biting satire on a charity-mongering society. The

* "A Man with a Past." By A. St. John Adcock. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

author shows unerring aptitude in naming his characters, and if out of the fulness of his talent he sometimes overflows the strictly artistic limits of his story, the fault in his case is almost a virtue. "A Man with a Past" is nothing short of a public boon, and like Oliver Twist in different circumstances, I ask for more.

W. S.

ASKING FOR BREAD.*

To a reader with a hunger sharp-set for new poetry, live poetry, poetry with the zest of reality in it, a book, bearing such a title as "Rowton House Rhymes" would seem to savour of the right stuff. But, although much of Mr. Mackenzie's work has the tang of real and bitter experience, on the whole the flavour of the volume is too literary, too poetical, for the verse to give the full satisfaction of poetry. Verse dealing with such themes as Mr. Mackenzie pluckily tackles cannot be too direct, too naked of artifice. As a record of human experience, however, the book has its own value; for in these rhymes a phase of life becomes articulate. The man of culture tramping in the gutter, consumed by one desire, hunger, is no longer a silent sufferer, to be cold-shouldered indifferently by the well fed. Imagination makes men realise all things: and the imagination that has turned Mr. Mackenzie's experiences into rhyme surely should help to make the most callous reader realise something of the horror of hunger, the sheer, vulgar, brute craving for daily bread. Hunger is the burden of this book. It begins with hunger and ends with hunger. Hunger burns through its thin bulk as hunger burns through the wasting body of a starving man, to the exclusion of all other hopes, dreams, and desires. Here is hunger in all its stages, acute, dull-witted, and feather-headed. And to one who has known what it is to lie, with an empty belly, under the cold stars, many of these poems come like a vivid remembrance. This is certainly a book to be bought, because it helps towards realisation: and when everybody realises, when everybody sees through the eyes of imagination, what a different place the world will become! Mr. Mackenzie writes best when he writes most realistically; and many of his character-sketches of his fellow-dossers are good of their kind, though too-clever-by-half to be poetry. "My Friend Mr. Spunge" is perhaps the most satisfactory thing in the book, because, in writing it, Mr. Mackenzie has let his emotion create its own form, instead of forcing it into an artificial, ready-made mould. In "Bagster, French-polisher, Descants," a point of view finds adequate expression:

> "But mos' men wu'k to get enough to eat,
> To 'ave the stren'th to wu'k, to get enough
> To eat, to 'ave the stren'th to wu'k, to--Yuss!
> So we go 1ahnd the ruddy ring o' roses!"

and, in the last verse of "First Impressions," descriptive of a night in a Rowton House, we come upon the thing we have been seeking, poetry:

> "But midway in your dream, you hear a sighing,
> A dolorous complaint, that breaks your sleeping:
> 'Ah! God,' you say, 'it is a man that's crying!'
> And lo! your cheeks are wet. 'Tis you are weeping."

The real stuff, but scarcely enough of it to satisfy our hunger!

With Mr. Belloc's "Verses" we find ourselves in a different world; or, rather, on the other side of the same world: for we are still in the company of a man of letters rather than that of a poet, but Mr. Belloc perhaps manages to disguise himself more discreetly. He is, indeed, quite an expert in the art of writing simply-too-sweetly-simple songs. "The South Country" has almost the air of being the real thing. But Mr. Belloc cannot help showing his cleverness at times; and, cleverness being the devil, poetry disappears at the first hint of the cloven hoof. Nevertheless, there are several songs in this collection which have a quiet, if rather too quaint, charm of their own. And Mr. Belloc has succeeded in putting something of himself into the book, something of his zest for life. Neither he nor Mr. Mackenzie tries to palm off on us the usual poetical exercises on stale themes. When we have read their work, we at least know what they like, and, more particularly, what they dislike. And yet "Verses," even with Mr. Belloc in it, and thick paper, and stout boards, and all, is just a little thin.

Sometimes Mr. Belloc writes so well that we can only wish he had something more to say; and he so manifestly enjoys the things that we enjoy, that our heart often warms towards him, simply because of a fellow-feeling for the open road and the open sea. But most of the verse in this book is "occasional verse"; and no verse dies so quickly, or quite so irretrievably, as occasional verse. We should perhaps have liked this book better if its get-up had been more in keeping with its contents. It should have made quite a nice little pocket-book for tramps; but as it is, it is much too cumbersome to find room in any haversack, which is a pity, as there are one or two poems in it which we should have been glad to re-read on the settle of a wayside tavern, after a long day on the highroad, or over the drowsy peat-fire after a heavy tramp through the heather. We should have fancied that was the sort of reading that Mr. Belloc would have wished for. For our part, we have picked up some crumbs of the real thing in his company; and we are duly grateful, although our hunger is still very far from being appeased.

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.

* "Rowton House Rhymes." By William Andrew Mackenzie. 3s. net. (Blackwood.)—"Verses." By H. Belloc. 5s. net. (Duckworth.)

INSTRUCTIONAL HISTORY.

The present moment—when the substantive portion of "The Cambridge Modern History" has been concluded in twelve massive volumes, when Longmans' twelve-volume "Political History of England" (Hunt and Poole) has just finished its last lap, and when Methuen's seven-volume "History of England" (Oman), after a long period of quiescence, has just accomplished two important leagues—seems rather a good one for a general survey of the contributions recently made to our historical armoury from the educational point of view.

"The Cambridge Modern History" marks the application of co-operative writing in history on a very extensive scale to the history of the white races from 1453 down to the present day. It will probably stand as a valuable work of reference for a good many years to come; but the general opinion seems to be that the number of joints in the mechanism is excessive, that the method is suitable to a dictionary of history rather than to a narrative work, that the quality of the contributions is distractingly uneven, that the jolting of the encyclopædic machinery is too severe to enable one to read the work with a sense of that evenness, and continuity, and completeness which a great history ought to suggest—and, in a word, that it is very difficult to find what one particularly wants in it. It is, of course, a work much better suited to teachers than to curious, or merely desultory, inquirers. But the architecture of the book, it must be admitted, does not compare well with that of the analogous "Histoire Générale"; the scale varies to perplexity; while the long lists of books, bibliographies often far more formidable in appearance than helpful in actual use, seem to occupy a disproportionate amount of space. If, however, one cannot always find what one wants in these massive tomes, one

nearly always finds something that it is much to one's advantage to know. The book fills many interstices and helps the discerning student materially to relate parts to the whole. It is a book emphatically to be thankful for rather than enthusiastic about.

The "Political History" * has been noticed periodically in these columns upon the appearance of its successive volumes. Most of these have borne evidence of careful editing and, far from any falling off being perceptible, there is almost a consensus of opinion that the volumes last issued, such as those by H. L. Fisher, R. Lodge, and A. F. Pollard, are quite among the best. The whole book was uniformly planned and well planned, save for the defect in the division of the nineteenth century which allotted thirty-six years to Volume XI. and sixty-four, almost fuller years, to Volume XII. The result is that in spite of appearances more essential information in regard to the age of Victoria is condensed into Bright's unpretending "Growth of Democracy" than is to be obtained in the corresponding volume of "Political History." The limitation chiefly in evidence in earlier volumes is that the books confine themselves rather strictly to political events; the social and economic factors are treated in a summary way; we are concerned with politics and political events to the exclusion of biography (no vignettes such as Creighton loved, or of Lecky's full-lengths) and even of distinctively military or naval history. Some of the volumes—those dealing with the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, for instance—are much broader in their outlook than those dealing with the eighteenth century, which are overloaded with detail. By what seems a strange inconsistency a good deal of space is devoted to literary chapters—one or two in each volume—dealing with the main currents of contemporary letters. These chapters do not help us to understand the text in which they are imbedded, almost hidden away: they give us outlines easily procurable elsewhere, and suggest a bad economy of space; a few more genealogical tables would be very welcome in their place.

Hardly inferior in scale to the "Political History" is the rival adventure in bigger and higher-priced volumes which also hails from Oxford and is guided apparently with a somewhat laxer rein than its antagonist by Professor C. W. C. Oman of All Souls'. For a considerable period this work seemed in a state of suspended animation, but the new volumes by the editor (already in a second edition) and Mr. Grant Robertson sufficiently show that it is very much alive.† These volumes are far less circumscribed in their aim than the staid political narratives designed by Hunt and Poole. They smell less of the lamp, the authors pass lightly over what they do not know, while where monographs have been before they abound in the most recent information. Professor Oman's volume of near six hundred pages, dealing with the period antecedent to Hastings, on the proto-history and the subsequent period from Bede to Harold is the first attempt, it may be safely said, to present us with a modernised version of this most debatable part of our theme. The corresponding volume in the other series does little more than repeat the old-fashioned conclusions of Stubbs, Kemble, Freeman, and Green. A far more complete picture is here attempted. Roman Britain is taken very seriously, the Making of England between 450 and 597 is shown in a light that differs greatly from that projected by J. R. Green. Mr. Oman is an impulsive theorist on constitutional and strategic lines, his pro-English sentiment is strong, and he probably underrates the non-Teutonic elements in the Anglo-Celtic, Normanno-Danish amalgam which began to prevail in the eleventh century. Several slips noted in the first edition have been eliminated from the reissue, and Professor Oman's volume certainly deserves to rank with those of H. W. C. Davis and G. M. Trevelyan, as one of the most fresh, original, and interesting in either series. As their superior cost demands, these volumes are more lavish in maps, etc., than those of their competitors.

* 7s. 6d. net per vol. (Longmans.)

† "A History of England." In 7 vols. 10s. 6d. net per vol. (Methuen.)

Mr. Robertson's volume dealing with "England under the Hanoverians" (1715—1815),* judging from a barely complete inspection, is a decided acquisition to the series. Mr. Robertson, of deliberate purpose no doubt, diverges pretty completely from the scheme of minute detail adopted in the Hanoverian chronicle of Mr. Leadam and Dr. Hunt. He does not pretend to be exhaustive. He selects for treatment what seem to him the main characteristics of English history during the period and devotes himself to their elucidation: Greater Britain in evolution from 1713, the transformation of parties and consolidation of the Cabinet as we know it, and the watershed formed by the year 1773 when Britain ceased to be a corn-exporting and became a manufacturing country. Mr. Robertson has the quality of enthusiasm; he reconciles eloquently the rival claims of Pitt and Fox, he is at his best in dealing with the great industrial revolution. His chief fault is exaggeration, the use of superlatives and (a frequent concomitant) slang. "John Wesley's movement merits the abused epithet of epoch-making. Methodism and the French Revolution are the two most tremendous phenomena of the century. Wesley swept the dead air with an irresistible cleansing ozone." . . . "Pitt funded the debt . . . and a new loan was put up to public competition at the lowest tender and not (as had been the practice under North) *souped* amongst the supporters of the Ministry." Shades of Johnson, Gibbon, and Macaulay! The new Webster tells of soup used in racing cant, and in burglars' cant, but what kind of All Souls' cant is this?—the very small print fails to suggest a clue! Three excellent coloured maps are given at the end of this volume of, including the index, 555 pages. The bibliography, which reveals some serious defects, concludes with valuable books which appeared while Mr. Robertson's book was in the press, such as Corbett's "Campaign of Trafalgar," Fortescue's "History of the British Army" (last vols.), Winstanley's "Personal and Party Government," and Rosebery's "Chatham." To these must now be added Mr. Holland Rose's "William Pitt the Younger," to which we hope to be able to advert in a later issue. Mr. Rose's preliminary view of society in 1780, coming into rivalry as it does not merely with Mr. Robertson, but also with Trevelyan in his "Charles James Fox" and with Walter Sichel in the brilliant survey prefixed to his "Sheridan," holds its own remarkably well.

It may here be well to append brief notes upon several other rival educational series which have either been completed of late or are now nearing completion. Macmillan's series of eight volumes forming a detailed "History of the English Church," edited by Stephens and Hunt, has long established its utility and has recently been completed by the issue of the long-deferred volume on "The English Church in the Nineteenth Century" by Dr. Warre Cornish. This has been reinforced for many years by the excellent "Epochs of Church History" edited by Creighton and issued at half a crown. The home side of the subject has now been modernised in the very useful "Handbooks of English Church History" edited by Dr. J. H. Burn and issued in six volumes at half a crown each. The first volume of this set by J. H. Maude, the Reformation period by Dr. Gee, and the English Church in the Eighteenth Century by Dr. A. Plummer, are models of succinct statement and of sound and moderate comment. Mr. Maude in a few lines epitomises the Keltic cult of the pre-Augustine church and sets a high standard for his successors.

The quasi-monopoly enjoyed by Rivington's very useful series of "Periods of European History" edited by Mr. Hassall, in eight volumes of about five hundred pages each,

* 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

has remained undisturbed by the excellent "Cours Complet d'Histoire" (edited by G. Monod and published by Alcan) too little known in this country. The "Periods" were issued at six shillings net, and two less expensive series for students in quest of outlines have recently appeared or are in course of appearing. The first of these is published under the rubric "Six Ages of European History," extending from 476 to 1878, and edited by Mr. A. H. Johnson, of All Souls', Oxford. The two volumes that we have tested, those namely by Miss Hollings and by Mr. J. A. R. Marriott, seem to be well deserving of praise upon a scale of about half that of the "Periods." A good resumé of the Thirty Years' War deserves a war-medal. An intermediate series of volumes at 3s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. is being issued by the Clarendon Press, of which we have seen "Renaissance and Reformation" by Miss E. M. Tanner and "From Metternich to Bismarck" by L. Cecil Jane. The last compresses much relevant matter into three hundred pages, with some rather rough maps. Two valuable independent volumes on contemporary history from 1789, both issued at 7s. 6d., are Reginald W. Jeffery's "The New Europe" (Constable) and Hazen's "Europe since 1815" in the American History Series (Holt). The former deals with the century 1789—1889 and is enriched with useful diagrams and tables. Professor Charles Sanford Terry's "Short History of Europe" (Medieval) * covers the ground from the irruption of the Barbarians to the fall of the Eastern Empire in 240 pages: a skilful abridgment. Another very useful series in its conception and as filling up interstices, though we have at present only seen the opening volumes, is Pitman's "Makers of National History" † edited by Dr. W. H. Hutton. The volumes on "Cardinal Beaufort" and "Archbishop Parker" fulfil the purpose admirably. The proportion of divines among these creators seems rather large in view of another volume on "Dean Atterbury," who emphatically failed to be a maker of history. But such secular figures as "Castlereagh" and "Edward IV." may atone for much.

Of the new Atlases the familiar and excellent "Companion Atlas" of S. R. Gardiner and the 64-map "Atlas of the British Empire" by Grant Robertson and J. G. Bartholomew, have found useful companions in the very efficient "Atlas of European History" ‡ compiled by Professor Dow of Michigan, and in Professor Ramsay Muir's new "School Atlas of Modern History" (48 plates, etc.) with an elaborate Introduction issued at the very moderate price of 3s. (Philip's "Comparative Series." A more advanced work by the same editor is promised this summer). A place ought not to be begrudged in any history-apprentice's library to Mr. J. E. Morris's excellent little "Introduction to Local History and Antiquities." §

From what has been said (where a great deal might be added) it is clear that Instructional History is filling a very large place among recent publications. Neither in numbers nor in excellence can it be said that our manuals come quite up to the level of the best French treatises. The Americans are probably upon the verge of becoming our serious rivals in maps and in ancient and mediæval history text-books. Yet, as in the single volume text-books on English History, where Tout and Oman are tending to replace Ransome and Gardiner, there is a gradual expansion towards the light in the direction of lucidity and condensation.

The concentration of so much work upon a low plane, relatively speaking, is very probably inimical to the production of world-history among us. There is no one writing history here and now who can be said to occupy quite such a high position as Froude, Lecky, Creighton, and Stubbs occupied in the early 'nineties. There is no one doing work of quite the same calibre that Ranke and Taine, or, until quite recently, that Sorel and Vandal were doing on the Continent, that Parkman and Lea were doing in America, or that Ferrero and De la Gorce are doing at the present moment.

One cannot help feeling too that there is far too much cant in use at the present day about "sources" and "authorities" to be propitious to a school of history-writers upon the higher plane. These shibboleths are the idols of the moment elevated into ends in place of means. The multiplicity of book-lists, without exposition, out of all relation to the text, and often jumbled together at the end of a volume without either rhyme or reason, seems to me a very bad sign. The mastery of sources should form the porch or preface (and footnotes are the only other relevant form of reference) to any serious work of history—the object of which is the quest and illumination of past time. Every historian must have his own preferences, his own methods of drawing upon the sources that will yield history to *him*. He must not be at the mercy of the monographers and *their* methods. One of the desiderata in the subject to-day is a means of habitually blazoning the distinction between the monographer of analytic methods, who prepares "studies" from authorities, and the public historian, the writer of ensemble, who can combine and fertilise the streams of information, testing their genuineness almost instinctively, and giving out the finished product not of the analytic chemist, but of the historic muse. The functions needed for this kind of work make an almost unexampled demand upon human resources, frame and brain. A really great historian must almost necessarily be an *érudit* of independent means, with infinite capacity for devotion and drudgery, with much of the sagacity of a judge, and the writing and descriptive power of two or three considerable novelists. Such historians are of necessity extraordinarily rare, but the lack of them is inevitably in the long run a grievous loss to English thought while the absence of their "control" is profoundly detrimental to the ideologues who spark the machine of modern progress.

Thomas Seccombe.

* 3s. 6d. net. (Routledge.) † 3s. 6d. net. (Pitman.)
‡ 4s. 6d. (Bell.) § 4s. 6d. net. (Routledge.)

ON DARTYMOOR.*

To those who know Dartmoor but as holiday visitors, the country has in the main but two aspects. I can recall standing on a brilliant morning on Hey Tor, when the whole country to the south below showed in beautiful clearness, moor and trees and chequered fields melting to the distance where the coast blent with the sea; later on the same day I went down the narrow lane, between high fern banks, to the west of Widdicombe-in-the-Moor in sweet scented sunshine. Other and contrasting times I remember above Holne Chase, on the slopes over Dartmeet, and at Two Bridges, when the whole world of the moor and its neighbourhood was hidden in driving rain. The contrast in memory is the contrast of gold with grey—and both are beautiful. Mr. Eden Phillpotts, who has studied the moor long and lovingly, and has made himself familiar with the people to whom, in lone farmhouses, in cottages and in villages, the moor is home, in recording the result of his studies in the form of fiction is in the main chiefly insistent upon the grey tones. There may be brightness here and there—as of light on a moorland stream, a glint of sun upon quartz-speckled stone, or upon a patch of vivid moss or lichen—but on the whole it is of the grey aspects of the moor that we think when reading one of his novels set against the familiar background.

In this latest tragic drama of Dartymoor we are chiefly interested in a courageous Devonshire woman, one who "in the fell clutch of circumstance" maintains a brave face before her little world. Many years before—three of her five children are grown up—she, as a girl in her 'teens,

* "Demeter's Daughter." By Eden Phillpotts. 6s. (Methuen.)

had run away from service to marry a specious but shiftless young man, who in mature life, when we first make his acquaintance, is well satisfied to malinger while his heroic wife keeps things going. He is indeed a pleasant humbug, whose gift of the gab satisfies his own easy conscience with phrases, and two of the three grown-up children have inherited the father's less amiable qualities. It is in accord with the irony of things that the more helpful son should go off to his fate in the South African War—making poor Alison's lot yet harder. The hardness of that lot, recognised by the reader, is not admitted by Alison, who, in her lonely, poverty-marked cot, spends herself in trying at once to make her husband and children do their duty while she cheerfully does far more than hers. It is her pride that the little world on the fringe of which she lives shall hear no inkling of the true state of affairs. Though Aaron, her husband, Giles, her son, Farmer Hamlyn, her old flame, and some of the subsidiary characters are finely rendered, it is Alison herself who holds our attention, it is her brave sweet personality that remains with us after closing the book, remains with an abiding impression of that splendid heroism which is surely a manifestation of genius. About the middle of the story the author has some fine passages of analysis of the character of the woman—a character which he has presented at once with broadness and subtlety throughout these pages.

"She gave religion all the credit of her steadfastness and eternal striving; but the credit did not belong to religion. It belonged to her blood—the stream that ran from her father and had closed parental doors against her for ever when she married Aaron Cleave. Yet, while not a soft woman, she was not a hard one. Her own difficulties had ripened the harvest of her heart, as the frost sweetens fruit that the sun cannot. . . . Through her love dreams she had looked forward and seen a sane, strong husband and a stablished home. She had pictured the children growing up, a joy, a blessing, and a tower of strength. She had also allowed for the shadow to make this sunshine appreciable. But the course of events fell otherwise, and her faith was no longer absolute. Her ideals were fallen, and from the wreck she thankfully gathered the small hopes and fleeting joys that remained. . . .

"She had no synthetic instinct to perceive, no knowledge of character to understand that, given such a man as her husband, and a fall off a ladder into the cold lap of charity, the rest must all follow by inevitable consequence."

Alison is indeed a striking addition to the gallery of rustic portraiture that Mr. Phillpotts has given us in his Devonshire books; the story of her everyday heroism is presented in really fascinating fashion; her end is saddening, and we leave the smug wretch her husband contemplating her epitaph with a feeling of the tragic irony of things. In his descriptions, in his careful studies of minor characters, Mr. Phillpotts shows all his fine skill, and "Demeter's Daughter" takes its place with the very best of his works, as a worthy addition to that which is best in the fiction of to-day.

WALTER JERROLD.

Novel Notes.

JANE OGLANDER. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. 6s. (Heinemann.)

"Jane Oglander" is a story of exceptional power and exceptional charm. It deals in rich emotional material with a fine, artistic restraint. Jane herself represents the best type of the modern young woman of culture. Her character, though stressed beyond measure by circumstances, retains its integrity throughout. A woman who despises heroics is good to meet with anywhere, and Jane rings true. Her faithfulness shines in admirable contrast to the falsity of Mrs. Maule, whose invalid husband, Richard, is the not unnatural excuse for her cannibal instincts. She eats, or tries to eat, the souls of men, and has her ironic and necessary reward. Once more Mrs. Lowndes has achieved the creation of men who will satisfy men. Richard Maule, the rich invalid, Dick Wantele, his friend, Hew Lingard, the famous General, are real, and their relationship to Jane Oglander and Mrs. Maule are true to life and probability. The story concerns Jane's love for Lingard, to whom she is betrothed, and Mrs. Maule's appetite for sex-triumph, especially over the elemental General. If the characters are clearly realised types, rather than subtly differentiated individuals, the general reader will not complain on that score. Although there is slight theatricality in the treatment of Athena Maule's Circe spells, this cannot be imputed as a fault, for the quality belongs to the type of fine animal depicted. The boyish succumbings of Lingard are equally true to life. Capable psychology underlies "Jane Oglander," which is deftly set against a background of country life, as lived by the leisured classes, while all the subsidiary elements are convincingly handled.

POT-AU-FEU. By Marmaduke Pickthall. 6s. (Murray.)

Mr. Pickthall has arranged his stories in three classes, mainly on geographical principles. Some of them are semi-satirical, and these are by no means the least characteristic; "Karákter" and "The Tale of a Camp" are in the writer's best vein. But Mr. Pickthall is peculiarly successful in one or two of his character-sketches, which show a real power of sympathetic insight into queer phases of human nature in England as well as abroad. If the reader will begin with "Billiam," "A Superior Person," and "Found in an Old Bureau," he will taste the author's quality at its best. If he wants humour of a dry, shy order, he can turn to "The Free-Lovers" or to "The Wise Men of Petit-Pré." But indeed the majority of these tales have more or less of a humorous tinge. The author finishes one of his Egyptian stories with a remark made by a native who "read in a newspaper from the capital two columns of denunciation of an English judge, who had evicted a poor man from his humble freehold and annexed it wrongfully. Knowing the rights of the story, he laughed aloud with his companions. 'But it is the fault of the English,' he felt bound to admit. 'They act like common men, not rulers, seeming doubtful of their right; so others doubt it also. A ruler has one word, with a force behind it.'" This is the sort of effect which Mr. Pickthall, with his knowledge of the native mind in Africa and Egypt, is fond of securing. The deeper notes of a story like "An Ordeal by Fire" do not sound quite so convincing; it is when a tale like "A Champion of Christendom" runs from tragedy into a semi-farcical vein that the deftness of the author's touch is most clearly felt. Still, the volume has plenty of variety, and it shows the same cleverness on a small scale as distinguished "Saïd the Fisherman" and "The Myopes."

THE LONELY ROAD. By A. E. Jacomb. 6s. (Andrew Melrose.)

Miss Jacomb is unquestionably a writer who will have to be reckoned with. Her style is quick, nervous, and dramatic: her gifts in description of character are not limited by her sex or by any considerations of outworn conventions; and she can seize on "a crowded moment" and paint it in a few well-packed passages aglow with colour and passion or with the feelings that actually stir us in the stress and rush of real life. Indeed, it is not certain that she has not actually found the new formula of fiction of the moment—fiction that will raise some acute problem in the ordinary working experience of grown



Miss D. Brandon.
Photo by Kent Lacey Studios.

men and women, and, in the last chapter, offer a solution broad-based on the mingled irony and justice that preside over most affairs of the heart. In "The Lonely Road," for instance, Miss Jacomb sets in sharp contrast—the correct, conventional Helen Andrews, who passes from the rule of her father's trim, respectable suburban home to the position of wife to Gerald Blake—a man aflame with primitive passion but destitute of ordinary suburban refinement and education. The result is tragedy, of course—for Blake; and Miss Jacomb exhibits the tragedy not in explanation, but in quick pregnant action and the sharp play of high lights and contrasts. Had she not indulged in a climax of unmitigated melodrama, the rescue of the young son by Blake after the child's fall from a steamboat, "The Lonely Road" would have been described by many readers as a great novel, for its full-length presentation of a correct suburban wife in an intolerable position is, in its way, perfect, vital to the finger-tips. As it is, the story is one that will be remembered and talked about—it has a mark and a mission of its own.

THE UNSEEN BARRIER. By Morice Gerard. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

In "The Unseen Barrier," as in "The Unspoken Word," which preceded it, Mr. Morice Gerard gives us a charming love romance set amidst modern surroundings. His scenes are laid largely in London; his leading characters are men and women who move in high society and play important parts in the political worlds of England and Europe. The blind Mark Ellesmere; his friend, the hero of the book, Rupert Malcom; the brilliant politician Spencer Compton; the elusive, mysterious Prince Paul Menkoff, involved in obscure Russian intrigues; Lady Dunton, and the beautiful Madeline Sabille—these, and some dozen other less prominent persons, are characterised with great skill, and put through their parts in an intricate and ingeniously contrived plot with a cunning and ripe craftsmanship. Madeline Sabille is one of the most winsome and curiously attractive women Mr. Gerard has ever brought into his pages, and the strange story that lies behind her and overshadows her life, though she knows less than half the truth concerning it, is cleverly concealed, having its due influence in keeping her and Malcom apart, and at the right time as cleverly revealed and satisfactorily disposed of. Malcom felt on first meeting her that "life was forging for them a chain of circumstances" that, even when it seemed to be separating them, was drawing them together. You may care little about the complicated European politics that enabled Malcom to make his mark in Parliament, but it is safe to say that all who read "The Unseen Barrier" will be wholly interested in it as a fascinating story of love and mystery to which politics and diplomatic intrigues form a stirring and fitting background and environment.

THE DAVOSERS. By D. Brandon. 6s. (John Long.)

Without being a novel "The Davosers" has all the interest of one, but it is a novel without a plot, and in this it comes nearer to the truth of life than most novels do. It is simply a brightly, vividly written account of the experiences of Reginald Challoner Eyre and four friends all staying at the same hotel in Davos; it reproduces the varied life of the place and deftly sketches the characters of the men and women who live there, in that Valley of the Shadow, seeking to regain health, and lightening the dreary search with all manner of sports and amusements. The elements of comedy and tragedy, of pathos and almost farcical humour, of idyllic tenderness and gay adventure, are strangely mixed in this cleverly written book. Miss Brandon's dialogue is capital, and her incidents and events so many and varied that you do not miss the plot; there is always something doing, some sad little episode coming to a close, some pleasant adventure opening out and leading on to something of excitement, a good deal of merriment and perhaps a little sorrow. It is distinctly a book to read; for all the hospital atmosphere that is about it, and the figures of invalids that flit through it, it is not depressing; rather you are heartened by the careless courage with which these people make the best of life and find it good and to be enjoyed even in the very clutch and jaws of Death. We shall look out with interest for Miss Brandon's next book. She may get a lighter subject, but she can scarcely write of it in a happier vein.

THE VISION OF BALMAINE. By G. B. Burgin. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The character of Peter Balmaine, the hero of Mr. Burgin's new novel, is an extremely interesting study. The contempt with which we regard him in the opening chapters is gradually changed as we follow his story, until we find ourselves at length thinking of him with admiration and something more. He is the head of Balmaine's Bank in Cottenham, and in the height of his pompous conceit as the "most prominent person" in the town, at the height of his prosperity and influence, he is betrayed and struck down from his pedestal by Tebbits, an old clerk who has been in his employ for many years. "In times to come," says the old clerk on the eve of his triumph, "in times to come, when you're sad and sorry . . . you'll learn, whatever my motives may have been, to look back upon this night and bless me. It will be the saving of you, though I don't expect to live to see it." Tebbits's words come true; and with the advent of trouble comes the Vision—and Balmaine's soul is awakened. It is an unusual and a powerful story; Mr. Burgin handles his difficult scenes with remarkable skill, and has fashioned in "The Vision of Balmaine" one of the best novels he has ever written.

The Bookman's Table.

CHAINS: A Play in Four Acts. By Elizabeth Baker. Cloth, 1s. 6d. net; paper, 1s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Until recently, the lower middle-class has not been very seriously considered by novelists, and in the theatre it has been more often travestied than studied sympathetically. Writers have supposed that the life of clerks, being hum drum and staid, could not be made entertaining without exaggeration or some leaven of foreign excitement: and it has been left to certain modern realists--for example, Mr. Charles McEvoy and Miss Baker—to show that a play can be made out of the very stuff of clerk-life. "Chains" is a case in point: there is nothing in it which is untrue or improbable, yet it is both vitally interesting and dramatically effective. Miss Baker shows how one clerk determines to throw up his "safe" (and energy-sapping) work in London, and to seek fresh fortune in the Colonies. He is able to do this because he has some money and no ties, but the case is different with his friend Charlie Wilson, a married man with a host of relations. Charlie is unsettled by his friend's daring, but every association he has converts itself into a chain to bind him down for ever to the life and work he hates. In the revelation of these chains lies the drama of Miss Baker's play, and it must be said at once that as realistic drama "Chains" is first-rate; the home-life of Charlie Wilson is really admirably suggested, and the studies of character are clever and candid. Where the play may possibly be said to fail is that it is in the end hardly more than a partial analysis of discontent. Miss Baker is satisfied to show the passivity of the minor persons and the unrest of her leading character; she does not attempt to go further. What she does, she does admirably: nothing could be more pointed than the studies of Mrs. Massey, Lily, Percy Massey, and Morton Leslie, all of whom are clearly, and at times mercilessly, revealed. Tennant, the clerk who is able to emigrate, is also well suggested; but Charlie Wilson and Maggie Massey, the two malcontents, are, on the whole, less good, because although they are perfectly individualised, their restlessness does not seem to be developed from within themselves. They want to "see life," and they hate office-work—both of which impulses are very natural—but they do not understand what they want to do, and we are disposed to feel that Miss Baker has not thought very definitely about that either, since she appears content with the bitterness of her final scene. Emigration is certainly not the solution of the problem raised. Miss Baker may object that she is a realist, and not a propagandist. On the other hand, the detachment of the realist must be philosophic if it is to produce work of permanent value. Apart from this question, which would not have arisen if the play had not been suggestive and stimulating, we have nothing but praise for the conception and handling of "Chains," which seems to us quite the most notable piece of pure realism that has been produced concerning the English lower middle-class.

SPENSER'S MINOR POEMS. Edited by Ernest de Sélincourt. 10s. 6d. net. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

Mr. Ernest de Sélincourt's edition of Spenser's "Minor Poems" is the third and last volume of a set in which Mr. J. C. Smith's edition of "The Faerie Queene" made the first two. These three volumes form considerably the best edition of Spenser's complete poems. They give a text which is perhaps as intelligible and as near what Spenser wrote as possible. Only quite insignificant irregularities of spelling have been rejected. Anything in spelling and punctuation which brings us nearer to the mind of a courtly but north-country poet of the sixteenth century is retained. Thus the text is a richly coloured one for those who like the archaic and the rustic. Those who do not will find no difficulty thereby added, and they cannot have a more satisfactory and even attractive edition. Mr. de Sélincourt's task has been chiefly one of restoration, and it has been an arduous one, though the results are not, except in the introduction, obtruded upon the ordinary reader. His business has been to track "the gradual deterioration of the text through the blind reliance of each edition upon its immediate predecessor"—not so blind as to be incapable of inventing new pitfalls for the succeeding blind. The nonsense of one edition was converted into some kind of sense by the next, but what Spenser wrote was equally different from both. Even the heavy Grosart was unaware that different copies of the same edition in Elizabethan books often present different readings. Few but textual questions are discussed in this introduction, but even they are not unattractive to the unlearned. For example, Mr. de Sélincourt has discovered one tyrannous printer who in the 1595 edition of the "Amoretti" and "Epithalamion" had "a rigid conception of sonnet structure with definite metrical pauses at the end of each line" and requiring a certain punctuation--which he inflicts upon the poet's text almost without mercy. Mr. de Sélincourt is inclined to take the older view of the "Amoretti," that they were written in 1591-4 during his courtship of the lady who became his wife. Though not denying that some may have been written earlier for another or several others, he accepts the integrity of the series as a whole.

OUR HOUSE. By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. 4s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

Mrs. Pennell has drawn upon her own domestic experiences in English housekeeping for the subject of this book, and has give a fresh and delightful picture of her life in a London flat, in an old house, and in a picturesque and historic neighbourhood. "Our House," we believe, is situated in Buckingham Street, Strand, but it is not the house which is the important thing, but the servants who, in the course of a decade, have waited upon the authoress and her husband. Her description of them is altogether charming. There is Trimmer, the ideal old English servant, who struggles through life to keep herself respectable, and wears herself to death in the service of her employer. Old and feeble as she was, she insisted upon waiting up until Mrs. Pennell's guests chose to depart. She adored Whistler, and whenever he appeared would trot off to the tobacconist's in the Strand, without being told, for the little Algerian cigarettes he loved. Henley, too, was another of her favourites, and no matter the hour in the morning when he took his departure, she was there to fetch him his crutch, and his big black hat, and to shut the door after him. She loved Phil May, and she always tried to "mother" Aubrey Beardsley and George Steevens. One of the most charming sketches in the book is that of Clémentine, who had worse than no character, and robbed and befooled her mistress, but was none the less allowed to work for a considerable time in "Our House." Among the charwomen dealt with—for Mrs. Pennell has suffered from the usual servant worry, and has had to fill in the gaps between the arrival and departure of "generals" with temporary help—is Mrs. Burden—a perfect picture of the Irish "char." Mrs. Pennell notes that, like the woman in Bleeding-heart Yard, in "Little Dorrit," Mrs. Burden, when she conversed with Augustine, the French cook, used a sort of pidgeon English. She, too, adored Whistler, and once, when after a long silence he called, he was received by Mrs. Burden, in her very grimiest condition, with the remark, "Shure, Mr. Whistler, sir, an' it's quite a stranger ye are. It's glad I am to see ye back, sir, and looking so well!" The book must be read if its charm and sweetness are to be appreciated.

MODELLING AND SCULPTURE. By Albert Toft. 6s. net. (Seeley.)

The art of modelling a form out of a lump of clay is that which would seem least to need teaching. The instinct to accomplish it is in the child, the merest babe, with its mud-pies and sand-castles. And, in truth, of that act itself there is but little that the accomplished author of this book can tell us. Ready hands, a lively spirit, glowing with desire to create, are the sole things he can counsel. It is in the purely mechanical ways and means of aiding such activity that this book is vastly helpful—not only helpful, but to the untutored amateur a *sine qua non*. But even this mechanical aid, as regards modelling itself, is but a matter of "armature," that is the use of wood and lead piping to form *vertebræ* to which the clay may be made to cling. A fairly easy machination. It is in the processes of reproduction from that clay—the work of copying or casting—that an immensity of skilful detail is demanded, whether that reproduction be in plaster, bronze, or marble. Into these processes Mr. Albert Toft, himself an admirable sculptor, goes minutely, with a conscientious effort to imagine what the wholly ignorant soul must want which is often absent from technical treatises such as this. Here is no telling nearly everything, yet leaving the one clue unsaid. It is pleasant to add that the author speaks so hopefully of British sculpture. It is an art in which our people did rare work centuries ere they could paint: in witness of which compare the tender carving in many a cathedral niche, on many a tomb, with the contemporary fresco-work. The art of painting being an art of illusion—not of solid matter—was slow in being grasped by the practical mind of the Briton.

DIARY OF A REFUGEE. By Frances Fearn. $1.25 net. (Moffat, Yard & Co., New York.)

"Oh! this awful war. When will it end? How many



Mrs. Frances Fearn.

innocent ones must suffer for the ambition of the terrible politicians? If only those who caused the war had to suffer, it would be more just." The Louisiana woman to whom we are indebted for this interesting diary pens these words in the year 1863. The Old Plantation House, her loved home, has just been destroyed by the Federal troops, and she is an exile with her family. Her cup of sorrow is not yet full. Soon she is to lose her two sons, the one at the fall of Port Hudson, the other at the moment of his release from captivity. Mrs. Fearn is publishing her mother's diary with the object of impressing on all who read it the horrors of war and the misery and injustice inseparable from it. The book, however, will appeal to English readers rather on account of the realistic glimpses it affords of plantation life, the writer's comments on the slave question, and her impressions of England and France. Equally attractive is the lighter side of the diary which shows the course of true love embroiling the family in situations amusing and dramatic in turn.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON & CO.

By "A Diplomatist's Wife in Japan" Mrs. Hugh Fraser proved that she possesses the qualities which go to the making of interesting and readable books of personal impressions. The wide reception accorded to her earlier work will no doubt also be given to her latest, **A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands** (2 vols. 24s. net). The author has experienced life in many countries, from the United States to Italy, from Austria to China, she has met many of the most interesting people of the day, and her anecdotal manner of writing is always vivacious and effective. A treat is in store for the reader of these delightful volumes.

MESSRS. METHUEN & CO.

Mr. S. L. Bensusan claims to give the real thing in his **Home Life in Spain** (10s. 6d. net), and we agree with him that he has done so. He has not merely gone to Spain and looked about him, and asked questions. He has lived in Spain as a resident, and can tell you of its kitchens as well as of its churches, of its restaurants as well as of its colleges, of its lotteries and everyday chatterings as well as of its politics and national characteristics. From the way to cook a dinner to the way to address a Spanish gentleman, the volume is full of pertinent information.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & CO.

The anonymous compiler of **A Modern Dictionary** (1s. 4d. net) can be very heartily congratulated on the result of his efforts. The intention has been to make the book primarily suitable for schools, but there can be little doubt that it will appeal to a much wider public. At the price this well-printed book—containing over 750 pages is, so far as we know, absolutely unequalled.

MR. DAVID NUTT.

A work which will be of much value to students of a neglected period and country in the history of the world, as well as of considerable interest to the general reading public, is the **Memoirs of Countess Golovine** (10s. 6d. net), of which Mr. G. M. Fox-Davies has prepared an excellent English rendering of a recent French translation—by K. Waliszewski—of the Russian original. The Countess, who was born in 1766 and died in 1821, was a lady of much culture and possessed of both literary and artistic abilities. As a lady at the Court of Catherine II. of Russia, she enjoyed the confidence of her mistress, who appointed her husband, largely on his wife's account, Marshal of the Household of the Grand Duke Alexander, afterwards Alexander I. Known as the "little dragon" (of virtue), the Countess Golovine enjoyed for many years a large degree of intimacy and friendship with the future Empress, and her recollections of this period, although narrated with an at times aggravating discretion, form the most interesting portion of this valuable book.

YEAR BOOKS.

We have received from Messrs. Hazell, Watson & Viney the new issue of that indispensable year book, **Hazell's Annual** (3s. 6d. net). The publication has been somewhat delayed this year to allow of the inclusion of a history of the 1910 Parliament and a complete guide to the new House of Commons. It has steadily grown in fulness and usefulness since its first issue; it contains special articles on all important questions of the day, and gives an admirably succinct and helpful record of last year's doings in politics, religion, literature, art, music, science, drama, sport,

invention, and the various activities of public life. It is the busy man's topical encyclopædia, and the busiest can have no excuse for not being well informed on current affairs with so handy and reliable a guide at his elbow.

Another valuable annual, that is now in its second year is **The Green Book of London Society** (Whitaker), edited by Douglas Sladen and W. Wigmore. Mr. Sladen, who founded "Who's Who," has supplied another felt want with equal skill in this later reference book, which furnishes full Directories of British Titles, of Ecclesiastical Dignitaries, of the Diplomatic Body in London, of Privy Councillors, of Members of Parliament, and of the Chief Officials of the Lords and Commons. It gives lists also of churches and their preachers, of leading authors, artists, musicians, etc., tables of leading Theatres and Music Halls with (what was badly needed) complete information as to their whereabouts, managers' names, nature of performances, matinée days, and telephone numbers; and deals authoritatively and amply with such subjects as motoring, hunting, golfing, boxing, aeronautics, and the sports, giving lists of persons most prominently associated with them. The book has a strong staff of contributors, each a specialist in his own line, and will be an invaluable addition to the library of the society host and hostess and of every man who is anyway concerned in public life or in the transaction of official business.

New Books of the Month.

FROM FEBRUARY 10 TO MARCH 10.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

BENNETT, W. H., D.D., Litt.D. -The Moabite Stone. With Photograph. 2s. 6d. net ....(T. & T. Clark)

Bible, The Holy an Exact Reprint in Roman Type, Page for Page, of the Authorised Version Published in the Year 1611. With an Introduction by Alfred W. Pollard. 8s. 6d. net ....(Clarendon Press)

BROCKINGTON, A. ALLEN. The Passion of Jesus Christ (as seen by Felix) ....(Samuel Bagster & Sons)

Hebrews and the General Epistles. With Introduction and Notes by the Rev. A. F. Mitchell, M.A. With Map. 2s. net and 3s. net ....(Melrose)

Hymns for the Coronation of His Majesty King George V. With Music. 1s net ....(Skeffington)

JOHNSON, ETHELBERT. The Altar in the Wilderness an Attempt to Interpret Man's Seven Spiritual Ages. 1s. 6d net ....(Rider)

LUNN, SIR HENRY S, B A, B.Ch, M D. (T.C.D)—The Love of Jesus a Manual of Prayer, Meditation, and Preparation for Holy Communion, etc. 1s. 6d. net and 2s. net (Hodder & Stoughton)

SCOTT, E. F., D.D.—The Kingdom and the Messiah. 6s. net (T. & T. Clark)

WACE, HENRY, D.D. Prophecy, Jewish and Christian Considered in a Series of Warburton Lectures at Lincoln's Inn. 3s. 6d. net ....(Murray)

NEW EDITION.

FRAZER, J. G., D.C.L., LL.D., Litt.D.—The Golden Bough a Study in Magic and Religion. Part I., The Magic Art and the Evolution of Kings. In 2 Vols. With Frontispiece. 20s. net ....(Macmillan)

FICTION.

ADAIR, CECIL.—Cantacute Towers. 6s. ....(Stanley Paul)

ARMFIELD, MRS MAXWELL (Constance Smedley).—Mothers and Fathers. 6s. ....(Chatto & Windus)

ARTHUR, FREDERICK.- John Merridew. 6s. (Longmans)

BARCLAY, MRS. HUBERT.—Trevor Lordship. 6s (Macmillan)

BARR, AMELIA E.—A Reconstructed Marriage. 6s. (Unwin)

BASEVI, COL. CHAS. EDWARD. -Victimised. 6s ..(Long)

BATCHELDER, W. J — The Wine-Drinker and Other Stories. With Frontispiece. 6s. ....(Smith, Elder)

BEDFORD, H. LOUISA. His Will and Her Way. 6s. (Stanley Paul)

BENNETT, ARNOLD. -The Card a Story of Adventure in the Five Towns. 6s ....(Methuen)

BENSON, E. F.— Account Rendered. 6s. ......(Heinemann)

BERESFORD, J. D.—The Early History of Jacob Stahl. 6s. (Sidgwick & Jackson)

BLECH, AIMÉE (Lionel Dalsace).—A Debt of Destiny. Translated by Fred. Rothwell. 3s. 6d. (Sonnenschein)

BOULESTIN, X. MARCEL, and FRANCIS TOYE.—The Swing of the Pendulum. 6s. ....(Nash)

BROCKINGTON, A. ALLEN.—The Mark of His Calling. 6s. (Cassell)

BURGIN, G. B —The Vision of Balmaine. 6s. ..(Hutchinson)

CALTHROP, DION CLAYTON.- Perpetua, or The Way to Treat a Woman 6s. ....(Alston Rivers)

CASU, PIETRO. —Notte Sarda. Vecchia Storia di Gallura. Lire 2.50 ....(G. Dessi, Sassari, Sardinia)

CHAMBERS, ROBERT W.—Ailsa Page. With 4 Illustrations 6s. ....(Appleton)

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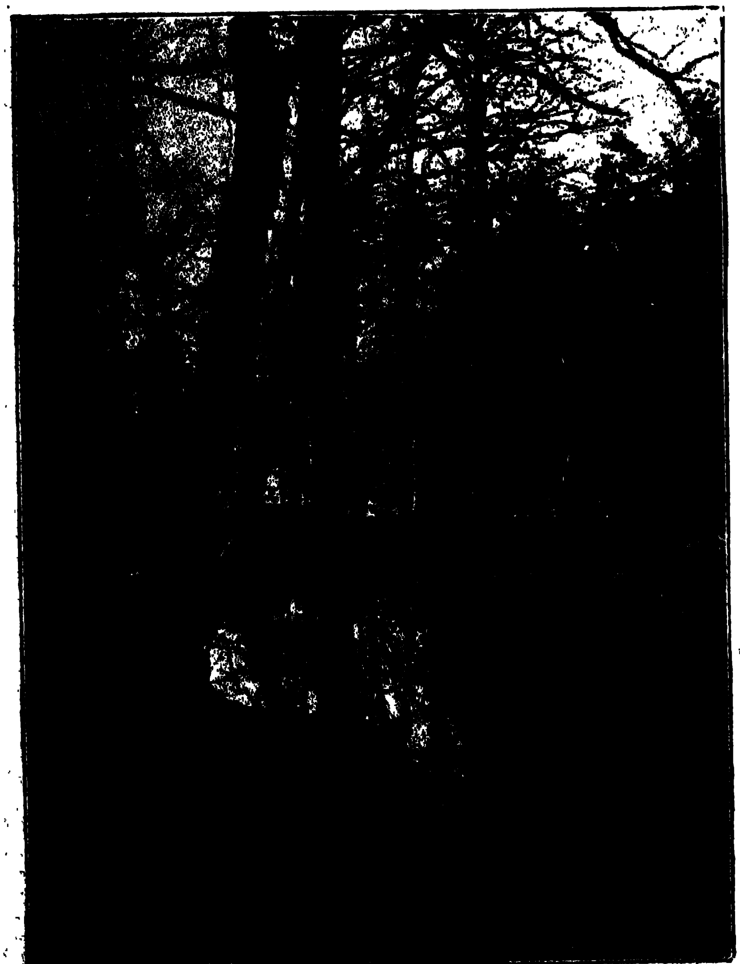
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Mr. Robertson's striking book presents not only a pleasant account of the Lake District, and more especially the haunts of Wordsworth, but also a new theory of the poet's imaginative development. This concerns itself principally with a murder committed near Penrith before the birth of the poet, and he illustrates his theory with a certain passage in the "Prelude." Much space is allotted to Wordsworth's youth and schooldays, and the book may be generally described as a study of Wordsworth in relation to his surroundings rather than of the surroundings in relation to Wordsworth. In fact, it is not a topographical work. Lovers of the poet will find the volume to be of much value. It is illustrated with forty-seven drawings by Mr. Arthur Tucker, R.B.A., and has some useful maps.

MY BALKAN TOUR.

By ROY TREVOR. (Lane.)

"My Balkan Tour" is a brisk and well-written piece of work. Mr. Roy Trevor and his party took their automobile to several places and along numerous roads which had never before seen a motor-car. They were well received by the inhabitants, but the driver of the car had several hair-raising experiences. Nevertheless, Mr. Trevor is an enthusiastic advocate of the beauties of Dalmatia and Bosnia, countries which afford a highly enjoyable holiday, possess—on the whole—good hotels, and are by no means overrun by tourists. He also crossed the frontier into Montenegro, and his account of this curious little country is of especial interest. But perhaps his crowning achievement was a "dash for the Serbian-Turkish frontier" This has never been done on a motor-car before, and, for those who enjoy a spice of danger, it was well worth doing. Personally, we prefer reading about it in Mr. Trevor's pleasant pages. Hints to travellers are supplied in a useful appendix, and the book, which has over a hundred illustrations, is very well worth reading.

RECREATIONS WITH A POCKET LENS.

By W. J. WINTLE, F.Z.S. (Ouseley.)

We believe that several of Mr. Wintle's nature-books have met with a considerable success, and he now follows them up with a volume which is at least as worthy as any of its predecessors. The author takes his pocket lens with him into several localities which at first glance may seem incongruous—a country lane, the pond side, a London backyard, and the tea-table are some of them—but he is always interesting and instructive. His book, which "offers a popular and practical introduction to the study of the smaller details of Nature's work," is addressed primarily to boys and girls, but we have no doubt that adults will find it useful. The author has been laudably careful to avoid technicalities, and his style is simple and easily understood. The volume enjoys the advantage of a large number of good illustrations.

ENGLAND IN THE SOUDAN.

By YACOUB PASHA ARTIN. 10s. net. (Macmillan.)

This book consists of a series of letters written during a two months' trip from Khartoum along the banks of the Blue Nile, and again along the White Nile, which their author made with Professor A. H. Sayce. These letters form a very complete picture of life in the Soudan under the British Government. They have, indeed, been written by a warm admirer of our country and our methods, but nevertheless they seem to prove fairly conclusively

that a very distinct improvement has been made in the condition of the Soudan since its occupation by English troops. As Professor Sayce points out, the author seems to have been in a good position for ascertaining the true facts, for "throughout the district of the Blue Nile the Pasha found wherever we went old pupils from the Egyptian Government Schools who had a grateful recollection of him in his ministerial days, and accordingly expressed their opinions to him with greater freedom than they would have done to an English official." The work is therefore one of considerable importance and interest. It has been excellently translated from its original French by Mr. George Robb, and it is accompanied by a large number of photographs.



From **Illustrated Guide to the West Highland Railway** *(F. W. Wilson).*

LOCH MORAR: THE DARK ISLANDS
(Copyright Frederick W. Wilson & Co.)

ILLUSTRATED GUIDE TO THE WEST HIGHLAND RAILWAY.

6d. (F. W. Wilson, Glasgow.)

Messrs. F. W. Wilson's Guide to the West Highland Railway, a new edition of which is now before us, is a highly efficient publication of its kind. The latest extension of the railway from Fort William to Mallaig was built comparatively recently, and it opened up a large tract of country unexplored by the average tourist which possesses unusual attractions both scenic and sporting. The anonymous writer of the guide has a pleasant taste in historical anecdote, and his facts appear to be reliable. The little book is well illustrated, and it will doubtless prove useful.

THE LIBRARY OF ART:

Constable. By M. STURGE HENDERSON. **Correggio.** By T. STURGE MOORE. **The School of Madrid.** By A. DE BERUETE Y MORET. Re-issues. 5s. net each. (Duckworth.)

We have frequently had occasion to speak in the highest terms of Messrs. Duckworth's useful and important series, the "Library of Art." The republication of these volumes at the low price of five shillings each is something of an event. The books have not been abridged in any way, and we believe that all the illustrations included in the original volumes have been retained. The volumes are of a comfortable size, neither too large nor too small (the exact measurements being 7¼ by 5¼ inches), and the paper and printing, particularly of the illustrations, are excellent. Messrs. Duckworth are highly to be commended for their public-spirited attempt [illegible]

BEAUTIFUL BRITAIN:

Isle of Wight. By G. E. MITTON. **The Trossachs.** By G. E. MITTON. **Wessex.** By CHARLES G. HARPER. 1s. 6d. net each. (Black.)

Messrs. A. & C. Black may be congratulated upon their latest additions to that most attractive series—"Beautiful Britain." Mr. G. E. Mitton once again shows how well he can write the material required for volumes of this kind in two excellent descriptions of the Trossachs and the Isle of Wight. He bestows especial attention upon the history of his subjects, and the sixty odd pages



DEDHAM VALE
(From the mezzotint by David Lucas.)



From **Life Histories of Familiar Plants** *(Cassell)* — BRANCH OF WILD CAMOMILE, PHOTOGRAPHED AT MID DAY

which he contributes to each book are invariably readable and well informed. Mr. Charles G. Harper has of course, made something of a speciality of Wessex. He restricts himself in this little book mainly to topographical notes with special references to the Wessex novels. With a subject which is not any too easy to handle well in a comparatively confined space he acquits himself with the utmost credit. The volumes as a rule may be regarded both in the light of an amplification of the ordinary guide-book to be read before visiting the districts dealt with, and as a souvenir to be treasured after a holiday. They are exceedingly well produced, and each contains twelve delightful illustrations printed in colour.

LIFE HISTORIES OF FAMILIAR PLANTS.

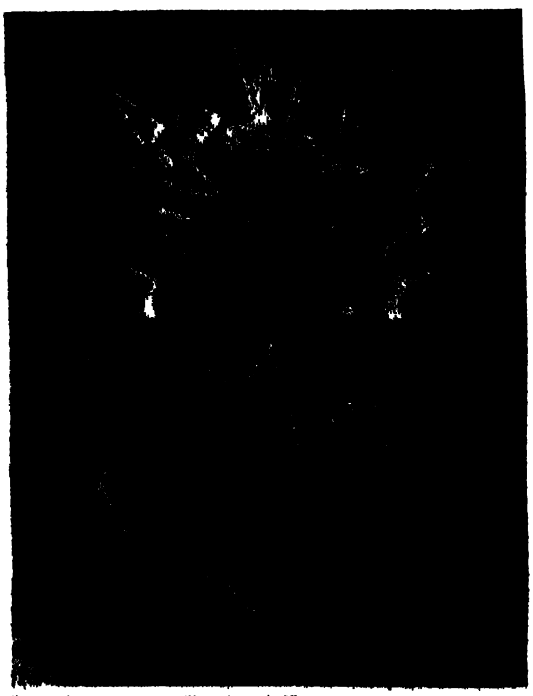
By JOHN J. WARD F E S 3s 6d (Cassell)

This is a popular edition in handy and inexpensive form of a work published originally in 1908. There are included no fewer than 122 beautifully clear and well reproduced photographs, which add very considerably to the value of the book, and it is a marvel to us how it can be produced at so low a price Mr Ward's text is written in a manner which is not too obviously informing and it loses nothing in readability on that account. But at the same time the author never deviates from his design "to assist that large and growing class of non-professional Nature investigators who derive pleasure from seeking the Why and Wherefore of details in plant structure, and the relationship of these details to animal life."

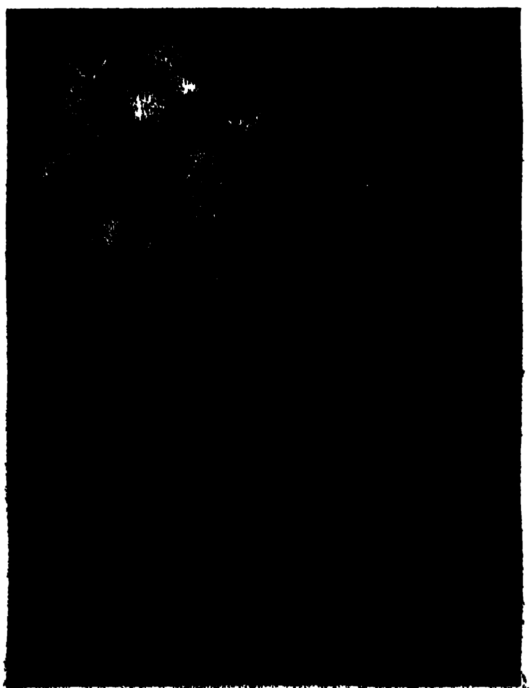
THE OPEN BOOK OF NATURE.

By the REV CHARLES A HALL 3s 6d net (Black)

Mr Hall's excellent volume introduces its readers to practically every branch of nature study He explains his purpose in his preface 'Although necessity has compelled me to touch but the fringe of the various subjects I have alluded to I hope this book will not be regarded as favourable to desultory study Superficial knowledge is one of the evils of the age I stand for thoroughness and I trust that if any reader is induced by my words to take up a particular line of nature investigation he will be patient and persevering therein I should be sorry if any reader were to accept this volume as a compendium of nature While I have doubtless given some information, I have aimed at showing how much there is to know and what a vast field the student has before him" The first chapters are concerned with geology whence the author passes to botany, and so to the general field of nature-study. His descriptions are invariably clear and the various subjects raised are well managed A useful glossary of scientific terms is included at the end of the book which may altogether be taken as an excellent example of the thoroughness for which Mr Hall stands The publishers have been exceedingly generous in the matter of illustrations of which there are well over a hundred (sixteen in colour), and the volume is good value in every way



From **The Open Book of Nature** *(Black)*. — HONEYSUCKLE.

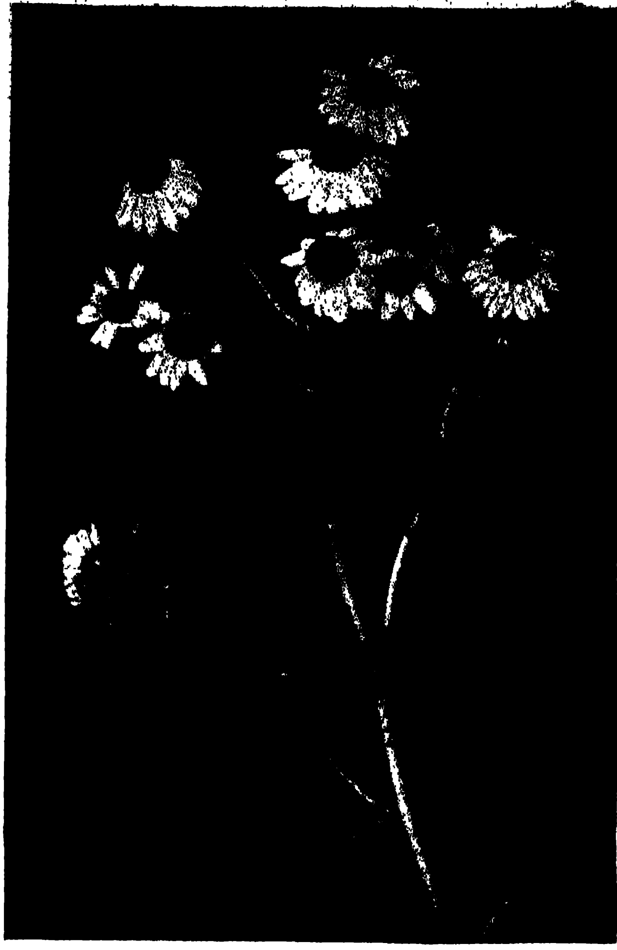


From **The Open Book of Nature** *(Black)*. — [illegible]

POPULAR GARDEN FLOWERS.

By Walter P. Wright. 6s. net. (Grant Richards.)

In his earlier books, "The Perfect Garden" and "The Garden Week by Week," Mr. Walter Wright dealt with systems of gardening, plans of gardens, and the year's routine of garden operations. In his new volume he takes all the most important plants and, devoting a chapter to each of them, tells their history, the origin and pronunciation of their names, and how they have been used in literature and folk-lore. He discusses also their value as modern garden plants, their culture, and advises as to the best varieties of them. This is first and foremost a handbook for the gardening amateur, who will find its concise and clearly expressed information invaluably helpful; the quotations and references to the literary associations of various flowers add greatly to the readableness of the book without of course in the smallest degree lessening its practical value. Mr. Wright knows his subject thoroughly and, which is not the case with most experts, he knows how to write about it interestingly as well as informingly. If you have a garden and like to give some personal attention to it, you will not easily obtain a more useful or more attractive instructor and guide than "Popular Garden Flowers."



From Life Histories of Familiar Plants (*Cassell*).

THE SAME BRANCH, PHOTOGRAPHED AT 6 P.M.

A CENTURY OF SCOTTISH HISTORY.

By Sir Henry Craik, K.C.B., M.A., LL.D. 10s. 6d. net. (Blackwood.)

The first edition of Sir Henry Craik's "Century of Scottish History" was published just ten years ago, and the reissue at present before us does not differ materially from it. "A few very unimportant excisions which have been made, probably to the benefit of the book, have rendered it possible to bring it within the compass of a single volume (of about 650 pages, but nevertheless of manageable size). The portraits (ten) which appear in this edition are a new feature." For the benefit of those of our readers who did not come across the first edition of the book we may say that it is a very able and scholarly summing-up of Scottish history "from the days before the '45 to those within living memory." A further quotation from the author supplies the purpose of this admirable work: "The object of these volumes is to give a chronological narrative of all the principal incidents—political, ecclesiastical, and legislative, as well as literary, social, and commercial—which form the history of Scotland throughout a very momentous century, in the course of which the character of her permanent contribution to the common life of the Empire was chiefly shaped."



From Popular Garden Flowers (Grant Richards).

CLEMATIS MONTANA.

THE MOTHER OF GOETHE: "FRAU AJA."

By Margaret Reeks. (Lane.)

Miss Reeks's excellent study of "Frau Aja" is well worthy of any attention it may receive from English readers. Katharina Elizabeth Textor was born in 1731 at Frankfurt-am-Main. She seems to have had a happy childhood, and at the age of seventeen she became the wife of Johann Kaspar Goethe, a middle-aged man of high integrity, but not, one would think, an ideal husband for so romantic a girl as Elizabeth. A year later she gave birth to her famous son, her Hätschelhans, and thus began that "delightful harmony of love and friendship which ended only with her life. 'I and my Wolfgang,' she says, 'have always held fast to each other; we were young together.'" "Frau Aja" exemplifies the truth that a man owes most to his mother. It was undoubtedly from her that Goethe derived his romantic tendencies, and she was besides an ideal mother, unselfish, tender, loving. We have not space here to follow her interesting career until her death in 1808, and it must suffice to say that Miss



From Modelling (*Chapman & Hall*).

PHOTO SHOWING CLAY BAND ROUND THE BUST.

Reeks's treatment of her subject is particularly happy. In every way this is a pleasant, fragrant book.

MODELLING:

Vol. III. By Ed. Lanteri. 15s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

The third volume of Professor Lanteri's important work is prefaced by a letter addressed to him by M. Rodin, couched in terms of such genuine enthusiasm as are hardly competent to be translated into the English language. Yet it is not too much to say that it is an equal enthusiasm for art in general and for the betterment of the English student in particular which inspires Professor Lanteri's book. The author, who is Professor of Sculpture at the Royal College of Art, South Kensington, supplies a succinct and entirely valuable account of the technicalities of his art. He addresses himself to students and teachers, and the book cannot therefore be criticised as literature, but with the passage of time we have no doubt that its great value will be fully recognised. It contains illustrations and diagrams to the number of 185, a series which forms an indispensable portion of the work.

GREAT SOLDIERS.

By George Henry Hart. 3s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

"Great Soldiers" is a finely inspiriting book. Mr. Hart does not profess to have written an entirely original work, nor even to have made a final choice of the world's greatest soldiers. Fourteen generals are dealt with, and only five of them did not speak English, whether of the indigenous or of the ancient variety said to be so accurately preserved in the United States of America. But no one will deny that, say, Havelock or Lee were great soldiers, even if they cannot justly aspire to be numbered among the greatest. Mr. Hart's heroes range in time from Alexander the Great and Hannibal to Grant and Gordon, and to each one he devotes enough space for a condensed account of his life and principal victories. He has done his work very skilfully and very freshly, and the book is deserving of much praise. "Great Soldiers" is just the book for boys—particularly if they are of a military bent. It is exceedingly well illustrated.

JOTTINGS FROM AN INDIAN JOURNAL.

2s. net. (Jarrold.)

This little book has been entirely compiled from the journals and letters of the late Sir John Field, K.C.B., and it affords an insight into the private life of a good soldier and a saintly man. Sir John, who died in 1899 at the age of seventy-eight, saw a good deal of service in India and he was especially connected with the first Afghan War and the Abyssinian Expedition, his experiences of which the earlier portions of this book give a vivid impression. **The work's main interest, however, springs from the fact that Sir John's Christianity was of an especially practical and virile nature. To those readers—and they are many—who appreciate the simple and unaffected story of a life spent in doing good, the book should especially appeal.**



From Great Soldiers (*Grant Richards*).

AGINCOURT.

HEROINES OF GENOA AND THE RIVIERAS.

By Edgcumbe Staley. 12s. 6d. net. (Laurie.)

In this engaging volume Mr. Edgcumbe Staley tells a number of stories, which he has collated from sources not generally accessible to the English reader, concerning such Genoese ladies as in the past achieved fame or notoriety. "'Heroines,'" he says, "perhaps not of the heroic line of the Maids of Kent, Orleans, and Saragossa, but 'Heroines' of the common life; 'Heroines' of intrigue, 'Heroines' of fashion, and 'Heroines' of pleasure." After a brief general history of Genoa, Mr. Staley plunges into his stories, which are ingeniously dovetailed together, and keeps them up until he reaches the end of the book. The author's principal aim, in which he has unquestionably succeeded, seems to have been the production of a readable book. At the same time we confess that we should have enjoyed an occasional small leaven of seriousness in its almost uniform frivolity. Still, the book—which has, by the way, some very quaint illustrations—will probably appeal to a large class of readers, and thereby Mr. Staley will reap the reward of his very considerable industry.

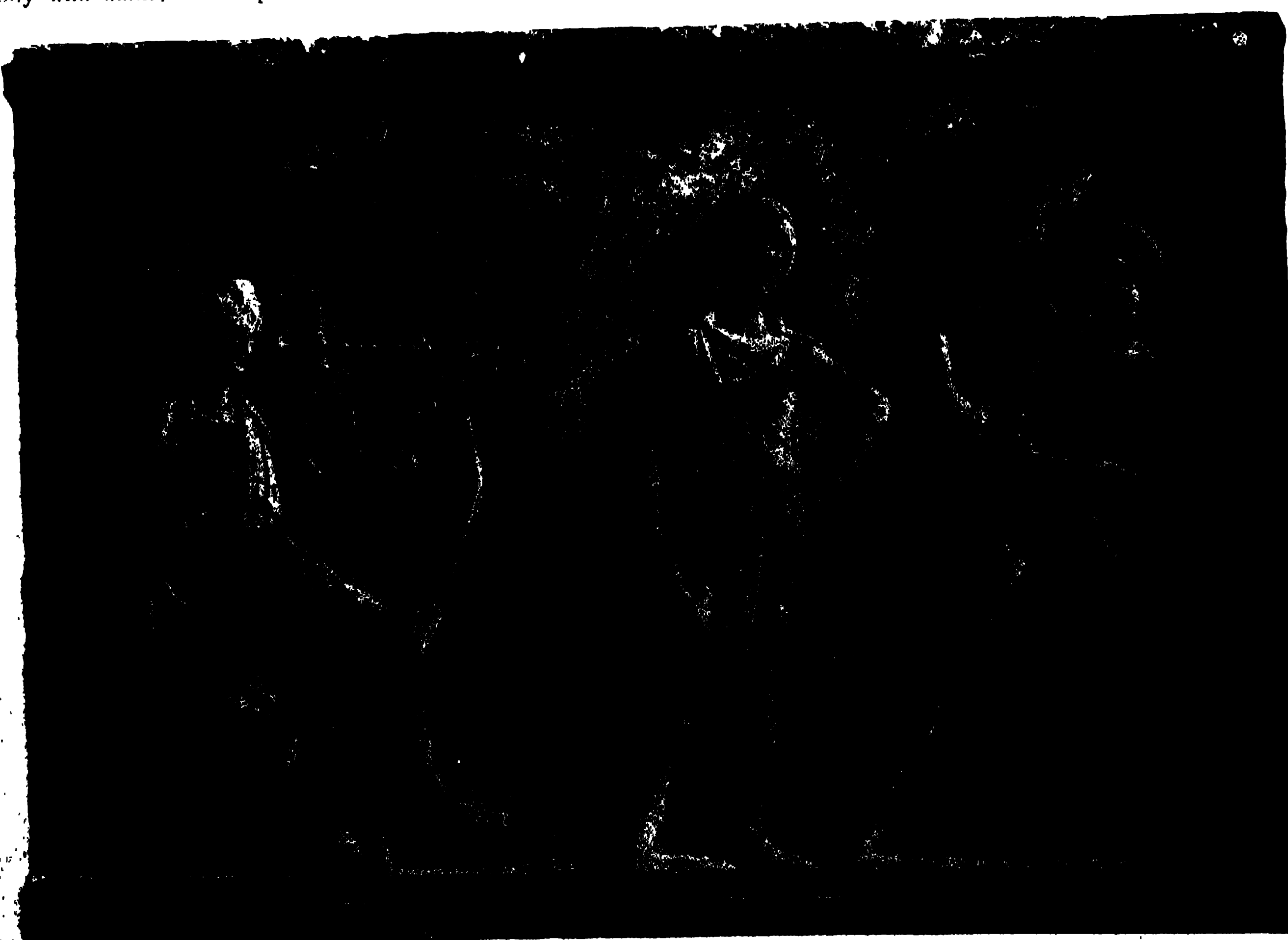
THE MAKERS OF BLACK BASALTES.

By Captain M. H. Grant ("Linesman"). 42s. net. (Blackwood.)

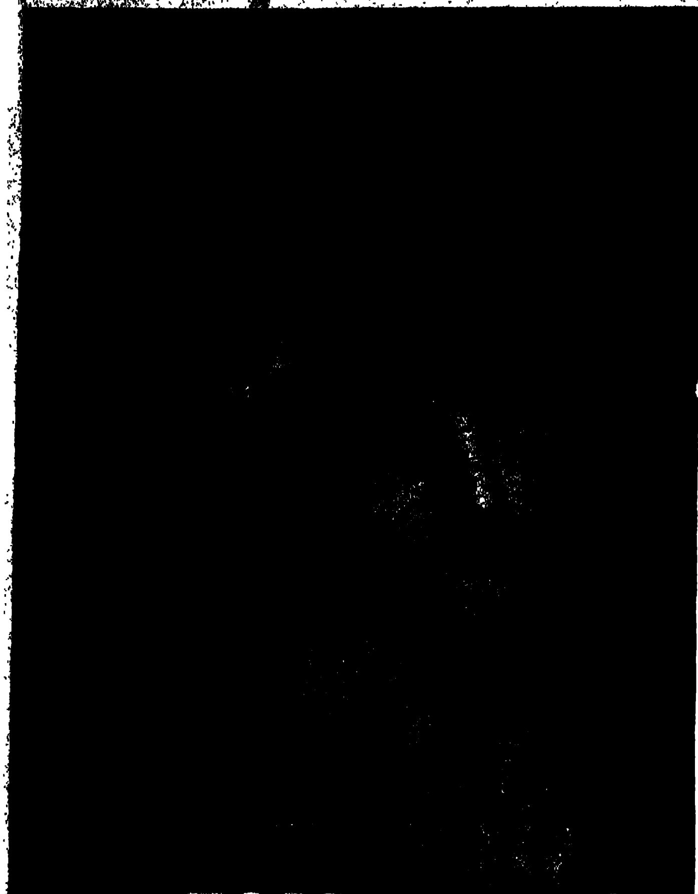
"Linesman's" "main endeavour has been to rescue from the obscurity into which it has relapsed a species of ware which is not only essentially British, but one of the most beautiful and refined in all the realm of ceramics," and this well-written and beautifully produced volume is the outcome of this intention. Black Basaltes may be a neglected ware, but we have no doubt that Captain Grant's pages will set many readers agog for its further discovery and collection. The great name of Josiah Wedgwood predominates over that of any other maker of the ware, but Captain Grant finds a few lines—at least—for everybody who made, or is reputed to have made, articles in



From An Imperial Failure (*Stanley Paul*). MARIE LOUISE, BY CANOVA.



From The Glory that was Greece (*Sidgwick & Jackson*). APOLLO, MARSYAS, AND A MUSE: FROM THE MARTINEIA RELIEFS. (English Photo Co., Athens.)



From **A Woman of the Revolution** (*Stanley Paul*).

THÉROIGNE DE MÉRICOURT. (From the drawing by Raffet.)

black basaltes. The value of the book is greatly increased by ninety-seven plates, illustrating over three hundred examples of the ware. It is unquestionably the last word on its subject.

OFF THE TRACK IN LONDON.

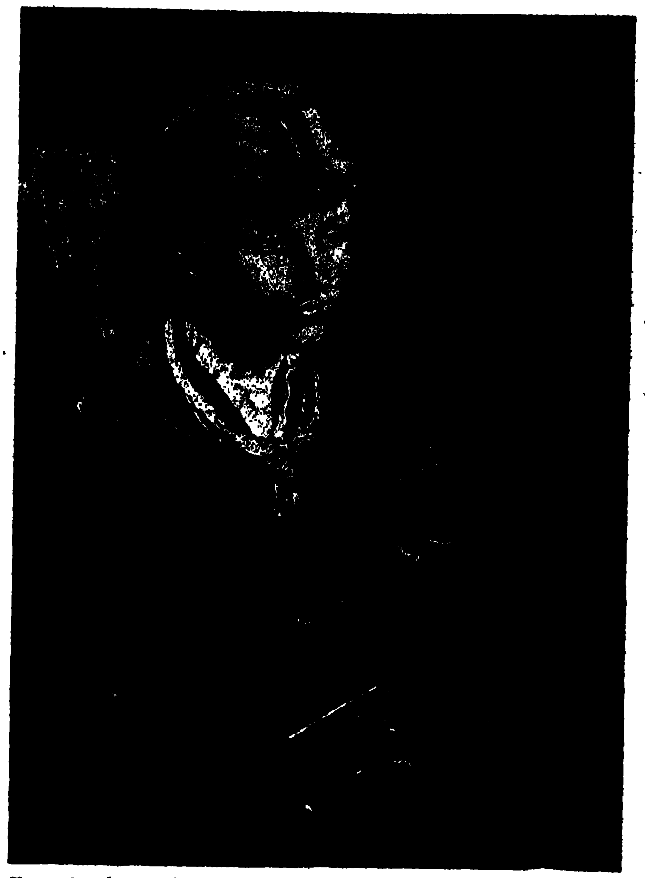
By GEORGE R. SIMS. 1s. net. (Jarrold.)

Mr. Sims knows his London as few people know it, and he is always especially happy when dealing with it. His latest book, though unambitious in form and length, contains more interest than many a lengthy tome. It deals primarily with the life of the poor and of the alien, and it is written throughout with imagination and sympathy. Nevertheless, Mr. Sims does not horrify the gentler kind of reader with crime and squalor, but a kindly and tolerant humour lightens many pages which might otherwise be depressing. The Ghetto, Notting Dale, Camberwell, Rotherhithe, Soho, Hoxton, are some of the districts to which the author introduces the reader who knows and understands so little of our Imperial city. The book has the advantage of half a dozen or so very clever illustrations by (apparently) Mr. T. Heath Robinson, and it is one which deserves as wide a circulation as the reading public can give it.

A HISTORY OF PAINTING:

Vol. I., The Renaissance in Central Italy. By HALDANE MACFALL. 7s. 6d. net. (Jack.)

This, the first volume of a history which is to extend over seven more, is a remarkable achievement upon the part of Mr. Haldane Macfall, and it is safe to say that, if the author can sustain the high standard which he has set himself, he will have achieved one of the most vital and convincing pieces of art criticism of our day. Mr. Macfall is in his way an original. "I give you," says he, "no fantastic pedant's balderdash about '*tactile values*' or '*space composition*'; about your '*vasometer system*' or '*the materially significant*' or your '*ideated sensations*.' Each year brings forth a further crop of these futilities." In fact, he has given us a straightforward and highly valuable account of his period, and his work has made in every way a most promising beginning. The volume is illustrated with twenty-seven plates in colour reproduced from the old masters—and entirely well printed, and it has the further advantage of a very characteristic introduction by Mr. Frank Brangwyn.



From **Ancient Lights and Certain New Reflections** (*Chapman & Hall*).

"AT THE HOUSE OF THE FEROCIOUS CRITIC OF THE CHIEF NEWSPAPER OF ENGLAND." (Mrs. Francis Hueffer, from pastel by Madox Brown in Mrs. Hueffer's possession.)

ANCIENT LIGHTS AND CERTAIN NEW REFLECTIONS.

By FORD MADOX HUEFFER. 12s. 6d. (Chapman & Hall.)

If we were writing for Baedeker instead of THE BOOKMAN Spring Supplement, we should put as many stars as the margin would carry against the mention of Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer's latest book. "Ancient Lights and Certain New Reflections" is, baldly, a series of essays upon literary and artistic life in London, with particular reference to the Pre-Raphaelites (the author's grandfather was Ford Madox Brown). That and nothing much more. But in the short space at our disposal we despair of giving any true idea of the book. Perhaps the best thing to do when you first get it is to look up in the index any well-known name in the literature or art of the last twenty years or so. You are pretty sure to find it. And then, if you turn up your references in the text, you will find that Mr. Hueffer has something fresh to say upon the subject, some fresh anecdote, some new theory—at any rate something individual and striking. "Ancient Lights" is a book which ought to last. We shall deal with it more fully hereafter.

FAMOUS IMPOSTORS.

By BRAM STOKER. With 10 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Mr. Bram Stoker has written a book which is sure of a popular success. He has told the stories of famous pretenders, practitioners of magic, witches, and women

who masqueraded as men; he has recounted divers hoaxes, and reviewed the tales of the Wandering Jew, John Law, the Tichborne Claimant, and the Chevalier d'Eon, while he has devoted a special and exhaustive section to the story of the "Bisley Boy," which "impugns the identity—and more than the identity—of Queen Elizabeth." The result is a production of varied entertainment, sometimes grim and gruesome, occasionally sensational, now and then fantastic. Mr. Stoker informs us at the outset that he has aimed at dealing with his material as with the material for a novel; and he has certainly so handled his facts that they are as interesting as fiction. It is a good book about bad people—much better, perhaps, than a book about such people ought to be.



From The Amazing Duchess (*Stanley Paul*). MISS HANNAH MORE.

THE AMAZING DUCHESS.

By CHARLES E. PEARCE. 24s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

Mr. Charles E. Pearce—previously known as the author of several excellent sensational stories—has composed a couple of portly volumes upon the "romantic history of Elizabeth Chudleigh, Maid of Honour, the Hon. Mrs. Hervey, Duchess of Kingston, and Countess of Bristol." This extraordinary woman, whose character Mr. Pearce tries valiantly to whitewash, amply justifies the epithet he has bestowed upon her in his title. She was indeed "amazing." Even in an age of loose morality, her morals seem to have been rather worse than those of anybody else. But she was undoubtedly courageous. Mr. Pearce finds a resemblance between her and the Empress Catherine of Russia, whom she visited after England had become too hot for her. "There was much in the two women that was alike, with the drawback that the similarity was against a sustained friendship. Both had highly original minds, and were not governed by conventionalities, though they did not despise them. Both had a love of command combined with a tact which made that command ensure obedience. Both could be easily flattered and easily duped, and both had the faculty of keeping their hearts young though their bodies aged." Elizabeth Chudleigh's life story may not be edifying, but it is certainly interesting, especially when it is told so well as it is by Mr. Pearce. We foresee a considerable success for these volumes, which, by the way, do their publisher much credit in the manner of their production.

THE HOUSE OF HOHENZOLLERN.

By E. A. BRAYLEY HODGETTS. 15s. net. (Methuen.)

Mr. E. A. Brayley Hodgetts has special qualifications for the writing of this book. He was born in Berlin, where his father was acquainted with many of the leading men of the day, and later he returned to that city as Reuter's Special Correspondent. He seems never to have lost touch with Germany, and he possesses the full sympathy with the German character which is so necessary for the writing of such a book as "The House of Hohenzollern." His interesting volume gives a complete history of the Prussian Royal House since the date when Frederick I. became King of Prussia. The Hohenzollerns have not been uniformly great men, but the story of their lives makes none the worse reading on that account. Mr. Hodgetts gives the reader a number of most interesting sidelights into German Court life, while his character sketch of the present Kaiser is excellently considered and well worthy of serious notice. We have little doubt that this very effective and striking piece of work will meet with the success it deserves.



From The House of Hohenzollern (*Methuen*). QUEEN LOUISE OF PRUSSIA. (After the portrait by Dahling.)

A TOUR AND A ROMANCE.

By ALICK E. ROBBINS. 6s. (Melrose.)

Miss Robbins has written just one of those pleasant little books of mingled fiction and travel which are so popular nowadays. Her heroine is one of those rather self-centred Americans girls who seem to have such an attraction for men, pretty of course, and also a millionaire's daughter. The travel portion of the book is laid partly in Morocco and—to a greater extent—in Spain, in some cases in districts decidedly off the beaten track. Miss Robbins contrives to make it pleasant and interesting

without being oppressive; and her "romance" is quite as effective as her "tour." It presents, we must confess, no startlingly original incidents or complications, but it throws an interesting light on the heroine's character to know that she makes it a condition of her marriage that her husband shall take a town house and stand for Parliament. The prospect of an idyllic life in Devonshire appals her. Miss Robbins's enjoyable and humorous (though in this respect it is sometimes a little spiteful) book is well produced, and contains fifty illustrations from photographs.

THE NEW INFERNO.

By Stephen Phillips. With Designs by Vernon Hill. 21s. net. (Lane.)

Mr. Stephen Phillips's fine poem, "The New Inferno," which was reviewed in The Bookman for December, 1910, has not been long in arriving at the dignity of an *édition de luxe*. It is now produced in the most luxurious style; it is printed on beautiful paper, with some of the broadest margins we remember ever to have seen, while the principal feature of the new edition consists in Mr. Vernon Hill's sixteen striking designs. The artist has been very successful in reproducing the atmosphere of the poem, and his work is in a high degree impressive and imaginative. He seems to us to err sometimes in his striving after the grotesque; his simpler drawings are invariably the most effective. On the whole, however, his work reaches a high level and forms a worthy addition to the poem it illustrates. We may add that the edition is limited to 320 copies, 275 of which are for sale in England and America.



From The New Inferno. (*Lane*).

The Flames of Hate.

CHILDREN OF THE CLOVEN HOOF.

By Albert Dorrington. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

This clever novel contains all the elements of a big success. It is distinguished by that rare possession, an ingenious plot skilfully developed; its characters are not puppets obeying obvious strings, but flesh and blood men and women, sufficiently human, sufficiently weak, to compel and sustain the reader's interest. The action of the novel takes place wholly in Australia, and its pages are liberally besprinkled with racy cameos of bush life, the squatters and their dependents. Vitiated by a spell at Oxford, Eustace Fitzallan, the son of a Queensland cattle-king, returns to his father's homestead in the company of a young Hebrew moneylender. Shortly afterwards, while passing through Echo Gully—a significant name in view of the sequel—Eustace catches sight of the Jew moving in the scrub, and turning away to avoid meeting him, he accidentally discharges his rifle. When the fateful echoes die away he discovers the moneylender dead, a bullet wound in the head. Not all the wealth and power, the tears and scheming of his aged father, Simon, can save Eustace, who is convicted of the murder and sentenced to death. At the eleventh hour Hetty Bellinger, the daughter of Simon's inveterate foe, arrives post-haste with evidence sufficient to save his son's life. Enough has been said to indicate the strength of this powerful plot. A spirited, absorbing story, containing characters like David Bellinger, the lawless cattle-lifter with the big, kindly nature, his two sons, Martin the sullen and silent, and the light-hearted Clarry, together with the fascinating daughter, Hetty, it can safely be recommended as a sure tonic for the not uncommon friend who protests he is "fed up" with modern novels.

THE MOUNTAIN OF GOD.

By E. S. Stevens. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

No doubt many of our readers will remember "The Veil," Miss Stevens's very brilliant first novel which appeared about a year ago. She now follows it with "The Mountain of God," a fine book which proves conclusively that "The Veil" was no mere flash in the pan, but the first work of an author of unusual power and attainments. The scene of the new book is laid chiefly in Haifa, the little town which nestles at the foot of Mount Carmel, the Mountain of God. Here lives Abdul Baha, the leader of the Bahais, an offshoot of Islam which has already found many converts in the Near East and in America. The principal article of his creed is a universal toleration—

in the author's own words, "a religious progressivism, in which the most humanitarian and practical ideas of the West are wedded to devotional mysticism of a very high order." The book treats life among the Bahai colony on Carmel in a manner which those who are fortunate enough to read it will not be likely soon to forget. As a contrast the author introduces a cleverly managed but—we must confess—rather sordid love intrigue between her heroine and the local leader of the Young Turkish party. It might not be difficult to find fault with this aspect of the book, but the reader will be difficult to please who cannot appreciate the calm and happy atmosphere of Miss Stevens's treatment of Bahaism. In a word, "The Mountain of God" is a worthy successor to "The Veil."



From The New Inferno (*Lane*). THE WINGED THOUGHT.

A GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE.

By P. G. Wodehouse. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

Mr. Wodehouse is a genuine humorist. He tries to keep his sense of the ludicrous on a leash, but he cannot always hold it within bounds. Not once but many times in the story under notice it gets too powerful for him, and away it darts after some chance object, leaving the main thread of his story stranded, broken and helpless. Even the dedication proves too subtle for him. He starts it quite correctly: "To Herbert Westbrook, without whose never-failing advice, help, and encouragement," then he seems to realise he has seen something like that before, and adds "this book would have been finished in half the time." The story runs a similar groove of happy, healthy paradox. Thus Jimmy Pitt, a newspaper reporter who has come into a fortune, goes to a Raffles type of play where a burglar is the hero, and, bitten with the idea that burglary after all is only an art every man of education and imagination can practise, he bets a dinner to twelve men that he will break into a house before that night is over. He carries out this scheme with the aid of a shockheaded youth named Spike—to find himself in the sanctum of a burly New York police captain, and face to face with the girl of his dreams. The scene shifts rapidly but convincingly to the Savoy Hotel and the Thames Embankment and later to a castle in Shropshire; but the police captain and the pretty daughter and the ineffable Spike never lose their rightful position on the canvas, and the result is a most diverting story about a rich man whom many excellent persons honestly believe is a thief.

DOLORES.

By Ivy Compton-Burnett. 6s. (Blackwood & Sons.)

Heine once remarked grimly that if it were to rain hats from heaven, he would have been born without a head. Dolores Hutton has equally bad luck. Marriages shower on the characters of this story; the father of Dolores is actually married three times, which is a fair record for an Anglican rector. But Dolores ends as she began, a forlorn, unwedded, not unheroic woman. Miss Compton-Burnett never quite succeeds in letting the reader inside the soul of her heroine, and she commits the inartistic error of making the minor figures, the Nonconformists of the parish and the teachers in the girls' college, more interesting than the leading characters in the plot. In fact there is no plot, only a blending of two or three. There is a dramatic Casaubon who turns blind, and several girls who shoot into matrimony for very slender reasons. But the tale is not redeemed from dulness by the vulgar vitality of the Nonconformist group or by the rather superior conversation of the teachers. Miss Compton-Burnett has strung together some admirable episodes and one or two promising sketches of character, notably that of the Claverhouse family. But she requires more practice in the novelist's trade to produce work worthy of the undoubted ability which "Dolores" reveals.

THORPE'S WAY.

By Morley Roberts. 6s. (Nash.)

Molly Fletcher-Mytton is the daughter of one of those respectable families which have their abode in Bayswater;



From The A.B.C. of Japanese Art (*Stanley Paul*).

[illegible]. She is also charming and incidentally intelligent. So when Thorpe, who is a novelist of the kind which scoffs at conventions, proposes to her the first time he meets her, there is naturally about as much opposition as there could be from Molly's mother and father. But Thorpe is a difficult man to get the better of, and by the end of the book has come the success which was predestined from the beginning. Of the methods of Mrs. Fletcher-Mytton and of "Thorpe's Way" it were as well to give no hint, but it is enough to say that the combination of the two makes as delightfully amusing a book as we have come across for some time. Perhaps we should have enjoyed "Thorpe's Way" even a little more if Mr. Roberts had been less inclined to sink his comedy in what appears to be a serious account of his hero's views upon life in general and morality in particular, but we are at any rate very grateful for the enjoyment which he has undoubtedly given us.

her father is on the Stock Exchange, and her mother is amply possessed of the haughtiness which so often occurs in the women-folk of those who are not quite sure of their social position. That the family name was plain and simple Mutton not so very long ago only tends, of course, to increase its respectability. But Molly is a throw-back to her unregenerate great-grandmother, Grannyducky, who makes several very effective appearances in Mr. Morley Roberts's

SIREN LAND.

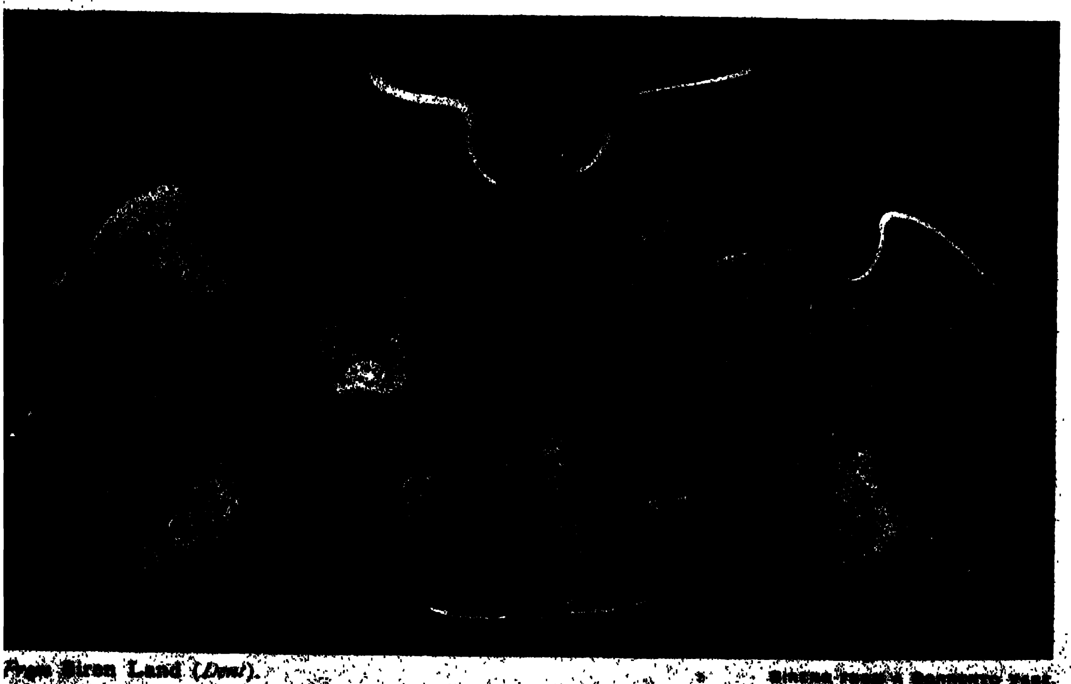
By Norman Douglas. 6s. net. (Dent.)

Capri and the promontory which divides the Gulf of Naples from that of Salerno, and on which Sorrento stands and other places of lesser fame, constitute the "Siren Land" of Mr. Norman Douglas. His book is about that country and its inhabitants and its traditions. But it is not a guide-book, or anything like one, for the author writes with an equally charming facility about, let us say, Sirens, the Emperor Tiberius, Greek Art, the Philosophy of the Blue Grotto, and the Life of Sister Serafina. He also touches upon, and illuminates, many other subjects. In fact, he is a writer, inspired by his surroundings, who is so gifted that he can wander where he may without ever losing his reader's attention. "Siren Land" is an unusual book, as charming as it is rare, the product of a cultured and penetrative mind.

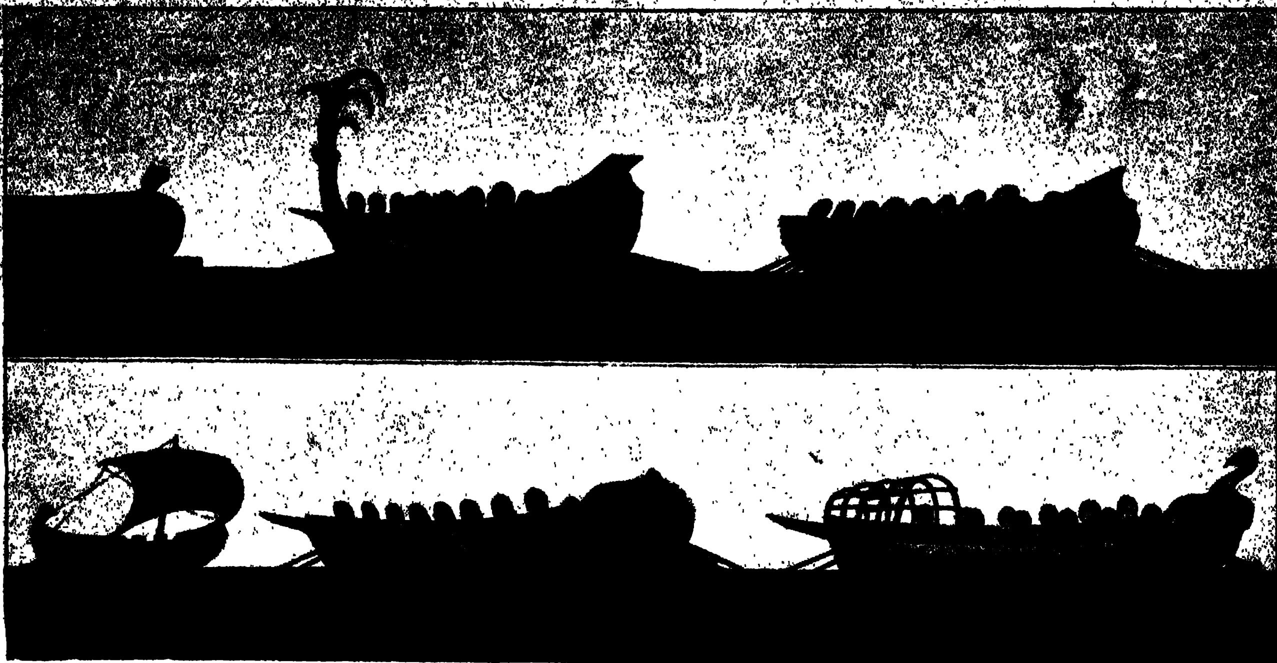
THE TEMPLETON TRADITION.

By Adam Gowans Whyte. 6s. (Blackwood.)

To give a brief synopsis of this novel would be doing injustice to its merits, for its originality lies in its details rather than in its general plot. The tradition which Richard Templeton inherited consisted of all the qualities of character that had gone to the making of a great and world-famous engineering firm. But these qualities had at least one defect, and the determination that had made the business was likely in the shape of an obstinate conservativism to ruin it. Mr. Whyte's story presents his hero in the throes of a disastrous strike, which is carefully timed by his enemies to coincide with his marriage. The story records Templeton's twofold trouble, his battle with new industrial condi-



From Siren Land (*Dent*). [illegible]



From Famous Sea Fights from Salamis to Tsu-shima (*Methuen*).

ROMAN WARSHIPS. (After the paintings found at Pompeii.)

tions and the imminent failure of his married life owing to a lack of sympathy and tact. But it is the best side of the tradition that finally conquers, and Templeton's reward includes love as well as success. The character-drawing and dialogue are excellent, and the story holds one with the grip that comes of understanding and truth. The humorous and the sordid side of Scots industrial life are described with insight and fidelity and considerable literary tact.

FAMOUS SEA FIGHTS FROM SALAMIS TO TSU-SHIMA.

By JOHN RICHARD HALE. 6s. net. (Methuen.)

Mr. Hale's volume forms a highly skilful and instructive account of the gradual development of naval warfare from the earliest days until the present. He has divided his book into three main divisions: the "period of oak and close fighting," under which he describes five battles, from Salamis in 480 B.C. to Lepanto in 1571; the "period of sail and gun," with four battles, ranging from the Armada, 1588, to Trafalgar, 1805; and the "period of steam, armour, and rifled artillery," with five battles, from Hampton Roads, 1862, to Tsu-shima, 1905. Mr. Hale makes no pretensions to originality, but he has condensed numerous accounts to excellent effect, and his descriptions of naval tactics are put in such a way that they may easily be understood. The book makes very good reading and is a complete proof of its author's ability. It has thirteen illustrations and enough plans to make the various battles readily comprehensible.

THE SILENCES OF THE MOON.

By HENRY LAW WEBB. 4s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

Undoubtedly Mr. Henry Law Webb can write. He is the master of an extraordinarily beautiful and flexible style, he has read widely, and he has a true sense of literature. With such qualifications as these, it will be seen that in him we have an important recruit to the ranks of literary artists. "The Silences of the Moon," which derives its title from a passage in the second book of the Æneid—*amica silentia lunæ*—is written principally in a minor key, and a delicate melancholy inspires even the bravest of its author's periods. It is a plea for naturalism and the quiet philosophy which finds its God, not in the dogmas of theologians or the theories of scientists, but in the beauty of sunset, the symmetry of a tree, or the character of a flower. Possibly it will attract readers less for its



From Nineteenth-Century English Ceramic Art (*Stanley Paul*).



From The Voyage of the "Why-Not?" (*Hodder & Stoughton*).

THE "POURQUOI-PAS?" IN SPRING QUARTERS.

subject-matter than for its beauty of expression, but there can be no question that with this little book Mr. Webb has secured for himself a niche apart from the ranks of other toilers less fortunately gifted than he.

TALES OF MEN AND GHOSTS.

By EDITH WHARTON. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Miss Wharton's ten stories have more to do with men than with spirits; which is not unfortunate, for her ghosts are not very terrible creatures. One of them is a pair of eyes, which appear over the bed to a young American. "There they hang in the darkness, their swollen lids dropped across the little watery bulbs rolling loose in the orbits, and the puff of flesh making a muddy shadow underneath." Another is the wraith of a man whom an American business man has ruined in business; but this ghost has all its wits as well as all its limbs (if the expression is permissible) about it, and crosses the Atlantic in order to carry off the unscrupulous rival into limbo. The remaining tales are keen little studies of temperament, from the murderer who cannot get any one to believe his confession, to Lizzie West, who discovers after marriage that her husband has cheated her, and who refuses to let him learn her discovery. "The Legend" is a pretty satire upon literary cults; "Full Circle" also shows up the foibles of modern authors; and "The Debt," which is perhaps the most searching and ingenious of all, handles a nice problem of scientific ethics. It is in these studies of human nature that Miss Wharton excels. Her volume is three parts brilliant and always readable. Most of her characters have a comfortable way of inheriting fortunes at convenient moments in their careers, but this mannerism will not repel the large class of readers who like to see their heroes and heroines well provided for in things of this world.

THE STORY OF CECILIA.

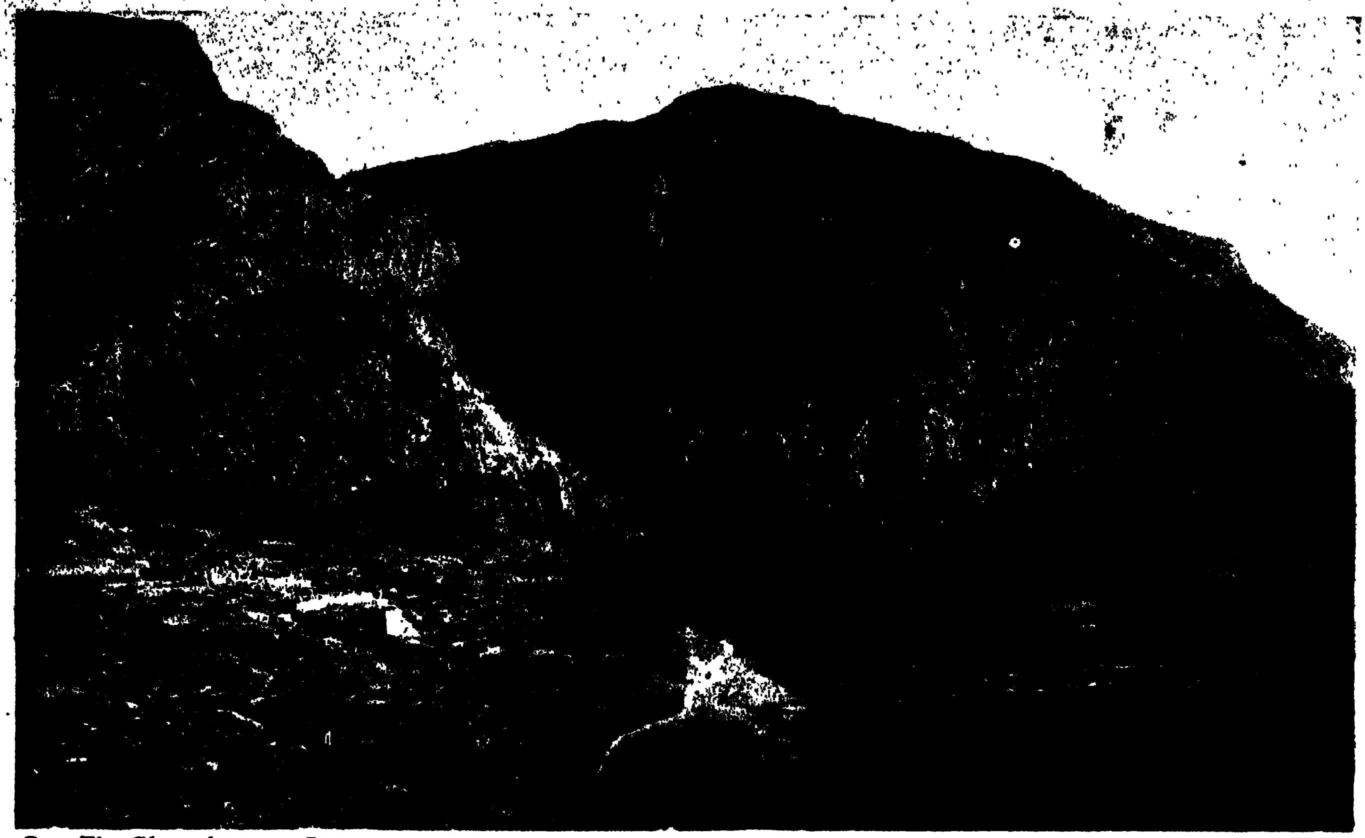
By KATHARINE TYNAN. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

If you want a story that is fresh, entertaining, and natural, and in which you can meet some very delightful people, you should read "The Story of Cecilia." The history of Cecilia's mother is strangely interwoven with the daughter's story, and is responsible for most of the dramatic scenes in the book. The mother, when a girl, has her mind unhinged through the news of her lover's death out abroad, and she falls in love with a rising young doctor under the weird impression that he is her lover come back to her. The doctor knows she is under this delusion, but loves her, and hopes to make her happy, and that she will grow to love him for himself before her memory returns. They are married. Immediately afterwards he hears that the reported death of the lover was false. After this he lives



From Illustrated Guide to the West Highland Railway (*F. W. Wilson*).

LOCH RANNOCH.
(Copyright, Frederick W. Wilson & Co.)



From **The Glory that was Greece** (*Sidgwick & Jackson*). PANORAMIC VIEW OF DELPHI. (English Photo Co., Athens.)

in constant fear that his wife will hear the news also and realise everything and turn from him. Meanwhile, their only daughter is growing up, and presently she learns the truth, and understands the cloud that is for ever hanging over her father's life. She meets her mother's old lover, and he re-enters the story once more. At length he is introduced to her mother, while the fear-tortured father stands by. This is one of the cleverest scenes in the book. We are led to the point of tragedy, and then suddenly—in an utterly simple and natural way—the atmosphere is cleared. We follow Cecilia from first to last with deep interest and genuine admiration.

BRAZIL.

By Pierre Denis. 10s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)

The latest addition to Mr. Fisher Unwin's "South American Series" is by no means the least valuable of the books which have already been issued on similar subjects. Brazil, in fact, very badly needed doing, for, to quote the publisher's advertisement, "it is almost incredible . . . that at the present moment there is no English book giving an intelligent account of modern Brazil." Now M. Denis can at least claim to be intelligent. He is indeed something more than that, for he has written a book that is unusually interesting and valuable. It will be the last word upon its subject for some little time to come. "Brazil" has been admirably translated by Mr. Bernard Miall, who supplies also an historical chapter, while Mr. Bernard A. Vindin has a supplement upon the mineral resources, trade, and commerce of the country. Like the other volumes of its series it is admirably illustrated.

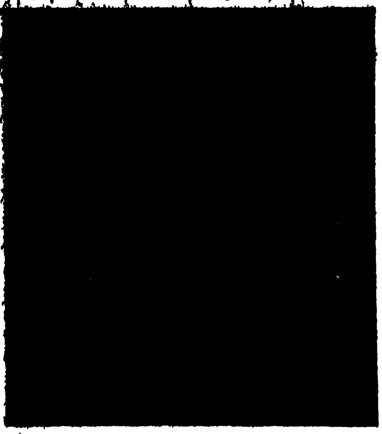
THE LEAD OF HONOUR.

By Norval Richardson. 6s. (Pitman.)

The scene of this story is laid on the eve of the American Civil War, when a young man, Sargent Everett, rises from being a teacher to the position of lawyer and politician in a Southern town. He is badly treated by a pretty young pupil, who jilts him for another man. But Everett's turn comes when he has the chance of defending his rival against a charge of murder. The youth behaves honourably, as the title suggests. But we are not going to give away Mr. Richardson's story. The interest of his book consists in its atmosphere rather than in its character or in its plot.



From **Brazil** (*Unwin*). PALMS, BOTANICAL GARDENS, RIO.



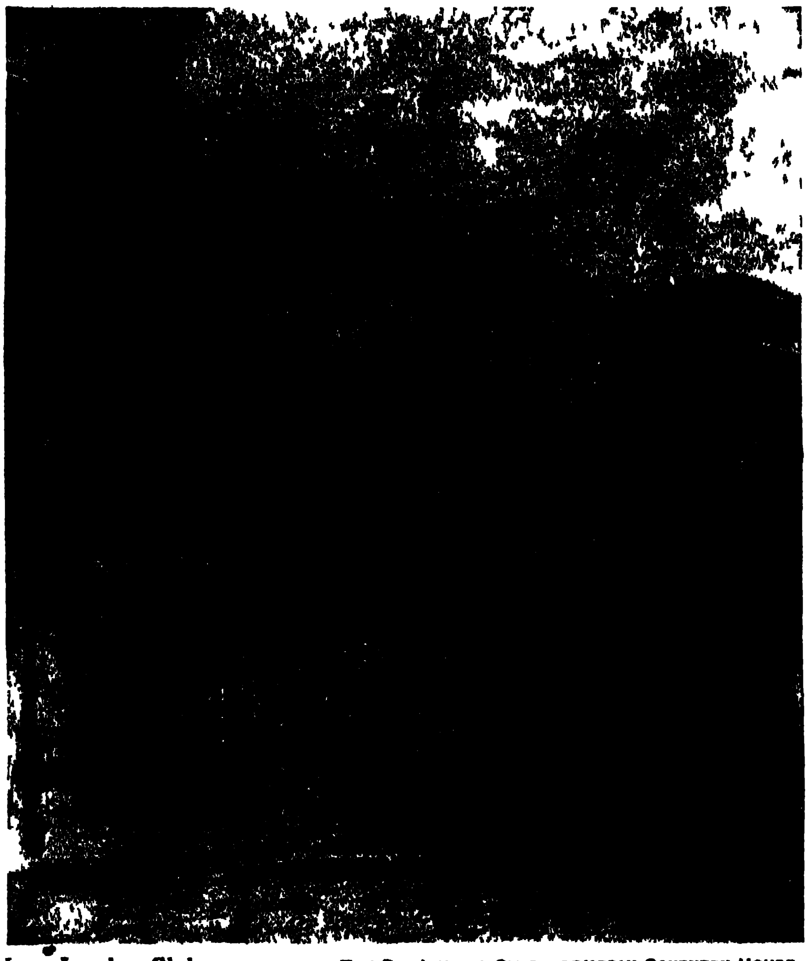
From London Clubs (*Chatto & Windus*) REVERSE OF AD LIBITUM BADGE

Natalia, the heroine, is, to put it plainly, a little fool, and even the hero has a dash of the plaster saint about him. Besides, it is difficult to make an oratorical hero convincing: descriptions of his oratory are inevitably thin. The blood and colour of Mr Richardson's novel are furnished by his minor figures and by the social position of a Southern country-town, which he has succeeded in reproducing with admirable verve

THE LEECH.

By Mrs Harold E Gorst 6s (Mills & Boon)

We wonder if Mrs Gorst will forgive us if we suggest in all meekness and humility to her that she might become a little more cheerful? Her stories are always undeniably thoughtful well balanced, and clever but of late they have unfortunately made us inclined in irreverent moments to parody the pseudo poet Bunthorne and exclaim "Grey grey grey! All the suburbs are coloured grey!" Yet in mean houses people smile. Even Betsy Prig had her convivial moments, and it is widely believed that you cannot always measure the exact amount of grief amongst women of the lower classes by the precise number of tears they expend. "There's worser things 'n death Susannah," cheerfully remarks one of the characters in the opening sentence of "The Leech." There are—but we question if there are many titles in fiction to-day more unhappy when viewed apart from the context than this—"The Leech!" Charlotte Barnes the deserted, hard-faced, unpleasant wife, however amply deserves this description of her qualities before the story of how closely she adhered to her poor timid sister-in-law's home and goods is half-way ended. Mrs. Gorst does not spare us any pangs in her recitals of this woman's littleness greediness, selfishness, or powers of mischief and in her portrayal of how closely this wily human cuckoo remained— as all along she had intended to remain—' a permanent inhabitant of the timid robin's nest." It is all excellently done, of course, but even at the finish, the tragic intensity of which strings us up to breaking-point, we are beset by doubts as to whether it was honestly worth it.



From London Clubs (*Chatto & Windus*) THE ST JAMES'S CLUB FORMERLY COVENTRY HOUSE (From a water colour drawing by W Walcot)

LONDON CLUBS: THEIR HISTORY AND TREASURES.

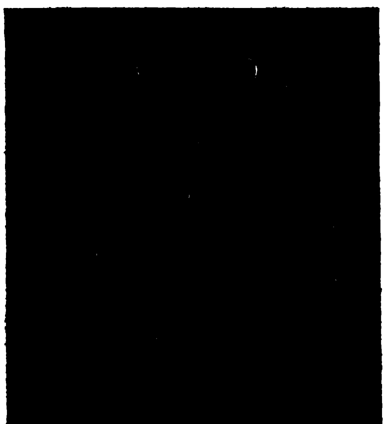
By Ralph Nevill 7s. 6d (Chatto & Windus)

Mr. Ralph Nevill is well known as an industrious searcher in the records of the past, and the books which he has already published have had no lack of breezily told and amusing anecdotes. "London Clubs" is no exception to his rule It contains over three hundred pages of as good and as varied reading as has ever been included between the covers of a book. Mr. Nevill traces the history of the club from its origin in the old coffee-house up to the present day and, in his accounts of the interesting collections which a number of them contain many of which are for the first time made public he has been at considerable pains to ensure accuracy. The author evidently considers that the clubs of the past have a greater interest for present-day readers than their more modern successors and though he fails entirely to convince us of this the amount of good reading which he has contrived to present for our delectation goes far to justify his methods "London Clubs" is as bright and effective a piece of work as anybody can ask for

A LADY OF THE GARTER.

By Frank Hamel 6s (Stanley Paul)

Miss Hamel has already made a considerable reputation as the author of several admirable books dealing with the history and famous personages of the French Monarchy "A Lady of the Garter" is we believe her first novel Here she goes back to fourteenth century England and unfolds the romance of the charming and courageous Lady Katherine Merivale daughter of a North-umberland earl whose castle stood on the Scottish border. Lady Katherine is full of the tales of ancient chivalry and sighs amidst the quiet of her country life and in the company of her boy-lover for the glamour of the Court, the clash of events, the chance of proving her own heroism and winning a hero-knight for her husband The story is of how her bravest dreams are realised. She goes with her father to Court; her innocence and frank simplicity there in-



From London Clubs (*Chatto & Windus*). BADGE OF THE AD LIBITUM CLUB.

volve her in difficulties, two knights fight for the privilege of wearing her colours; and in a breathlessly short space of time she is married, and, by the intriguing of his rival, is parted from her husband, but daringly follows him to the wars in France and meets with as many adventures and as many triumphs there as the heart of the most romantic could desire. The spirit and atmosphere of the period are cleverly caught and reproduced; the dialogue is not quite easy and natural; but the whole story is alive with colour and movement and makes capital reading.



From **In and Out of Parliament** (*Williams & Norgate.*) GLADSTONE, BY PHIL MAY.

THE FALLING STAR.

By E. PHILLIPS-OPPENHEIM. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

A capital story of mystery and magic told in brisk and vigorous narrative. The lure of the ever-fascinating, ever-baffling field of psychical research mesmerises the reader with an intensity that accumulates from chapter to chapter. The devotees of occultism may be divided into two sets, the clamorous crystal-gazers, palmists, fortune-tellers, on the one hand, and the silent, hard-working seekers after truth on the other. Both sets are dealt with by Mr. Oppenheim, who in the development of an ingenious plot contrives to forge a subtle link between the chicanery of the first and the needs of the second. The story opens enticingly. A wealthy cynic and a poverty-stricken man of dreams meet on a hill-top. Bertrand Saton, the dreamer, is a mere boy, a slave of the city, whose whole being is in revolt against the futility and ugliness of his lot. A passing whim prompts the cynic to supply the boy with the money that shall set him down a free man in the world of his dreams. All he stipulates is that Bertrand shall some day or other return and report how the experiment has fared. He adds one piece of advice which recurs to his listener's memory with gathering force at the many subsequent crises of his strange career: "Don't be content with anything less than success. If you fail, strip off your clothes, and swim out to sea on a sunny day, swim out until your strength fails and you must sink. . . . Don't live on. . . . Remember that the men who have failed, and who live on, are creatures of the gutter." Bertrand succeeds, but the price of success is heavy.



From **In and Out of Parliament** (*Williams & Norgate*). CARICATURE OF THE AUTHOR (RT. HON. R. FARQUHARSON) BY E. T. REED.

THE SECRET OF THE DRAGON.

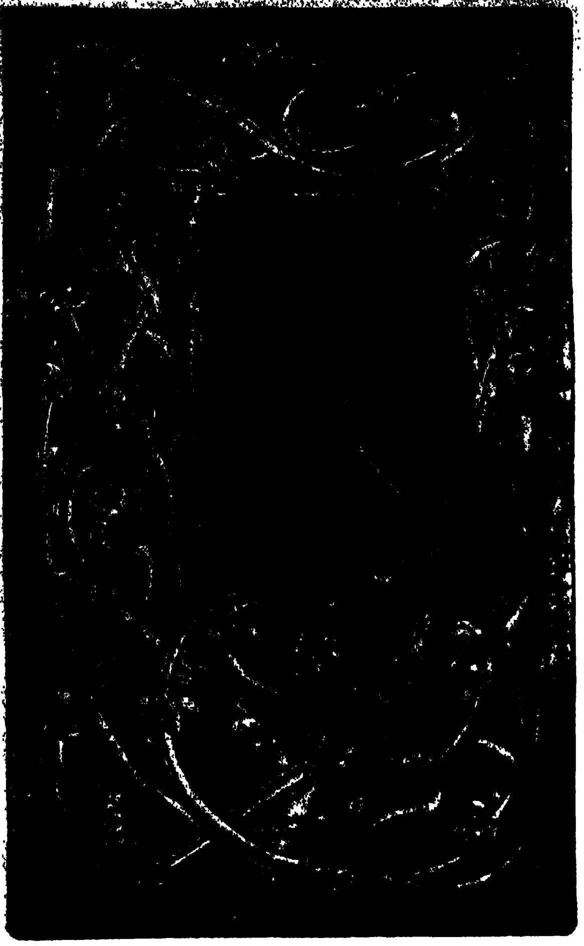
By MARY L. PENDERED. 6s. (Harper & Bros.)

The introduction of the occult prepares the reader of this story for mysteries which he does not meet. The authoress has excited expectations which resolve themselves into crude gold, instead of results attained by the Philosopher's Stone, and the plot could have been managed without a third of the occult lore lavished on its pages. Mr. de Paganel, the owner of the haunted house, is interested in anything but these mysteries, and the ruse by which Sir Christopher Manwood gains admission to the house as a gardener, and manages to checkmate his villainous rival, is worth a dozen pages devoted by the authoress to the task of exciting the reader's horror of the supernatural Dragon which is supposed to guard the secret of the mansion. The love-romance of Sir Christopher and the pretty Melisent is romantically drawn. The authoress has hurried her plot to a rather abrupt ending, but it ends happily; even the middle-aged servant gets her tardy lover, and Mr. de Paganel is paired off with a neighbouring lady. Miss Pendered has got her atmosphere better than her construction. But she has written a pretty piece of romance, and if it is not as eerie as it promises to be, it is decidedly charming.

FLAMSTED QUARRIES.

By MARY E. WALLER. 6s. (Melrose.)

Flibbertigibbet and Freckles, Almeda Champney and Aurora Googe, Octavius Buzzby and Milton Caukins—these



Frontispiece from **Essays of Sir William Temple** (*Blackie*).

are but a few of the fascinating folk to be met with in this tale of a New England village. It is a tale which breathes again the charming freshness of the author's "Wood Carver of 'Lympus." Twice the length of the average novel, its literary excellence is immeasurably greater. Flibbertigibbet, or Aileen Armagh, to give her her real name, is the most mischievous, lovable tease of a child imaginable, and so enjoyable is the account of her escapades at a New York orphan asylum that one grudges her the good fortune which sends her to Flamsted to grow up in Almeda's household. Many tangled threads of hate and love, greed and selfishness, revenge and nobility, are unravelled in the course of the story, which tells of the transformation of Flamsted from a quaint little village into a busy up-to-date town by the opening of the great granite quarries. "Just common, downright, aggravatin', lovable men, darlin'," says Freckles to Aileen in a masterly summing-up of husbands, and the description might well apply to the men and women who live so vividly in these pages.

THE RED LETTER LIBRARY.

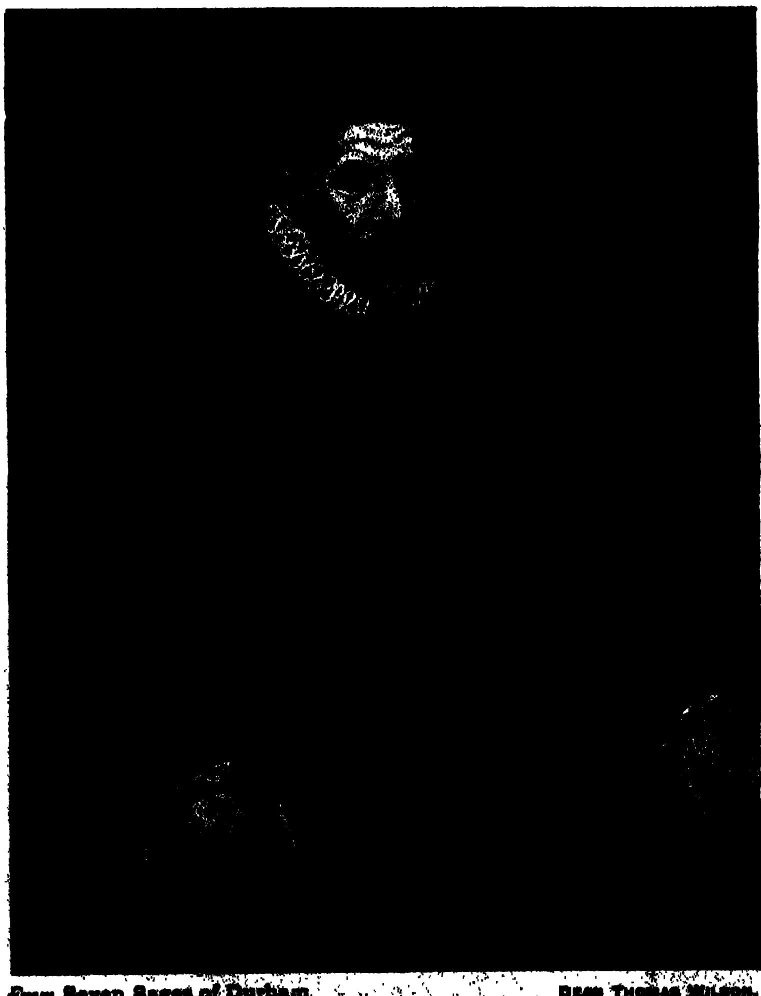
Essays of Sir William Temple, selected, with an Introduction, by J. A. NICKLIN. **Poems by Alexander Pope,** selected, with an Introduction, by R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON. 1s. 6d. net and 2s. 6d. net each. (Blackie.)

The present age is in one respect more fortunate than any other in its literature; ample opportunities have been set before even the least wealthy class of book-buyers to obtain volumes of the classics which would not disgrace the shelves of any library. Messrs. Blackie's Red Letter Library is, we believe, a highly popular series,—and deservedly so, for it embraces many of the best things in English literature, while the volumes are produced in a manner which cannot fail to please. These little books are of a size which will go comfortably into the pocket, and yet are not so small as to look out of place on the library shelf; they are well printed on excellent paper, and are beautifully bound, while each contains a short, but adequate, introduction by a critic of standing. The charming little volumes mentioned above may be taken as typical of the series. We can say no more than that it reflects the utmost credit on Messrs. Blackie.

SEVEN SAGES OF DURHAM.

By G. W. KITCHIN, D.D., F.S.A. 7s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)

The Dean of Durham and Chancellor of Durham University has written a fascinating series of sketches of ecclesiastical worthies all of whom were to a great extent connected with Durham. The "Seven Sages" range from Bishop Richard D'Aungerville, or De Bury, who was Bishop from 1333–45, to Bishop Joseph Butler, the author of the "Analogy," who died in 1752. The other sketches concern Dean Thomas Wilson, Prebendary Peter Smart, Isaac Basire, Dean Denis Granville, and Bishop William Warburton. "No doubt," says the author in his preface, in explanation of the purpose of his book, "my readers will loathe one or other of these seven sleepers of former ages and obsolete ideas. Yet I think they display with emphasis the more important element of breadth that has always characterised the English Church. Harmonise they cannot; yet they form the true picturesqueness of a Church which is not all made up of compromises." The product of a cultured and penetrating mind, the sketches are just such as will appeal to English Churchmen.

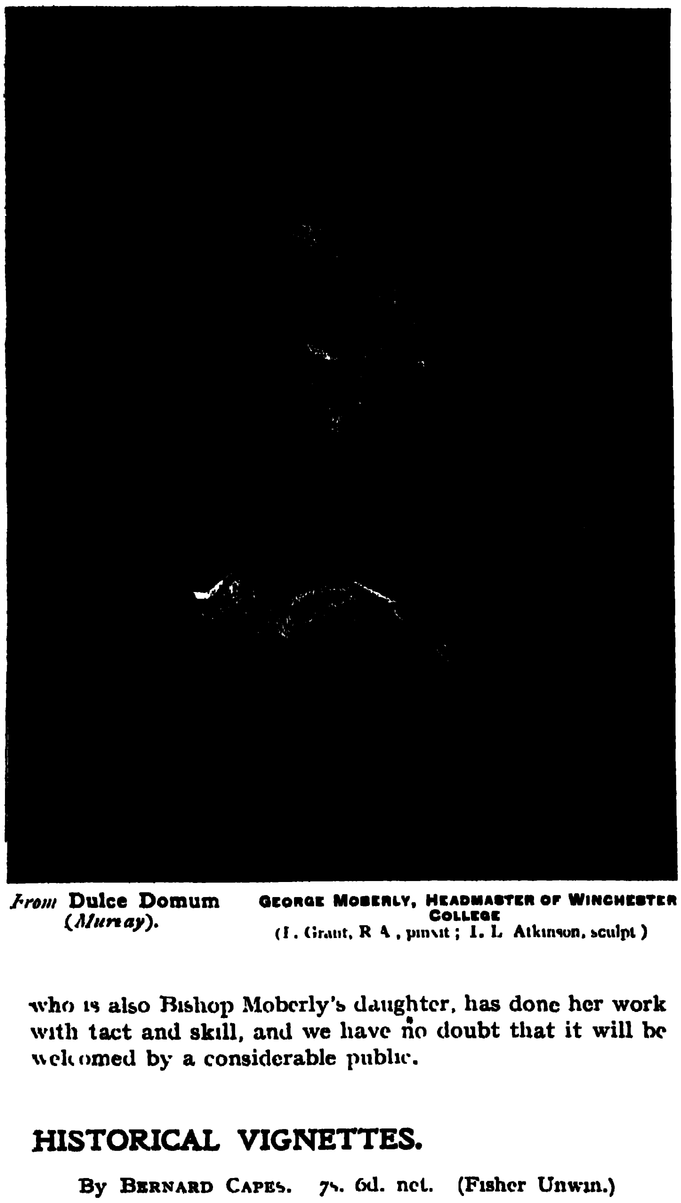


From **Seven Sages of Durham** (*Unwin*). **DEAN THOMAS WILSON.**

DULCE DOMUM.

By C. A. E. MOBERLY. 10s. 6d. net. (Murray.)

"Dulce Domum" is a compilation made principally from letters written to and by Bishop Moberly, and it concerns itself with the Bishop's own life and that of his family and friends, of whom the most famous was John Keble. Born in 1803, George Moberly was educated at Winchester and Balliol, and, after some time at Oxford as Fellow and Tutor of the latter college, he married, and, in the succeeding year, 1835, he became Headmaster of Winchester, a post which he held until 1866. He was consecrated Bishop of Salisbury in 1869, and died in 1885. His was a long and useful life, not perhaps very eventful; but "Dulce Domum" is interesting to present-day readers for the pictures it supplies of bygone manners and customs. The compiler,



From Dulce Domum (*Murray*). GEORGE MOBERLY, HEADMASTER OF WINCHESTER COLLEGE (F. Grant, R.A., pinxit; I. L. Atkinson, sculpt.)

who is also Bishop Moberly's daughter, has done her work with tact and skill, and we have no doubt that it will be welcomed by a considerable public.

HISTORICAL VIGNETTES.

By BERNARD CAPES. 7s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

The main defect of the popular historical writers, if, as many of them seem to claim, they are to be judged as contributors to history and not merely as purveyors of pastime for an idle hour, is not their inaccuracy. They often compile their books with care and pains enough. It is that by making picturesqueness instead of actual importance their standard, they get history out of proportion, which, of course, is more disastrous than the falsification of detail. Of falsification of detail there is no lack in Mr. Bernard Capes's "Historical Vignettes." Many of them, indeed, deal frankly with the supernatural. But, on the one hand, the author never pretends to more than a substratum of history on which to rear his fabrics; and, on the other, while seeking little of what actually happened, he has preserved



Frontispiece from Poems by Alexander Pope (*Blackie*).

a more essential accuracy, or rather truth, by making character his main motive. And of character he is an excellent draughtsman. He has in fact created a new genre (though to a certain extent reminiscent of Brantôme or Tallemant de Réaux) which is best described as he has described it in his title. His work is altogether on a higher plane, artistically, and, for the reason already given, historically, than that of the pedestrian compilers. But then Mr. Capes is a proven artist. With the exception of Mr. Maurice Hewlett there is probably no writer alive in England to-day who could have done these things so well. Many of these vignettes are gems, reminding one, in their perfect compression and finish, even of Maupassant. The macabre little study entitled "Fouquier-Tinville" is, perhaps, the masterpiece. But there are others almost, if not quite, as good. The "George I.," the "Charles IX.," the "Jane Shore," the "Lady Godiva," "The Executioner of Nantes," "The Queen's Nurse" are all exquisitely done. So, in a lighter vein, are "The King's Champion," "The Lord Treasurer," and "The Duke de Guise." From these titles, only a third of the whole number, it will be seen how wide is Mr. Capes's range. His knowledge, indeed, must be both wide and thorough. No superficial student could have treated his material with such sureness and insight and with such apparent contempt. Obviously Mr. Capes did not read up his subjects for the purpose of making this book. So we may conclude that he knows much more than he has here told us. There are as good fish in the troubled and beautiful seas of history as Mr. Capes has yet taken out; and there seems no reason why we should not give us a second series of historical vignettes as fascinating as the first.

THE NAGA TRIBES OF MANIPUR.

By T. C. HODSON. 8s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

Mr. T. C. Hodson's work is a monument of industry and accurate arrangement. The title sufficiently explains the



From The Nāga Tribes of Manipur
(*Macmillan*)

Mao Nagas
(From a photograph by J. Mitchell, Esq., I.W.D.)

author's purpose, which is to give as complete an account as possible of the natives who inhabit the greater part of the State of Manipur, which is situate in south-eastern Assam and upon the borders of Upper Burma. The Nāga tribes are hill people and are still in a comparatively primitive state of civilisation. Mr. Hodson's book is divided into sections and sub-sections which admit of easy reference, while their subjects cover every aspect of the domestic and social life, religion and so forth of the Nāga tribes. It is an exceedingly interesting and valuable contribution to the science of anthropology, but perhaps it is not entirely a book for the general reader, although the author has a pleasantly dry sense of humour, as the following anecdote bears witness:

"On one occasion a Tangkhul belonging to the village of Hundung purchased a shell from a Kabul sweeper attached to the regiment in Manipur and took it to the village blacksmith. This sensible fellow at first refused to have anything to do with it as he feared there was something uncanny about it. There was a lengthy debate which terminated when the owner of the shell offered a proof of his confidence in his property by putting the shell in the fire. As it happened that the shell was a live one the discussion was adjourned until we could take official part in it. Curiously enough of the five people who were sitting round the fire when the shell burst only two were injured and they both recovered from the slight wounds they received. The Tangkhul who bought the shell was fined by the village for his rash and negligent conduct in bringing dangerous substances into the village precincts. For the present this source of supply may be regarded as closed."

SEVENTEEN YEARS AMONG THE SEA DYAKS OF BORNEO.

By Edwin H. Gomes. 16s. net. (Seeley.)

The Sea Dyak is at least the most notorious inhabitant of Borneo. He has a reputation for treachery, headhunting, and general bloodthirstiness—a reputation which as yet he has hardly had time to live down. Mr. Gomes, however, has lived seventeen years among the Dyaks as a missionary, and he may therefore lay claim to special knowledge. He has found that the Dyak is by no means faultless, and that he possesses many attractive virtues. As a matter of fact, there are very few reliable accounts of this curious people in existence. Mr. Gomes has gone far towards remedying this defect. The purpose of his book is to give within manageable compass a complete account of the ordinary everyday life of the Dyak, his customs, religious beliefs, traditions, and folk-lore; and in this purpose the author has been completely successful.



From Seventeen Years among the Sea Dyaks of Borneo (*Seeley*).

A Dyak Girl Dressed in all her Finery to Attend a Feast.

The Rev. John Perham, who was formerly Archdeacon of Singapore, in a brief, but pleasant, introduction vouches for the accuracy of Mr Gomes's detail, the book is plentifully illustrated, well written and in every way it makes exceedingly interesting reading



From An Unknown People in an Unknown Land (*Seeley*)

INDIAN STALKER DISGUISED AS A CLUMP OF FOLIAGE

AN UNKNOWN PEOPLE IN AN UNKNOWN LAND.

By W. BARBROOKE GRUBB 16s. net (Seeley)

Barbrooke Grubb may be in one little known at home' says Mr H T Morrey Jones in his introduction to the book which he has edited so unobtrusively and so well but in South America he is recognised as the greatest living authority on the Indians of the Chaco The Chaco is that plain country—largely unexplored—which forms a large amount of the north west of Argentina and covers practically the whole of the western half of Paraguay It is inhabited only by wandering tribes hostile to the newcomer and especially to the white man living in a state not far removed from utter savagery It was among these people that Mr Grubb volunteered to go as a missionary and it is the story of his adventures that he tells in this most fascinating volume He gives besides a very full account of the manners and customs of the Lengua Indians (with whom he has chiefly associated) which is of the greatest interest It is satisfactory to know that Mr Grubb's methods have been wonderfully successful and we would draw attention to the fact that the author's profits from the sale of this volume will be devoted to the support of the Society's Mission" The book has sixty excellent illustrations and a map.

FROM HAUSALAND TO EGYPT THROUGH THE SUDAN.

By H KARL W KUMM Ph D 16s net (Constable)

In the autumn of 1908 Dr Karl Kumm set out on an expedition through Nigeria his principal object being to establish a Freed Slaves Home at Rumasha Having accomplished this mission he continued his travels and passed through Central Soudan to Khartoum He gives a vivid and picturesque account of his journey and some admirable description of the country through which he passed and the native tribes among which he sojourned He utters some grave warnings of what he foresees will be the result of the spread of Mohammedanism in Africa and considers that the policy of the British Government in the Sudan is largely responsible for the growth of Mohammedan influence among the pagan tribes His statement of the condition of things and the opinions he has formed on it are charged with weighty significance Incidentally he had his share of big game hunting and experienced some very difficult travelling and occasional dangers This is an ably written and valuable work on a perennially interesting country that has been much visited and written about but is still comparatively little known There are nearly a hundred illustrations and some excellent maps and plans

HENRI II.: HIS COURT AND TIMES.

By H NOEL WILLIAMS 15s net. (Methuen)

Saulx Tavannes quoted by Mr Williams summed up Henri II's character with much accuracy when he described that sovereign as *de nature plus corporelle que spirituelle* He was indeed no saint and his marriage with Catherine de Medicis was almost foredoomed to failure At the same time one possessed of the physical courage of Henri and his generally kindly consideration of his people could not be an entirely bad king Henri was not In fact as the kings of France go he was up to—and even a little above—the average while in many respects he compares more than favourably with his father François I Probably he is most celebrated for his liaison with Diane de Poitiers a woman twenty years his senior his cruel persecution of the Huguenots and the unfortunate manner of his death The story of his reign and that of his father well repays study and it has an added interest to English and Scottish readers in that Mary Queen of Scots passed a great part of her early life at Henri's court Mr Noel Williams has compiled a most scholarly and interesting volume from material which is not in itself altogether promising but which at least affords to the author an excellent opportunity for displaying to advantage his powers as biographer and writer of popular history The book is well produced and it contains a most elaborate and careful index



From From Hausaland to Egypt (*Constable*)

SULTAN SINUSSI OF NDELE

ESMOND. THE ENGLISH HUMORISTS and THE FOUR GEORGES.

Vols. X. and XI. of the Centenary Biographical Edition of Thackeray's Works. With Biographical Introductions by his daughter, Lady RITCHIE. 6s. net each. (Smith, Elder.)

"One evening at Thackeray's house," Sir George Russell is quoted as saying, in Lady Russell's 'Swallowfield and its Owners,' "about two years before his death, when I was talking with him and his daughters, I said, 'Tell me, Thackeray, which is your own favourite among your works?' He answered, 'Tell me first which is yours.' I replied, 'The Newcomes.' Miss Thackeray expressed her preference for 'Pendennis,' and her sister, I think, shared this opinion. Thackeray, after a pause, said with emphasis—I give his very words—'Well, I should like to stand or fall by "Esmond."'" The passage is given by Lady Ritchie in her biographical introduction to "Esmond," which is one of the two new volumes that Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. have just added to their Centenary Edition of Thackeray's works. The general opinion now is probably with Thackeray. "Vanity Fair," and perhaps "Pendennis," are more popular, there are scenes and passages in both of them as great as anything in "Esmond," but, on the whole, as a piece of art "Esmond" is the supreme work of Thackeray's genius. In her preface, by means of his letters to his mother and daughter and friends, joined to her personal recollections, Lady Ritchie pictures Thackeray's every-day life during the time when he was engrossed in writing this greatest of his books. It is an intimate picture, in which one has glimpses of him at work in his study, or going about among his friends, or sitting to write these unaffected, wonderfully self-revealing letters, in which, between references to all manner of things of the hour, he tells of the progress of his novel, of how he is now pleased with it, now rather in despair about it, now working upon it strenuously and with difficulty, now finding his difficulties melting away and the story living and running easily. Nothing in the biographical kind could be more interesting, or could give a fuller idea of the man in his habit as he lived. To read the series of prefaces to these volumes is to get to know Thackeray from his childhood onward, as closely as we know almost any man in literary history, more closely than we know most of whom formal biographies have been written; and it is a knowledge it is good to have, for the better you know him, in his simplicity, his homeliness, his industry, his indomitable courage and humour, the higher you place him in your regard and in your admiration. The other new volume contains "The Four Georges," "The English Humorists," and the lecture on "Charity and Humour" that was delivered in New York in 1852. Each of these volumes contains a portrait of Thackeray, one hitherto unpublished, a large number of illustrations by Du Maurier, Fred Barnard, and Frank Dicksee, and some old and several new drawings by Thackeray himself.

A SAGA OF THE "SUNBEAM."

By HORACE G. HUTCHINSON. [illegible] net. (Longmans.)

"This is a Saga of the *Sunbeam*," says Mr. Hutchinson, "but it is not one of those great Sagas of the *Sunbeam* which everybody knows and which were written many years ago, nor does it compare with them—for one thing because the golden days of the Saga are past, for another because the present teller is not worthy, and for a third because the sailing, though a notable navigation, was not world-compassing like the first and best of those other and earlier." The *Sunbeam*, "as everybody knows"—or ought to know—is Lord Brassey's sailing yacht of 550 tons, with auxiliary steam, and it was she who made the trip round the world celebrated in Lady Brassey's "A Voyage in the *Sunbeam*," a book which has long been a classic of its kind. The voyage of which Mr. Hutchinson writes was from Dover, *viâ* Wick and Iceland, to Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, and thence to Quebec and Montreal, returning by the Labrador coast to Waterford, and, again, to Dover. Although performed under conditions which were, upon the whole, favourable, a trans-oceanic voyage is a considerable achievement for a yacht of the size of the *Sunbeam*, and nobody should object to the modest boast of Mr. Hutchinson's title. The story of the adventure, pleasantly told by the author, makes very good reading, and the book is illustrated by a dozen excellent photographs.



From **A Saga of the "Sunbeam"** (*Longmans*).

LORD BRASSEY AT THE HELM

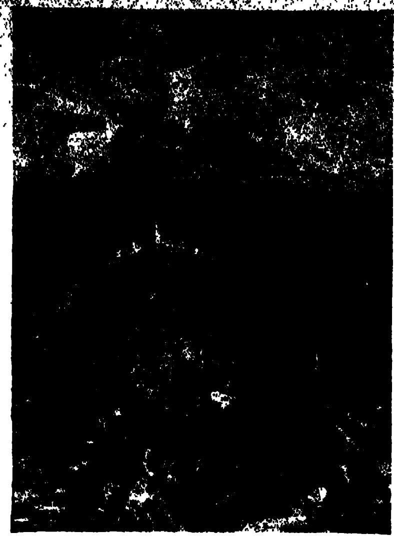
FERDINAND LASSALLE.

By GEORGE BRANDES. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

Whatever may have been the case in less prolific days, publication of a book on any given subject in this age of multitudinous literature does not necessarily imply that that subject is, at the moment, peculiarly prominent. But when two or more books on an identical theme are simultaneously issued either the event is warranted by the state of the public mind or there is a conspiracy afoot among those autocratic people, the publishers, to create interest in the theme in question. Whether the demand for information about the career of Ferdinand Lassalle has created the supply or the supply the demand, the issue, first of a translation of Hélène von Racowitza's memoirs and secondly of Dr. Brandes' monograph, is calculated to revive interest in an extremely interesting personality. A great novelist has given Lassalle pseudonymous immortality, but the man whom Heine called the Messiah of the nineteenth century and to whom Bismarck paid a public tribute of enthusiastic eulogy certainly deserves to be remembered for his own sake. From the moment when at the age of twenty Lassalle broke off his researches in the philosophy of Heraclitus the Obscure to champion the unfortunate Countess von Hatzfeldt until the duel which brought his career to an untimely close, his life—a strenuous game—was played out in public. To a splendid intellect, he added great oratorical ability; to a deep and burning hatred of oppression, an iron will. His personal charm must have been wonderful, and for years his house in Berlin was the rallying-ground of wit and culture. As a Socialist he stands alone. Though confessedly a revolutionary and an advocate of force,



CASTLE COMBE, NORTH WILTSHIRE (WESSEX)



NORTH WALES.



SHANKLIN CHINE ISLE OF WIGHT



OXFORD.



FIRTH OF CLYDE.



CAMBRIDGE.



CANTERBURY.



WINDSOR



STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

REPRODUCTIONS (REDUCED) FROM COLOUR ILLUSTRATIONS IN MESSRS. A. & C. BLACK'S "BEAUTIFUL BRITAIN" SERIES.



From **Mediterranean Moods** (*Grant Richards*). PEASANTS OF BARBAGIA.

he had little sympathy with the subversive Utopianism of his contemporary Marx. Nor, though its forerunner, is his creed to be identified with modern State socialism. For Lassalle was never an internationalist. He dreamed of a united Germany, and so found himself in sympathy with the Iron Chancellor. Dr. Brandes has made excellent use of the opportunity which such a character offered him. His study was written thirty years ago, but its reissue needs no apology, for it has not been superseded, nor is there any reason why it should be. Not only does it contain an adequate account of the agitator's life, but also a very useful analysis—both sympathetic and critical—of his writings and his spoken word.

EIRE:

and Other Poems. By Robin Flower. 1s. net. (Locke Ellis.)

To become articulate was always the poet's cry. In past times poets might have been divided into two classes: those who sang, and those who heard with the discerning ear and judged with intelligent approbation the musics that they heard. It must be confessed (however sadly confessed) that the true inner music of poetry and the secret rapture of the poet seldom reached the larger public attention. A right understanding of this implies the understanding of much else. The distinction was between the poet who was the Discoverer, and the poet who was the Rejoicer. The problem of the present day is that both Discoverer and Rejoicer have become articulate, and in this way the distinction between them has become confused. It is no necessary disparagement to Mr. Robin Flower to say that he belongs to the latter class. He has discovered us no new latent poetry in the universe, nor is his a pioneer soul in the fields of song; but he has sung us exquisitely well the poetry that comes natively to the soul that has rescued itself from the deadening influence of circumstance. Nor is this a light thing to say. He is the rejoicer become articulate. His articulation is too apt sometimes to become sing-song, and this is particularly to be noticed in his songs of Eire. Their lilt wears to a monotony; and in them, as in his lyrics, despite their charm, it is too easy to read on without knowing what one is reading. He is at his best in the earlier passages of "The Bacchante," as for example:

> "For look! I drink, and time is nought to me,
> I reel with joy as yond sky reels with day,
> Swayed by no less a god, no god of thine,
> But mine, my god, and I his thing, his slave,
> Stricken to rapture, as one strikes a lyre
> And wakes the madness sleeping in its strings.
> Lo! shall such strings respond to touch of man,
> That once have thrilled to mightier harmonies
> Swept by the fingers of a passionate god?"

This, with the Sonnets, gives us the best of him.



From **Oriental Cairo** (*Hurst & Blackett*). THE SÛK-EN-NAHASSIN.

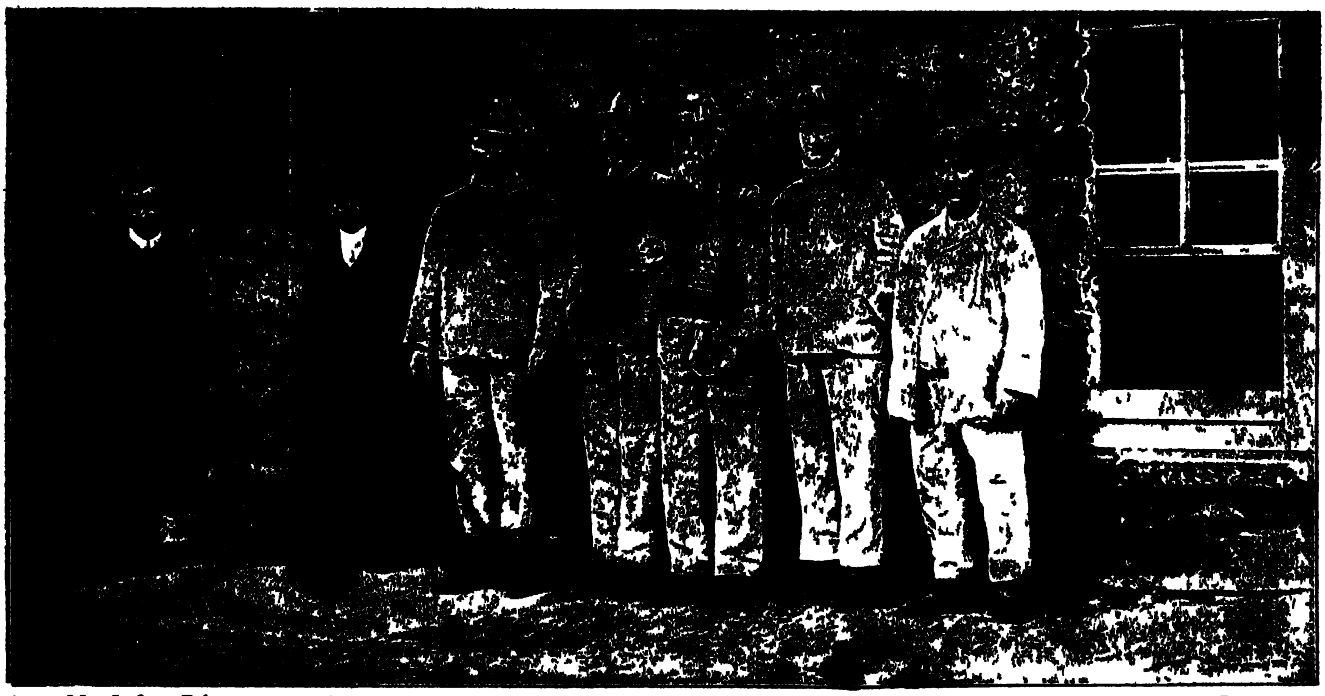
MUSIC-DRAMA OF THE FUTURE.

By Rutland Boughton and Reginald Buckley. 2s. net. (Reeves.)

Like the twin gases in a blow-pipe, two brains appear to have impinged one upon another, and, following a certain remembered recipe, "all that is fusible" of the ancient legend of "Uther and Igraine" has been

> "Melted all down in a pipkin or crucible,"

and this book is the residuum—or part of it. Both Messrs. Rutland Boughton and Reginald R. Buckley contribute copious notes on the progress of the experiment. But Mr. Boughton, who will compose the music of the music-drama of the future, parades, as chief alchemist, "a half-taste of a work which achieves what Wagner failed thoroughly to achieve. . . . Those who have ears to hear the poetry and the inevitable music of 'Uther and Igraine' can skip this essay, . . . but the greater part of the artistic section of the community must always go to school, and will be better advised to learn now from us what the work is, than to decide for themselves what it

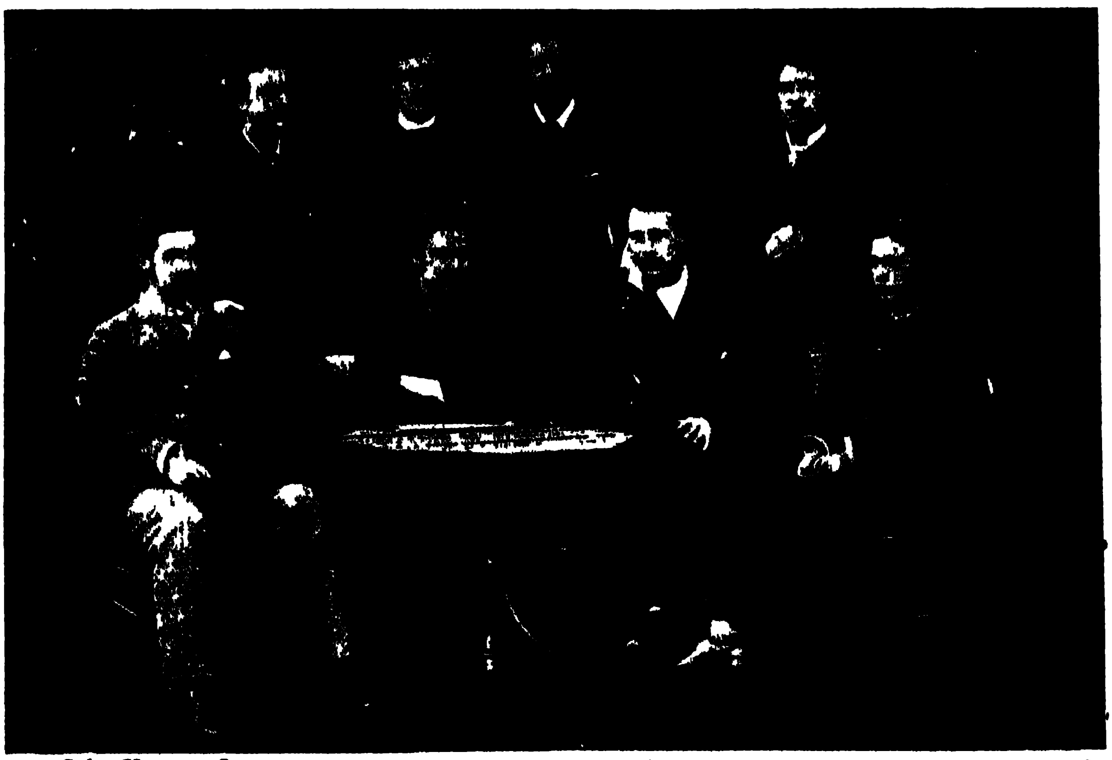


From **My Life's Pilgrimage** (*Murray*)
([illegible])

IN MINER'S DRESS FOR DESCENDING DOLCOATH

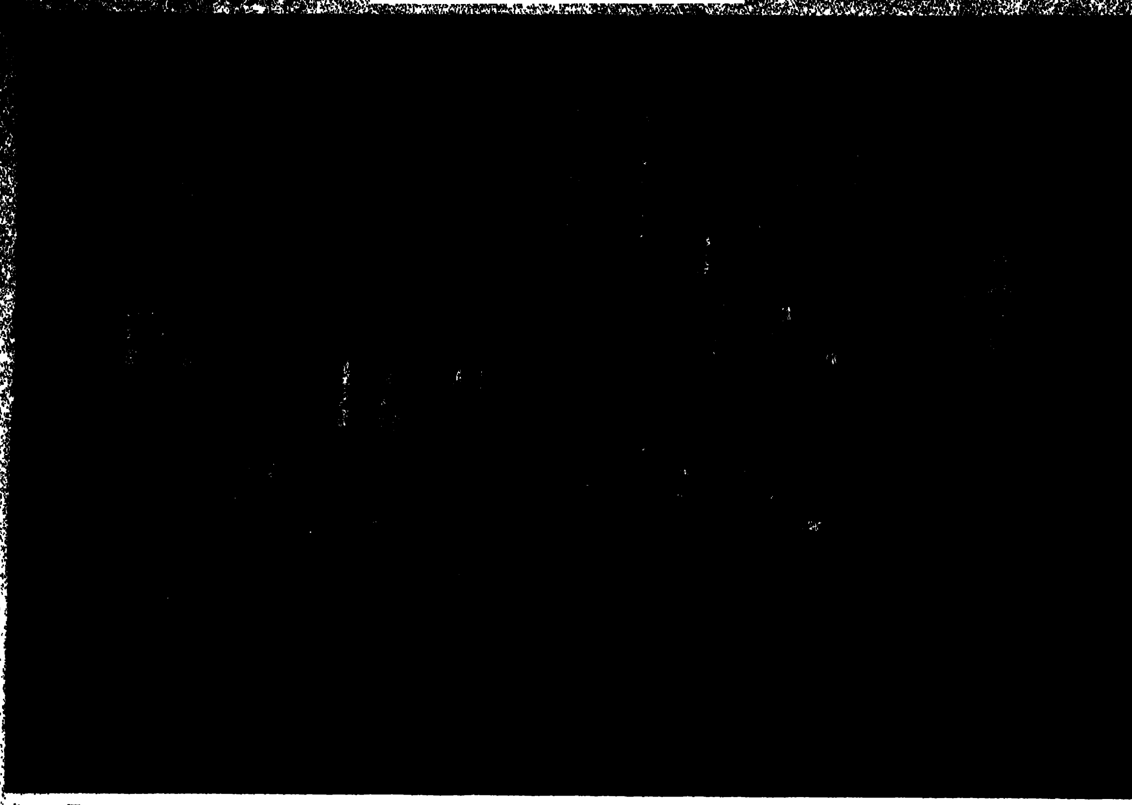
is not, and so make themselves a laughing-stock for all who come after. This engaging spirit of infallible youth pervades the pages which follow, pages in which a very foam of words is tossed to heaven as the writer girds at accepted principles and achievements. Indeed he shows a greater disposition to usurp this function than logically to proceed with his argument. It is the dramatist's business to study the technique of his art, for without such study it is unlikely that even if he has ideas capable of moving millions he will be able to present them in a moving manner. So we are interested to know that the authors have devoted much of their valuable time to the necessary process, if we care little to read profuse autobiographical details of how they came to do so. Thus we are interested to know that there is a distinction between opera and music drama, that opera belongs to the lowest order and music drama to the highest, if we care little to read Mr. Boughton's personal estimate of Debussy's "Pelleas et Melisande." When all has been read, when we have followed the comparison of Æschylus with Wagner, Euripides with Ibsen, Aristophanes with Shaw, and (presumably) Sophocles with the present authors, it becomes clear that they propose to carry the form of opera — we should say music drama — a step forward by the employment (in addition to the characters on the stage and the orchestra) of an "orchestral chorus" to comment, elucidate, point the climaxes and express that mighty spirit which can only be found in the mass of humanity.'

This innovation has the sanction of centuries behind it, for it is derived from the chorus of Greek drama, and to single out an instance, a similar device is embodied in the chorales of Bach's Passion Music. The reasons given for its resurrection are not very convincing. It is very likely that the mere presence of such a body would be resented as an interpolation by the hearer. It is bound to add largely to the already abundant practical difficulties of performance. And it may very fairly be argued that a theme requiring elucidation and comment, and to have its climaxes pointed by yet other means besides the music, is scarcely a suitable one to form the ground of a music drama. Speaking without having seen the music, and without the enlightenment of a performance under the conditions imagined by the authors, "Uther and Igraine" stands as the narrative of a lustful episode, told in neat blank verse, which the archaic magic of Merlin fails either to refine or to make convincing in this twentieth century.



From **John Viriamu Jones** (*Longmans*).

STANDING COMMITTEE OF OXFORD UNION IN 1879
E. B. POULTON PRESIDENT, SITTING IN THE CENTRE



From **Forgotten Shrines.**
(Macdonald & Evans).

NORBURY CHURCH FROM THE EAST.
(Photo by James Watts.)

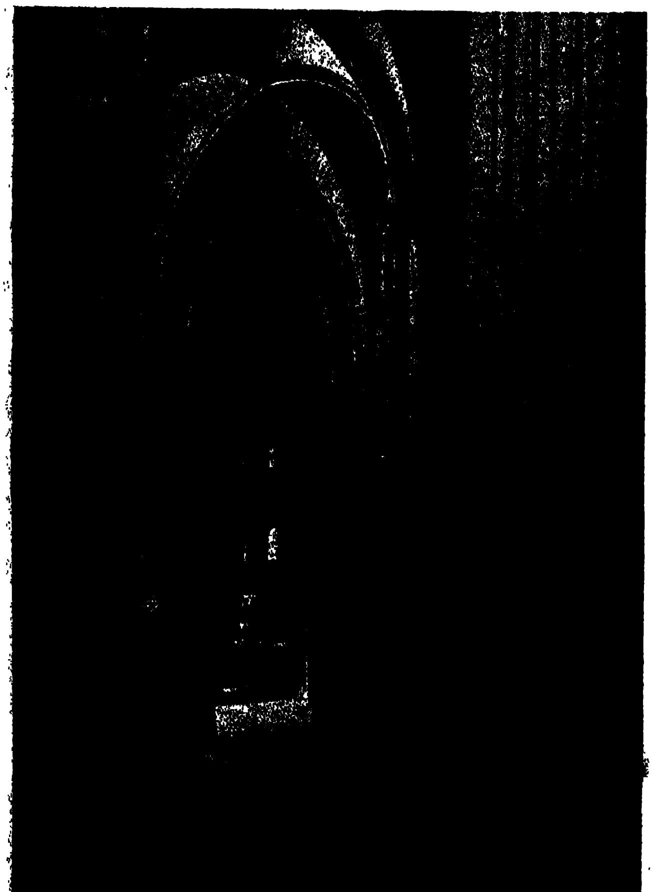
JOHN VIRIAMU JONES,

and Other Oxford Memories. By EDWARD BAGNALL POULTON, Hope Professor of Zoology. With 5 Illustrations. 8s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

Professor Poulton, who is well known outside Oxford for his work in connection with protective colour in animals and other issues of Darwinism, has deserved well of his Alma Mater for committing to something more durable than memory a few sympathetic remembrances of the thrill and flush of his early friendships. E. B. Poulton himself was at Jesus. His friend Viriamu Jones, contrariwise, as Spencer would say, was at Balliol. It is a beautiful thing to discover the friendships of young men in this reverent way — friend sharpening the countenance of friend, the discussion of every subject in the earth and out of it, the life of the Union and of college clubs of every kind taken seriously, the disappointments endured, the triumphs won—this is the discipline, the influence of mind upon mind that moulds and models a University man of the old pattern, in spite of dons and classes, in spite of the still more withering blight and sterilising sway of the examination system. Mr. Poulton seems intuitively, after so many years, to understand the part played by college talks, and literary papers, and long walks together to track out Giles Gosling of Cumnor, to drink cider cup at Godstow, or to identify the "signal elm" of Thyrsis. Mr. Poulton reconstructs a phase of the old life in a way we should have thought impossible, so strongly does it evoke old memories, so sharp is the percussion upon the lost chords of memory. He does this by reconstituting a Union debate as it happened Thursday after Thursday in term time in the 'seventies and 'eighties: those good old debates on Disestablishment and the Bulgarian Atrocities. The crowd of members always standing about the stove; the frequent plaint of the President, "I must request all Hon. Members who *can* find seats to do so"; the little incidents which attract all eyes to the gallery; the occasional interruptions to debate such as that upon a famous occasion when the mover's name was thrice vainly called by the President, whereupon a half-stifled voice was heard from a dark corner giving the sharp, sufficient explanation—"Gated"; the rare flash of wit as when a member, called to order for referring to another as "the noble lord," immediately begged to "withdraw



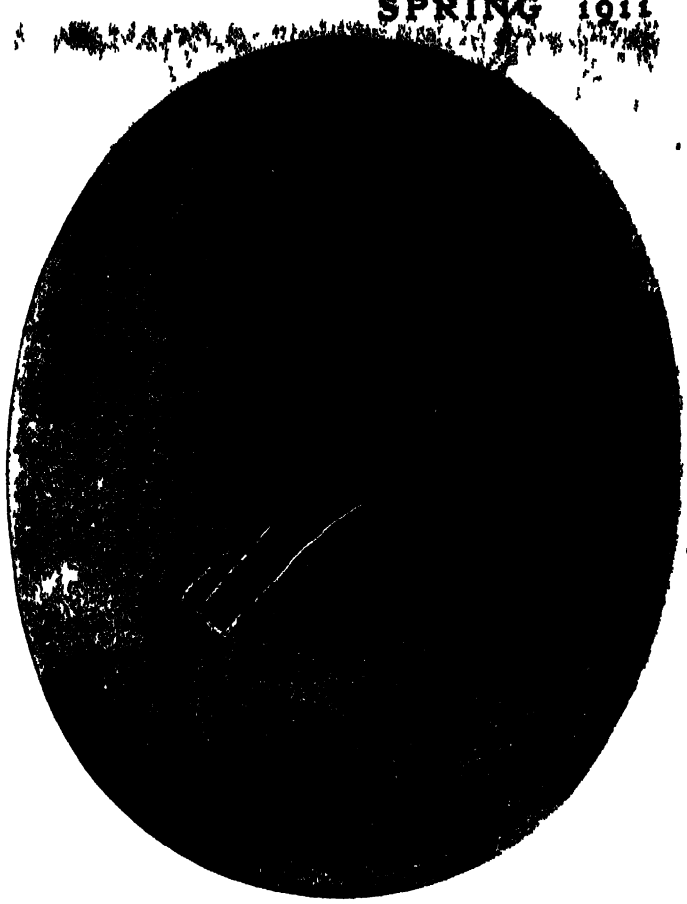
MADAME ROLAND.
(From an engraving by M. F. Dien.)
From **Life of Madame Roland**
(Hutchinson).



From **Cathedrals and Cloisters of the Isle de France.**
(Putnam's.)

"BEAUTIFUL AND UNAFFECTED ORNAMENTATION . . . AN EXTRAORDINARY HEIGHT OF PILLARS, BOLDNESS AND LIGHTNESS OF GRACE."—*Bourges.*

the [illegible] [illegible] little incidents live again in these pages with a startling vividness and reality. As in all those scenes over which the successive generations of the sons of men flit and play, the sense of transience is quickened here. A sense of sadness hovers. How intensely eager were the actors then. To-day they are just as eager. How they contend for the prizes of the debate and of the society. How gloomy and cast-down by a short spring or a failure. Mr Poulton evidently has the single eye; his book is simple, unpretentious in its aim, but it reveals a "memory" which will undoubtedly endear its possessor to many readers and to many friends.



MGR DUPANLOUP, BISHOP OF ORLEANS.
From Men and Things of My Time
(*Chatto & Windus*).

FORGOTTEN SHRINES.

By Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B., B.A. 25s. net. (Macdonald & Evans.)

To quote the title page, "Forgotten Shrines" is "an account of some old Catholic halls and families in England and of relics and memorials of the English Martyrs." It will at once be seen that it is a book which appeals primarily to readers of the Catholic religion, but large portions of it are also unquestionably of much general interest. Dom Bede Camm is a writer of great industry (the ancient MSS. and authorities which have been collated for the production of this book prove so much) and he is fortunate in being possessed of an effective and sympathetic style of narration. Some eighteen stories of the English Martyrs are brought together within the pages of this handsome volume, which, tragic and vividly told as it is, should be read by all broad-minded Christians, for it is typical of the devotion and courage which the Catholic Church has always inspired in the hearts of its children. Although "Forgotten Shrines" may at first blush seem an expensive book, it is in reality exceedingly good value. It is very fully illustrated with an abundance of interesting and well reproduced photographs, while there are in addition several clever drawings by Mr. Joseph Pike, to which the author justifiably calls special attention. The presswork has also been very carefully and painstakingly performed, and the production of the volume reflects the greatest credit upon both the printers and Messrs. Macdonald & Evans.



From Brahms (*Methuen*).
JOHANNES BRAHMS, ÆT. 20.

CATHEDRALS AND CLOISTERS OF THE ISLE DE FRANCE.

By [illegible] Whitlock Rose. 2 Vols. 21s. net. (Putnam's.)

These exceptionally beautiful volumes form you will find an ideal gift for any friend who is interested in architecture. Miss Rose has approached the magnificent Gothic which characterises the cathedral architecture of the Isle of France in the proper spirit of appreciation. But not only does she possess a deep critical knowledge; she has studied to excellent effect the history of each separate cathedral with which she deals, and she is fortunately able to impart a vast amount of information in an effective and pleasing style. The volumes are extraordinarily well illustrated with about two hundred and fifty photographs by Miss Vida Hunt Francis, which form a series the equal of which we have never seen.

LIFE OF MADAME ROLAND.

By I. A. Taylor. 12s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

Miss Taylor's excellent biography of Madame Roland deserves a wide success. She does not pretend to any great originality, and has made no discoveries of new material, but at the same time she writes with a freshness and ease which should give her life a high place among present-day popular biography. "The most prominent feminine figure of the French Revolution, the representative and embodiment of the spirit by which its purest and most disinterested adherents were animated," Madame Roland's life was "short, strenuous and tragic." She perished on the guillotine during the revolution which she had so ardently assisted in fostering. No perfect woman she was, yet lovable, sincere and honest, and her life-story

as one of the most remarkable of those whose names the French Revolution has handed down to everlasting fame or ignominy. Miss Taylor writes well and easily and her study of her heroine is thoughtful and suggestive. The book has several excellent illustrations.

BRAHMS.

By J. A. Fuller Maitland. 7s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

The life of Johannes Brahms was interesting not so much because of any memorable events that occurred in it as because the man himself was a profoundly interesting personality and moved in circles that were largely made up of men of his own profession who were as great or greater than himself. Mr. Fuller Maitland deftly narrates the comparatively few outstanding events in Brahms's career and goes very fully into the story of his relations with contemporary musicians and traces the rise and steady progress of his influence in the musical worlds of Germany and England. A large collection of the composer's letters were published recently, and these are full of sidelights on his own life and the musical life of his time, and from this source Mr. Fuller Maitland has drawn much valuable material and woven it skilfully into his narrative. He has also made a special study and detailed analysis of each of Brahms's compositions and discusses them with that knowledge and lucidity and mastery of technique that have made him one of the first and most popular of musical critics. The portrait of Brahms that we reproduce is from a pencil drawing done from life in 1855 by J. J. B. Laurens.



IBEX 51½ INCHES
From **Across the Roof of the World** (*Constable*)

ACROSS THE ROOF OF THE WORLD.

By Lieut. P. T. Etherton, F.R.G.S. 16s. net. (Constable.)

"Travel is conquest" is the Arab proverb on the title page of this record of a journey such as we believe has never before been undertaken and it is certainly a record of conquest in more senses than one. Starting from Lansdowne in the district of Garwhal, Northern India, Mr. Etherton's expedition passed through Kashmir, Gilgit, Hunza and over the Pamirs (the Roof of the World) through Chinese Tartary, Mongolia and Siberia to Novo Nicholaevsk, a station on the Trans-Siberian Railway some 120 miles to the west of Tomsk, thus completing a route of nearly four thousand miles. Many of the regions through which the expedition passed are entirely or almost entirely, unexplored, and Mr. Etherton's manly and straightforward account of the difficulties which beset him in one of the most inhospitable regions in the world makes reading of the kind which must be appreciated by all who enjoy the truthful and unembellished stories of great adventurers. The author has illustrated his book very fully with a series of excellent photographs.

THE BIG GAME OF AFRICA.

By Richard Tjader. 12s. 6d. net. (Appleton.)

Mr. Richard Tjader's Big Game of Africa is a good deal more than the average sporting book. There is of course the usual record of important kills and hairbreadth escapes, all very briskly and pleasantly done, but the book purports also to be a sort of handbook upon its subject. Mr. Tjader's intention has been to give the reader something more than a bare record of his adventures and experiences; he wants to give him a guide to big game shooting. And he has done it. Not only are there a number of useful travel hints and tips upon the selection of an outfit, the sportsman's armoury, etc., but there is a fifty page appendix devoted to the Ki-Swahili language, which is the most widely spoken tongue in the sporting districts of British and German East Africa, the most important hunting districts in the world. This appendix is thoroughly practical; it supplies the reader with a series of lessons in the language, its conjugations, a most useful vocabulary and a number of exercises skilfully graduated in difficulty. We have no doubt that this alone will make the book a *sine qua non* for the intending sportsman, while the general reader will find over three hundred pages of 'story' which are racily and pleasantly written. The value of the book is even further enhanced by a fine series of photographs, all of which are excellently reproduced and many of which must have called for a good deal of pluck in their taking.



From **The Big Game of Africa** (*Appleton*)

THE LIONESS WHICH ALMOST KILLED THE AUTHOR SHOT ON THE SOTIK, 1909
(Photograph by R. Tjader.)

AN ADVENTURE.

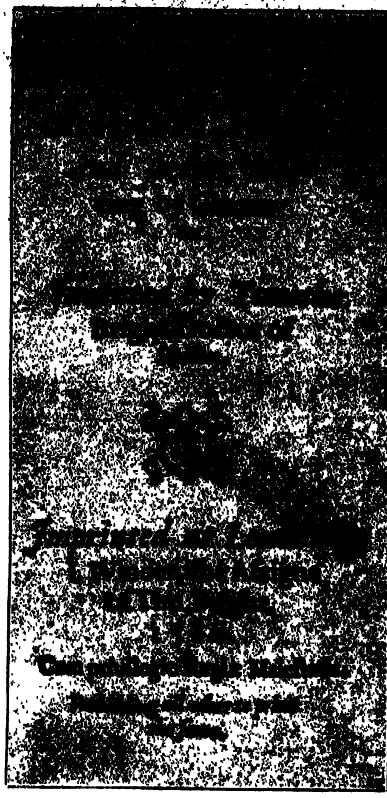
By Elizabeth Morison and Frances Lamont. 3s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

NEW EVIDENCES IN PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

By Arthur Hill. 3s. 6d. net. (Ryder & Son.)

A great statesman of the past spoke of "calling in the New World to redress the balance of the Old." In a larger sense the phrase might be used to denote the growing activities of psychical research. And the old world, grown very fretful and restless in these latter days, waits in moods of hope, doubt, wonder, and perplexity for a new revelation from beyond. Meantime the pioneers of the shadowy borderland tabulate their results, and their books increase and multiply. Two of the latest of these deal with the question from widely different view-points, yet each is a notable addition to the literature of the subject. Many persons have doubtless heard or read of the two English ladies who, wandering in the grounds of Versailles some ten years ago, found themselves unconsciously transported into Versailles as it was in the last days of Louis XVI. There is a kind of irony in the fact that the vision should be revealed to Miss Morison and Miss Lamont with their "horror of all forms of occultism," and their "distrust in, and distaste for, all stories of abnormal appearances and conditions." But there is the story—matter, at first, of gossip and paragraphs in the Press, and now set out soberly in a book by two ladies of evident culture and good sense. A full account of all they saw and heard was written by the two ladies independently, and after years of investigation into old records and pictures, aided by experts, they managed to verify the historical accuracy of all, or nearly all, they witnessed—figures, costumes, buildings, scenery, and other details. They appear to have had an unmistakable vision of Marie Antoinette and her evil genius, Vaudreuil. "The Adventure," which recalls the visions of old Highland seers, is set forth with grace and distinction. Of especial interest is the chapter entitled "A Reverie," in which the period of the visions is skilfully reconstructed with special reference to the happenings at Versailles in October, 1789. For the theory by which the authors seek to account for their mystical adventures we refer readers to the book itself.

"New Evidences in Psychical Research" is a book of a quite different stamp. It deals in scientific style with the experiences and conclusions of a sober student of the phenomena of the borderland, and bears the imprimatur of Sir Oliver Lodge in the form of an introduction. It records with great minuteness "sittings" with mediums and clairvoyants; deals suggestively with the philosophy of hallucinations, "automatic writing," and trance phenomena; and, in a closing chapter, gives an impartial summing-up of the evidences cited. Mr. Hill, in fact, has been a painstaking observer, and his researches, strongly practical in method, have been obviously conducted with a mind hospitable to truth, however unpalatable. "The only consistent thing for the determined materialist to do is to deny that the phenomena happen. This heroic measure works very well—as it did in my own case—until one's experience is enlarged by running up against some of the facts." That extract will serve to denote the author's attitude towards his subject. If, as in the case of the present reviewer, one happens to read these "New Evidences" after perusing "An Adventure," there is a curious sense of the former book being the complement of the latter.

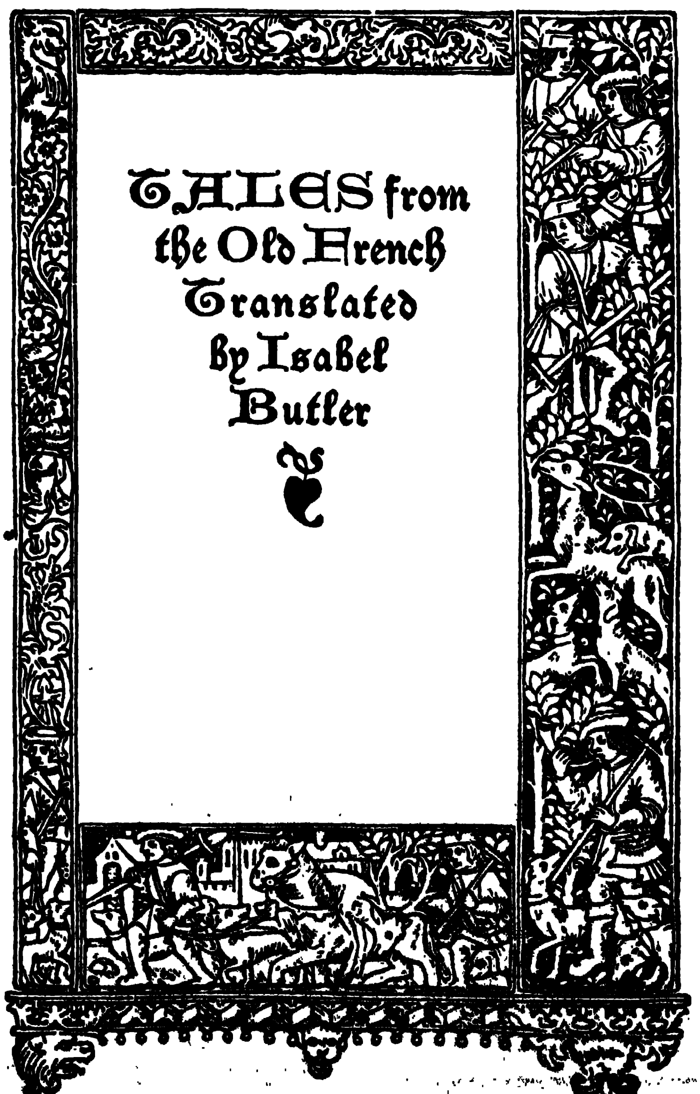


From Timothe Bright (*Elliot Stock*).

TIMOTHE BRIGHT: DOCTOR OF PHISICKE

By William J. Carlton. 10s. 6d. net. (Elliot Stock.)

Timothe Bright, the hero of Mr. Carlton's excellent little memoir, seems to be best known as the "father of modern shorthand," but he had an interesting and varied career, the study of which is well worth the reader's while. Born about 1550, and dying about 1615, he was a contemporary, and possibly an acquaintance, of Shakespeare. Certain it is that the latter makes use of the word "charactery," as applied to writing by brief characters, both in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and in "Julius Cæsar," and the term seems to have originated with Bright. It is also worthy of note that of recent years his "Treatise of Melancholy" has been confused with Burton's "Anatomy," and that both have been hailed as the original work of that most versatile of men, Francis Bacon! Nowadays, however, Bright's fame rests almost entirely upon the ingenious, but complicated and inexact, method of stenography which he invented. Mr. Carlton gives a full description of this, and he must be praised for the clearness with which he explains the system to the lay mind. The book is illustrated with photographs and facsimiles of "charactery."



Title-page of Tales from the Old French (*Constable*).

THE BOOKMAN SPRING 1911

APPRECIATIONS AND CRITICISMS OF THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS.

By G. K. Chesterton. 7s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

Lovers of Dickens and admirers of Mr. Chesterton will be glad to have these essays that originally appeared as prefaces to the separate books of Dickens in the Everyman Library series brought together into a book of their own. To attempt any detailed criticism of Mr. Chesterton's work within the space available on these pages would be a hopeless task; we shall content ourselves here with saying that no one has written of Dickens more acutely, more interestingly, or with a finer sympathy, and shall leave the volume to be dealt with fully and adequately in a later issue.



From Criticisms and Appreciations of the Novels of Charles Dickens (*Dent*).

CHARLES DICKENS, 1842. (From a bust by H. Dexter, executed during Dickens's first visit to America.)

FRENCH RAILWAYS.

By Lord Monkswell. 3s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

The procedure of the French railways is chiefly of interest in this country in so far as it affects the individual English traveller. The average Englishman knows very little about the French railway system as a whole, while the means of improving his knowledge are not at once obvious. To such people Lord Monkswell's little book should be very welcome. He supplies a succinct account of the management and working of the great systems of France, with especial reference to the Nord. France differs from this country in that it possesses practically no competing lines. The five great systems of first-class importance (we omit the Midi and East from consideration), the Nord, the Ouest, the Etat, the Orleans, and the P.L.M., all serve certain well-defined tracts of country within which no rivals are to be found. (The only important exception is the Orleans line, which connects Tours with the mouth of the Loire and southern Brittany, and which may be said to compete with both the Etat and the Ouest.) The result of this has not been, as the reader might expect, an inefficient service, but instead the French railways are upon the whole exceedingly well-conducted lines. Lord Monkswell's book finishes with a number of descriptions of "smart" runs upon various locomotives belonging to the Orleans, the P.L.M., and the Est, and with especial reference to a number of excellent performances upon the Nord. The book is well illustrated.

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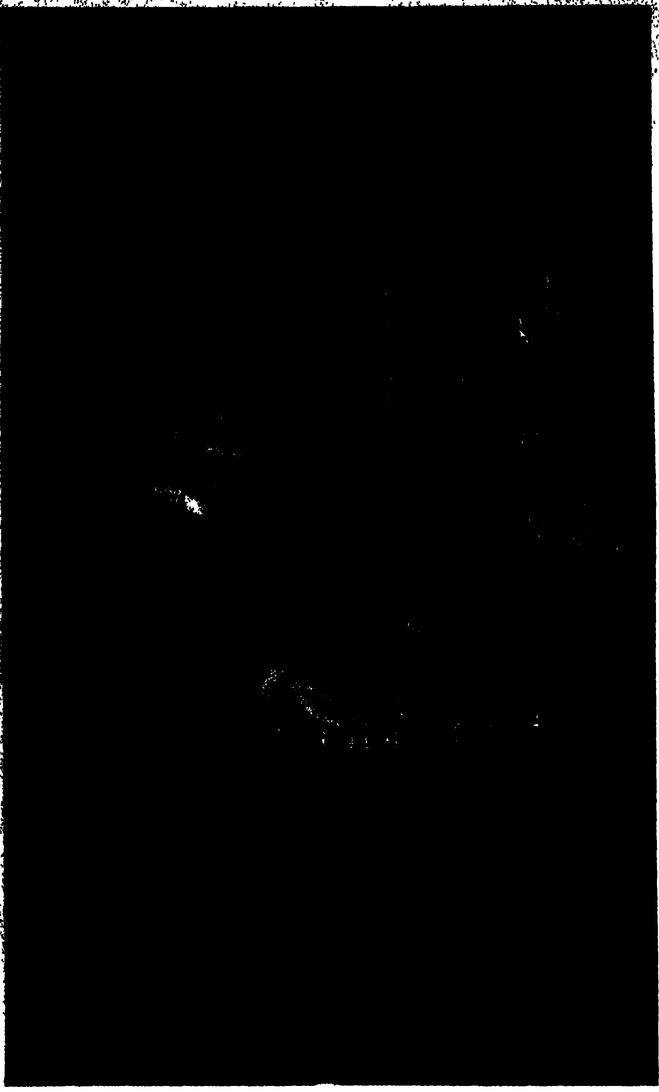
Ainsworth, Dumas, Trollope. (Waverley Book Company.)

We have nothing but praise for the specimen volumes sent to us by the Waverley Book Company of three of their sets of standard authors. The books are most handsomely produced, being attractively bound, and well printed on good paper. But the most striking point about the production of the books is that each of the sets—and, we understand, every volume in the set—is illustrated in varying degrees of elaboration. Dumas, for instance (we have "The Three Musketeers" and "Chicot the Jester" before us), is supplied with a frontispiece in colour and half a dozen or so further illustrations in each volume. It is as



From French Railways (*Smith, Elder*).

Gare du Nord.



From **Chicot the Jester** (*Waverley Book Co.*) "CHICOT WITH HIS LONG LEGS BLOCKED UP THE DOORWAY."

well to realise that it is almost impossible to illustrate the works of Dumas thoroughly; the artist would never know where to stop. We pass to the Trollope set—fine, upstanding volumes, each containing the whole of one of the author's very long novels. Here we have "Doctor Thorne," with eight plates by H. L. Shindler, and—perhaps more interesting to those (and they are many) who find a lasting pleasure in the art of illustration—"The Small House at Allington," with eighteen full-page drawings by the late Sir J. E. Millais. It goes almost without saying that "The Small House at Allington" is illustrated as well as any book could be. Finally, we come to the Ainsworth set—perhaps the finest of the three that the Waverley Book Company have submitted. "Windsor Castle" starts with a fine steel plate portrait of the author, and then comes an abundance of pictures, some beautiful, some merely quaint, but all interesting. George Cruikshank and Tony Johannot have supplied between them the eighteen full-page plates which illustrate the most dramatic moments in Ainsworth's great melodrama, and their art is supplemented by three plans and eighty-seven designs on wood—mostly of an architectural or topographical interest—by W. Alfred Delamotte. The wood designs are printed in the text. "Auriol," with which volume are bound in "The Old London Merchant" and "A Night's Adventure in Rome," is less elaborately, but quite adequately, illustrated with fifteen drawings by Hablot K. Browne, which display the powers of that one-time favourite illustrator at their best. It only remains to wish the Waverley Book Company every success. Great care has clearly been taken in the production of the various series—single volumes of which, we understand, may not be purchased separately—but we have little real doubt that the reading public will amply reward their industry.

THE FINE ART SCOTT.

28 Vols. £3 14s. (Educational Book Company.)

The Educational Book Company are heartily to be congratulated upon the very fine edition of Scott which they have just prepared. More than most writers he presents admirable opportunities for the illustrator, and his latest publishers have fully appreciated this fact. In the total edition of twenty-eight volumes there are included, we understand, some eight hundred illustrations. The list of names of the artists whose work is reproduced presents an astonishing variety and catholicity. The publishers, indeed, are thoroughly justified in their boast that the illustrators are "representative of every school." We find Cruikshank, for instance, Lawrence, Etty, Raeburn, Constable, Turner, Landseer, Chantry, Orchardson, and many others—a truly remarkable galaxy of talent. Included in the series are all Scott's novels, all his poems, and Lockhart's "Life," while not the least striking feature of the edition is a preface to each volume descriptive of the origin of the story and a dictionary of characters. Well printed, well bound, and excellently produced, the price at which the set is retailed—it works out at little over half a crown a volume—is decidedly moderate, while the publishers also arrange for payment by instalments. If the Fine Art Scott meets with the success it deserves, it will be the most widely circulated of all the editions of the works of the great novelist, and Mr. J. A. Hammerton is to be congratulated on the care and ability with which he has edited it.

THE OAK STAIRCASE.

By M. and C. LEE. 2s. (Nisbet.)

"The Oak Staircase" forms Messrs. Nisbet's latest addition to their "Pilgrim Series." The story is supposed to be told by an uncle to his nephew and niece, and is laid in



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From **The Oak Staircase** (*Nisbet*). THE ARREST OF THE MAIDS OF TAUNTON.



From **The Three Musketeers** (*Waverley Book Co.*) "ATHOS WAVED HIS STANDARD."



From **Auriol** (*Waverley Book Co.*) THE SIGNIFICANT WHISPER.

the times of James II. The authors have in reality combined two anecdotes— "the history of 'The Maids of Taunton'—which is a well-known episode in the record of the Duke of Monmouth's Rebellion—and the romantic story of the marriage between Lord Sunderland's daughter and the Earl of Clancarty." They may have taken a slight liberty with history, but they are amply justified by the excellent tale which emerges as the result of their daring. There are few children, we think, who will not follow the adventures of the young Lord Desmond and Frances Dalrymple with an absorbed interest. Seeing that the book is well produced and contains four good illustrations in addition to a very full measure of story, we consider that it is remarkably cheap at two shillings.

THE CORNISH RIVIERA.

By Sidney Heath. 1s. 6d. net. (Blackie.)

The latest addition to the "Beautiful England" series is one of the most satisfactory volumes of the whole collection. The fame of the Cornish "Riviera" has—particularly of recent years—spread far and wide, and Mr. Sidney Heath has clearly found it a fine subject. His pages afford just that blend of guide-book and history which makes good reading, and is especially popular nowadays. Mr. Ernest Haslehust has a dozen admirably skilful and sympathetic illustrations which do much to increase the beauty of the volume. They are very well printed in colours, and in themselves are more than worth the price which the publishers charge for the book. Visitors to Cornwall are sure to avail themselves of this charming souvenir, and we can only advise intending holiday-makers in that locality—and who does not come under that category?—to get it before they start.



From Windsor Castle
(*Waverley Book Co.*)

W. Harrison Ainsworth.
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ANNALS OF A YORKSHIRE HOUSE.

By A. M. W. Stirling. 2 Vols. 32s. net. (Lane.)

It is impossible to do justice to the numerous merits of these lengthy and elaborate volumes in the short space which is at our disposal. Mrs. Stirling has already made a bid for fame with her "Coke of Norfolk," a work which does not, we think, reach the high standard of interest of "Annals of a Yorkshire House." The papers of "a Macaroni and his kindred" which the author has gathered together will appeal to many tastes. The work must not be regarded as in any sense a compilation—there is, probably, a good deal more solid authorship in these two volumes than in almost any novel of the present day—and the manner in which Mrs. Stirling has marshalled her facts is deserving of the highest praise. The book is produced in Mr. Lane's best manner, and a number of interesting portraits and illustrations have been included. "Annals of a Yorkshire House" deserves an even greater success than "Coke of Norfolk," and it will probably win it.

ACCOUNT RENDERED.

By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Heinemann.)

"Mrs. Winthrop had a mind that was always in a hurry, usually on the track of something, and often in a rage." The story opens with her indignation at overhearing her son, an army officer home on leave, calling the children's governess "pretty." We are sorry not to hear more of Mrs. Winthrop—one of the women who are always promoting or preventing something—and of her husband, who resembles Mr. Bennett in "Pride and Prejudice." Mr. Benson drops them to follow the fortunes of the governess, and he has thereby sacrificed an element of gaiety which would have relieved the rest of the tale from a certain monotony. It is true that the delightful imps reappear later on. But they are not kept in the foreground. The main business shifts to the relations between Miss Allenby, who inherits a large fortune, and Lady Tenby, who takes her up and schemes to marry the girl to Lord Tenby, her son, an easy-going gentleman much addicted to golf. The marriage is managed, without much love on the girl's part. Then she discovers that she has been really in love with young Frank Winthrop, and that her mother-in-law had lied when she declared the young officer was engaged to be married. The young wife is furious at this deception. She dismisses her lover and her mother-in-law, and the crisis seems over. But Lord Tenby quixotically wishes to clear the road for her, and conveniently contrives to kill himself by falling over a cliff. There the novel ends. Mr. Benson treated this kind of subject much more effectively in "Paul." His present novel has two drawbacks, in spite of its undeniable cleverness; it fails in making Violet's actions real, and it jerks the tragedy into the plot with inartistic suddenness. The most enjoyable pages are those which are devoted to the life of the governess before she inherits her wealth. After the money comes, she ceases to be interesting. She becomes more or less a puppet in the hands of Lady Tenby, and, while Mr. Benson



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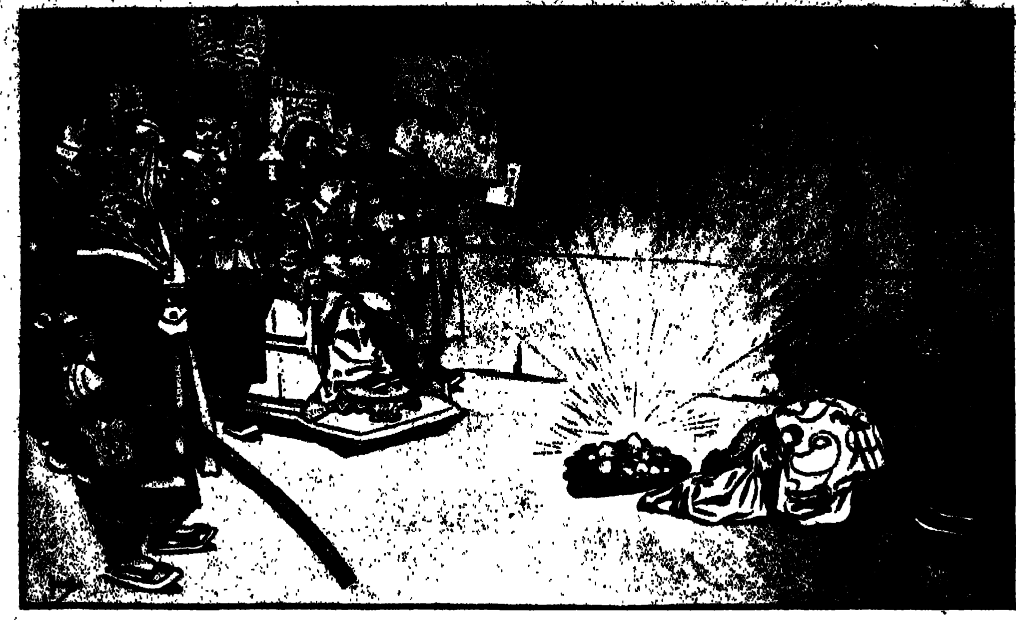
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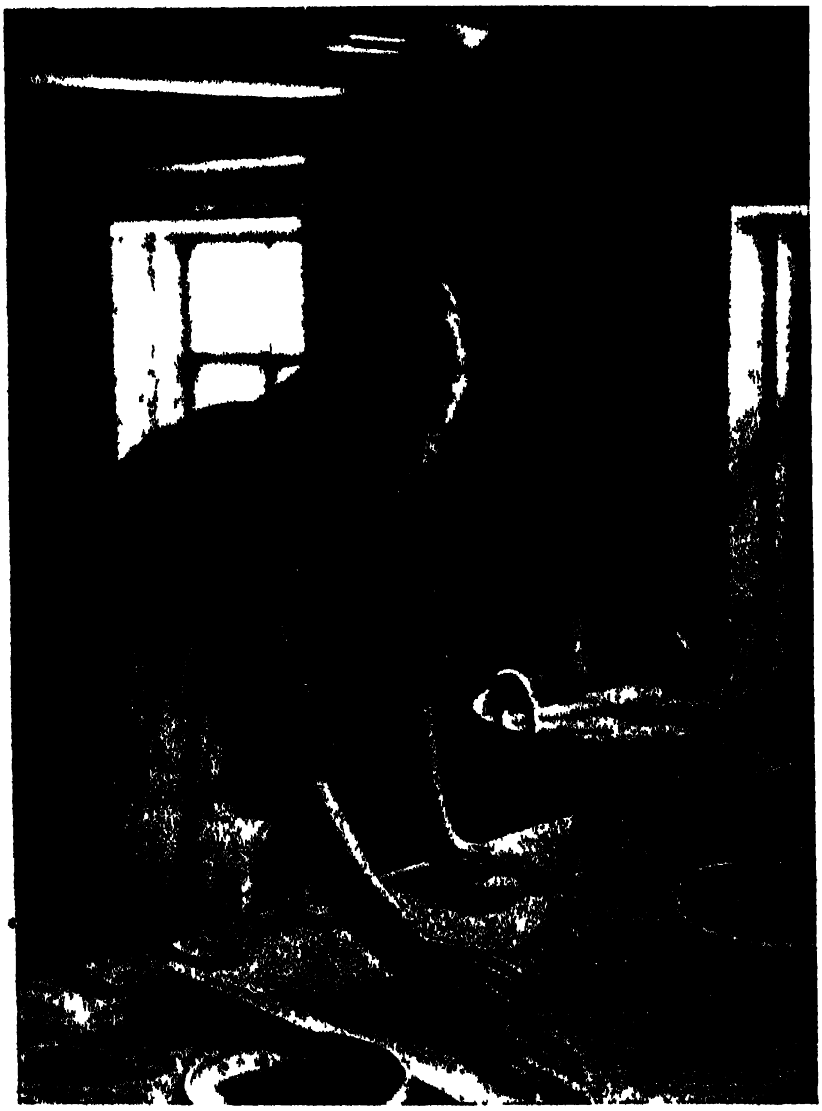
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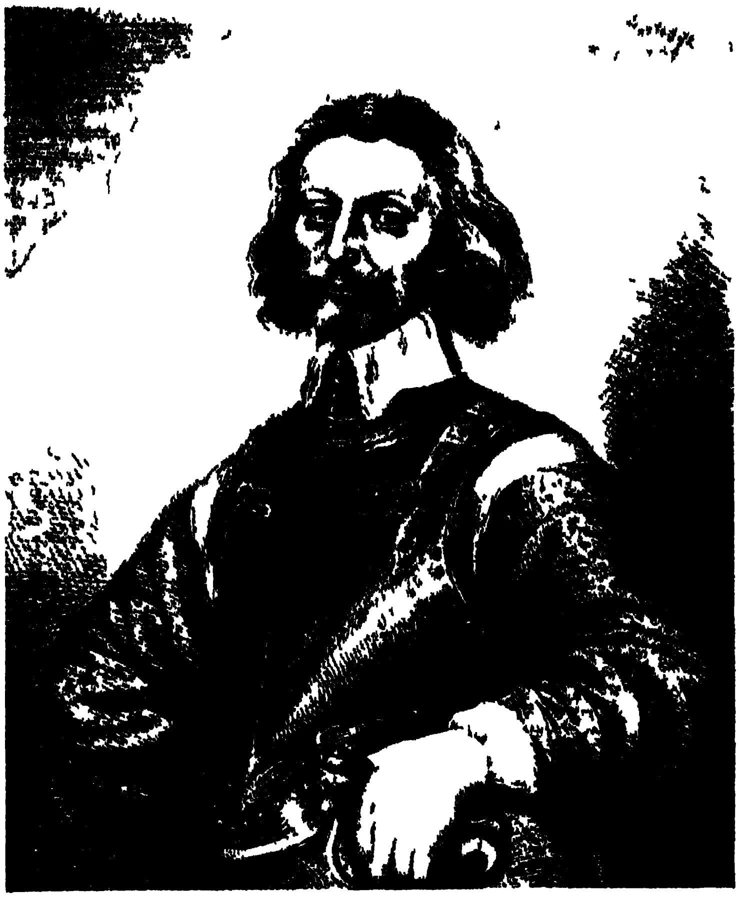


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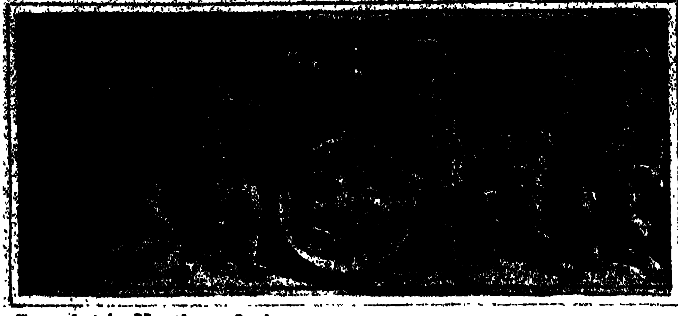
From The Life of John Oliver Hobbes (*Murray*)

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From **Art in Northern Italy** (*Heinemann*). FRAGMENT OF THE ALTAR-FRIEZE, CERTOSA, PAVIA (Photo Alinari.)

ment of the book is excellent, and the series of short bibliographies at the end of each chapter should be of the greatest value to the student.

CITIES OF SOUTHERN ITALY.

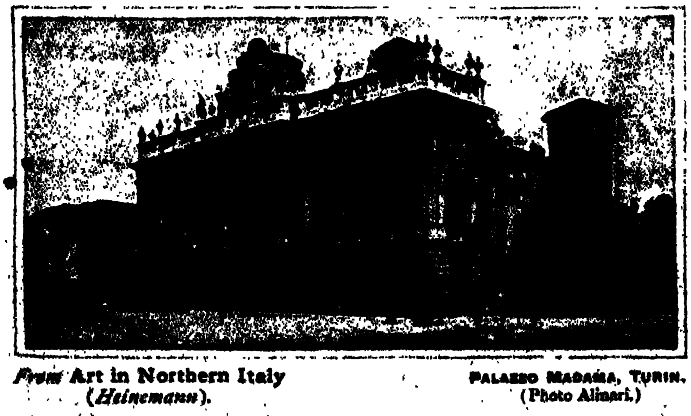
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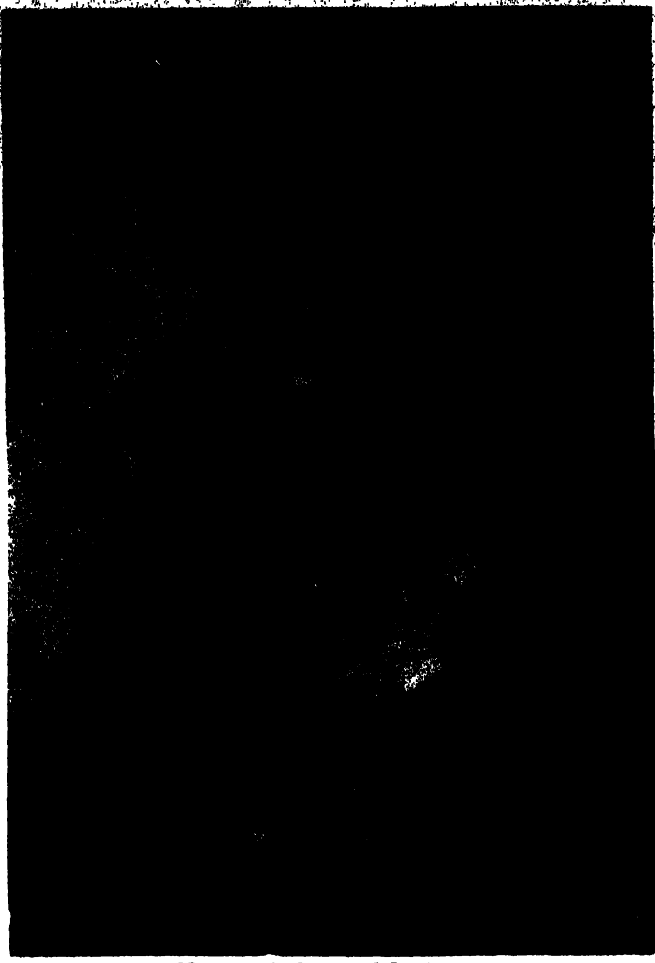


From **Art in Northern Italy** (*Heinemann*). ADORATION OF THE MAGI (MANTEGNA), UFFIZI, FLORENCE. (Photo Jacquier.)

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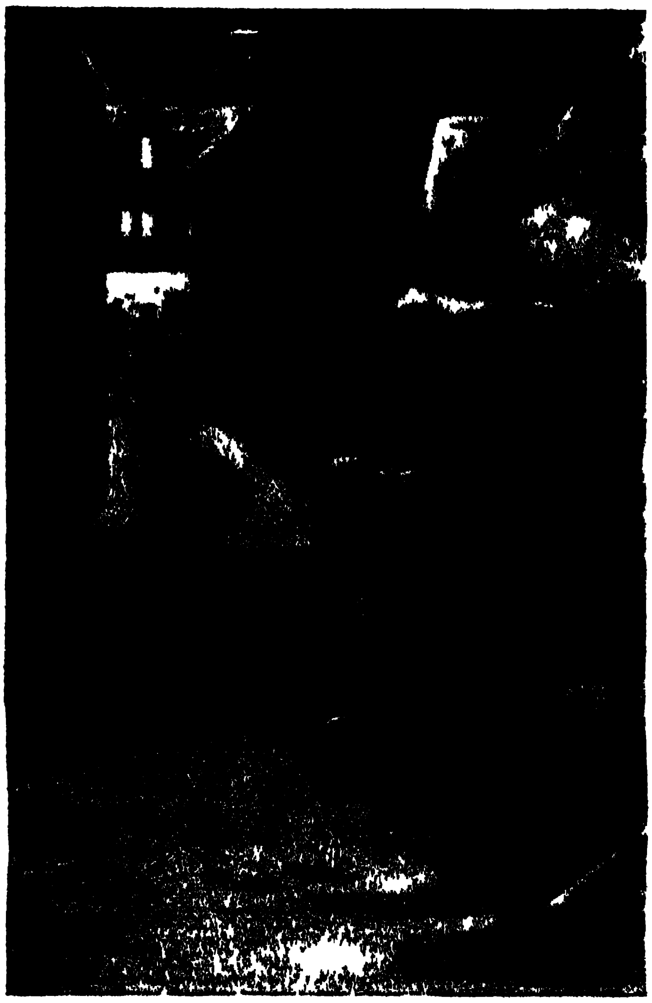
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([illegible])

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Frontispiece of The Man with the Red Beard (*Greening*)

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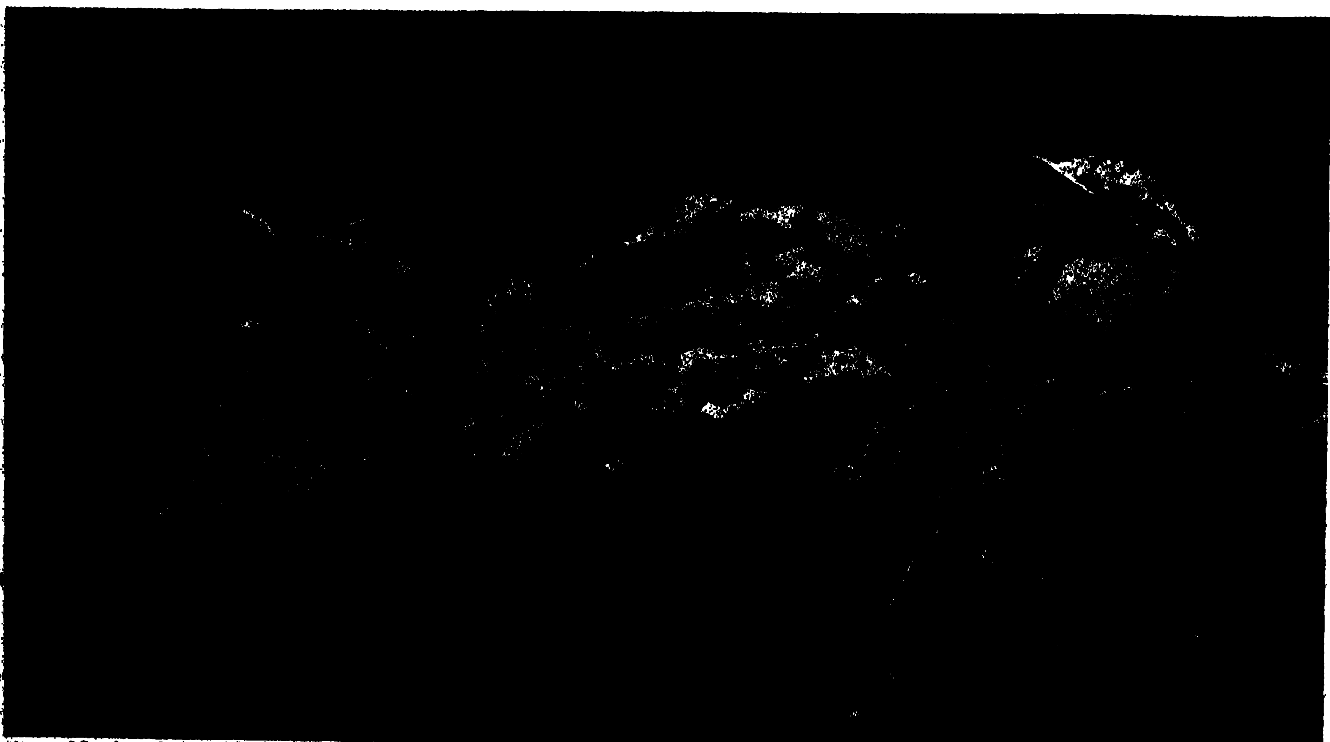
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(Reviewed on page 40.)



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The hemlocks, lordly counsellors,
Were dumb; the sturdy serviters

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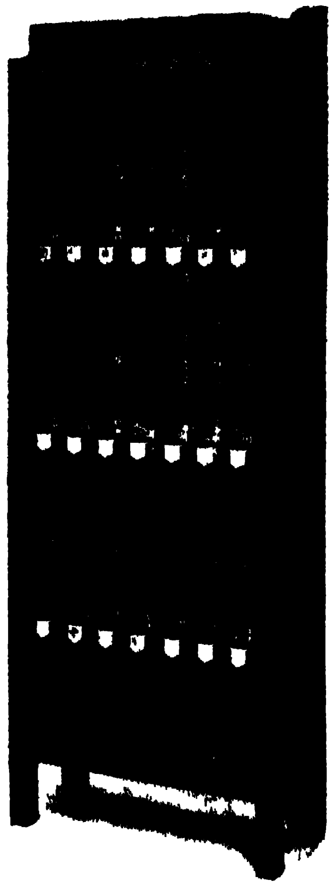
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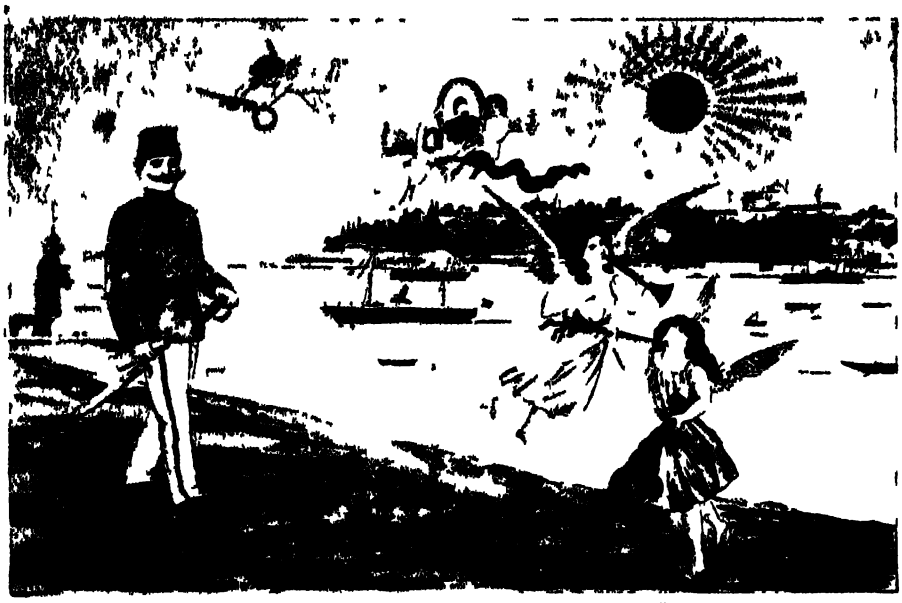
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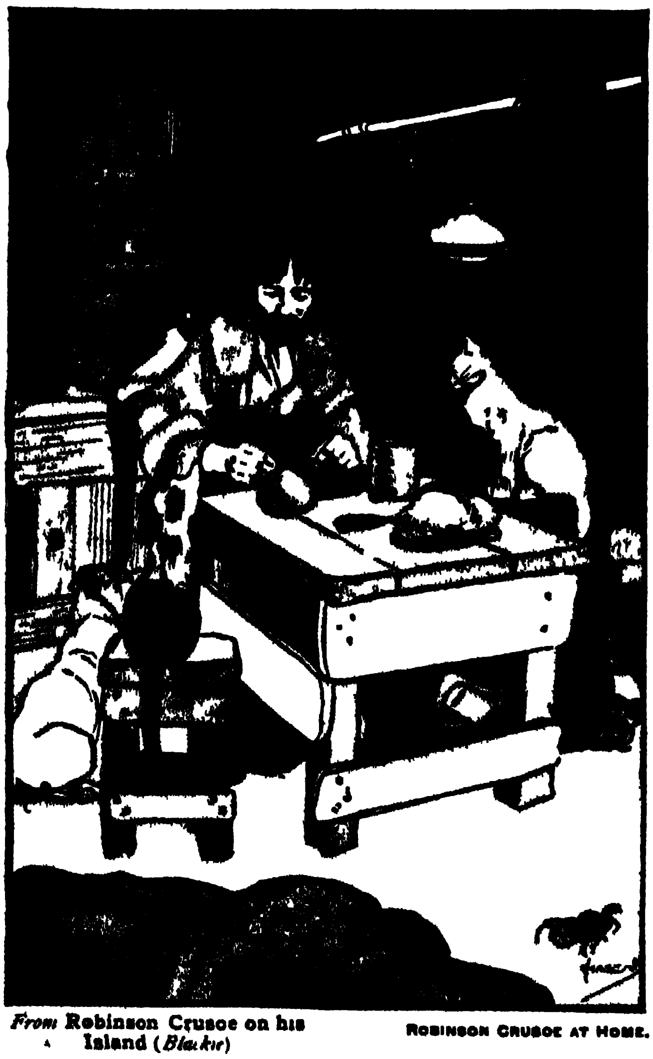
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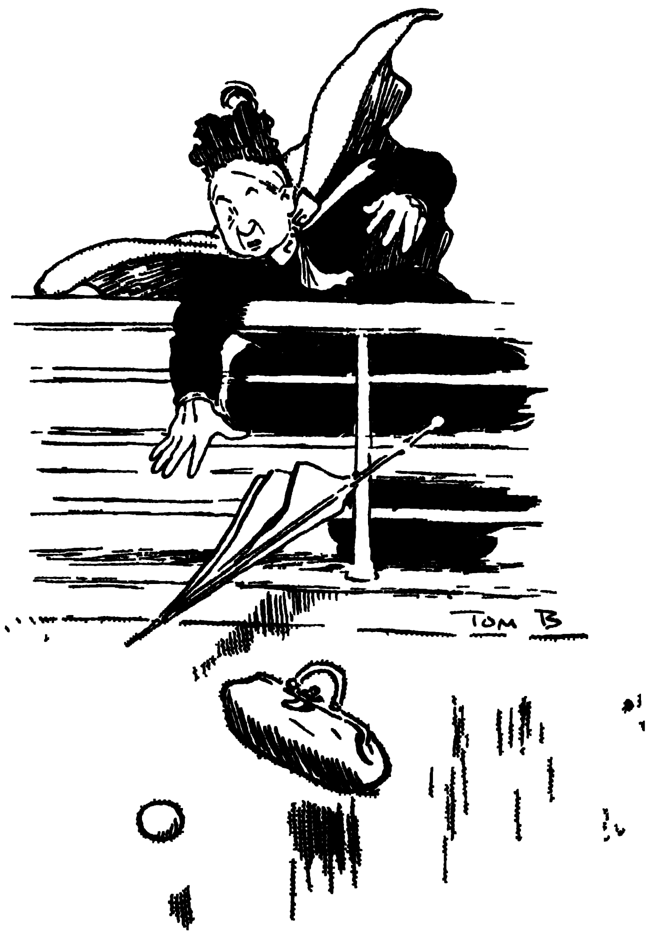
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SHAW AND THE BIOGRAPHER (From a photo. by Mrs. Bernard Shaw.)

THE SERVIAN PEOPLE:

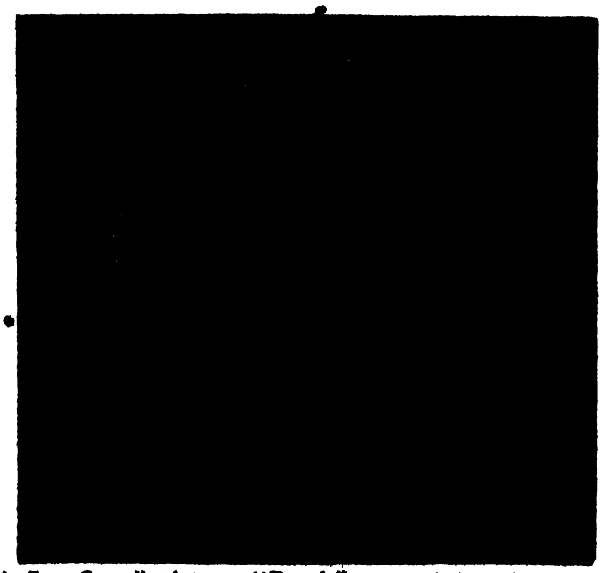
Their Past Glory and their Destiny. By Prince Lazarovich-Hrebelianovich, with the Collaboration of Princess Lazarovich-Hrebelianovich (Eleanor Calhoun). 2 Vols. 24s. net. (Laurie.)

These two bulky volumes are, if nothing else, a monument of patriotism. Prince Lazarovich-Hrebelianovich on almost every page betrays a passionate love of his country and a touching and inspiring belief in its people and their future. He has given to the public a very complete study of the Servian people in all their aspects. The work has been divided under four main headings: "The Servian Race," "Servian Lands To-day," "Civilisation and Culture from Early Times up to the Present," and an "Historical Survey of the Servian People." Great care has clearly been taken to ensure accuracy so far as possible, and the general arrangement of the book is worthy of much praise. The authors seem to have spared themselves no pains in their patriotic task, and we can only hope that their work will meet with the success that its merits deserve. Eighteen good illustrations and five maps form a useful adjunct to the book.

D'ORSAY;

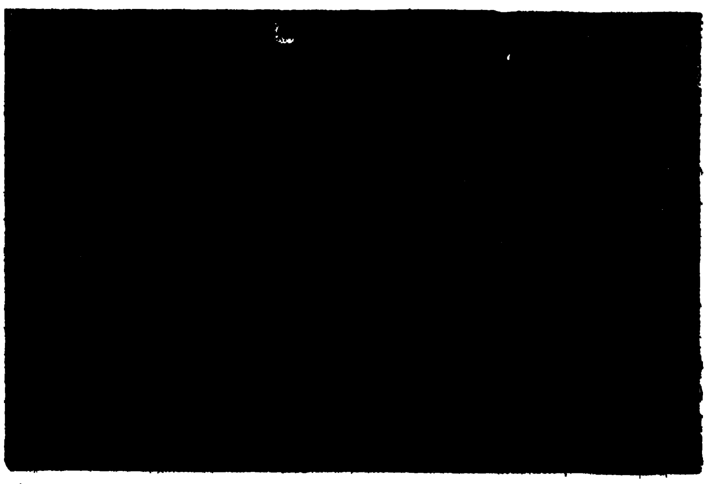
or, The Complete Dandy. By W. Teignmouth Shore. 16s. net. (Long.)

Mr. Teignmouth Shore has written a brisk and likable biography of that most bewildering person, Count Alfred D'Orsay. "The greatest of the dandies" is the description which the author gives of his hero (it is interesting to note that Mr. G. Bernard Shaw is alluded to in the preface as "the leading dandy of to-day"), and we think he is justified in his superlative. Certainly, if, as Mr. Shore would have us believe—dandyism be an attitude of mind rather than of the back, of it his description is accurate enough. D'Orsay flourished during the earlier half of the nineteenth century, and interest in his life is connected not only with the dandy himself but with his associates, who included such famous names as Carlyle, Dickens, Wellington, Bulwer Lytton, Disraeli, Thackeray, Byron and Landor. But after all the story of D'Orsay's relations with Lady Blessington is what is likely chiefly to appeal to the public, and this delicate matter the author touches upon lightly, deftly and—so far as it may be done—pleasantly. The biographer has realised his subject's character to considerable advantage, and "D'Orsay" is a book of which Mr. Shore may well be proud. It is well and fully illustrated.



From Contributions to "Punch" (*Smith, Elder*).

INITIALS CARVED ON "PUNCH" TABLE.



From Contributions to "Punch," *Centenary Biographical Edition* (*Smith, Elder*).

TABLE AT "PUNCH" OFFICE. (The cross indicates the position of W. M. Thackeray's Initials.) (See p. 22 of Supplement.)

DEAD MAN'S LOVE.

By Tom Gallon. 6s (Ward, Lock.)

"Dead Man's Love" is easily as thrilling a story as any that Mr. Tom Gallon has ever written. Perhaps it may be almost absurdly improbable, but—once he has "got into" the book—the reader recks not of that. If we endeavour to tell the main incidents of the plot in a very brief manner, it must be understood that the book has an excitement on pretty well every page, at which it is impossible even to hint. Norton Hyde escapes from prison, where he has been unjustly undergoing a sentence of ten years, and after some complications he exchanges clothes with a man who has hanged himself. The dead man is buried as the escaped convict—surely a sufficiently remarkable occurrence in itself to justify the epithet improbable—and Hyde then begins a new life under the appropriate name of John New. But he has had an accomplice—Dr Bardolph Just—who has a beautiful ward Delora with whom Hyde (or New) falls very deeply and speedily in love. Now Dr Just is an unscrupulous scoundrel, Delora is an heiress and her guardian wants her money very badly. Here there are of course complications—it's a very pretty situation when you think of it—and this is where we will leave the plot. We have little doubt that Mr Gallon will win the success with this book which it deserves. We have seldom read a brisker or more exciting tale.

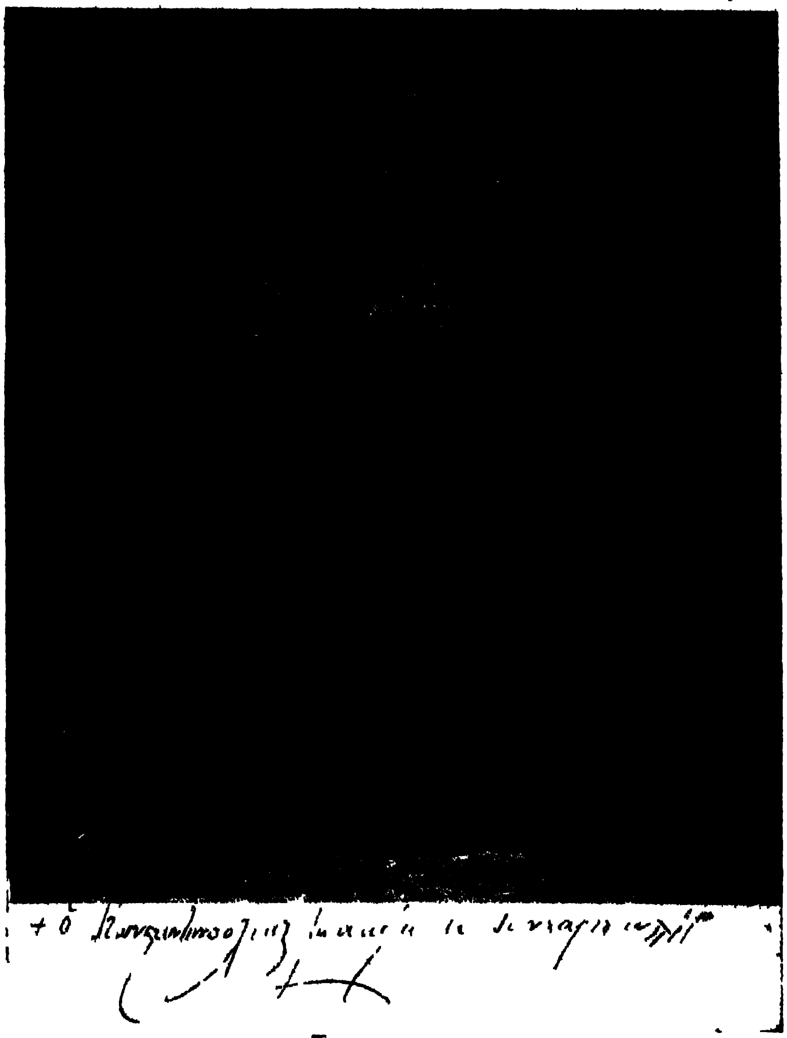


From The Servian People (*Laurie*) — H M King Peter I of Servia

A KINGDOM OF DREAMS.

By J. J. Bell 6s. (Cassell)

Mr. Bell's latest adventure in fiction takes the form of what can only be styled a novel of sensation but very good sensation. Anthony Keith is rescued at the prison gates by Godfrey Grant a rich man who takes him to his house on the Scottish coast. Here Keith is very well treated and he comes to regard Grant almost in the light of a father. Now Grant has a bee in his bonnet the dream kingdom of the title—the idea of founding a model



From The Danger Zone of Europe (*Unwin*) — Joachim III Greek Patriarch of Constantinople

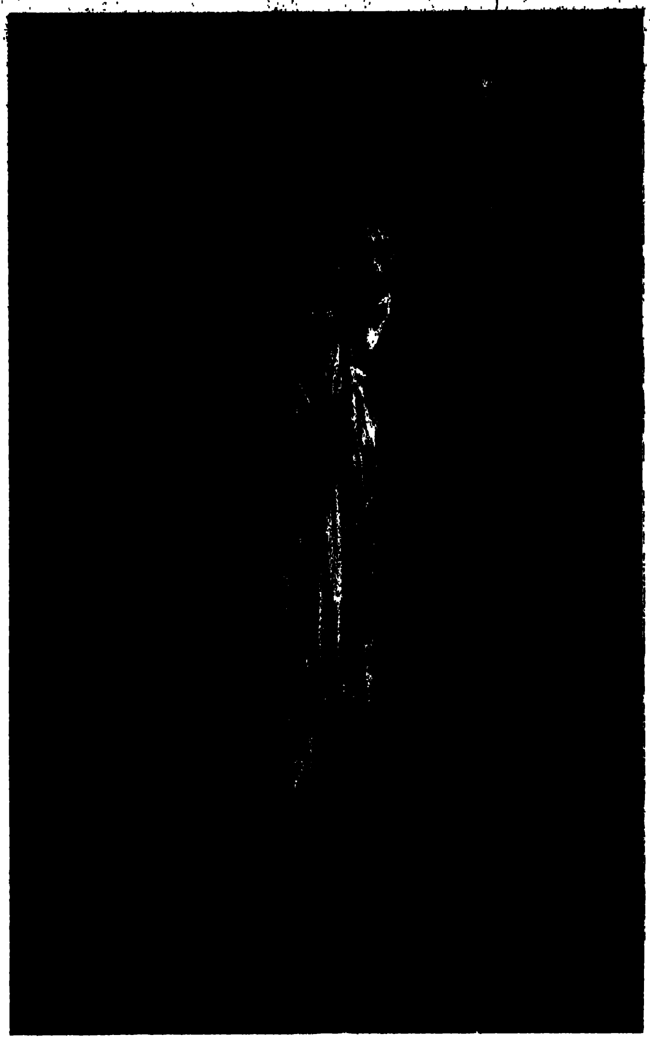


From D'Orsay, or The Complete Dandy (*Long*). — D'Orsay (1830)



From Dead Man's Love
(*Ward, Lock*).

"IN A VERY FURY OF PASSION SHE SUDDENLY DROPPED HER HAND UPON IT, AND CAUGHT IT UP"



From The Unknown Lady
(*Ward, Lock*).

"THEY WERE STILL STANDING THERE IN THE OPEN DOOR, HENRY WITH THE CANDLE IN ITS GLASS GLOBE HELD UP OVER HIS HEAD AND NAILA BESIDE HIM."



From A Kingdom of Dreams
(*Cassell*).

"SYBIL CAUGHT AT HIS ARM. 'NO!' SHE SCREAMED. 'NO! YOU MUST NOT!'"



From The Green Cloak
(*Sidgwick & Jackson*).

"'I KNOW WHERE SHE'S GOING,' HE SAID."



From The Money Spider (*Cassell*)

FOR A SECOND THE PAIR STARED INTO ONE ANOTHER'S EYES. THERE WAS DEFIANCE, EVEN HATRED, IN THE GLANCE OF BOTH OF THEM.

colony in Central Africa where money will not be needed and will accordingly never be used, and where the hen which has laid its last egg shall be pensioned until life becomes a burden to her, when it will be taken from her painlessly and she will be decently cremated! Also we don't want to give the plot away too completely; there is a good deal about a certain inheritance of £100,000 with which Keith is closely connected. Then there is a most charming heroine, a strong and well-knit plot, and some excellent examples of how well Mr. Bell understands the art of characterisation. The whole constitutes a story which is as good as any that the author has ever written.

THE UNKNOWN LADY.

By Justus Miles Forman. (Ward, Lock.)

"The Unknown Lady" is a novel of much variety. You have a picture of a village in the New England of forty years ago; you are given an insight into the gay and irresponsible life of the Quartier Latin which makes you feel as though you had lived, flirted and worked there with the best of the Bohemians; and you are transplanted into a pleasant English country house of the present day. Henry Trent, the hero, paints five wonderful pictures which represent the woman whose image is always haunting his mind and whom one day he expects to meet—and yet he knows really nothing of painting. When he has finished the pictures he finds the unknown lady; they marry, have a fortnight of perfect happiness, and then comes tragedy. The plot is an impossible one and the story is certainly too long, but Mr. Forman generally contrives to hold the reader's interest. The author is particularly happy in his picture of Bohemian life in Paris, and here his descriptive powers serve him especially well. Altogether the book is an effective piece of work whether the author deals with tragedy or comedy, and it should increase the circle of Mr. Forman's admirers.

THE MONEY-SPIDER.

By William Le Queux. With Frontispiece in Colour by Cyrus Cuneo. 6s. (Cassell.)

Probably much of Mr. Le Queux's popularity is traceable to the fact that he is always reliable. The reader who picks up any one of his latest novels knows within certain bounds what to expect. His author, he feels, will give him three hours' good entertainment; there is sure to be a well-constructed plot, often a mystery of the most elusive variety, several stirring passages, and in the end virtue triumphant. It is greatly to Mr. Le Queux's credit that he has never consented to pander to those baser arts of the novelist by which to gain a transient popularity; his work is always of an excellent tone. Sensational it may be, but never improper. "The Money Spider" is an excellent example. It may not belong to the higher branches of the art, but it does supply many people with what they are looking for. It is a first-rate story, exceedingly well told, with a mystery—or rather a succession of mysteries—of the most baffling description. The author's breeziness of style is by now well known, and he never allows the reader's interest to flag for a moment. The scene shifts from the Riviera to a point within the Arctic Circle, but the author is equally at home in either *milieu*. In fact, it is just the sort of book to refresh the reader tired either by hard work or by a succession of modern problem novels.

A ROGUE IN AMBUSH.

By Headon Hill. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Carter Ravenscar, Lord Monksilver's secretary, is a villain of the deepest dye. In the most ingenious manner



From A Rogue in Ambush (*Ward, Lock*)

A TALL MAN STEPPED OUT OF THE SHADOWS AND TOUCHED HER LIGHTLY ON THE ARM

possible, he encompasses the death of the Rev. [illegible] Wenslade, Lord Monksilver's brother and heir, and he arranges the affair so cunningly that suspicion inevitably falls upon the murdered man's son, Dick. There is another mystery in the book, of which Ravenscar is again at the bottom. The much-tried Dick is again directly concerned in it, for his fiancée is spirited away by this very thorough villain. But you must read the story to get at the motives and the manner in which that clever detective Elisha Crowe tracked the villain down. Mr. Headon Hill can always be depended upon to do this sort of thing briskly and well, and "A Rogue in Ambush" is certainly one of his best books. The reader's interest is held from the first page to the last, and in spite of several improbabilities the book is one which may be very strongly recommended.



From Dulce Domum (*Murray*). MARY ANN MOBERLY BY GEORGE RICHMOND.

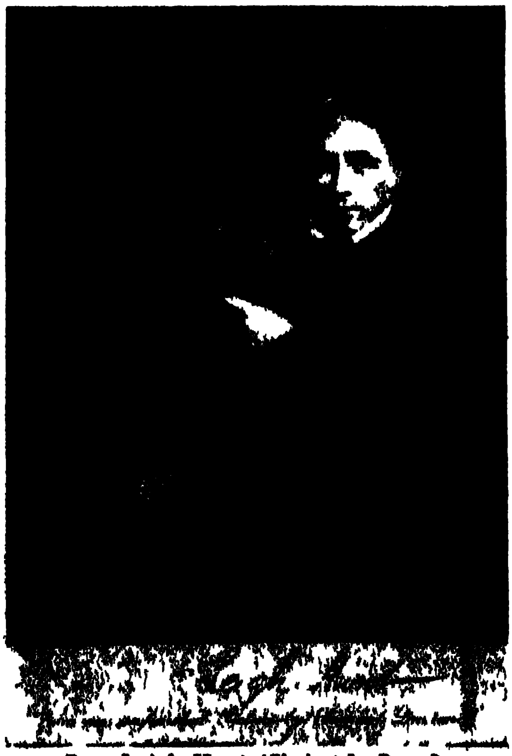
THE WEST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE.

By JOSEPH E. MORRIS, B.A. 3s. 6d. net and 4s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

Messrs. Methuen's "Little Guides" series is almost too well known to require further commendation, and the latest addition to it is entirely successful in reaching the high level attained by its predecessors. Mr. Morris's book is clearly the outcome of a lengthy experience of the Riding (which, by the way, is in itself the largest of English counties), and he writes throughout with what is clearly first-hand knowledge. The volume is planned on the form familiarised by the other "Little Guides" when dealing with a country—that is to say, that in the course of a lengthy introduction the author notices the area, etc., physical features, communications, antiquities and ecclesiology of the Riding, supplies a few brief appendices and a couple of excellent indexes, while the remainder of the book is devoted to a description of places arranged alphabetically. It must not be imagined that because it is styled a "little" guide Mr. Morris's is a small book; it is that only in *format*; in other respects it is uncommonly large—it contains, for instance, nearly six hundred pages—and as a guide for the pleasure-seeker or holiday-maker it may be very strongly recommended. There are twenty-six illustrations from photographs, a useful map, and several plans.



From In Castle and Court House (*Laurie*). THE BARONESS DE BAZUS (BETTER KNOWN AS FRANK LESLIE).



From Leigh Hunt (*Herbert & Daniel*).

ANNUAL AND BIENNIAL GARDEN PLANTS.

By A. E. Speer, F.R.H.S. 7s. 6d. net. (Murray.)

Mr. Speer's excellent work on gardening is of a severely practical kind. After a brief, but useful, introduction, he proceeds to devote sections of varying length to each of the hardy or half-hardy annual and biennial plants commonly grown in this country. These sections are all arranged in alphabetical order, and each contains full instructions for the cultivation of the flower under consideration, as well as a description of the best-known varieties. Mr. Speer writes in a clear and straightforward manner, and he confines himself strictly to business. We have no doubt whatever that his book will be of the greatest use to a large number of amateur gardeners. The volume is beautifully illustrated with fifty-eight photographs and drawings, six of which are reproduced in colour.

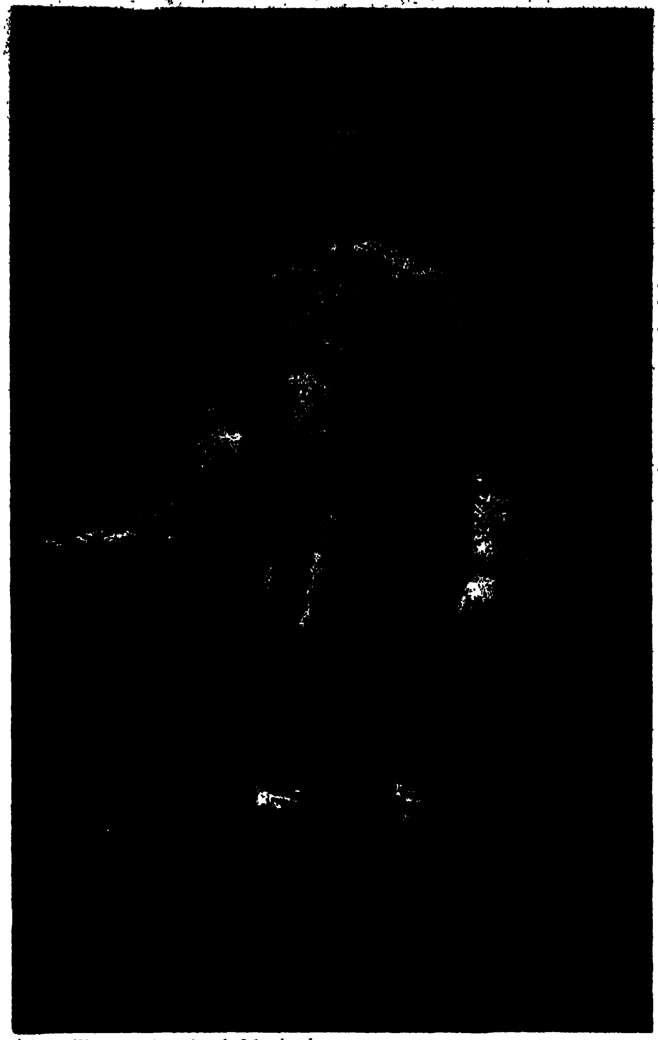


CHARLES II.
From The Gay King (*Stanley Paul*).

THE HERB-GARDEN.

By Frances A. Bardswell. (A. & C. Black.)

Miss Frances Bardswell's book concerns a field which in this country is practically unexploited. There is, of course, a good deal of modern book-making on the subject of herbs, which consists chiefly in the collection of curious verses and recipes. But the cultivation of the herb as an article for daily use has been neglected. And yet "Cooks and housekeepers sometimes say they need not depend upon the gardener for herbs they want, but can buy them very easily from the grocer in bottles. Bottles, indeed! How much I dislike the sight of those bottles! Cooks who talk like this do not know the difference between herbs bought in bottles and the herbs they might gather for themselves on sunny mornings in the summer out of their own or their masters' gardens. If the chance is given her, the Queen of the Kitchen soon discovers the secret!" Thus Miss Bardswell's book has a distinctly utilitarian use, and it is, before everything, a practical book. She devotes chapters to the making of the herb-garden, the gathering, drying, and storing of herbs, and a dozen others of useful hints and of descriptions of various recommended herbs. The book has also sixteen beautiful illustrations reproduced in colour by the Hon. Florence Amherst and Miss Isabelle Forrest.



From The School of Madrid (*Duckworth*). JUAN RIZI: PORTRAIT OF DON TIBURCIO DE REDIN (MADRID MUSEO DEL PRADO.)



THE CHEVALIER D'EON.
From Famous Impostors (*Sidgwick & Jackson*).



From The West Riding of Yorkshire (*Methuen*) COURTYARD SKIPTON CASTLE

THE PATRICIAN.

By JOHN GALSWORTHY. 6s. (Heinemann.)

If it was difficult at times to believe that the author of "The Island Pharisees" should have written "Fraternity," it is doubly hard to realise that the same pen should have produced "The Patrician." His early novels revealed Mr. Galsworthy as the Attila of the upper middle classes. Whether, as in "The Man of Property," they lived in London and made money in the City, or whether, as in "The Island Pharisees" and "The Country House," they lived upon their broad acres, was immaterial. Both sections of the caste were equally, or almost equally, odious to him, and he castigated their essential sterility and narrowness with an impassioned irony and bitterness into which, except in one or two striking scenes, no remorse or sympathy found room to creep. In "Fraternity" the dawn of a wider and less harsh outlook was already discernible. Superficially, indeed, Mr. Galsworthy narrowed his outlook and became primarily interested in the individual where before he had been interested in the class. In reality, however, his powers of mind showed a proportionate expansion. The artifices which sometimes suggested that the political pamphleteer was hiding behind the novelist dropped for ever from one who so delicately forced us to realise that fundamentally the same problems confront both the classes and the masses alike. And now the dawn of that wider outlook which was born in "Fraternity" has brightened into day. The desire to dwell mainly upon the blemishes of his characters has given way to the wish to describe them as they present themselves to him, the good with the bad, and at times even to make excuses for them, and to show that if we do not like them we must remember that after all they are struggling gallantly in the environment in which they have been placed. Once again, as in his former novels, Mr. Galsworthy has centred his story in the doings of a particular class. In this novel, as the title indicates, the particular class selected is the peerage. One by one we are introduced to the various characters: Lord Valleys, a Cabinet Minister, grimly intent upon keeping pace with the times, determined to wait in front; his wife, a kind mother and hostess, a thorough woman of the world; the elder daughter Agatha, with her vision bounded by household affairs; the younger son Bertie, keen and inscrutable; old Lady Casterley, mother to Lady Valleys, and a firm believer in the old nobility. Such are a few of the characters in the family destined to be so profoundly agitated by the affection of Lord Miltoun, the elder son, for Mrs. Noel, and by the apprehension that Lady Barbara, the younger girl, has fallen in love with that democratic champion of lost causes, Mr. Courtier. The personality of Lord Miltoun is the mainspring of the story, and is undoubtedly the finest conception which Mr. Galsworthy has yet produced. A man with all a Coriolanus's contempt of the mob, and feeling that he has in him the powers of a statesman, he is determined that he will not either enter Parliament until he has qualified himself to do so, nor remain there a day longer than he can without loss of self-respect. On the very threshold of his career he meets Audrey Noel. They fall in love. Audrey, separated from an intolerable husband who will not hear of divorce, believes erroneously that Miltoun knows the facts, only to find that he holds views identical with those of her husband as to the indissolubility of marriage. The anguish of mind into which he is plunged gives Miltoun a touch of brain fever, through which, thanks to Lady Barbara's impetuous action, he is nursed by Mrs. Noel. Unable to reconcile it with his conscience to live with her and to continue in public life, he elects to abandon his career. Despite all the protests of his family and his friends he clings obstinately to his position, utterly illogical in a man of his religious convictions. The way out of the difficulty is afforded by the



From Annual and Biennial Garden Plants (*Murray*) CREAM CUPS (*Platystemon Californicus.*)

action of Mrs Noel herself who, braced in her already half-formed resolution by a visit from Lady Casterley, silently flies from her lover Lord Miltoun is left free to pursue his career As "Fraternity" was an advance upon the preceding novels so we would repeat is "The Patrician" a greater achievement than "Fraternity" It will be said no doubt that Mr Galsworthy is losing his sting We have no fear for that so long as he can give us portraits such as those of Lady Casterley and Lord Harbinger That satire which is purely destructive is not an end We are more than compensated by the sturdy optimism of this book by the virile hope expressed therein of what the best man in whatever class he is born can do for present day society by the intimation of what aristocracy in its true sense really means or may mean

AMONG INDIAN RAJAHS AND RYOTS.

By Sir Andrew H L Fraser K.C.S.I. M.A. LL.D. Litt.D. 18s net (Seeley)

Sir Andrew Fraser is an ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, and his recollections may therefore be justifiably expected to be of unusual interest He has spent thirty-seven years of his life in India principally in the Central Provinces and in Bengal His reminiscences cover sport (there are a couple of thrilling chapters on wild elephants and tigers and big game) and things of more serious import such as Education Christian Missions the causes and limitations of Indian Unrest and the partition of Bengal concerning which it is interesting to note that in the writer's opinion the agitation against partition was mainly due to causes which can easily be pointed out and the comparative success of that agitation was really an indication of a symptom of the existing spirit of unrest of which the partition was certainly neither the origin nor the cause



From Adventures in Friendship (Hodder & Stoughton)

IF ANY ONE IS SICK SHE APPEARS WITH HER LITTLE BASKET

In the space of a short notice it is impossible to do justice to the merits of this most interesting book but readers if they are wise will discover them for themselves The volume is well illustrated and excellently produced

SIXTINE ROME.

By J. A. F. Orbaan (Constable)

Mr J A F Orbaan has written a painstaking historical and topographical account of Rome as it was in the latter part of the sixteenth century when Sixtus V was Pope It was a time when the Papal States were much overrun by pestiferous banditti which Sixtus set himself resolutely and successfully to suppress at the same time he made a shrewd and forceful use of his temporal powers and exercised a considerable influence in European politics But it is more with his work in Rome itself that Mr Orbaan is concerned and during the five years of his Papacy Sixtus made many important architectural changes in the Eternal City completed the dome of St Peter's and had a hand in destroying almost as much as he built or rebuilt There are very interesting chapters on the Pope's architect and on the Vatican Library and a good record of the destruction of the Septizonium The plans and pictures illustrating the book add greatly to its value

CLIFF CASTLES AND CAVE DWELLINGS OF EUROPE.

By S Baring-Gould M.A. 12s 6d net (Seeley)

Mr Baring-Gould believes with much justice that it has hardly been realised to what an extent cliff dwellings have existed and do still exist in Europe Indeed this book convinces us that the troglodyte has by no means passed away Perhaps caves—slightly adapted—are pleasanter to live in than might at once appear, but any-



From The Herb Garden (Black)

COLOUR IN THE HERB-GARDEN
Order of herbs from top to bottom —Red and White Valerian, Yellow Fumitory Cat Mint, Santolina Sweet Woodruff



From **Among Indian Rajahs and Ryots** (*Seeley*) AWAITING THE TIGER

how Mr Baring Gould quotes the witness of a "neat and pleasant spoken" Frenchwoman who informed him "Mais c'est tout ce qu'on peut désirer Enfin on s'y trouve très bien" Cave dwelling is in fact a much bigger subject than the ordinary reader may imagine It embraces such things as cliff castles underground monasteries subterranean churches rock hermitages and sepulchres and connected with all these there is any amount of fascinating history Mr Baring-Gould's latest book indeed makes most varied reading of a curious kind It is very fully illustrated and is absolutely the last word upon its subject

NELSON'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

Vol I A Anor 1s net (Nelson)

Messrs Nelson must be tired by now of being told that it is a marvel how they can do these things at the price, but this is nevertheless the only true description of "Nelson's Encyclopadia" The Encyclopædia proper we understand is to be completed in twenty-three volumes, published fortnightly and a handy reference library for the home will be completed by the publication of an English dictionary and an atlas of the world as volumes 24 and 25. The Encyclopædia itself is founded upon the Harmsworth Encyclopædia a highly successful publication, and the Nelson "Loose-Leaf which had a big circulation in America. It is not however, a reprint (the articles on aeroplanes prove that), but has been systematically revised and brought up-to-date, while a large number of new articles have been added. The volumes are of that handy *format* which Messrs. Nelson have already familiarised in their sevenpenny and shilling series, print and paper are very good and Vol. I., at any rate, contains an abundance of useful illustrations.

CHARLES DICKENS.

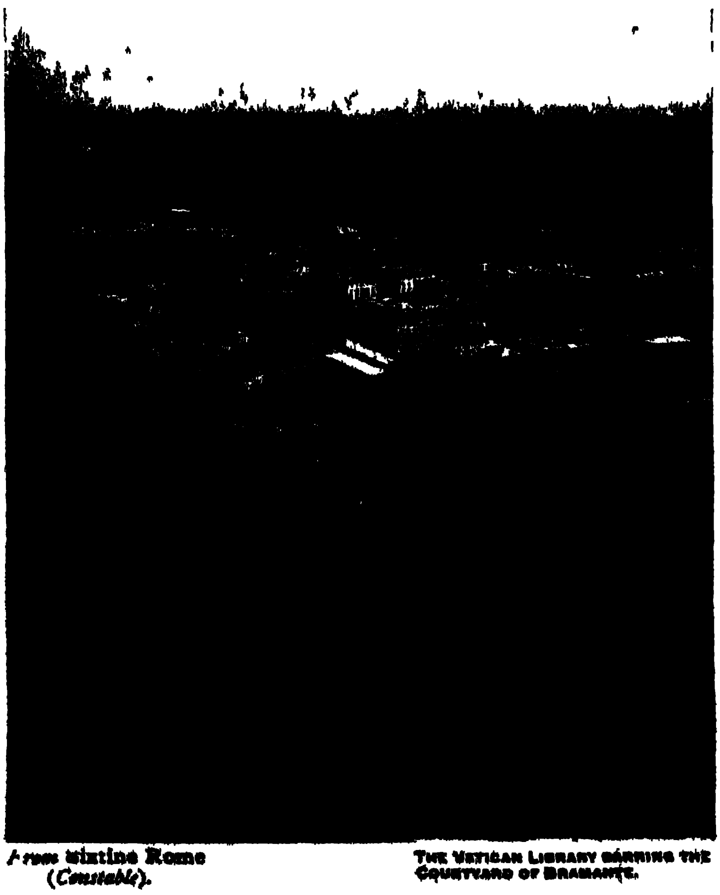
By His Eldest Daughter 2s 6d (Cassell)

Miss Mamie Dickens's pleasant little life of her father was written primarily for children, and was originally published so long ago as 1885 With the near approach of the Dickens Centenary and the steps which are being taken to celebrate it the book should enjoy a renewed popularity. A monument of filial devotion it presents a large amount of personal material concerning the great author which is of the first interest It also contains a useful summary of its subject's writings and four well executed coloured illustrations by Mr. C F Brock

WHITE MAGIC.

By David Graham Phillips 6s (Appleton)

"White Magic" is decidedly an unusual book Mr David Graham Phillips got hold of a good idea and he developed it cleverly and without that over excess of sentimentalism with which American authors are inclined to pick their love themes Roger Wade is an artist of great physical and mental attractions of which he is blissfully and rather unnaturally—unconscious He has made a name for himself in Paris has been left a very comfortably sized fortune has returned to his native country and has built for himself a lonely studio He is also wedded to his art he feels certain that marriage is the death blow to art and therefore he has



From **Sixtine Rome** (*Constable*). THE VATICAN LIBRARY SKIRTING THE COURTYARD OF BRAMANTE.



From Cliff Castles and Cave Dwellings of Europe
(*Seeley*)

THE RUINED MONASTERY IN THE ROCKS NOTTINGHAM PARK

decided not to marry However one stormy day he enters his studio to find a beautiful girl sheltering from the rain Each is attracted by the other they meet often and gradually drift into love When the reader is informed that the girl is the daughter of a millionaire who is strongly opposed to the idea of her marrying anybody she may meet and that Wade still has his mind made up that marriage is not for him he can see what a strong situation Mr Phillips invented The gradual development of the story is exceedingly cleverly done the characterisation is admirably natural and the more dramatic situations are handled with sureness and power We are confident that everybody will enjoy White Magic

AILSA PAIGE.

By ROBERT W CHAMBERS 6s (Appleton)

Mr Chambers's latest novel although not exactly a new departure is on lines somewhat different from those of his latest books He is no longer scourging the sins of modern American society in a manner of which to tell the truth, we have grown a little tired excellent though it is but instead he tells a story—straightforward in essentials but exceedingly complicated in its details—of the period of the American Civil War Although essentially American we cannot quite grasp for instance the reasons why the hero should swear off marriage at the beginning of the book and at the end should fling himself in no odour of free love, but with no substantial change in his original position into the arms of his chosen one—the book is one which will appeal to a large number of readers on this side of the Atlantic Especial praise must be given to the author's really brilliant battle pictures wherein the horrors of war are realised almost to an uncomfortable degree The book is a good deal too long and some of the minor intrigue is unnecessary but it makes nevertheless exceedingly good reading and it can be very strongly recommended

THE BIG FIVE.

By AMBROSE PRATT. 6s (Ward, Lock.)

"The Big Five" is one of those rather wild stories which are suitable for adults who delight in adventure of rather a more full-blooded type than is permissible in boys' books. Mr Ambrose Pratt invents an unexplored and practically unknown district of Australia which is fabulously rich in mineral wealth—more particularly in gold The owner of this vast tract of country is an eccentric gentleman who dresses in an immaculately fitting silk riding suit glossy boots and leggings and brand new chamois skin gloves' in the heart of the bush But he is not really much of a fellow although perhaps more sympathetic than he sounds in this description, the hero is of the more stereotyped manner of adventurer the man who will baulk at precious little, and the heroine is the eccentric gentleman's wife and a tigress' There is a good deal of violence and several very sudden deaths a fine love interest and a well-constructed plot In fact Mr Ambrose Pratt gives you everything that you can ask provided that you do not ask too much



From The "Wine Drinker" and Other Stories (*Smith, Elder*).

'IN CAME THE SILVER-LINED SEA CURTAIN

(Reviewed on p 43)



From Siren Land (*Dent*). A MEDIÆVAL SIREN (HARLEIAN MS.).



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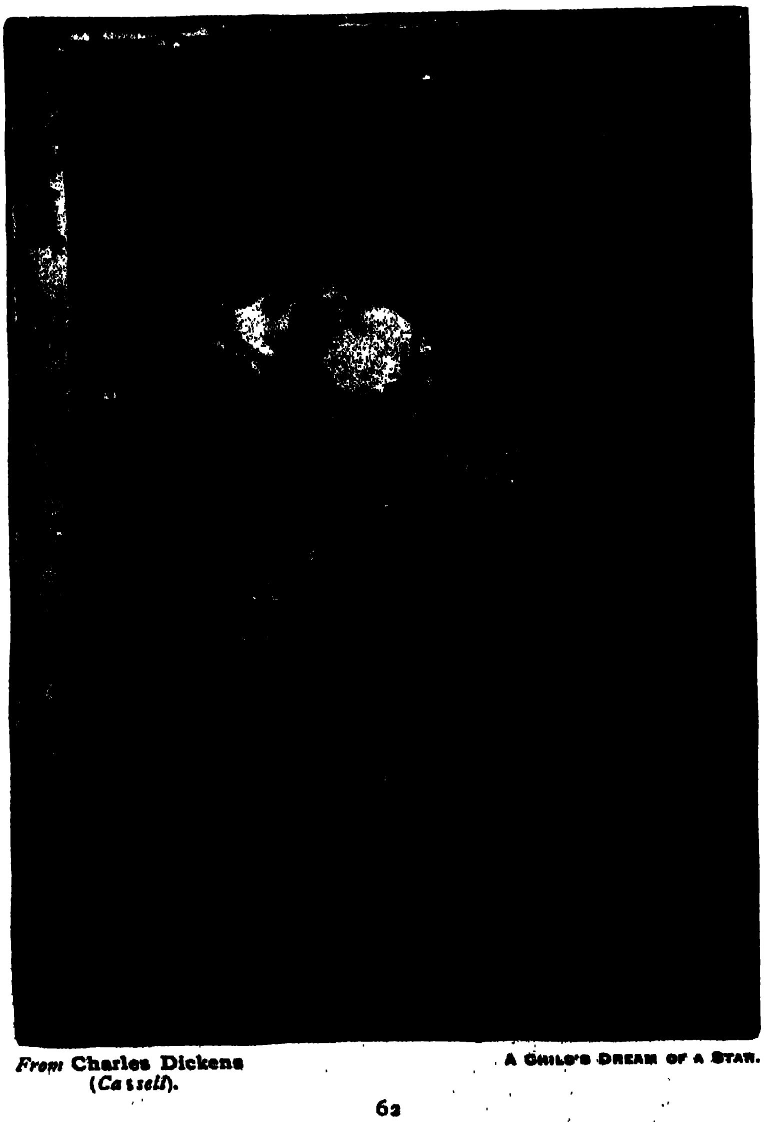
2

From Nelson's Encyclopædia (*Nelson*). THE ALHAMBRA, OR "RED CASTLE." 1. COURT OF THE LIONS. 2. GENERAL VIEW.

THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

By MARY STUART BOYD. 12s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

Mrs. Boyd's "Our Stolen Summer" will be remembered by those readers who were fortunate enough to make its acquaintance as a work of travel on exceedingly pleasant and somewhat unusual lines. She reverts to her former manner in her account of a six months' stay in the Balearic Isles. Her "forewarning" is worth quoting: "'I hear you think of spending the winter in the Balearic Islands?' said the only Briton we met who had been there. 'Well, I warn you, you won't enjoy them. They are quite out of the world. There are no tourists. Not a soul understands a word of English, and there's nothing whatever to do. If you take my advice you won't go.' So we went. And what follows is a faithful account of what befel us in these fortunate isles." "What follows" is just about as attractive as it could possibly be, and it makes us want very much to go to the Balearic Islands. Mrs. Boyd is a most sympathetic writer, with a keen eye for beauty, and every chapter of her book is a delight. Her husband is Mr. A. S. Boyd, the well-known artist, and his eight drawings in colour and numerous pencil illustrations in the text serve to bring the unfamiliar beauties



From Charles Dickens (*Cassell*). A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR.

which Mrs. Boyd describes even more vividly before our eyes. This entirely attractive book is lacking in one thing only—a map.

SIR WILLIAM BUTLER:

An Autobiography. By LIEUT.-GEN. THE RT. HON. SIR W. F. BUTLER, G.C.B. 16s. net. (Constable.)

When the man of action has also some gift of literary expression he is generally more justified in writing his autobiography than is the man whose life-work has been done in the study; certainly there was the best of reasons why Sir William Butler should have spent his quieter years in writing this story of his own chequered career. He had lived a full life, and played an important part in making the history of his time. He was so far a born leader of men that he was not willing to obey instructions blindly; he thought for himself, formed his own opinions, and had

the courage always to speak his thoughts plainly and strongly on occasions when a more diplomatic, a less bluntly soldierly, man might have temporised. Consequently he was not in particularly good favour with the official world, and came in for a deal of misrepresentation and misunderstanding. No one attempts to deny now that the events justified him in his obstinate warnings of our unpreparedness before the South African War; we suffered for not believing in them, and we treated him as one too often treats the man who insists on telling us unpleasant truths at inconvenient times. The whole story is here in Sir William Butler's book, told simply and clearly, without rancour but with due emphasis, and it forms one of the most interesting episodes in a volume that is full of interesting reminiscences and good anecdotes and will rank as one of the few modern autobiographies of permanent importance, and one that the historical student cannot afford to overlook.



From **White Magic** (*Appleton*). "SHE'S A FOOL—AN IMPETUOUS FOOL."

THE MAN SHE LOVED.

By Effie Adelaide Rowlands. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Miss Rowlands' numerous love stories have, we believe, met with a considerable success in America, and there seems to us no particular reason why they should not duplicate that success in this country, for they give what, after all, the great body of the public is still demanding and probably what it will continue to demand for some time to come. First and foremost, they are love stories, secondly they are sensational. In "The Man she Loved" Miss Rowlands rightly holds to her original manner. The heroine is one Kit Marlowe, the Cinderella of her family, living on the charity of her aunt and her beautiful cousin, Rosemary. She attracts the attention of two men, Sir Charles Desmond, and his friend, Edward Montgomery, and the rest of the book resolves itself into a duel between the two, which the better man eventually wins. Further complications arise when Rosemary, pretending that Kit



Cover illustration of **Ailsa Paige** (*Appleton*).



From **The Big Five** (*Ward, Lock*). "WE MET BY ARRANGEMENT ON THE STEPS OF THE 'AUSTRALIA HOTEL.'"

has gone to a finishing school in Paris, gets her a situation as lady's maid. Our readers will see that the situation is not exactly new, but Miss Rowlands' treatment of it is brisk and efficient. "The Man she Loved" is quite a readable book of its kind.



From The Fortunate Isles (*Methuen*).

SUNDAY MORNING AT IVIZA.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE.

The World's Classics. 9 Vols. 1s. net each. (Frowde.)

THE SHAKESPEARE READING CIRCLE.

With Introductions and Notes by ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES. 2 Vols. 9d. net each. (Dent.)

Mr. Frowde has published the first three volumes of the "World's Classics" edition of Shakespeare, the three volumes containing thirteen of the plays. They are beautifully printed and very tastefully produced, and contain a note by Mr. Watts-Dunton on the special typographical features of this edition, and there can be no question that these features are an improvement. The whole page, including the stage directions, is printed in roman characters, the directions being set in smaller sized letters instead of in italics, and the result is pleasanter to the eye and makes easier reading. Then, too, the names of the characters are not abbreviated at the beginnings of their utterances but always printed in full. Small matters, but as Mr. Watts Dunton points out, they tend to present the plays in more artistic and more readable form. The first volume contains Swinburne's fine and lyrically eulogistic general introduction to the works of Shakespeare; and each play is prefaced with a scholarly study of it by Mr. Edward Dowden. The slimness and handy size of the volumes make this an absolutely ideal pocket edition of Shakespeare: it was especially designed, Mr. Watts-Dunton tells us, "for those who love to read his works in the open air," and it is admirably adapted to this end; but its carefully edited text and authoritative introductions make it as satisfactory to the more exacting student as to the out-of-door man who goes reading it for pleasure only.



From Sir William Butler, an Autobiography. (*Constable*).

LIEUT.-COL. W. F. BUTLER, C.B. Taken in 1883, as Queen's A.D.C. (Photo by Heath, Plymouth.)

This other edition of the plays, that Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves is engaged upon and Mr. Dent is issuing, appeals almost entirely to the indoor reader. Mr. Graves has inaugurated his scheme by preparing "As You Like It" and "The Merchant of Venice" for reading classes, or for reading aloud "in the family circle or amongst friends." He has removed from the text all passages that could possibly offend against delicacy and could not well be read aloud in a mixed company, arranging each play so that it may be gone through by a circle of readers in two hours and a quarter. Each book contains, besides a general introduction, a helpful essay on elocution; notes on the origin of the play; full descriptions of the characters and costumes, a plan for the arrangement of seats, showing where the representative of each character should sit, and hints as to which readers could most readily duplicate parts in the event of there not enough being present to make up a full caste. We strongly recommend these convenient and admirably contrived little volumes to reading classes and reading circles, and to any one who contemplates forming such; with their lucid directions and notes they seem to us to fulfil completely the function for which Mr. Graves has designed them.



From A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands (*Hutchinson*).

MRS. HUGH FRASER.

ENGLISH LITERATURE DURING THE LIFETIME OF SHAKESPEARE.

By Felix E Schelling, Professor in the University of Pennsylvania 10s 6d net (G Bell & Sons)

Professor Schelling is convinced that ' until the history of literature cuts loose from the tyranny of biography as history at large has long since cut loose little progress can be made towards the realisation of the higher aims of literary study ' Therefore in telling once more primarily for the benefit of American students the fascinating story of Elizabethan literature he has neither listed authors in the order of their birth nor books in the chronology of their publication He has not attempted to eschew biography he has made it his servant And being a vigorous and lucid writer as well as a scholar he has given us a narrative which can be read in its entirety without fatigue and has so arranged his material as to make it very useful for the purposes of reference The volume has the further double advantage of being in touch with recent research and remarkably free from distracting footnotes The results of laborious study are frequently compressed into the limits of a single sentence Professor Schelling not only adopts a Swinburnian tone in reference to the "claims of the Baconians but carries the war into the enemy's camp as it were by questioning the position of Bacon as a philosopher In support of his contention that ' Bacon's touch with poetry is scarcely more serious than his momentary points of contact with the drama he effectively contrasts the cynical lines The world's a bubble which have been attributed to Bacon and Shakespeare's exquisite Sonnet cxvi Whilst by no means dogmatic he is far from dissociating the poetry of Sidney Spenser and Shakespeare from the influence of experience in life even if all the claims of Continental originals be granted And as regards the charge of 'filching of which we have heard so much of late, he declares that it is not fair to make too much of a practice that was as common to the age and in general as ingenuous and free from concealment, as piracy on the high seas against the commerce of Spain. ' But " nothing is more erroneous than to suppose that Spenser borrowed *his perfect stanza of the 'Faerie Queene' from the Italian.' Some excellent remarks are made with reference* to the right understanding of Euphuism and Arcadianism. One or two other points may be noted For example, Professor Schelling is at some pains to show that it is a mistake to consider the Authorised Version of the Bible as mainly the work of the King James translators in 1611. He is on less secure ground perhaps in describing the allegations against Marlowe's character as inventions." His reference to 'Eastward Hoe contains the statement that Jonson and Chapman were arrested The generally accepted story is that Chapman and Marston the principal authors were imprisoned and that Jonson joined them of his own free will Professor Schelling adopted this in the introduction to his edition of the Discoveries." Confusion arises undoubtedly from the fact that Jonson and Chapman were in trouble over an unknown play soon after the Eastward Hoe affair It is a pity that there are so many errors in the bibliography and index, but the repetition of one slip is certainly suggestive. On pp 474 and 476 Jonson is credited with writing Eastward Hoe with Marston and *Dekker* It is hardly to be denied that this play contains much more of what one would have expected from Dekker than from any one of the three men whose names are on the title page of 1605



From The Cornish Riviera (*Beautiful England Series Blackie*)

TRURO CATHEDRAL

MOTHER AND SON.

By L T Meade (Ward Lock)

Mrs Meade has given us a study of the love of a mother for a child that is not her own — a changeling for the son who died at birth — which is both interesting and unusual The Stantons were married for seven years before an heir to their great property came to crown their happiness and when during the absence of the father the much longed for son died the mother and nurse substituted the child of a villager who was leaving for Australia The father was left in ignorance of the change and when in after years two daughters and a son are born the mother is placed in a terrible position for she loves the changeling almost more than her own children When you are told that two great fortunes hang upon the condition of Mrs. Stanton having two sons you have a fair idea of the dramatic situation which ensues However Mrs Meade knows her work so well that everything is brought right without either alienating the reader's sympathy or offending his sense of justice. The book contains some delightful child characters *which are drawn in the author's best vein, and the whole makes a readable and well-constructed story.*

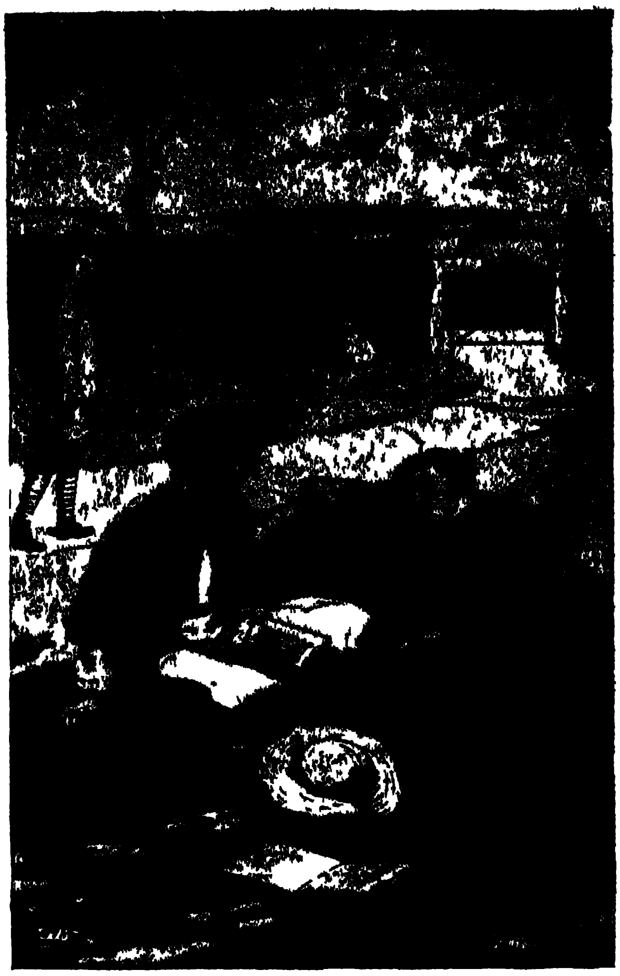


From **The Fine Art Scott**
(*Educational Book Co.*)

BAILIE MACWHEEBLE AT BREAKFAST

Before him was a large bicker of oatmeal porridge, and at the side thereof a horn spoon and a bottle of twopenny. Eagerly running his eye over a voluminous law paper, he from time to time shovelled an immense spoonful of these nutritive viands into his capacious mouth. —*Waverley.*

(From the painting by Jas. Eckford Lauder, R.S.A.)



From **A Great Emergency** (*Bell*)



From **A Century of Scottish History** (*Blackwood*)



From **Heroes of Genoa and the Rivieras** (*Laurie*).

THE RING OF UG, AND OTHER WEIRD STORIES.

By E. Elliot Stock. 2s. 6d. (Ouseley.)

Besides being an enthusiastic climber Mr. Elliot Stock has, if such an epithet be permissible, a pleasant faculty for raising the reader's hair. Of the four stories included in this little volume the best and the weirdest is almost certainly that which supplies the book with its title. With its scene laid among the Cumberland Fells, it admits of none but a supernatural explanation, and at the same time it is sufficiently convincing, and conviction is the main point for which the author must aim in stories of this type. The remaining three stories have their scenes laid in the Arctic Ocean, the Bernese Oberland, and a wild district of Pembrokeshire. All reach a certain level of achievement, and "The Ring of Ug" may be recommended as a book which will fascinate and mystify its reader.



From Scrambles in Storm and Sunshine (Ouseley.)

OUR LITTLE CARAVAN WAS NOW SADLY REDUCED

SCRAMBLES IN STORM AND SUNSHINE AMONG THE SWISS AND ENGLISH ALPS.

By E. Elliot Stock. net. (Ouseley.)

Mr. Elliot Stock has a fine enthusiasm for climbing, and the extracts adapted from his diary to form "Scrambles in Storm and Sunshine" should find a large circle of readers. The author is not one of your boastful people who pretend invariably to attain the object on which they set out, but the account of the peaks which he has missed make reading quite as good as that of those which he has won. Nor does Mr. Stock confine himself to Switzerland; he is aware that just as good sport in certain respects may be had among the Cumberland Fells. Indeed his account of a night spent on the Great Gable Crags is more thrilling than any of his Swiss experiences. The book is well produced and contains twenty-two excellent photographs taken by the author, and in addition four clever drawings by Mr. G. C. Armour. It will be welcomed as the straightforward and honest record of some rather unusual experiences.



From The Ring of Ug, and Other Stories (Ouseley.)

MUTTLEBURY WITH BOTH ARMS OUTSTRETCHED PLEADED RAPIDLY AND IN AN UNKNOWN TONGUE AS THOUGH TO SOME HIDDEN PRESENCE

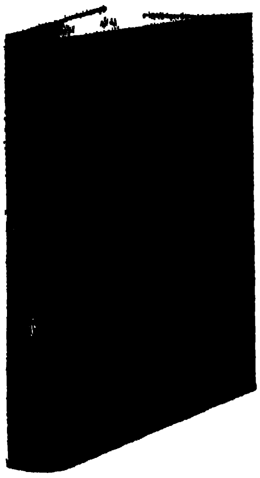
GETTING ON

The Confessions of a Publisher. By John Adams Thayer. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

If Mr. Thayer was not born a publisher he was a born one; he had discovered his vocation and entered upon it by the time he was thirteen, when he edited and published a small monthly paper which he called the *Printer*. As a mere child he went on to a Sunday school platform and recited a sort of poem that ran:

When I'm a man, a man,
I'll be a printer if I can, and I can,

and when he was a man he found that he could and he was; he passed from printing to act as advertising manager to the *Ladies' Home Journal*; he spent a month and a day with *Munsey*, worked for a year on a newspaper, made a great fight for clean advertising in the periodicals, and was largely responsible for founding and publishing the successful *Everybody's Magazine*. Now, after



Cover Design of **A History of Painting** (*Jack*)



From **The Fine Art Scott** (*Educational Book Co*)

STIRLING CASTLE
In about two hours time the party were near the castle of Stirling —*Waverley*
(From the picture by J M W Turner R A)



Cover Design of **A History of Painting** (*Jack*).

thirty years of hard and unremitting work in the business world," having fulfilled his ambitions he has retired and has turned his retirement to excellent use in writing this autobiography It is the frank breezy record of a strenuous and triumphant career Mr Thayer knew the work he could do best and he did it with all his might and did it well This is a book of great interest to all journalists and to the general reader who likes to know how things are done, it is especially a readable and inspiriting book for the young man who is beginning to live and wants to know how to make the most of himself and get as much out of life as possible

MEARING STONES.

By Joseph Campbell (Maunsel Dublin)

"Mearing Stones" is a little collection of vagrant notes recording passing incidents and fancies from the note book of Mr Campbell when on tramp in Donegal The book is entirely successful in capturing the Irish atmosphere—a feature which is also to be remarked in the sixteen beautiful pencil drawings by the author which form a worthy corollary to the text Inconsequent the book may be passing from one mood to another with the interval of nothing more than a line space but it is one that will not readily be forgotten With so much to quote selection is invidious and the following anecdote is by no means to be regarded as any more worthy than many other passages in this remarkable little book

> It's a strange world said a tramp to me to day I agreed And would you answer me this gatter? said he Why is it when a man's soul is in his body and he lusty and well you think nothing of kicking him about as you would an old cast shoe? And the minute the soul goes and the body is stiffening in death you draw back from him hardly daring to touch him for the dread that is on you Would you answer me that gatter? I was silent It's a strange world sure enough said the tramp He rose from the gripe where he lay making rings in the grass with his stick Good day gatter said he God speed your journey And he took the road laughing

Beautiful haunting true the reader will find the stuff for many moods within the covers of Mearing Stones



From **Mearing Stones** (*Maunsel*).

ON THE ROAD TO DOON WELL

The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 236. Vol. XL.
Subscription rate 8s. per annum post free.

MAY, 1911.

Price Sixpence.
Published Monthly.

CONTENTS.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

Sir Walter Runciman, whose new book, "The Tragedy of St. Helena," is published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, has written several books about sailors, ships, and the sea that have been published by the Walter Scott Publishing Company. He is contemplating for his next book a study of Napoleon III. Sir Walter is the father of the President of the Board of Education.

In which connection, by the way, Messrs. Constable are publishing a book entitled "What Is and What Might Be" in the field of education. It is written by Mr. E. A. G. Holmes, author of that now notorious document, the Holmes Circular.

Messrs. Blackwood seem rather to have specialised in the novel of Anglo-Indian life, of native unrest and frontier fighting. They have published the stories of "Sidney Grier," Mrs. Diver, and Hugh Clifford, and now announce two such novels by new writers—"Peter's Progress," by Christopher Heath, a tale of the adventures of a subaltern in the Punjab, and "The Price of Empire," by Mrs. Hobart-Hampden, which deals at first hand with those disturbances that are threatening our supremacy in India.

Two of the many publications that have been occasioned by the forthcoming Coronation are a charming little book by the author of "Where's Master?" entitled "If I were King George," by Happy, the King's Dog, which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have published; and "The Portrait Book of our Kings and Queens," edited by T. Leman Hare, and published by Messrs. Jack. This contains a series of portraits in colour of all our sovereigns from the Conquest to George V., with historical notes on each by Eyre Pascoe.

Messrs. Cassell are issuing a new edition of Mr. Foster Fraser's "Canada As It Is," this re-issue being illustrated with four colour plates and forty-seven full-page plates from photographs.

Mr. Arthur Irwin Dasent, whose "Speakers of the House of Commons" (John Lane) we review elsewhere, is the youngest son of the well-known Scandinavian scholar, Sir George Webbe Dasent, and his long and intimate connection with the official

side of Parliamentary life makes him an ideal historian and biographer of the Speakers of the House. He was born under the shadow of Westminster Abbey (at 6, Broad Sanctuary); his earliest impressions of the Abbey are associated with the teachings of Dean Stanley, after whom he was called Arthur; and he maintained his family connection with Westminster by having his only son christened there, in 1905, in the crypt of St. Stephen's Chapel. His family connection with Westminster goes back over some two centuries; his brothers, his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were all educated at Westminster School, the last-named entering there as long ago as 1750. Mr. Dasent was the first of his name to be educated at Eton. While he was still in his teens he entered the public service, having secured in a competitive examination an appointment in the Duchy of Lancaster office. On the nomination of the late Sir Thomas Erskine-May (Lord Farnborough) he became one of the Clerks to the House of Commons in 1882, and has been there ever since.

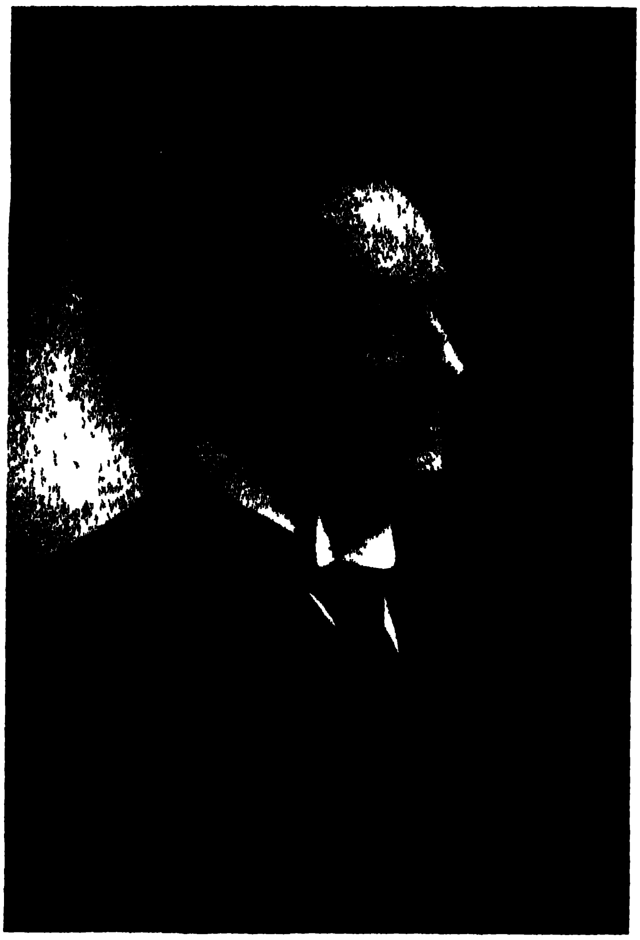


Photo by Elliott & Fry **Mr. Arthur Irwin Dasent.**

"The History of St. James's Square," Mr. Dasent's first book, was published by Macmillan in 1895, and was an immediate and unqualified success. In 1903 he wrote a memoir of his father, by way of preface to a new edition of Sir George Dasent's "Popular Tales from the Norse"; and followed this in 1908 with a Life of Delane, the famous *Times* editor, who was his uncle. This latter book, though published at the unusually high price of thirty-two shillings, is now in its fourth thousand, and the issue of a cheap edition of it in one volume is in prospect. Mr. Dasent had a share in the production of that monumental work, Jackson's "English Goldsmiths and their Marks," compiling the elaborate index to it as a labour of love. At present he is engaged on histories of "Piccadilly" and of "Mayfair," as companion volumes to his "St. James's Square," and one of these is to be published very shortly.

But this record is far from exhausting the list of Mr. Dasent's activities. He has been a member of the Council of the Navy Records Society, and is a Lieutenant in the Royal Naval Volunteers Reserve. He made his very first appearance in print when, as an Eton boy, he wrote to the *Times* to protest against some tasteless restorations which were in progress in the school cloisters. He has been a contributor to *Notes and Queries*, especially during the editorship of Joseph Knight, for the last five-and-twenty years; has written also for the *National Review*, and others of the magazines, has done a great deal of reviewing for several of the leading London newspapers, and is one of the contributors to the "Dictionary of National Biography." He is a rather slow worker, but amply atones for this by being a thorough and painstakingly accurate one.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall are publishing a new novel by Mrs. Fred Reynolds. It is entitled "The Horseshoe," and is largely concerned with the life, customs, and quaint beliefs of the Cornish people. To gather knowledge and impressions for this story Mrs. Fred Reynolds has been living for two years in a fisherman's cottage at Sennen Cove, where the last village in England lies under the granite cliffs within a mile of Land's End.

We are always particularly interested in the first book of a new writer, and look forward to the appearance this week of "The Marriage of Quixote." It is a novel of modern life, and its scenes are laid in London and the English countryside. The author, Mr. Donald Pringle Armstrong, was born in Australia but is of Scotch descent, and derives from the stock of that Johnnie Armstrong of the famous ballad. He studied at one of the great English universities, and was a medical student in Edinburgh, and later in London. He has practised literature all his life, but has been in no hurry to publish. In these days,

when the gospel of "push" is becoming wearisomely popular, it is pleasant to hear that Mr Armstrong had so modest an opinion of his work that he did not rush to offer it for publication before the ink on the last page was dry, he had put it aside with other MSS, but a friend who read it urged him so strongly to give it its chance that he sent it to Mr Martin Secker, by whom it was promptly accepted



Photo by Bright's Studio, Bournemouth "Rita" (Mrs. Desmond Humphreys).

Few women novelists of our time have enjoyed a larger share of popularity than "Rita" (Mrs Desmond Humphreys), nevertheless, Mrs Humphreys has resolved that for a time at all events she will write no more books "I have climbed up to a certain point on the Hill Difficulty" she says, "and there I stand for a breathing space I look below and around and I ask myself 'Cui bono'? A goodly array of work stands behind me The early books, with their crude ideas of life, their girlish theories of romance still sell and are still republished The later ones those in which the thought and experience of years has been garnered form another and somewhat different collection But even as I number the varying editions I realise how poorly one is compensated for such labour And beside that realisation stands another and more disheartening discovery—how seldom does one's best work achieve recognition or popularity That is a fact which most authors learn sooner or later Popular taste is not critical taste Popularity means an easily caught or sensationally tricked public, it means momentary enthusiasm, quick forgetfulness. If only the best work received the best payment, what a difference there would be in English literature But alas! the worker must live and support a family and if a publisher is to succeed I suppose he must keep a strictly business eye in his head But brains are no enviable asset in the market, for the brain-worker is often the worst paid and most long-suffering of all the paid slaves of humanity"



Photo by Bright's Studio, Bournemouth

"Rita's" Writing-room at "Cliffcot," West Bournemouth.

Which pessimistic assertion Mrs Humphreys corroborates out of personal experience "I contrast two of my own books," she says "'Souls' and 'Calvary' 'Souls' ran into eleven editions, and still sells, eight years after its first appearance both at six shillings, three and six and in paper covers at sixpence 'Calvary' never reached a second

edition, and it is the best book I have ever written. It has brought me numbers of appreciative letters; much appreciative criticism; a wider circle of intellectual friends; but it has been a complete monetary failure. So much for good work! Yet it was worth doing; it was worth suffering for; but when you ask me if it is to have a successor I can only repeat 'Cui bono?' "

"Dame Durden" was the first novel that made the name of "Rita" a household word, and most of the titles of her other fifty novels are equally familiar to the world of readers. Since the publication of "Souls," in 1903, all her books have been included in the Tauchnitz Library. She has a large and enthusiastic public in Australia and South Africa, a satisfactory one in America, and many of her novels have been translated into German, French, and Italian. Though she is writing no fiction since the appearance of her fiftieth novel "Calvary," Mrs. Humphreys has not been idle. She has dramatised her story of "Prince Charming" —one imagines it would make a very delightful comedy—and is engaged on other work for the stage, and says we may expect to see something of hers before the footlights within another year.

Mr. Elkin Mathews is publishing this month a little volume of mystical poems called "Angels and Symbols," by Mrs. Montgomery, whose first book, "The Rose and the Fire," met with a very favourable reception in 1908.

Messrs. Appleton ask us to state that they have taken over the English and colonial rights in Mr. Robert W. Chambers's novel, "The Tracer of Lost Persons."

"Paul Trent" (Mr. Edward Platt) is a son of the late James Platt of Gloucester, who was Vice-President of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers. He was educated at Cheltenham College, when he read for the India Civil Service, but had to change his ambition on account of eye trouble, and fell back on the law. However, he never liked this profession, and at twenty-five travelled to the United States and Canada. In Toronto he met Goldwin Smith and that well-known Imperialist Colonel Denison, and his first attempt at writing was to answer in the *Toronto Globe* an article of the latter's which had appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*. From America he returned to England, but a cable called him to South Africa, where one of his brothers lay seriously ill. Out there, at Pretoria, he met Kruger, who gave him an interview on his stoep. Going back home again, Mr. Platt married, "which," he says, "was the wisest step of my life, for it is owing to my wife's constant encouragement that I began writing seriously. We lived in Paris for fifteen months, when I did a little work for the *Westminster Gazette*." Later, Mr. Platt received an offer to take up a legal appointment on the West Coast of Africa, and it was after he returned from there that he decided to devote himself to the writing of fiction. Under another name he met with considerable success, writing many serials to order. But this did not satisfy him. He had always determined to write one novel as he wished, and not to suit the ideas of his various editors, and a West African story entitled "A Wife by Purchase" was the result. "However," he says, "in the present state of the book market there is no living for the author who publishes his novels at 6s. only, unless he is one of the first rank, and accordingly I had to return to my 'pot-boiling' serials. But I was still determined to indulge in the luxury of another novel to please myself—and to keep the signature of 'Paul Trent' only for such work."

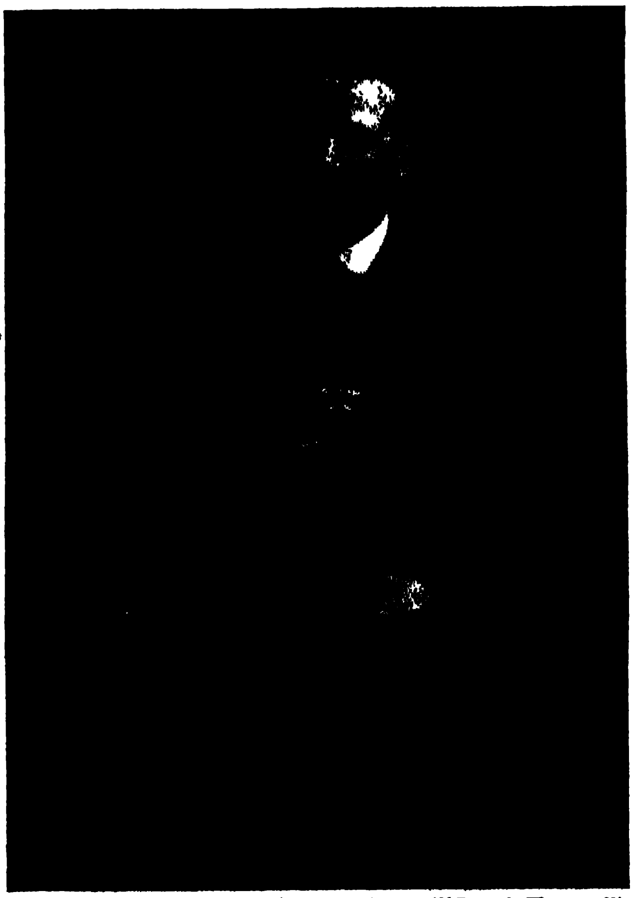


Photo by Lafayette. **Mr. Edward Platt ("Paul Trent").**
Whose successful novel, "The Vow," has been published by Messrs Hodder & Stoughton.

At the beginning of last year Mr. Platt began to seek a theme for that novel; his best views, he finds, generally come to him when he is in bed.

"It is my custom, when a good idea arrives, to wake up my wife, and tell it to her," he remarks, adding sympathetically, "I may say that she is very patient. As I lay awake one night, it suddenly occurred to me to wonder if a man would have the strength of character to carry out a vow made under emotion. In a flash I had the theme of 'The Vow.' I promptly awoke my wife—got out of bed—drew an armchair up to the fire, lit my pipe, and by half-past three had worked out the details of the story. The next day I wrote the first instalment, which I sent to Leng's of the Sheffield *Weekly Telegraph*. I had already had correspondence with them, as to a story, but had refused to do any work except on commission. Within a week I had a letter asking me to go to Sheffield to see them. I returned with a commission for 'The Vow,' and a second story at an increased price. 'The Vow' ran serially in the *Weekly Telegraph*, and a good deal of money was spent in advertising it. Within a few weeks of the typescript reaching the United States I had a contract from the Frederick Stokes Publishing Co. for the publication of the book. In a letter I recently received from them they say as follows: 'It was the central theme of your book which attracted us. There have been stories about people who have made vows under stress of emotion and have kept them, but we could not recollect any story in which the main character kept his vow in the way John Gauntdid. There is no immediate change in his disposition, he remains the same relentless man of blood and iron he was before, and proceeds to keep his promise in much the same way he formerly put through his questionable financial deals.'"



Miss Mary Roberts Rinehart
(Author of "The Circular Staircase"), whose new detective story, "The Window at the White Cat," has just been published in Mr. Eveleigh Nash's 2s. Novel series.



Photo by H. Walter Barnett, Knightsbridge. **Mr. P. G. Konody.**
Whose new book, "Through the Alps to the Apennines," Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. are publishing.

We have received from Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Fitzwilliam Elliot a long letter traversing Mr. W. S. Crockett's review of his "Further Essays on Border Ballads" in our March number. We forwarded this to Mr. Crockett, who returned it with an equally long letter, quoting passages from this and Colonel Elliot's former volume which had led him to the opinions he expressed. As the two letters would have occupied some two pages of our space, we sent both to Colonel Elliot, suggesting that as it was quite clear Mr. Crockett had, at least, written a reasoned and honest criticism, there seemed no need to publish these letters, especially as we could not spare so much space for them. Colonel Elliot still wished his letter to appear and condensed it as below for that purpose, but sent us a further letter a column in length in reply to Mr. Crockett's, consequently we were not much better off than before. In these circumstances we print Colonel Elliot's letter with pleasure, and shall rely on Mr. Crockett's forgiving us for omitting his answer.

"*To the Editor of* THE BOOKMAN.

"SIR,

"In your March issue the Rev. W. S. Crockett says (1) that I have 'written a couple of volumes to prove, or to make an attempt at proving, that Scott practically forged' some of the Border Ballads—this statement is incorrect; (2) that I affirm 'Jamie Telfer' to 'be a purely modern composition'—I have always maintained practically the reverse; (3) that I have

said Scott 'penned large portions of "Otterburne" '—I never said any such thing.

"Yours faithfully, FITZWILLIAM ELLIOT.

"P.S.—I trust my curtness will not be thought discourteous; it is due, as you are aware, to your inability to find space in your next issue for a longer letter previously addressed to you."

Messrs. Methuen have commenced the publication of an excellent shilling series of popular books by distinguished authors. The first two volumes are "Jane," by Marie Corelli, and Oscar Wilde's "De Profundis." The volumes are well printed on good paper, and tastefully bound in cloth. Among the earlier works to be included in the series are Graham Balfour's "Life of Stevenson," Collingwood's "Life of Ruskin," the "Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to his Son," and some of the best novels by living authors.

Yet another new and admirable series is the "Home University Library of Modern Knowledge," which Messrs. Williams & Norgate are publishing. But these are not reprints; they are a series of new books specially written by acknowledged authorities, under the general editorship of Mr. Herbert Fisher and Professors Gilbert Murray and J. Arthur Thomson. They are well and clearly printed, and tastefully bound in a size that is handy for the pocket, and at a shilling net each they are certainly a miracle of cheapness. The first ten volumes have now appeared, and make a first-rate beginning of a first-rate programme. We deal at length, elsewhere, with two of them, and hope to give attention to others of them later.

For much assistance with the illustrations in this number we are indebted to the courtesy and kindness of the Trustees of the British Museum, Mr. Henry Frowde, Mr. John Lane, Messrs. Cassell, Messrs. Dent, Messrs. Chapman & Hall, Mr. John Murray, Messrs. Hurst & Blackett, and Mr. Eveleigh Nash.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN AND ELLEN TERRY.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN paid the following charming tribute to Ellen Terry at one of the farewell dinners given to her in New York:

We are saying good-bye to that elixir of sunbeams labelled by her parents Ellen Terry. She is going home to England. Her heart may be beating with anticipation, but her American friends will miss her sadly. I confess that a country having ninety-five millions of people and no Ellen Terry in it seems a foolish sort of a place, a little dull and not quite well furnished. Going home! Do you remember that scene in "The Vicar of Wakefield" where Olivia, after her lover leaves her, is waiting alone in the coffee-room of the old inn? Do you remember the oak bench against the wall and the map of England hanging over it? Then you will recall the beautiful moment when this Olivia (was there ever another?) used to float across the width of the room, alight on the bench and point with a happy finger to that sheltered, that forgiving, that protecting spot on the map which stood for home. No one who saw it could ever forget it. Was it a wave of the sea, a bird on a bough, a butterfly on a bending lily stalk? Did muscles that move the ordinary being carry her through space? Such loveliness does not stop at the eye, its eloquence ravishes the senses, and it touches the heart like some perfect line of Keats or Shelley.

"She walks in beauty like the night" might have been said of every one of the matchless women in Ellen Terry's portrait gallery. We too seldom say it nowadays, alas! for the raiment prescribed in modern drama altogether forbids "walking in beauty." The "poetry of motion" is fast becoming hobbled prose!

As an impersonator of Shakespeare's women, if Miss Terry was not that immovable post, perfection, she was "a dancing sprig of the tree growing beside it." She was a reed through which all things blew into music. I have never made up my mind which was the more potent quality in her Juliet, her Viola, her Beatrice, or her Portia: was it art, or was it *heart*? Mere intellect, histrionic ambition, fine technique, could never have produced these women: they could only have been conceived in love.

She always made me think of Wordsworth's Nightingale. There are plenty of actresses to essay the "Stockdove" in the poem, but few "earth-born, Heaven-fallen stars" to play the "Nightingale," that "creature of ebullient heart" who

> "Sang as if the god of wine
> Had helped him to a valentine."

Miss Terry's art was never dazzling, like the diamond. It was a lovable, luminous, iridescent thing, compounded of sunshine and dew, with an invisible fountain playing somewhere that kept everything cool and sweet and fresh. There was nothing cut and dried, nothing academic about it; it seemed all radiant spontaneity. It had in it the essence of the bubble and the rainbow, and of all things filmy and fair.

In this wise I set down my little tribute of love and fealty this afternoon, and when I saw the words written in black and white I was suddenly overcome with a sense of their banality and futility. Into this mood came the suggestion of a friend—not at all like healing balm—rather like the prick of a spur, and here it is,

in rhyme most informal (In the presence of authentic poets it's safest to be informal !)

SUPEREROGATION.

One morning when snow had been falling all night,
Walking out after breakfast I saw an odd sight—
A grave-looking man somewhat strangely equipped
With a pot of white paint and a brush, which he
dipped
In the paint very often, and swept to and fro,
In the hope—he assured me—of whitening the snow

A day or two after I met on the strand
A lady who carried a bag in her hand
A bag full of salt which she told me, she shook
From the tails of the birds that her gardener took

"And I need every grain I can get," added she,
"For the purpose of properly salting the sea"

One Midsummer Day when the sun in the skies
Was shining superbly and blinding men's eyes,
I found a small boy with twelve tapers a-row,
And twelve polished mirrors poised neatly below,
Who asked my approval for what he had done
With the praiseworthy object of brightening the sun.

So, by devious ways I arrive at my goal
For these tasks so superfluous seen on my stroll—
This of whitening the snow this of salting the sea,
This of brightening the sun when 'twas bright as
could be
This plating fine gold or this reddening the cherry
Is precisely like trying to praise Ellen Terry!

The Booksellers' Diary.

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STANLEY PORTAL HYATT.

MR. STANLEY PORTAL HYATT is not a literary man. It is the first thing about himself that he will tell you. By turns he has been engineer, sheep station hand, nigger driver, hunter, trader, transport rider, labour agent, explorer, lecturer, pressman, American soldier, blockade runner, and tramp; and along such various and unusual ways he has drifted on the tide of circumstances into the ranks of professional bookmen.

He was born in 1877, and educated at Dulwich College. He left school early, spent two years in the workshops of a big firm of electrical engineers, and then the wander-thirst gripped him. Before his eighteenth birthday he watched, from the fo'c's'le of a windjammer, the silver crescent of the moon rising above Sydney Heads. He spent a fortnight in the New South Wales capital, which abounded then not only in larrikins but in fan-tan shops, where all day one heard "those gruesome, horrible claws," the long nails of the Chinese croupier, scratching over the matting as he raked in the lost money, or watched the concentrated spite on his face as he paid out to an unusually successful gambler. Thereafter Mr. Hyatt got a berth in a big sheep station some four hundred miles up-country. It was a magnificent place, splendidly maintained and splendidly stocked, but even so far from the coast he found little suggestion of the backblocks, and no hint at all of the Australia of the novelist. He was not sorry to cut loose and drift down again to Sydney, even though he reached the coast with two pounds in his pocket and but a meagre chance of earning more. A fortnight of loafing varied by daily visits to the cheapest of cheap eating-houses saw the end of his capital, whereupon his first dress suit, pride of its owner's heart, passed into the hands of a little Jew in Argyll Street for a recompense of ten shillings. Then his luck turned, and somebody gave him an engineering job of sorts. Even that filtered out ere long, and our young emigrant, not yet nineteen, cabled home for money, and shook the dust of Australia from his shoes in digsust.

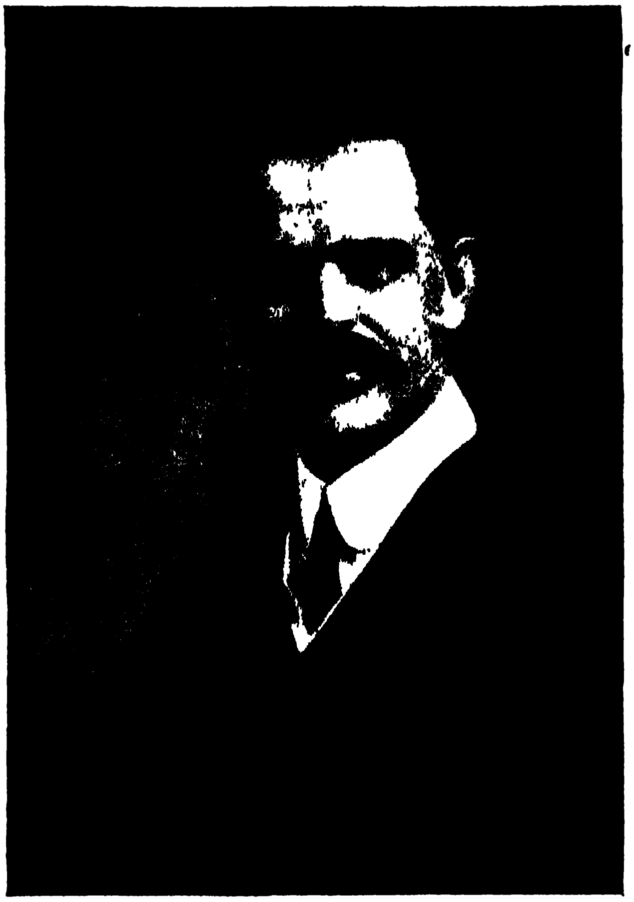


Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. Stanley Portal Hyatt.**

Mr. Hyatt was to spend eighteen months at home, a period devoted mainly to a newly acquired craze for inventing things. By the end of that time the nation was the richer to the extent of protection fees on five epoch-making inventions, to the value of which it displayed an utterly callous indifference. These included a camera, a bicycle brake, a steam engine valve, an arrangement for glazing the windows of railway carriages, and, lastly, a paraffin lamp that could be used with the incandescent mantle. He and one of his brothers worked on that together, and they had a company promoter ready to float it --when it was ready. They grew quite used to fires during the experiments. They kept a box of sand at the end of the bench, and every time the lamp burst this would be emptied over the blaze. There was no denying that the apparatus worked. When the atmospheric conditions were right, or when the thing was in a good humour, the light would be far brighter than that obtainable from coal gas; but at other times it poured out volumes of thick, black smoke, or, in default, blew the mantle to pieces. They never succeeded in getting an automatic adjustment, and ultimately lost about a hundred pounds over the scheme.

Then Mr. Hyatt and his brother signed contracts to go out to Matabeleland for two years. The end of the second Matabele War was practically in sight, the dawn of prosperity seemed to be coming, and the country was being opened up in earnest. The Geelong mine, whose staff the two brothers were to join, was to be the first mine in Rhodesia actually to produce gold. After initial hardships enough to have sent the average raw youth homing back to the flesh-pots of civilisation without loss of time, they reached the mine itself. The difficulties before them were infinitely worse. I must leave those who require a detailed exposition of them to the vivid pages of "A Soldier of Fortune." Here is just one picture:

> "We were told to start at dawn, and to follow a cart spoor to the Tuli, where we were to await the waggons. No white man ever carries a pack in Africa, even a seasoned old prospector will not try it, yet we had to take rifles, blankets, food, and water and we had been little more than three weeks on the veld. Moreover, there were no water bags, and we had to be content with vulcanite bottles holding a pint each. We, my brother and myself, got on about five miles without a drink; then we opened his water bottle, to find that, whilst it had been hanging on the back rail of the waggon, some one had stolen half its contents. We got along another five miles fairly well; but the weight of our packs and rifles, and the heavy sand underfoot, was telling. It was about ten o'clock then,

and the thirst began. Our pace was slackening down, and by midday we had added only a couple of miles, and, though we had fought hard against the temptation, the water bottles were empty. There were eight miles more to do, theoretically, really about twelve, the most ghastly trek of my life. We had to go on; we had to stick to our packs and rifles, and yet, with every step, the pain of the thirst increased. We were done, and that was the main trouble; yet even an experienced man would have found it hard going under the conditions. By three o'clock the pain had become positive agony. I would have killed a man for a drink then. We stuck to it, just because we had to, because the only chance of relief was the water ahead. At about the sixteenth mile we came on another youngster who had started before us—the way we went off, in ones and twos, shows how raw we were—he was lying down, sobbing, and I remember well the job it was to make him get up and come along. . . . The water of the Tuli river, I can taste it still. It was the first clean water we had drunk since leaving the mail steamer at Port Elizabeth."

Ultimately both brothers left the mine, and sallied out into entirely unknown country on a big-game shooting expedition. They met with adventure in plenty, and in the free, open, healthy life they now enjoyed they found themselves happy for the first time in Africa. Mr. Hyatt's brother Malcolm was soon to leave him and go back to mining, but another brother took his place, and the two wandered over the new districts of South Africa that the late war had made possible of access, cattle-breeding, transport-riding, and trading, and in general attaining a measurable degree of worldly prosperity. They even tried rubber-planting, but the attempt was rendered abortive by a calamity that was to blast the financial prospects of the partnership. The sick fever descended on the whole of South Africa like a destroying angel. Able official management might have held the horror in check, but it was not forthcoming, and the end came quickly. The oxen, those gallant, faithful beasts that they had trained themselves and which had served them so well, died by the roadside and were eaten by the foul hyænas. Their waggons, which alone represented nearly four hundred pounds, were abandoned on the road beside the dead cattle; their stores, filled with various merchandise, were left for the Kaffirs to loot. The Portuguese had given them a provisional concession for a rubber area, but now they had no capital to pay the cost of survey and title, still less to work it, so in the end they lost that too. They lost, in fact, everything, all the fruits of years of danger, of fever, and hard work. They just paid their debts, and thereafterward had nothing remaining that had been acquired in Rhodesia save badly damaged constitutions.

The brothers tried their luck again in various directions, with unfailing ill-success. Their schemes included a non-productive application to the Emperor of the Sahara, then at the zenith of his fame, and a suggestion to divers proprietors of quack remedies that the two should journey from the Cape to Cairo as an advertisement for their commodities, which fell likewise very flat. As Mr. Hyatt suggests: "The people we approached had no enterprise about them." It was really the maddest scheme of all that was adopted. They started to go round the world literally on nothing, save the potential assets of alleged accomplishments. One brother could play the banjo, the other could write newspaper articles, and both could lecture, or thought they could. And in a sense they succeeded, till tragedy came and dissolved the partnership for ever. From Durban to Mauritius, from Mauritius to Ceylon and Southern India, thence on to Penang, Singapore, and Manila, they sailed ever eastwards, generally, it may be noted, rubbing shoulders with coolies, niggers, and Chinamen, as deck passengers. They got back to Manila in safety, and had already planned a blockade-running expedition to Vladivostock when Amyas Hyatt caught anthrax. He died in three days. That tragedy closed one chapter in the surviving brother's life. After a few months of aimless wandering he came home to England, "only twenty-eight in point of years, but middle-aged in reality, penniless, disappointed, weary, a broken man."

The bottom having apparently fallen out of other things, Mr. Hyatt took to writing, first newspaper articles, and then books. Yet, as he has said himself, he is not in the least degree literary—"I have never got through a Meredith book yet." The list of things that he detests is peculiar and extensive. It includes Browning, "everything Victorian," Socialism, State Education, Old Age Pensions, anything which militates against the Law of the Survival of the Fittest, All Political Parties, Art for Art's Sake, Rand Financiers, Municipal Politicians, Missionaries, and Sea-poets.

His published works include "Marcus Hay" (Constable), 1907; "The Little Brown Brother" (Constable, and H. Holt & Co., U.S.A.), 1908; "The Marriage of Hilary Carden" (Laurie, and Appletons, U.S.A.) 1909; "The Northward Trek" and "Biffel, a Trek-Ox," (Melrose), 1909; "Black Sheep" (Laurie, and T. Wessells Co., U.S.A.), 1910; and "The Diary of a Soldier of Fortune" (Laurie, 1910). Three of his books have been taken by the *Daily Mail* for its sixpenny series. His new story of South African life, "The Land of Promises," a grim and rather pessimistic story of existing conditions in the colony, is just published by Mr. Werner Laurie, and a new book of reminiscences, "Off the Main Track," is announced by the same publisher. It is to be rather a book of impressions than one of autobiography, though it contains many stories of big-game shooting.

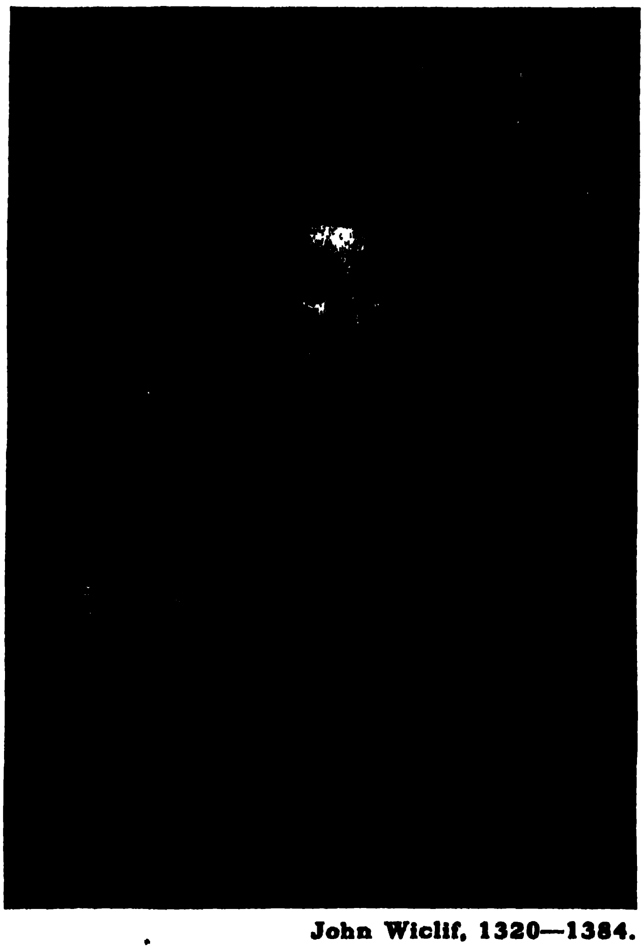
ASHLEY GIBSON.

THE READER.

THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

By Thomas Seccombe.

THE English Bible was in the plenitude of its power two hundred and fifty years ago. The letters of Cromwell, the ruler of the land, were then saturated with it. The Holy Book governs the thought and the style of the greatest writers, such as Milton and Taylor, Bunyan and Baxter. And in evangelical England of sixty or seventy years ago, after some vicissitudes, its power would hardly seem to have sensibly declined. In numberless households then credence would have been fully given to the story in the fifteenth chapter of Numbers, where the children of Israel found a man gathering sticks on the Sabbath Day and brought him to Moses and Aaron, "And the Lord said unto Moses, The man shall bee surely put to death : all the Congregation shall stone him with stones without the campe. . . . And all the Cögregation brought him without the campe and stoned him with stones, and he died, as the Lord commanded Moses." People then, many of them, would have regarded this, not as a stern but perhaps necessary example to blacklegs, or as a true picture of the intolerance salutary in early forms of society, but as the inspired and unalterable decision of an implacable, omnipotent Sovereign. There were people innumerable to whom the Bible was the book, the good book, the one book. Everything in it was sacred in a perfectly supernatural way. Old people and poor widows were always on view with the Bible before them. Not to have the Bible immediately at hand was something of a scandal One moved in an atmosphere of gratuitous Bibles. They were never bought, but lavishly showered upon one. Railway waiting-rooms, inn bedrooms, and even club bedrooms were provided with them. Sir Walter Scott, in a note to "The Bride of Lammermoor," tells the story of how, in a Teviotdale family of distinction attached to the Presbyterian cause, a Bible was always put in the sleeping apartment of each guest along with a bottle of strong ale. Upon occasion there was a meeting of clergymen near the castle, all of whom were invited by the owner to dinner, while several of them abode all night. Seven of the reverend guests were allotted to one large dorter, used upon such occasions of extended hospitality. The butler took care that the divines were presented, according to custom, each with a Bible and a bottle of ale. After a short consultation among themselves, they recalled this retainer as he was leaving the apartment. "My friend," said the most venerable of the guests, "you must know that, when we meet together as brethren, the youngest minister reads aloud a portion of Scripture to the rest; only one Bible, therefore, is necessary: take away the other six and in their place bring six more bottles of strong ale." The Bible was *de rigueur* upon a journey, and Bishop Stubbs was a daring innovator indeed when he declared that, as a travel-companion, he preferred Bradshaw. As a valid argument, of course, a text from the Bible was absolutely unanswerable until it could be met and vanquished by another text of a diametrically opposite sense. The reader will remember the scene in Charles Moritz's "Travels in England," of 1795, where an Oxford club of clergymen drinking in a night-tavern are reduced to absolute dumbness by an obstreperous member who offers to prove from Holy Writ that God was a wine-bibber. "Waiter, fetch a Bible," he shouted. A huge family Bible was immediately brought in and opened on the table among the beer-jugs. From Judges (ix. 13) Mr. Clerk then read, "Should I leave my wine, which cheareth God and Man ?" whereupon Mr. Maud and his friend, who had before been most violent, now sat as if struck dumb. It is useless to seek for further illustrations. There have been times (the present is hardly one of them) when the English Bible has been regarded as a Book of Magic, as self-sufficing as the Koran to the Mussulman, each verse a talisman.



John Wiclif, 1320—1384.
His translation of the New and Old Testaments was the first English Bible.

These times began, historically speaking, in the reign of Henry VIII. Before that time the English people, as a whole, knew and cared little about the Bible. In

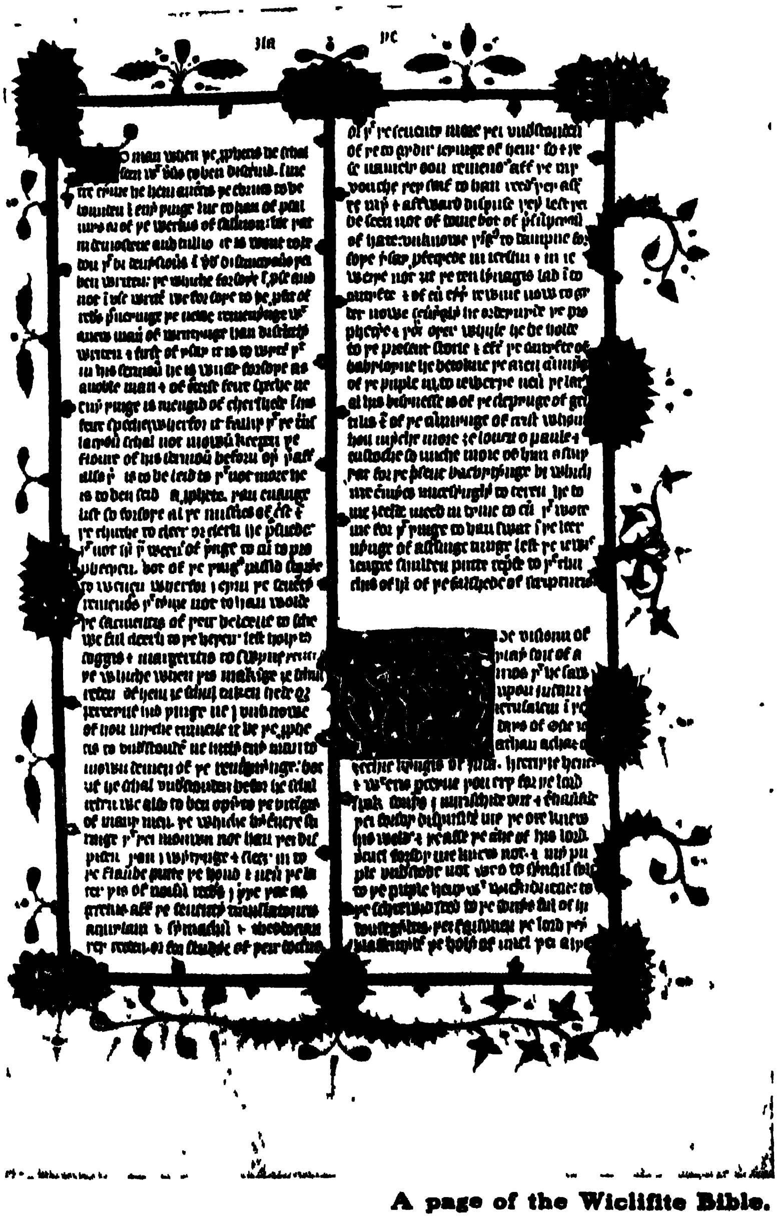
1537 the Bible was first published, and in the course of the three generations that followed the great body of the people forsook their old idol, the Mass, and set up the Bible in its stead.

One meant Canterbury, Lincoln, Durham, Glastonbury, and St. Albans—together with a very laxly assumed conformity on the part of all Christendom; the other meant the Authorised Version at the end of a long vista of preparatory works of translation, and the gradual sapping of all conformity, first internal and then external, by Protestant variations.

In the zenith of its influence, after saving Christendom from the tyranny of brute force unqualified, the Church had become highly centralised, bureaucratic, rich, corrupt, and aggressive. The civil power, among other means of resisting its encroachments, found its account in encouraging the researches of such men as Marsiglio of Padua, Occam, and Wiclif among the divine trust-deeds upon which the Church avowedly reposed its claim to supreme authority. Wiclif's conclusions, hostile at every point to papal pretensions, were accepted and adopted as a national watchword against a religious authority imposed from over the sea, from beyond the mountains. The Bible became the beacon of oppressed nationalistie. But kings and bishops set their heads together. Conservatism seemed a far safer game than revolution; and one hundred and fifty years elapsed during which the Bible lost more than it had gained. Reginald Pecock, Bishop of Chichester, in his "Repressor of Overmuch Blaming of the Clergy," specifically attacked the Bible-worship of the Lollards and their sympathisers as unedifying.

The Lollards, he maintained, had exalted the Bible into a fetish; they deemed it a book intelligible by simple folk, and treated it foolishly as a treasury of irrefutable arguments. He pointed out that morals depended for their sanction, not upon Scripture, but upon Reason. The Bible alone could save no man. No man could arrive at truth by exclusive study of the Bible—a difficult book, the right interpreters of which were two, namely, experience and intellect. Mere goodness could not qualify a layman to understand or even profitably to read the Bible. The New Testament was as dangerous for the unlearned as the Old; untrained men would always be liable to the erroneous notion that the New Testament was intended to supersede the regular code of morals, whereas, as a matter of fact, its purport merely was to replace the old ceremonial law by a dispensation of sacraments. So argued Pecock, and although his rationalism terrified the cowardly prelates of England, it met with appreciation in the highest quarters, and it fairly represented the view taken by enlightened Catholics as to the dangers involved in a free and promiscuous use of a vernacular Bible.

During the fifteenth century, however, a very important change came over the landscape of Christendom. The growth of maritime discovery, oceanic trade, industry, commerce, and invention pointed the way to larger aggregates than those of the Middle Ages. The age of the independent princes, dukes, and greater barons was passing away. Kings of a new breed were amalgamating principalities and rallying the new nations. Most of them forsook the old alliance with Pope and prelates (many of them absentees) and became converts to the jealous national point of view which regarded with increasing envy and suspicion the monopolies of churchmen—immunities, wealth, power. Most of them turned for aid in behalf of the nascent absolutism to the new ideas and new forces in religion. Some found the dangers of such alliance too great. The French kings, for instance, after dallying with the new ideas, found that the threatened break-up of France into two warring systems was too heavy a price to pay. After a century of unrest the French crown found a temporary haven in a wide scheme of toleration. The Spanish



A page of the Wiclifite Bible.
By permission of the Trustees of the British Museum.



William Tyndale.

monarchy discovered in a royal Inquisition a more effectual instrument than Protestantism itself for nationalising the religion of the peninsula. The Scots princes were almost bound to oppose a method which the English princes had adopted. The German princes, however, the Dutch, the Genevans, the Danes, the Bohemians found in Protestantism exactly what they wanted. The English kings disliked continental Protestantism, with which they saw that their peoples had little or no sympathy. The force of circumstances went far to compel the English crown to play the vernacular Bible against the Church Universal. The Tudors were too well planted to apprehend any democratic influences implicit in the book; they were too well used to pliancy in religious beliefs to anticipate a stiff-necked generation of Bible Puritans. By 1530 there was a growing demand in this country for an English Bible. Convocation went so far as to petition Henry in this sense in 1534. Yet there seemed little hope that, within two years of Tyndale's revision of that year and his martyrdom of 1535, the English Bible would have been let loose and made open, for Henry heartily detested Tyndale not merely as a heretic but also as a denouncer of the divorce. Cromwell met the objection by being ready with a new translation inspired by Tyndale but variant in more directions than one. It was, in the first place, a complete Bible; it was not based upon independent study of the original tongues, but was rather a paraphrase from existing English, German, and Latin versions; and, thirdly, it discarded the contentious commentary which had rendered Tyndale obnoxious to conservative consciences. Coverdale's translation, so far as it is his, lacks the masculine property peculiar to the pilot work of Tyndale, but it is held to possess a more flexible and musical rhythm. His disposition may be indicated, in some sort, by the fact that he introduced the expressions "loving kindness" and "tender mercy" into the language. These two phrases alone have had a distinctive influence upon English Christianity. The Coverdale version was set forth with the king's most gracious licence in 1537. Almost simultaneously appeared a completion of Tyndale by the apostle's disciple and apprentice J[ohn] R[ogers], who was himself to die his weird at Smithfield in 1555. Two thirds of this Bible was the archheretic Tyndale's own work. Yet Henry now declared that this was the best translation he had yet seen! Cromwell and Cranmer, it seems, had submitted it to the Supreme Head with an air of bland confidence, and Henry, little suspecting its Protestant pungency, licensed it without a murmur, though its prototype, Tyndale's revision, had been denounced and burnt at Paul's Cross within fifteen months of this auspicious publication.

This Rogers-Tyndale version, known as the "Matthew" Bible from the patron who financed it, is important as forming with the Geneva Bible, one of the two chief pillars of the Authorised Version of 1611. The Great Bible and Taverner's version are little more than revisions of it. The first, under the care of Coverdale, appeared in 1539 as a Bible of "the largest volume," in black letter, without notes or dedication, but with a frontispiece designed by Holbein representing Henry VIII enjoying the radiance of the Saviour and handing the Bible on the one side to Cranmer and the clergy, on the other to Cromwell and the nobles. Cranmer wrote a preface to the second edition of this authorised version in 1540; hence it is often called Cranmer's, and it is the Bible from which our present Prayer-book Psalter is drawn and the Bible of which a copy was so warmly embraced by Elizabeth upon her



Miles Coverdale.

Sometime Tyndale's assistant, who completed the translation of the Bible after Tyndale's arrest and published it in 1535.

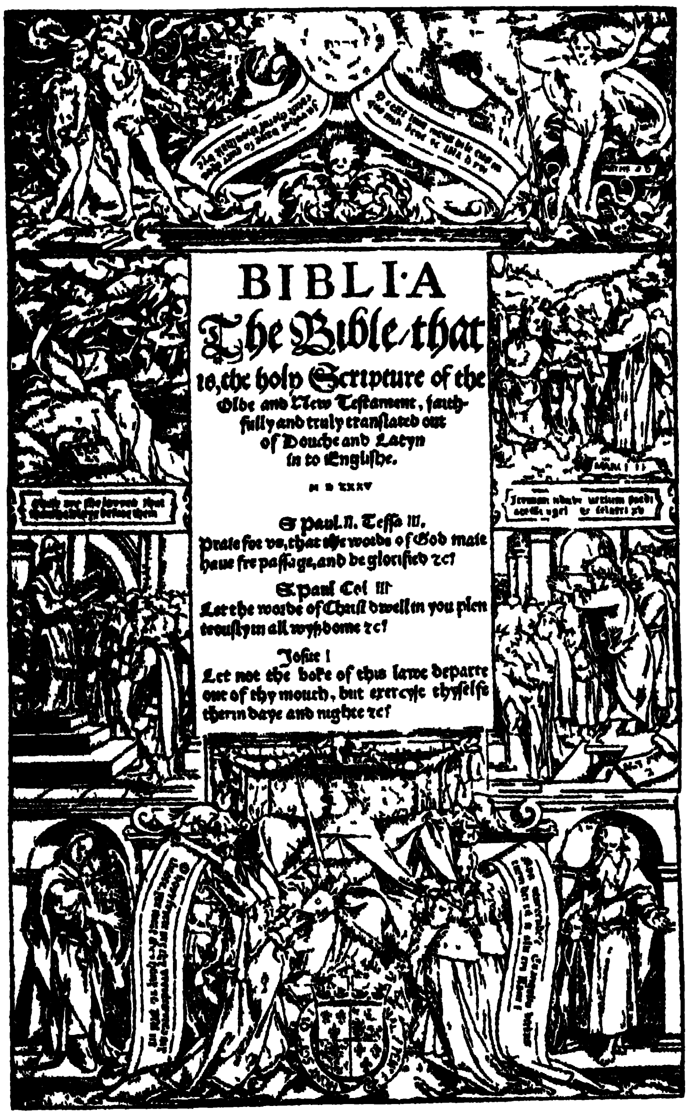
accession in 1558. The process of Bible revision is thus seen to have been characteristic of the English Reformation. Having no special apostle of Reform like Luther, Calvin, Zwingli or Knox, the English made the Bible their leader. The monarchy favoured the idea, which helped on every side to stimulate the zeal of the Biblicists.

Between 1540 and 1611 the most important revision, as regards the Old Testament, was the Geneva version, the scholarship and collation with Hebrew originals in which was supplied by the Marian exiles. This was the first Bible uniformly divided into verses. Its handy size, Puritan colouring, and above all the fact that it was printed in roman type (in place of the old black letter) gave it a great advantage. Parker sought to supplant it by a fresh authorised revision, the "Bishops' Bible" of 1568, which contained the best version of the New Testament into English yet extant. As in most co-operative works, however, not subjected to a most exhaustive editorial supervision, the result proved very uneven. Hence the Bishops' Bible, in spite of its superb folio portraits of the Queen, Leicester, and Burleigh, and its engravings, never proved itself a serious rival to the Geneva.

The only noteworthy incident of translation between 1568, when the Great Bible ceased to be printed, and 1611 was the issue of the Anglo-Romanist version of 1582 (the New Testament was published in 1582 at Rheims, the Old Testament was delayed for twenty-eight years owing to lack of funds). The notes of this were the most aggressively sectarian that had yet seen the light. It was a highly Latinised version, and its chief merit is that it represents uncompromising fidelity to the Vulgate. The Vulgate itself, though it was transformed a good deal in the last quarter of the sixteenth century, must always rank as one of the foremost feats of Biblical translation. It is a wonderful thing that a single monk of the West in the fourth century should have been able in his cell at Bethlehem to carry through an undertaking of such magnitude, involving a translation of the Old Testament direct from the Hebrew and a revision by the aid of Greek manuscripts of the pre-existing Latin versions of the New Testament. Jerome modestly called his work only a revision of the old African Latin Bible, but it remains the source from which the Church has drawn the lion's share of its ecclesiastical vocabulary. Latinistic as the Rheims-Douai edition was, its locutions seem to have attracted the attention of the Revisers of 1611. Ever anxious to embalm a good old word in the amber of the Book of Life, King James's Boards often sacrificed uniformity to this antiquarian tenderness for an obsolete substantive in distress. Their version is thus a living picture, not of the language current in 1611, but of Tudor English as a whole from 1530 to 1608.



The Coverdale Testament.



The Coverdale Bible.

By permission of the Trustees of the British Museum.

The story of the last revision has been told very fully during the past month in a large number of issues brought out expressly to celebrate the 300th centenary of this famous revision.

The plan of dividing the work among six Boards, two representing Oxford, two Cambridge, and two the Capital, seems to have originated from the English sovereign himself, and was a great improvement on Archbishop Parker's plan—sorting the whole Bible

into parcels, and distributing these parcels among bishops and other learned men The general instructions given to the Boards were that they were to go to work on thoroughly conservative lines, that they were to revise each other's work, that their revised work was to go to be finally reviewed before six delegates—two from Westminster, two from Cambridge, and two from Oxford—and that the work was finally to be ratified by the royal authority The best means of testing how they accomplished their task is supplied by "The Holy Bible," an exact reprint in roman type, page for page, of the Authorised Version published in the year 1611, with the reprint of the translators Preface to the Reader, and with the scholarly Introduction by Mr A. W. Pollard, of the British Museum With these should be studied "Records of the English Bible," being the documents relating to the translation and publication of the Bible in English from 1525 to 1611, also edited by Mr Pollard, and furnishing a full documentary account of the long story of authorisation, translation, and revision, together with minor questions of price, copyright, privilege, and licence. Both these works are published by the Oxford University Press. They may be advantageously supplemented by a perusal of Professor Cook's "Authorised Version of the Bible and its Influence," a short but well-weighed summary published by Putnam, and by two opportunely issued volumes emanating from Wells Gardner, Darton & Co—"Testimonies to the Book" (a most useful though necessarily very incomplete collection), by Frederick Sherlock, and "The English Bible, an Historical Survey," by Julius D. Payne, the survey is compendious and generally accurate, though the author is in serious error when he states that, up to the reign of Henry V., Lollardy was regarded as in— for Henry V. we should read Henry IV



Tyndale translating the Bible.

After the painting by Johnston

We have reserved what is perhaps the greatest bargain of all to the last—that is Mr H W Hoare's "Our English Bible, the Story of its Origin and Growth," a most able and stimulating summary of 330 pages, which has been reissued by Mr Murray at the very moderate price of 1s, from the second edition of the author's 'Evolution of the English Bible No one who is interested in the subject should fail to obtain and peruse this admirably written and fair-minded narrative, while in order to control all bibliographical details they will refer scrupulously to the latest discoveries of Mr Pollard as embodied in his learned Introductions

The following is the bibliographical *compte rendu* of the Book of the Year 300 years ago

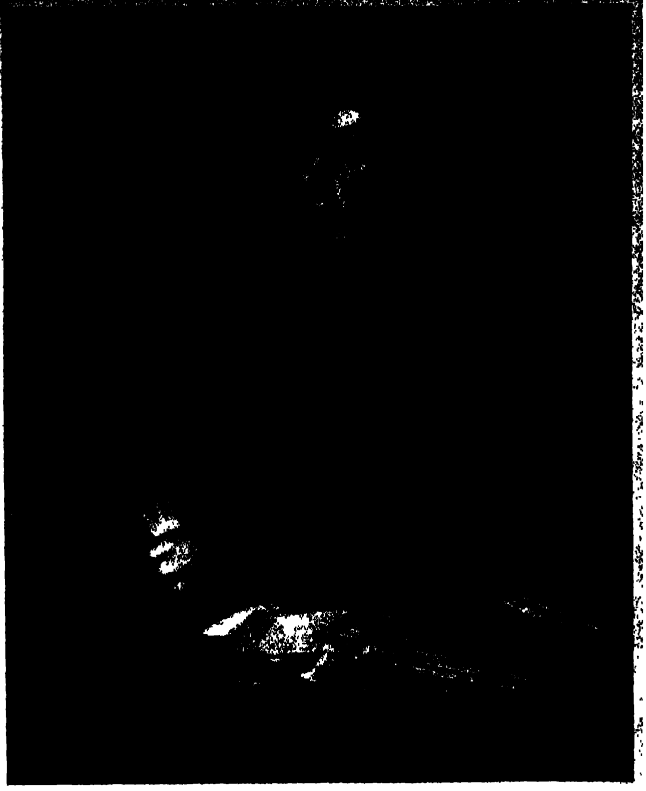
The Bible of 1611 being only a revised edition, was not entered on the Stationers' Registers, nor have we any information as to the month in which it was issued In its original form it is a handsome, well-printed book, set up apparently with newly cast type yielding a clean and sharp impression, and on excellent paper It begins with an engraved title-page signed, 'C. Boel fecit in Richmont' i.e. by Cornelis Boel, an Antwerp artist, who about this time produced portraits of the Queen the Princess Elizabeth, and Prince Henry In the upper panel SS Peter and James sit holding between them an oval frame within which is a representation of the Lamb, at the sides are SS Matthew and Mark On the two sides of the title stand Moses and Aaron in niches At the foot are seated SS Luke and John, while between them is another oval frame containing a picture of a pelican feeding her young. The title reads 'The Holy Bible conteyning the Old Testament and the New Newly translated out of the Originall tongues & with the former Translations diligently compared and reuised by his Maiesties speciall Comandment Appointed to be read in Churches Imprinted at London by Robert Barker, Printer to the Kings most Excellent Maiestie Anno Dom 1611'

'Leaves 2 and 3 are occupied with the Dedication, To the most High and Mightie Prince, Iames by the grace of God King of Great Britaine, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c'; 3'–8, by the Preface headed 'The Translators to the Reader,' 9–14 by a Calendar; 15, by 'An Almanacke for xxxix. yeeres,' 1603–1641;

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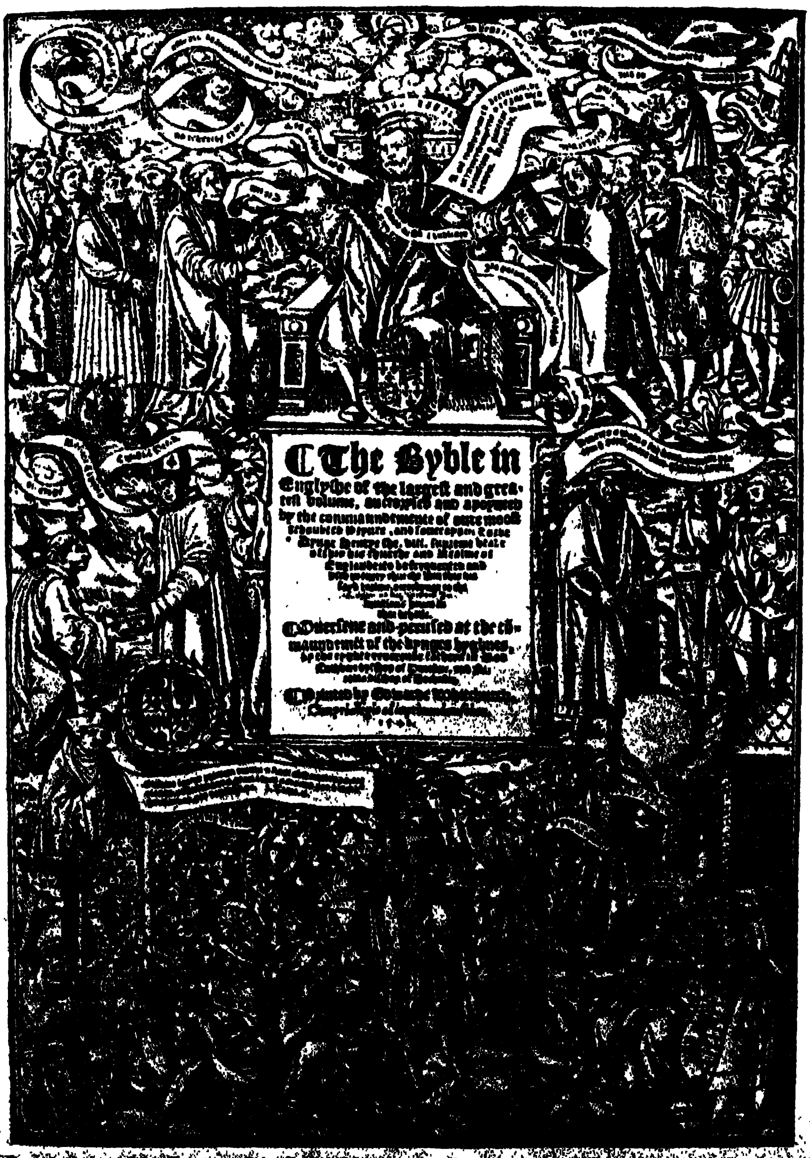


Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury,
Who sent to Cromwell (1537) a new translation of the Bible, and obtained the King's licence to publish it. This is known as "Matthew's Bible."



Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex.
Appointed to superintend the printing of the Bible, and under his directions the Cranmer or "Great Bible" was produced in 1539.

15ᵃ, by Directions 'To finde Easter for euer'; 16-18ᵃ, by 'The Table and Kalendes, expressing the order of Psalmes and Lessons to be said at Morning and Euening prayer,' and a table headed, 'These to be obserued for Holy dayes, and none other': 18ᵇ, by 'The names and order of all the Bookes of the Olde and New Testament, with the number of their Chapters.' Inserted at the binder's pleasure after the Preface, after leaf 18 or elsewhere, are usually eighteen leaves of the Genealogies of Holy Scripture and a sheet containing a Map of Canaan with a table of the places named printed on the reverse. In October 1610 John Speed had obtained a privilege from the king enabling him for ten years to saddle every edition of the Scriptures with his decoratively printed but useless Genealogies, and so the cost of the book was needlessly increased by from sixpence to two shillings a copy,' according to size. In some copies, it may be mentioned, the Genealogies begin with a blank page; in others this is occupied by a fine cut of the royal arms, subscribed 'Cum Priuilegio Regiæ Maiestatis.'



By permission of the Trustees of the British Museum. **The Great Bible.**

"The text of the Bible is printed in black-letter, with the inserted words (now printed in italics) in small roman, and roman type is also used for the summaries at the head of each chapter, for the subject headlines at the top of each page, and for the references to parallel passages in the margin; the alternative renderings in the margins are in italics. The text is printed in double columns enclosed within rules, with ornamental headpieces and a few tailpieces and capitals at the beginnings of each chapter and psalm.

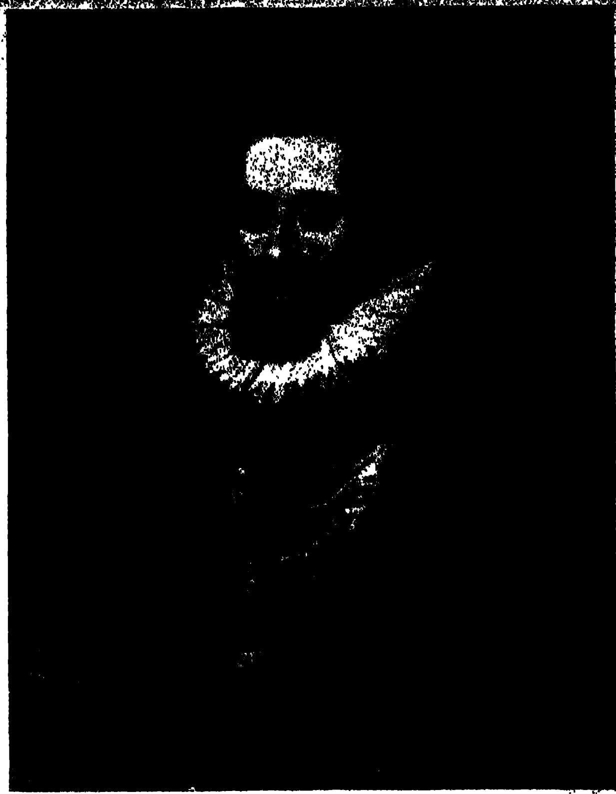
It seems a mistake to concentrate attention

[illegible] upon the completed revision of 1611. The revision of 1881-4 carried on work on ultra-conservative lines when it decreed that the work should be prepared by two Boards of twenty-seven members each, thus reverting to the original number of fifty-four. Many portions of the Bible were most excellently translated already before the six companies of King James began their work. They left a good deal to be done by unobtrusive press-correctors and others during the whole of the seventeenth century. Tyndale was the master-Hebraizer; yet in spite of the fact that they learned their Hebrew through the Latin, the revisers seem to have caught the Hebrew idiom in a most fortunate manner. The learned Selden is a good witness to this. They work in few, simple, concrete old English words, which echo well the strong vocables of Israel. The Hebrews had few abstract and no scientific terms. A single Hebrew word for "going out" is rendered variously in the Bible by "bud," "spring," "east," "outgoing." Every general truth expressed by the Hebrew is rendered with the utmost directness and in phraseology as pictorial, as elemental, as transparent, as stimulative to imagination and feeling as could possibly



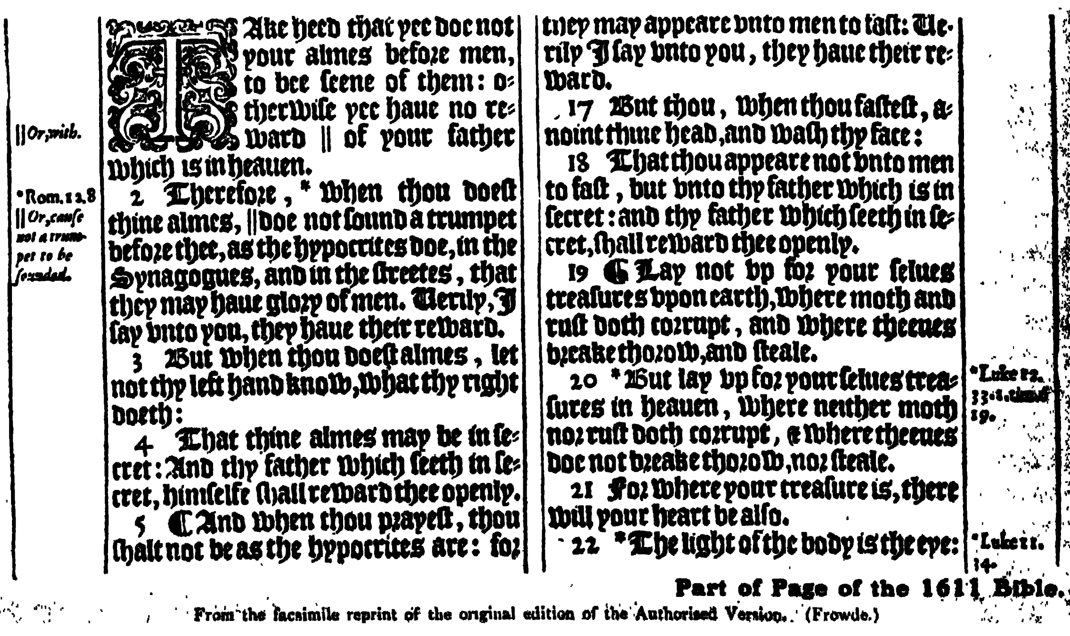
Lancelot Andrews.

He took part in the Hampton Court Conference, 1604, and his name is first in the list of divines appointed to make the Authorised Version of 1611.



King James I.

The narrative and grand lyric poetry of the Bible are the outpouring of a primitive people whose poetry is rhythmic, grand, and simple and whose prose is pictorial, elemental, and concrete, but above all popular and free. With the "Arabian Nights" and "Hajji Baba," it gives us a whiff of "Eothen" over a thousand intervening miles and five-and-twenty centuries—it opens the ancient uncorrupted East, and the prosperous era of a people who throve before Greece and Syria had been shrivelled up for lack of summer rain as they are at present. The Bible, therefore, in the original will always stand with Homer as giving us natural thoughts in natural words, picturing a great people at the acme of its lyrical and religious intensity. Our Shakespeare and Milton (almost contemporaneous, curiously enough, with the completion of that translation which we account the best on record) represent something entirely opposite—for their words



TAke heed that yee doe not your almes before men, to bee ſeene of them: otherwiſe yee haue no reward || of your father which is in heauen.

2 Therefore, * when thou doeſt thine almes, ||doe not ſound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites doe, in the Synagogues, and in the ſtreetes, that they may haue glory of men. Verily, I ſay vnto you, they haue their reward.

3 But when thou doeſt almes, let not thy left hand know, what thy right doeth:

4 That thine almes may be in ſecret: And thy father which ſeeth in ſecret, himſelfe ſhall reward thee openly.

5 ¶ And when thou prayeſt, thou ſhalt not be as the hypocrites are: for

they may appeare vnto men to faſt: Verily I ſay vnto you, they haue their reward.

17 But thou, when thou faſteſt, anoint thine head, and waſh thy face:

18 That thou appeare not vnto men to faſt, but vnto thy father which is in ſecret: and thy father which ſeeth in ſecret, ſhall reward thee openly.

19 ¶ Lay not vp for your ſelues treaſures vpon earth, where moth and ruſt doth corrupt, and where theeues breake thorow, and ſteale.

20 * But lay vp for your ſelues treaſures in heauen, where neither moth nor ruſt doth corrupt, & where theeues doe not breake thorow, nor ſteale.

21 For where your treaſure is, there will your heart be alſo.

22 * The light of the body is the eye:

|| Or, with.

* Rom. 12. 8

|| Or, cauſe not a trumpet to be ſounded.

* Luke 12. 33. 1. tim. 6. 19.

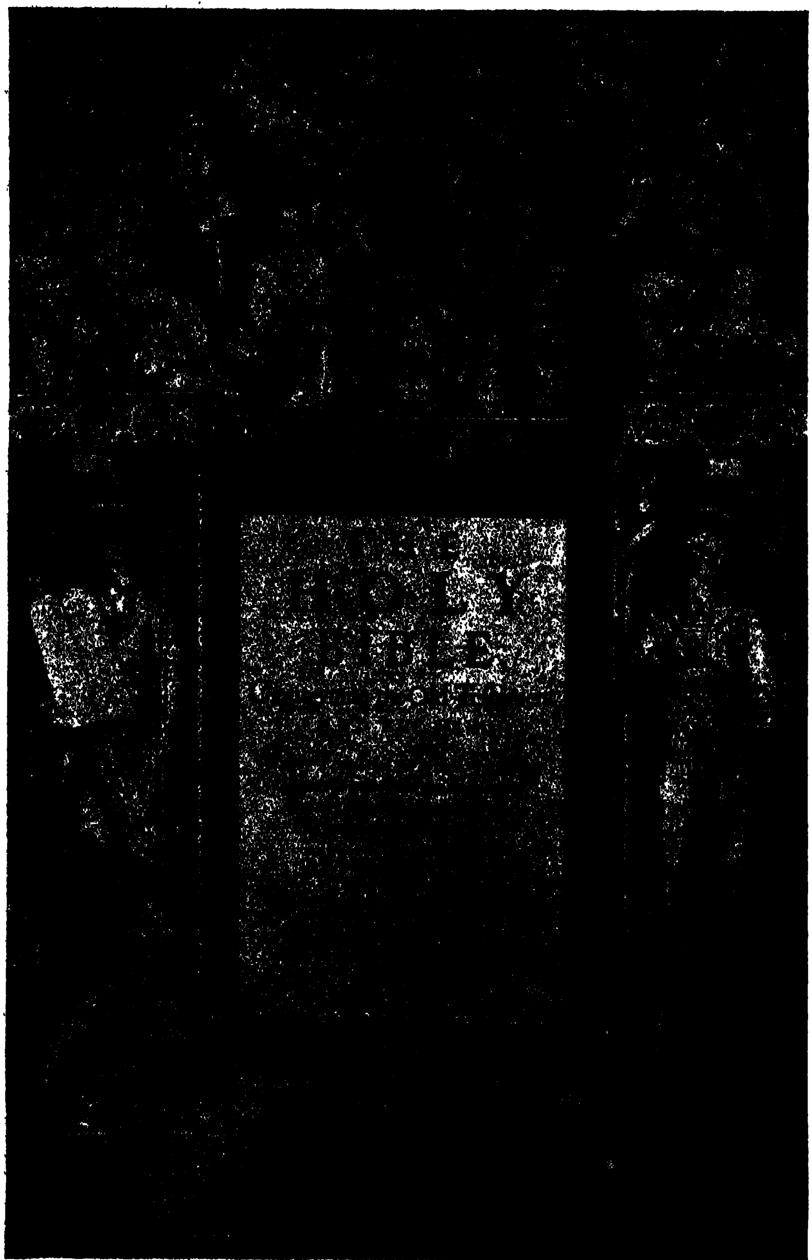
* Luke 11. 34.

Part of Page of the 1611 Bible.

From the facsimile reprint of the original edition of the Authorised Version. (Frowde.)

[illegible] last distillation of the Renaissance [illegible] applied finally and to the most consummate purpose.

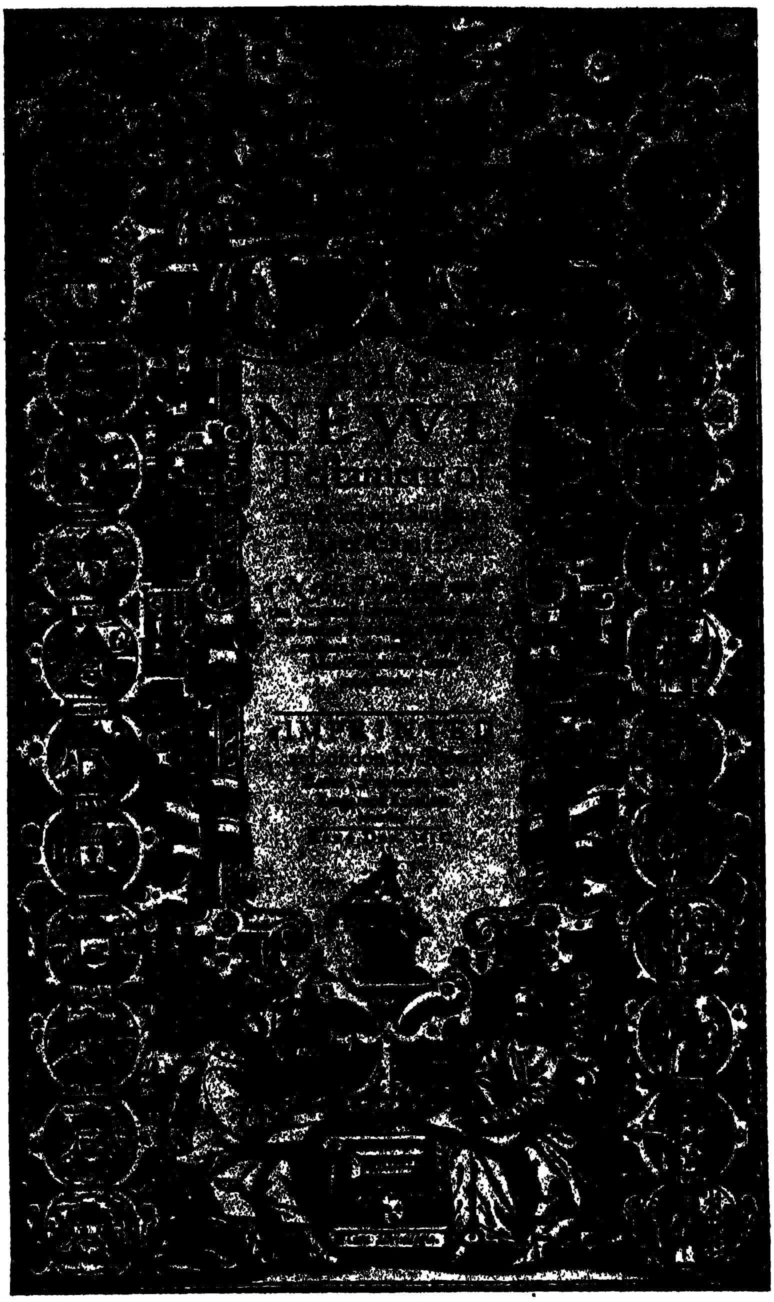
The chief witness to the merit of King James's translation is its success. It does not seem to have been forced upon any section of the English-speaking folk, but it gradually ousted all the other versions. It soon appeared in roman type and in quarto; it caught on not only in Scotland but in America, and the attempt of the ultra-puritans to supersede it ended in fiasco. Its success was largely due to the fact that it made no enemies to speak of. No one had been taxed in any way to produce it. It belonged to no party. Neither High Church nor Low could claim it as their exclusive possession. It did [illegible] repeat the [illegible] charged to [illegible] prelates, of [illegible] with the [illegible] and preaching [illegible] the poor. It [illegible] a homely version of the sacred book of an old pastoral, patriarchal, and democratic race. The beauty of the primitive Hebrew tribes pulsates in it with unmistakable force. It is a book of strong words and phrases suitable for nomads, wayfarers, and poor people. We can understand how Burns reverenced it and Borrow loved it, men neither of them specially biased in favour of religion. The fact is, though, that as far at least as my experience goes, infidels love it even better than the faithful. Time is passed since pedants such as Vossius would believe anything if only it were not in the Bible, [illegible] since it was necessary to represent "Ruth" as a new discovery in manuscripts in order to get a cultured [illegible] audience to appreciate one of the most beautiful [illegible] pieces extant. The Bible is said to be deficient [illegible] but it abounds in dramatic force brought out [illegible]



The Authorised Bible: the Old Testament.
From the facsimile reprint. With bibliographical introduction by Alfred W. Pollard (Frowde.)

[illegible] the man, and he said to Nathan, As the Lord [illegible] man that hath done this thing shall surely die. [illegible] shall restore the Lambe fourefold, because he [illegible] thing, and because he had no pittie. And [illegible] said unto David, Thou art the man." The romance of the Bible, to my mind, reaches its highest point [in] Samuel. The whole story of the "choice young man," from the day of his quest for Kish, his father's [illegible] to the evening of his life when he was "sore wounded of the archers," is quite wonderful. A consummate gift is shown in the narration of the adventures of the Ark in this book: its capture from the hands of the two debauched custodians, Hophni and Phineas, involving in this disaster both the death of Eli and the end of the widow of Phineas in giving birth to Ichabod. Then, the embarrassment of the Philistines with their capture; the shattering of the image of Dagon and the plague of emerods; the application, in their perplexity, to the soothsayers, and the latter's advice: "Now therefore make a new cart, and take two milch kine, on which there hath come no yoke, and [tie] the kine to the cart, and bring the calves home from them. And take the Arke of the Lord, and lay it upon the cart, and put the jewels of golde, which ye returne him for a trespasse offering in a coffer by the side thereof, and send it away that it may goe. And see if it goeth by the way of his own coast to Beth-shemesh [illegible] men of Beth-shemesh (bordering on the line that runs from Joppa to Jerusalem), we are told, were reaping their wheat harvest in the valley; we picture [illegible] ing [illegible] [illegible]

was reverently removed, but proved rather a Moloch to the unhappy tribes- Judea, fifty thousand of whom were murdered jealous God for looking into the Ark. Thence, by request of such inhabitants as survived, it was removed Kirjath-jearim, whence its removal was still to be attended by risk and disaster. Like the diamond from the eye of a Hindu idol, it was still to cause the death of Uzzah and dire dissension in the harem of King David, who himself evidently shared in the panic its presence was so apt to create. Every word counts in the Bible, and counts in the most primary way. The result has been that the elevation and nobility of the Bible diction, assisted by its slightly archaic tinge, have tended to keep English style above meanness and triviality. Even if we do not agree with Coleridge's dictum, that intense study of the Bible will keep any writer from being vulgar in point of style (Macaulay is a refutation of this), we recognise the beauty of the book's simplicity when we compare the opening verse of the Magnificat with Horwood's eighteenth - century attempt to improve upon it thus: "My soul with reverence adores my Creator, and all my faculties with transport join in celebrating the goodness of God my Saviour, who hath in so signal a manner condescended to regard my poor and humble



The Authorised Bible: the New Testament.
From the facsimile reprint. With bibliographical introduction by Alfred W. Pollard. (Frowde)

than to the study of geography, romance, philology, ancient history, climatology, and the science of comparative religion, the Bible and its easy accessibility have contributed in a vital manner. The miraculous side of the Bible has no doubt been absurdly overrated. It has been grievously misrepresented. Much of it has no message for us and is obviously innutritive. The method to pursue in reading the Holy Book is clearly that advised by Mr. Moody when he compared reading the Bible to eating fish. "Don't try," he said, "to eat the bones; put them on the side of the plate." Enough remains to kindle our enthusiasm for a book which represented so great, so continuous, and so concentrated an effort upon the part of our ancestors—the immediate result of a century of toil and study from the conception of Tyndale to the happy issue of 1611. As the Catholics of the thirteenth century built temples of imperishable beauty, so the Protestant revisers of the sixteenth were enabled to build up for their successors an English Bible which, with all the imperfections inseparable from their clipped critical resources and from the limitations of human nature, will always be held in veneration (of course leaving aside here all consideration of the sacred aspect of the Book) after the Tragedies, Histories, and Comedies of Shakespeare, as our noblest literary memorial of that splendid, spacious, and, in many ways, heroic age.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MAY, 1911.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

The date fixed above for sending in answers does not apply to Competitors resident abroad, except in the case of competition No. 2; answers from foreign or Colonial readers for competitions 1, 3 and 4 (the subjects of these being the same each month) will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best rendering of any well-known Nursery Rhyme as it might have been done if Mr. Rudyard Kipling had written it.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at the head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR APRIL.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA has been awarded to MISS L. MUGFORD, of Sutton-at-Hone, near Dartford, Kent, for the following:

SHOOTING FOR LADIES. BY WALTER WINANS. (Putnam's.)

"The demand for crape goes on."
M. JANVIER, *Catching the Cat.*

We also select for printing:

GETTING ON. BY JOHN ADAMS THAYER. (Werner Laurie.)

"She will very well pass for forty-three—
In the dusk with the light behind her."
W. S. GILBERT, *Trial by Jury.*

(Mrs. Wood, Fingest Cottage, near High Wycombe.)

FOLLOWING FEET. BY CHARLES E. VIVIAN. (Melrose.)

"Everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go."
Nursery Rhyme.

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, The Manse, Derby Road, South Woodford, N.E., and Irene Pollock Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

THE WOMAN IN IT. BY CHARLES GARVICE. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"An' I sez to my flutterin' 'eart-strings, I sez to 'em, 'Peace, be still.'"
KIPLING, *Back to the Army Again.*

(Alice M. Morgan, 70, Greystones Road, Sheffield.)

ALL THINGS CONSIDERED. BY G. K. CHESTERTON. (Methuen.)
or ON ANYTHING. BY HILAIRE BELLOC. (Methuen.)

"'The time has come,' the walrus said,
'To talk of many things;
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages and kings.'"
LEWIS CARROLL, *Through the Looking Glass.*

(F. K. Robinson, Gibraltar Crescent, Parnell, Auckland, New Zealand.)

A MAN WITH A PAST. BY A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK. (Stanley Paul.)

"'I cried upon my first wife's dying day,
And also when my second ran away;
My third .' . . .
'Well, then, your third,' said Juan, 'what did she?
She did not run away, too, did she, sir?'
'No, faith!'—'What then?' 'I ran away from her.'"
BYRON, *Don Juan.*

(J. H. Morton, Ardbeg, Cambuslang, N.B.)

THE STRAITS OF POVERTY. BY ELLA MACMAHON. (Chapman & Hall.)

"Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she got there the cupboard was bare,
So the poor dog had none."
Nursery Rhyme.

(Gwendoline Jones, 2, Mirandor Villas, Uplands, Swansea, and D. M. Morgan, Bratton House, Wellington, Salop.)

II.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best description of a first ride in a motor-car, in not more than thirty lines, parodying the style of Poe's poem, "The Bells," has been awarded to J. RICHARD ELLAWAY, of Lynmoor, Basingstoke, for the following:

I

Primal, radiant, glorified,
Marvellous Ride!
(O! the magical Mercédes in the thunder of her stride.)
With a laugh akin to weeping
At the swiftness of your flight,
Quickened pulses seem a-sweeping
Heart and Brain with one wild, leaping,
Long, and exquisite Delight.
Vanish Place—Space—Time—
All the World spins to the chime
Of the Engine's ceaseless throbbing, ringing, singing far and wide,
And a passionate *abandon* laps and drowns you in the tide
Of the clamour and the glamour of the Ride!
Ride!! Ride!!!
With the all-compelling glamour of the Ride!

II

Hill and Valley, Riverside,
Moorland wide,
Like a bird she skims and spurns them, this Mercédes in her pride.
But the halcyon Hours are flying,
And the Journey's all but done,
And the happiest Day is dying,
When for Home you turn, and sighing
Watch the Western-waning Sun.

[illegible] Delight!
[illegible] bewitching flight
(Though the engine's ceaseless throbbing sings no longer far and wide)
Thrills and fires you with the freedom and the glory of the Ride,
With the primal, pristine glory of the Ride!
Ride!! Ride!!!
With the memory-haunting glamour of the Ride!

Many other parodies have been received, the best of them being those by Alice Hind (Birkenhead), Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), David Whitelaw (Paisley), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown (South Woodford), Miss B. K. Webber (Plymouth), H. Mawson (Leeds), Joseph Macdonald (Bacup), Mildred Emerson (Barnard Castle), Richard P. McCoy (Gillingham), James Smith (Aberdeen), Carrie Lewis (Brixton, S.W.), A. H. Mannington Sayers (Sheffield), Price Holland (Bideford), William Morriss (Sheffield), and Reg. G. Wyatt (Bristol).

III.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to V. C. TURNBULL, of 110, Guilford Street, W.C., for the following:

MARIE-CLAIRE. By MARGUERITE AUDOUX. Translated by John N. Raphael. (Chapman & Hall.)

Memory, rather than imagination, has shaped this book. Hence much irrelevant detail, flatness of characterisation, absence of any real story. Selection, combination, ordered sequence, climax are alike lacking. But in their place we get that rare thing, a recovered childhood, put before us with a thousand touches more profoundly right than any mere art could make them. The "animism" of her recollected fancies links Marguerite Audoux to Dickens: both possess the child-like spirit. Without being "literary," the author of "Marie-Claire" has produced a piece of literature. She represents the triumph of passionate sympathy with the child's point of view.

Among the best of the numerous other reviews received are:

ACCOUNT RENDERED. By E. F. BENSON. (Heinemann.)

This is the story of the soul of Lady Tenby. Mr. Benson has put her tiny soul under his microscope, studied it, and given us the result of his investigations in an able book. Lady Tenby is a ruthless woman who hides her grim determination under a jovial manner, and Mr. Benson's portrait of her reminds us of a Meissonier etching. As a psychological study and as a novel the book is absorbing. The style is excellent, the plot is interesting, the heroine winsome, and the book will surely be one of the "novels of the spring."

(Mrs. John Adams, 23, Tanza Road, Hampstead, N.W.)

THE COIL OF CARNE. By JOHN OXENHAM. (Methuen.)

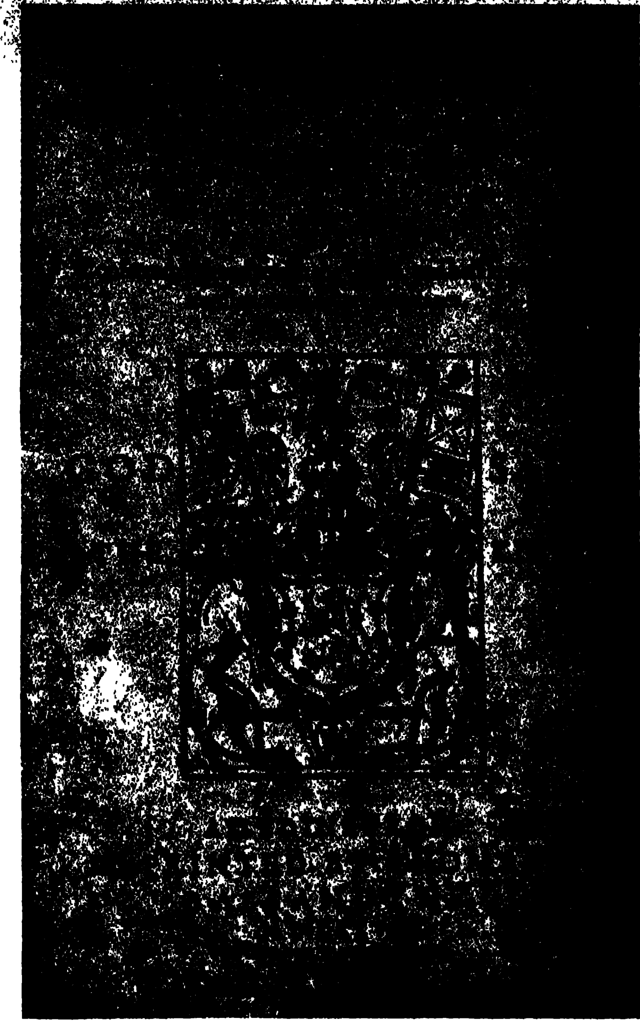
John Oxenham has never written a careless or dull story; and since he gave us "Barbe" we have always looked eagerly for his new book. The "Coil of Carne" proves him in imaginative power to be as entrancing and fascinating as ever. The plot—and there is mystery in it such as Mr. Oxenham's readers have before delighted in—is connected with the fortunes of two brothers, representatives of the ancient House of Carne. The chapters on the Crimean campaign, in which the hero does great things, are unsurpassed in literary power in any of the author's other works, and this is saying much.

(H. M. Cres. Payne, Parkwoon, Roche, Cornwall.)

VERSES. By H. BELLOC. (Duckworth.)

Of the poems in this volume some possess a purely ephemeral interest and others have little claim to be more than verse of the most "occasional" sort, but there are several which certainly deserve to live, especially the carol and the quaint religious poems, which have a charming old-world simplicity about them rarely seen nowadays. In "The South Country" and other poems, again, filled with the spirit of the open road and the wayside inn, we recognise with pleasure the familiar Mr. Belloc of "The Path to Rome." Altogether the volume will certainly make its readers wish for more.

(A. M. Anderson, St. Gordians, Harrow-on-the-Hill, Middlesex.)



The First New Testament Printed in Scotland (1576).
The price of it was £4 13s. 4d. (Scots). It is dedicated to James VI. of Scotland.

We also specially commend the reviews sent in by E. A. G. Kerr (Edinburgh), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Irene Harrison (Bristol), Sidney G. Bell (Wandsworth Common), Ivan Adair (Dublin), M. C. M'Grouther (Glasgow), Evelyn Makey (Folkestone), E. Porter (Kensington), James A. Richards (Tenby), William Morriss (Sheffield), Harry Naden (Stockport), Miss A. E. Kinder (Taunton), Bertha C. Priestley (London, W.C.), W. M. Lodge (Norwood), Kate Lee (Harrow), Miss L. Mugford (Sutton-at-Hone), Kathleen White (Ravenscourt Park), E. Rippon (Hull), Miss Van der Pant (Dover), Florence L. Bate (Folkestone), G. M. Elwood; Alfred Redmond (Plumstead), A. H. Mannington Sayers (Sheffield), M. H. Menzies (Hampstead), Miss B. O. Anderson (Scarborough), E. Percy Adam (Nottingham), Florence L. Stephens (Bodmin), Miss C. E. Muirhead (London, N.), Miss E. A. Pearson (Fleet), Helen MacLeod Scott (Edinburgh), J. J. Griffiths (Highbury Fields, N.), Florence H. Ellis (Halifax), and Irene Pollock Lalonde (Bath).

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to ALBERT E. HALLIDAY, 16, Darfield Avenue, Harehills, Leeds.

WAR AND PEACE AND REVOLUTION.*

By Dr. William Barry.

IN the "Home University of Modern Knowledge" an attempt is to be made for which our time seems ripe. Its promoters, distinguished Oxford men and others, believe that large classes who are not exactly students, but who will read thoughtfully what is put before them in a clear and accurate manner, wish to arrive at some central convictions, founded on the best information regarding this complex world in which our lot is now cast. Shilling volumes, well printed, without sparing brains or ink; a sound paper, and of suitable size to be read anywhere—these are to form the "Home University." Not reprints, even of classic authors, but original works, touched by the Time Spirit in point of style and choice of expression, but something better than a journalist's review—nay, ever so much better, as intended to stimulate and guide inquiry on the reader's part, when once awakened to a sense of the important subject set before him. This, certainly, is an enterprise of great pith and moment—of pith, for it can be successful only when experts throw into it their special knowledge; and of moment, for the democracy, which scornful M. Renan likened to Caliban, has yet need to learn from Prospero by what method it shall rule its island, now it is master from sea to sea.

To stimulate and to enlighten, these are the aims, kept steadily in view by Mr. Perris and Mr. Belloc, whom I can praise the more unreservedly because I do not always see eye to eye with one or the other. But the Home University admits of differences, nay, of contraries, in opinion, and must do so, if it would be true to life. Thus, Mr. Belloc is a kind of French Revolutionist himself, not English either in tone or judgment; but the very fact adds weight to his pleading. Mr. Perris again, I discover on the title-page, belongs to the "International Institute of Peace"; and he drives straight at a conclusion which Count Tolstoy has probably inspired; but he, too, is well worth hearing on this account. In both writers we feel the movement of ideas, the presence of world-forces, with which democracy will have to reckon, or through which it must work out its doom. The idea, for instance, that peace and not war is the higher (in that sense the normal) state of mankind—how will such a thought find its place among the ambitions, greeds, and necessities connoted by the "Battle of Life," a phrase not more significant to Darwin the observer of science than to Dickens the looker-on at human tragi-comedies? We can say, at all events, that when we reach the final stage in this by no means fatiguing march through history, we have learnt how to discuss the problem of war and peace more intelligently. And so, too, the Revolution of 1789 as Mr. Belloc sketches it becomes comparatively transparent; it loses a little of its wild, anarchical aspect, its mere "fool-fury of the Seine"; it is French indeed, not really, as it fancied itself, cosmopolitan, but how few Englishmen have ever tried to see it through French glasses? Yet if the voting crowd would endeavour, once in a way, to grasp the situation as visible at Paris, Lyons, and in Brittany, our own foreign policy might gain light upon its path. For not one of the questions handled in these two volumes is dead.

With decision of style, in language mostly forcible and often picturesque, Mr. Perris undertakes to tell the story, as he terms it, of "the human swarm and its settlement." From ages before chronicles he passes on to the vast military monarchies, Babylon, Egypt, Assyria, following the highway that brings him down to our Greek and Latin school books, and thence through the Roman-Medieval, or Roman-Teuton period, to these last four hundred years, during which the whole planet has been, so to speak, invaded by Western civilisation. He assumes that "sentiment, opinion, even genius, are factors in social growth of small importance in comparison with hunger, sex, greed of wealth and power, and other primary and universal motives which provide the body-stuff of history." He would "get beneath more heroic but superficial explanations of events to those roots of material interests in which, as the writer believes, and not in passion or instinct, the causes of war and peace are to be found." Nothing can be more frank than such a declaration. We are to interpret the world's movement by Malthus and Darwin; subject, however, to conditions only of late fulfilled, or on the way to fulfilment. The earth is now all but covered with human societies: and in the most advanced of these population is either increasing at a diminished rate or not increasing at all. What is to be the next stadium on our march? This author holds that it will be the end of war, "the organisation of a settled peace." And so, from a struggle for food and family, the tribes of men will have come out into an industrial millennium, well-balanced and self-supporting, a "domestic and international peace." O man, great is thy faith! But suppose democracy, indulging its "passion and instinct," should terminate its career by race-suicide? The old Roman houses, patrician and plebeian, did so. Will our civilised peace follow their example?

I may note, incidentally, that Mr. Perris, who is widely read in the literature of his large discourse, takes Herodotus at that charming old romancer's own value. But, surely, this cannot be maintained as regards Oriental history. Herodotus never set eyes on Babylon; nor does he give a description of it which competent critics like Professor Sayce will allow to pass without challenge. It is certain that Cyrus did not

* "A Short History of War and Peace." By G. H. Perris.—"The French Revolution." By Hilaire Belloc. 1s. net each. (Williams & Norgate.)

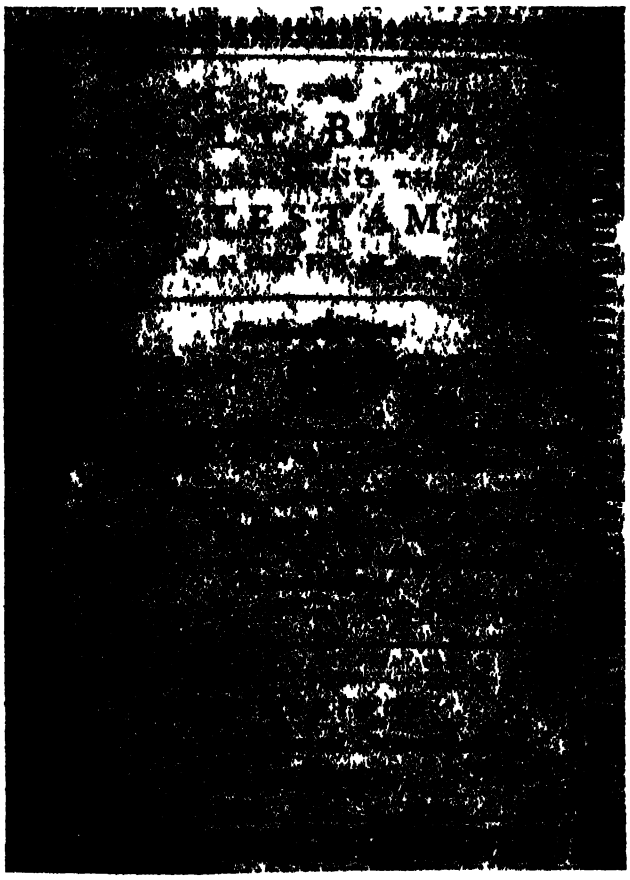
... the course of the Euphrates in order to obtain a passage into Babylon." Contemporary evidence proves that his general, Gobryas entered the city "without battle or fighting." These are details, which do not affect the argument of the book, but we no longer depend on the Greek classical writers for a knowledge of the facts, and they require correction. Something also, I should have to remark on the Crusades which did more than "drown the pure ideal of fraternity in a sea of blood." I forbear since it is not my design in a brief notice to travel over these battlefields. Enough now, as indicating the author's drift, that he makes the "Imperial idea" responsible for conquest, for slavery, for the expansion of power which, whether in Asia when Alexander and his successors ruled it, or in India beneath our British sway, governs but does not civilise. The "slave economy" changes into a "land economy," and this into one of "trade currency"; there is progress from empire to feudalism, to nationalism, to the balance of power and The Hague Conference gathered together in Mr. Carnegie's marble palace built with proceeds of the Steel Trust. Free labour, free thought, the deadlock of an armed peace, and organised labour refusing to go to war on behalf of capitalism—that is to be the fifth act. Once more I say, O man, great is thy faith!

What is the relation of democracy to the old regime and to the Imperial idea? This, in sum, is the question that Mr. Belloc might have set himself to answer. But it is Mr. Perris who utters the "dreaded name" of Napoleon and who defines him as "prince of the powers of death," while our eloquent French-English, ironical-serious Catholic disciple of Rousseau narrows his vision to the years 1789-94 in which, as he holds, European democracy contrived to secure a future for itself. To Mr. Belloc the thing that counts is an "ascending series of revolutionary efforts" culminating in the Terror and the execution of Robespierre. By these events, political, military, anti-religious, the basis of the modern state was laid down. I will quote without comment the words in which that creative pamphlet On the Social Contract is described; they are not wanting at any rate in courage.

> "Rousseau's hundred pages," says Mr. Belloc, "are the direct source of the theory of the modern state; their lucidity and unmatched economy of diction, their rigid analysis, their epigrammatic judgment and wisdom—these are the reservoirs whence modern democracy has flowed; what are now proved to be the errors of democracy are errors against which the Contrat Social warned men; the moral apology of democracy is the moral apology written by Rousseau, and if in this one point of religion he struck a more confused and less determined note than in the rest, it must be remembered that in his time no other man understood what part religion played in human affairs."

Much might be hinted on all these thorny points; I will add but a pertinent observation from The Cambridge Modern History, where it ascribes to Rousseau's rhetoric that romantic religious revival which prepared the way for clerical reaction under the restored monarchy. Rousseau, continues the philosophic estimate, did not foresee that "the emotions excited by his eloquence would, like his Savoyard priest, find greater satisfaction in the splendour and the far-reaching associations of Roman faith and ritual than in the colourless Socinianism of Geneva." No, he certainly did not foresee the "Genius of Christianity" putting on his colours with Chateaubriand.

It is under this double influence, as I think may not unfairly be said, that Mr. Belloc proceeds to connect and account for the successive "ascending" phases of the Revolution. He pursues a lively, and at times an erratic course; but whether we agree or dissent we find ourselves drawn onward as he moves. He grants to Marie Antoinette, as Lord Acton granted, an increasing importance. Of Mirabeau it is said, "he was never that dirtiest of political phenomena, the party man, but he had none of the revolutionary vision." Those rather perverse half apologies for Danton and Robespierre which Mr. Belloc has consigned to larger books are given with a fixed determination over again. Carnot is made to be "the chief controller of the Terror." Marat "was not sane, but his insanity was often generous"; and he receives credit as "a distinguished scholar in his own trade, that of medicine." He, and not Danton, "must stand responsible for the massacres of September." Sentences like these would offer fine subjects to the Oxford Union, if it debated past history. They have also present and terrible implications, for the whole company are



John Eliot's Translation of the Bible into the Language of the Massachusetts Indians.

The first Bible printed in America, 1663. It is dedicated to Charles II. A copy was sold in 188- to the late Mr. Kalbfleisch of New York for £58. Only nineteen copies are known to exist. Two are in the British Museum and two in the Lenox Library, New York.

among "les morts qui parlent" and the voices of the dead speak loud in France to this day.

Merits of which honourable mention should be made for their effectiveness and rarity are in Mr. Belloc's handling not a few. Among them readers ought to count the admirable bringing together as in a simple scene of widely scattered but contemporaneous events which we too often separate in our imagination. The military turning points are well marked and succinctly given. But above all the unhappy and, as our author holds, the needless quarrel between Republic and Church is allowed its due proportion. Foreign and especially English students very seldom think of it save as a minor episode which mattered little in comparison with political or diplomatic interests. In our newspapers the significance of anti-clericalism meets no acknowledgment; and Mr. Belloc or myself may be thought mere partisans for so much as alluding to it. But M. Faguet is no Catholic and no partisan; he is a Liberal of the purest water; and he would emphatically maintain that the anti-clerical programme of the third Republic is its greatest danger. Why that should be, and how the situation arose, we may learn from this instructive volume. I end with another quotation which sums the matter up. "The civil constitution of the clergy failed," so runs the argument, "but the civil war it dug, the pit which divided Catholicism from the Revolution at the moment of the foreign invasion, it segregated the loyal priest so that his order could not but appear to the populace as an order of traitors, and it led in the furnace of 1793 to the great persecution from the memories of which the relations between the French democracy and the Church have not recovered." The witness is true.

THE "SPIRITUAL BEHEMOTH."*

By WALTER SICHEL.

BLAKE in one of his mystic fantasies depicted Pitt as Behemoth while in another, if I mistake not, he shadowed forth Pitt's spiritual body. It is with something of this ideal undercurrent, though by no means with that mysticism of presentation, that Dr. Rose has approached his task. It is a difficult undertaking and exacts, unless in unusual aspect, imaginative power and force of psychological insight: the more so is this preliminary volume essay [illegible] shows us the great minister in the making. From many of Dr. Rose's constructions I venture to dissent, and sometimes his style seems open to criticism, as in the case of the word "viewing," for example; but he has taken great pains in the mapping out of the roads and by-roads, and if he has not always perhaps tracked the windings to their characteristic source, he has explored some new and fascinating territory, especially in his admirable exposition of intricate foreign development up to the time of the French Revolutionary outburst. Moreover, he has new manuscript material to illumine. He has proved what a tough customer even Pitt found in Catherine of Russia. And he has shown that this portent of a minister seems habitually to have drafted the dispatches of his foreign secretaries, and often to have sent them out without an alteration. Even Beaconsfield could hardly have done this with either Lord Derby or Lord Salisbury.

The excess of intuition necessary for this theme is demanded by the peculiarities of the person. Why is it that men equally dispassionate in their natural nature often fail to attract posterity in proportion to their achievements? The reason surely lies in the fact that their greatness is a kind of abstraction. Their personality seems small in contrast with their performance. They lack the romanticism that begets romance and the fire that generates fervour. Their very failings are seldom of the magnetic order. They are undramatic on the stage. Only in the study, in retrospect, and in connection with their careers do they emerge truly and largely human. The volcano strikes a wider range of sensation than the [illegible], and Vesuvius is nearer man than Mont Blanc. These considerations are not wholly applicable to Pitt, but they hold in the proportion that [illegible] applicable to him. Pitt's character was [illegible] than his intellect. It was a wonderful character; but even his character was not [illegible] [illegible] rather the [illegible] of Great Britain which he thus [illegible] guided. Cold and incompetent, sometimes even timid (and this aspect finds little emphasis in these pages), he was passionate for England. And it was only when the trend of events and the chance of disturbance brought the patriotic passion into line with Pitt's practical faculties that the inspiration inspired that he emerged not only as the extract but as the embodiment of Britannia. It was otherwise with the phenomenal Chatham, who in a phrase of Horace Walpole's cited in this book is truly by Lord Rosebery, was truly a drop of fire. Chatham would have been fiery even if he had not been a titanic patriot. He was genius; there was a genius in Pitt: therein lies the distinction between father and son. Pitt's unselfish patriotism was his only enkindling medium.

And there is another consideration that makes it hard rightly to appreciate the greatness of Pitt and his divergence from his age. That era was not one of speculation. But Pitt was brought up to be prime (and perhaps prim) minister. From his cradle he was potted in the political forcing house, nor would his imperious father brook any other nursery. Born in the purple, Pitt was designed to continue the royalty of a statesman. He began fully equipped. He emerged,

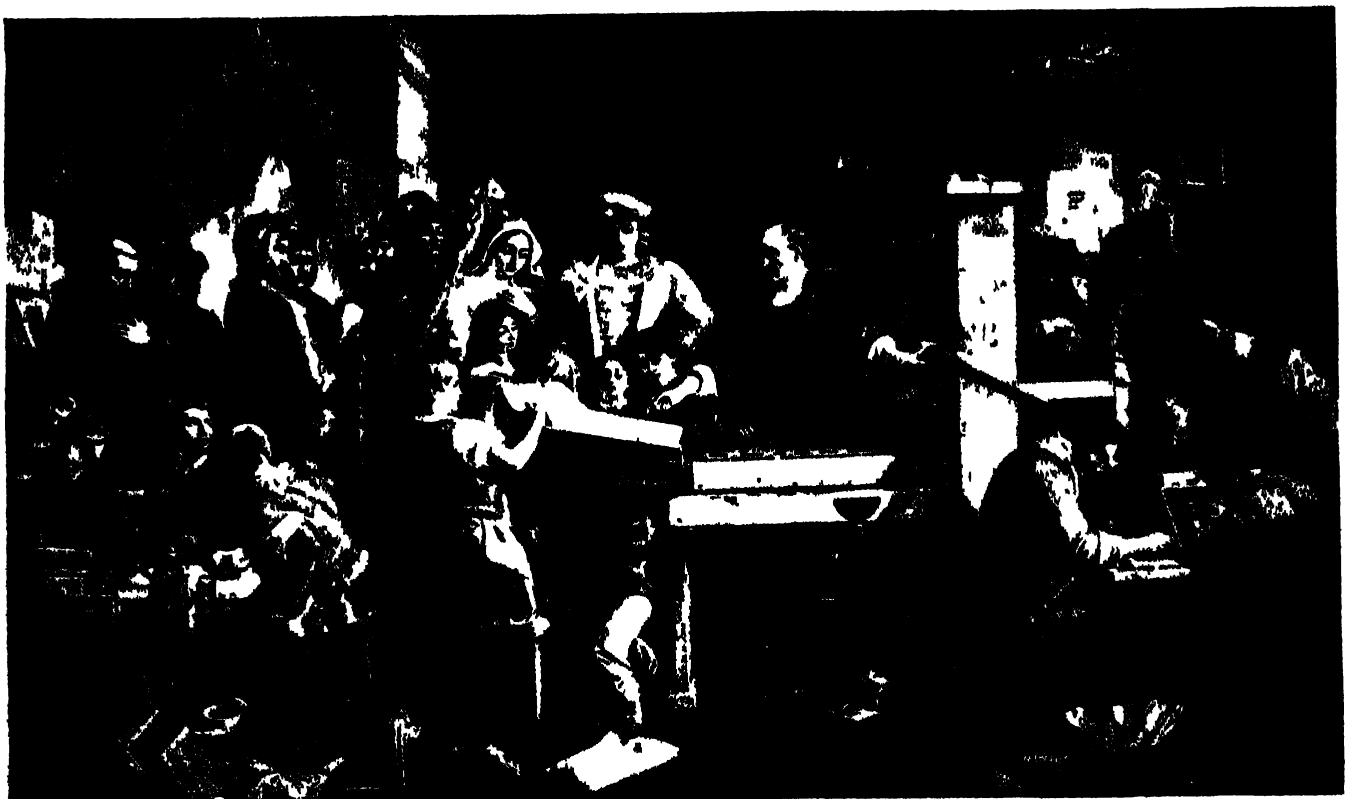
* "William Pitt and National Revival." By J. Holland Rose, Litt.D. 16s. net. (G. Bell & Sons, Ltd.)

like Athena, from the head of Zeus. More than this. None more than Pitt exemplifies the Mendelian theory. The Chatham in him—the warmth of will—was deep down and latent, the Grenville in him, the mother's side, the chilling caution, the precision and unimpulsiveness, all these were to the fore. When he began with his air of authority and aloofness Lord Mansfield exclaimed, "He is not a great minister; he is a great little minister." No wonder that as a youth he seemed a superior person and irritated even while he awed; no wonder that in the words of Romney commenting on his nose, he turned it up at all the world. No wonder that he became chief minister at an age when most of his contemporaries were courting patronage or a constituency. The real wonder is that he surmounted his own self-complacency, that even his defects saved his country, that he was and remains inherently immortally great. And yet after reading Dr. Rose's volume from cover to cover it is not the portentous impression of such commanding greatness that predominates. Dr. Rose has almost laboured to establish Pitt's idealism, originality, consistency, semi-infallibility, though here and there he does concede a mistake or so, for which we must be thankful. He even suggests that when Pitt went on planting trees during the Dutch crisis of 1785 he may have meant to reassure his supporters. And Dr. Rose's William Pitt is not only "All the Talents" but "All the Virtues" in addition. He has made him one of the [illegible] from which desolation may a merciful heaven deliver all [illegible] parts. Was there nothing of the prodigal in the prodigy? [illegible] it we may [illegible] Lord Glenbervie [illegible]

Lincoln's Inn deliberately to have encroached on his capital rather than cut a poor figure on his income. We behold the young Pitt painted as on an eighteenth-century tea tray, varnished immaculate and provoking—in fact in the very attitude which his deriders in the Rolliad delighted to satirise. Our author has gone further. Because Pitt could unbend in private and disport himself with Wilberforce and others, he insists that he (with Wilberforce) was a wit. "Would that we knew more of those bright days," he exclaims, "of the friendly carousals at Wimbledon." But if Pitt's *mots* resembled the few cited during his French visit they would scarcely have added to the gaiety of nations. Pitt could be gay at home, but nothing will convince us that he was conceited. From the first he was afraid to let himself go. His proud youth forbad it, and to the end this young Octavius was reserved and self-composed. From the first he stood on a pinnacle, his own pinnacle. He was a statesman of purpose just as Fox was a leader of impulse.

> Above the rest majestically great,
> Behold the infant Atlas of the State,
> The matchless miracle of modern days,
> In whom Britannia to the world displays
> A sight to make surrounding nations stare,
> A kingdom trusted to a schoolboy's care.

It has been well said that Fox and his slipshod following regarded finance as an invention of Pitt. Pitt had studied the exact sciences and he was accurate by nature. He neglected no opportunity of informing himself in fiscal matters, and one of his two main aims at the outset was to [illegible] and re-organise English credit on the best lines then available. But



King Edward IV. visiting Caxton's Printing Office at Westminster.
(After Maclise.)

Printing was introduced into England by Caxton in 1477 and translations and summaries of parts of [illegible]

he was not a heaven-born financier (no one then was), and Shelburne, one of whose *protégés*, Dr. Price, helped Pitt in finance, was a deeper student of economics. Where Pitt, in this as in most directions, excelled his contemporaries was in making workable arrangements and pushing them through by his double power of delay and persistence. He did not so succeed with his other early purpose—that of a mild parliamentary reform. In this ambition he was, to my mind, no enthusiast. He inherited it from his father. And, once more, as regards his finance we are still paying what is tantamount to five per cent. on some of his loans, while in his management of the Irish Commercial Propositions, which failed, he gave, I cannot but think, just offence to Ireland. In this domain his French Commercial Treaty redounds most to his glory, and Dr. Rose is the first to show fully by what strange conjunctures France was then brought to make concessions disadvantageous to herself.

When Pitt started there were no real parties, only a tesselation of family adherents, and its outcome, a shifting mosaic of self-interest. Such Toryism as had survived the constructive ideas of Bolingbroke (whose works Chatham loved and is said to have read aloud to Pitt) slept in the nonchalant North and the obstinate "King's Friends"—an inexpugnable squadron on whom Pitt was often afterwards forced to rely. The "Revolution Families" partitioned Whiggery among them. Burke the brilliant did the thinking for the tame Rockinghamites. Fox the extreme did the slashing for the Duke of Portland, who ended by crossing over to Pitt in disgust at the Jacobinism of the hungry and greedy "Foxhounds." Politics were absolutely a game tempered by theories, and even Burke's theories rested on a deification of Parliament. Pitt was a Chathamite floating amid the Grenvillite icebergs. But he was not hampered by political connections, and from the first he disclaimed partisanship. That was probably why the King sent for the youth when he had wrecked the odious Coalition. Dr. Rose cites a most interesting letter from Dundas to Shelburne which hints that Shelburne himself suggested the name of Pitt to the King, and Shelburne, who had started as a Chathamite, was as much removed from the tyranny of groups as his former Chancellor of the Exchequer. Pitt redeemed politics from being a mere game, he often dared to prefer the Nation to Parliament, and gradually he succeeded in popularising the King. But that is not to say that he did not rely on party expedients of his own, or use all available means for strengthening his connection. Despite his exceptional single-mindedness, no minister ever obliged his own family more than Pitt, but in these respects he was a much-tried man, and on one occasion (unquoted here) he assured an applicant how relieved he was to find that he did not wish to be made Emperor of Germany!

Dr. Rose has hardly been fair to North, who was in several respects a prototype of Lord Palmerston, and who set on foot more than one matter of after-importance; nor has he [illegible] statecraft, the mistrusted and mistrusting Lord Shelburne. He has so far minimised the influence on Pitt of Dundas, who seems often to have screwed his chief's courage to the sticking point. And as regards minor characters, who would guess, for instance, from these pages that Courtenay was a wit (it was he who described the maid-servant tax as *not* "an Irish proposition") or that the Duke of Richmond was a *gourmet?* Queen Charlotte, surely, during the Regency period played a larger part in connection with Pitt than is commemorated here, nor does Burke's dictum about her—that she had only one virtue, decorum, and one vice, avarice—find a place. The characterisation, too, of her husband is conventional. It takes no account of his real wit, nor of his intrinsic, if veiled, excitability. Indeed, Dr. Rose doubts the story of his tears over the Coalition. "If the age was lachrymose," he writes, "George III. was not." Yet when he went mad he wept copiously, and periodically. Soon after his accession, for example, he could work himself up to the verge of madness. Speaking of the King's recovery from the madness of 1789, Dr. Rose records that he shed tears in thanking his supporters, and at this very period of the Coalition, he admits "the flurried, incoherent kind of talk which afterwards marked the oncoming of lunacy." Neither in the treatment of the Coalition nor of the Regency imbroglio does the complex inwardness of the whole situation always find complete expression. Among other things Fox thought that he had been jockeyed by Shelburne at Windsor. Nor am I convinced that Dr. Rose absolves Pitt from his change of front on the Warren Hastings impeachment. Either Pitt hurried over the evidence or he had weeks wherein to make up his mind. And in smaller details surely Dr. Rose errs in attributing the drunkenness to port and the Methuen treaty. Champagne and burgundy were equal defaulters, and the badness of the water may have played a part also. And surely he errs also in terming Pitt's voice "sonorous"; was it not sometimes compared to a ball of worsted in the mouth? In trifles, too, there are one or two quaint mistakes. Dr. Rose (apparently citing Wilberforce) actually fancies (p. 59) that Sheridan had been with Fox at Oxford, whereas, of course, it was Sheridan's misfortune that his father could not afford to give him a university education. Then, again, what does Dr. Rose mean by St. Ann's Hill at *Wandsworth?* Can there be two St. Ann's Hills and both Fox's? If not, this is scarcely a slip like "ex-centric," which is common to all flesh. Poor Sheridan, too, and some of my evidence regarding him fare rather ill occasionally at Dr. Rose's hands. He will not allow that Sheridan "wrote" the Prince's answer to Pitt at the beginning of 1789, but seems to think it a "joint-composition." What was shown in my "Sheridan" is that several tried their hands and patience at this needed document, that Burke penned a treatise that took a good hour to read, but that Sheridan reduced the whole to pith, tact, and brevity, importing his own style in the process.

Then again, in a citation from the Duchess of Devonshire's preface to her "Diary," where she says on Fox's side that Sheridan could not in the Regency crisis resist playing a sly game, the qualifying context "absolutely absolving him from duplicity" ought to be remembered also. And why does Sheridan's earlier and famed retort against Pitt of the "angry boy" escape Dr. Rose's narrative? Pitt at any rate seems never quite to have forgotten it. Further, Dr. Rose doubts the evidence adduced by me that Burke helped Pitt in his India Bill. Yet that indication comes from a letter of Mrs. Tickell, who knew the Burkes, and was well informed by her brother-in-law Sheridan, and some evidence exists that a few years afterwards Burke applied to Pitt for a post on the Board of Control.

But such little matters in no way detract from a stimulating and informing volume. Dr. Rose has brought much of interest into relief and to the light; the Dutch, Prussian and Spanish positions have never been handled as Dr. Rose has handled them. His hero is a true hero, and the truer for not being an absolute angel. His power of waiting was immense, and that power belongs to genius. He knew when the iron was hot, and as a rule he struck it at the right moment. That he was a politician as well as a statesman was not his fault. England wills that her leaders should be so. But though doomed to the ladder of occasion, he disdained the doctrine of necessity. On him it imposed no law. He finely termed it the creed of slaves and the tool of tyrants. The Britain of our moment may well remember that free pronouncement.

New Books.

MR. CHESTERTON ON DICKENS.*

The kind of book to which this volume of Mr. Chesterton belongs is not the easiest of kinds to criticise. By its very nature it can have no continuous interest, and for critical purposes one must get away from the individual papers of which it is composed and consider it as a whole. But what value it may possess is a general appreciation of its subject. And with one exception so characteristic of its author that it is practically a waste of time and (journalistic) space to insist upon it—at least with any hope of warning him off from similar follies in the future—it may be welcomed for as sound, informative and brilliant a piece of criticism as has been written in the English language for many a long day past. Mr. Chesterton's credentials as a guide to the study of Dickens are many and obvious. He knows Dickens's books as a beggar knows his dish, and he loves them with a love without which such a knowledge were impossible. That affection comes out in a fashion which all who know the bulk of Mr. Chesterton's work at all intimately will readily appreciate. It has made this volume much the most simple and direct, both in thought and in verbal style, we have received from him. There is no snap-shooting at epigram and paradox, no toying with vagabond ideas, none of the usually delightful and occasionally irritating irresponsible philandering by the way of which its author is generally so fond. Mr. Chesterton has written these studies not to illustrate his own virtuosity, but in clean and simple admiration of a great craftsman and a greater man. He has accomplished a very notable literary feat: he has added a spicy titbit to the gigantic *olla podrida* of Dickens for which every truly appreciative partaker of that gorgeous feast will be sincerely grateful. Take for instance this bit about Pickwick and Sam Weller:

> Many comic writers have described the clever rascal and his ridiculous dupe. But here in a fresh and very human atmosphere we have a clever servant who was not a rascal and a dupe who was not ridiculous. Sam Weller stands in some ways for a cheerful knowledge of the world; Mr. Pickwick stands for a still more cheerful ignorance of the world. And Dickens responded to a profound human sentiment (the sentiment that has made saints and the sanctity of children) when he made the gentler and less travelled type the type which moderates and controls. Knowledge and innocence are both excellent things, and they are both very funny. But it is right that knowledge should be the servant and innocence the master.

That is Mr. Chesterton at his best. And again:

> No [illegible] critic, though it spoke with the tongues of men and of angels, could really talk about Dickens. In all this that I have said I have not been talking about Dickens at all. I have [illegible] with arrogance. I have been talking about the [illegible] of Dickens. I have been talking about the [illegible] of Dickens. I have been talking about the [illegible] of Dickens [illegible] and [illegible] of Dickens. In no word have I been talking not about Dickens, but about the [illegible] of Dickens. But when we come to him and his work [illegible] what is there to be said? What is there to be said about earthquake and the dawn?

And now I am going to talk about a gap in Mr. Chesterton. He makes the, to me, astonishing statement that Mr. Micawber and Edward Dorrit are portraits drawn from the lineaments of one and the same individual. He does not give his authority for the statement, and as I have no authority to deny it, I simply record it in passing with the note of exclamation it seems to call for. And he then goes on to tell us that some secret canker must have been gnawing at Dickens's heart before the writer who had given us Micawber with his eternal and unconquerable resilience, could have given us the portrait of Edward Dorrit. This would seem to be one of those cases, by no means unknown in the history of criticism, in which a strong psychical bias in the nature of the critic has curiously blinded him to a whole plexus of fact and their concomitants. Here let me quote a brief passage which contains the gist of Mr. Chesterton's feelings on the matter:

> The study of the slow demoralisation of a man through mere misfortune was not a study congenial to Dickens, not in accordance with his original inspiration, not connected in any manner with the special thing that he had to say. In a word, the thing is not put as a part of himself, and he was not quite himself when he did it.

It never occurred to me before reading Mr. Chesterton's paper on "Little Dorrit" to wonder at Dickens for having drawn the characters of Micawber, of Harold Skimpole, of Dick Swiveller, and others of that joyous brotherhood to whom debt was the natural and normal condition and the Fleet and the Marshalsea were as much harbours of refuge as places of durance. But having read that paper I did begin to wonder, and I am wondering still, not so much

* "Appreciations and Criticisms of the Works of Charles Dickens." By G. K. Chesterton. 7s. 6d. net. (J. M. Dent & Sons.)

that Dickens should have portrayed for us those gleeful souls, but that a critic of Mr. Chesterton's rank and one who knows his Dickens so well should not have seen that it was when he painted *them* and not when he drew Edward Dorrit he was departing from the strain of sentiment natural to him in dealing with the class to which they all belong, the class of debtors. Dickens's early experiences of the debtors' prison were among the strongest even his receptive and tenacious mind ever received, and the impression they left was in the main one of hideous squalid tragedy—not the tragedy which cleanses and half consoles, but the tragedy which soils and stains—the tragedy not of "Lear" or "Hamlet," but of "Pot-bouille" and "L'Assommoir." The little story of "The Queer Client" in "Pickwick" is a case in point, and almost the entire episode of Mr. Pickwick's imprisonment in the Fleet is another. Mivins, Smangle, Roker, and the old cobbler may be ranked as comic characters, but their comedy is of the kind which leaves us with a wry mouth, and the scene of the death of the old debtor of twenty years' standing, ending with Mr. Roker's tremendous epigram, "He has got his discharge, by God!" is among the most terrible things in all literature. I cannot admit Mr. Chesterton's statement that the "slow demoralisation of a man through mere misfortune" or by any other means "was not a study congenial to Dickens." He has given us many such studies, e.g., the slow demoralisation of Mr. Wickfield by trouble *plus* drink, of Richard Carstone owing to the vile atmosphere surrounding the Court of Chancery, against which the man about whom his bias was suspicious principally centres has warned him; and again of Pip, the hero of "Great Expectations," who both as a child and as a mature man is a model of courage, simplicity and friendliness, but who as a boy degenerates into a cowardly little snob until rescued from complete moral degradation by the loss of his fortune, the love of the convict Magwitch and the tenderness of Joe Gargery. Gridley, "the man from Shropshire," of "Bleak House," is again, though we see him only when his ruin is complete, obviously an instance of a fine nature hopelessly distorted by unfortunate circumstance. Poor Miss Flite, dear little soul as she is, falls into the same sad category. That unappeasable optimism which is the strongest of Mr. Chesterton's characteristics has betrayed him here. The degradation of character by a monotony of evil chance is one of the most terrible and one of the commonest phenomena of life, and had Dickens's work contained no study of that phenomenon he would have been less than the great man he was. If the only results of that criminal imbecility the old law regulating imprisonment for debt had been to serve as a background for the lighthearted[illegible] of Mr. Micawber and the devil-may-care gaiety of Dick Swiveller, that law would never have got repealed, and certainly never would have been attacked by Charles Dickens.

This one little flaw apart, Mr. Chesterton's book is a very fine and beautiful piece of work.

HENRY MURRAY.

FIRST COMMONERS OF ENGLAND.*

As will be seen from the comprehensive title page, Mr. Dasent has set himself a somewhat ambitious task. He has at least written a very charming and delightful book, and with the aid of his publisher, Mr. John Lane, has issued a collection of illustrations that is unique, interesting and of real historical value. It is a pleasant task to record and praise the skill and care by which church windows, memorial brasses, effigies and tombs in remote country churches and private galleries have been made to yield their treasures for the purposes of this book. In addition, there are excellent views of Westminster at various periods, and a quaint picture of the House in session during the reign of Charles I., which should be compared with that on the medallion worn by Cromwell in the bust presented by Mr. Wertheimer to the House of Commons. Another most interesting reproduction is that of Henry IV. claiming the throne from the Harleian Manuscript. The real charm of the book is that one is led rapidly through a long period of English history with Mr. Dasent as a suggestive and vivacious guide, who knows many amusing stories and has the gift of telling what he knows, while every few pages come a picture that gives face and form to a man whose name has been familiar since school days. We all know how the Speaker was once held down in the Chair, but here is Sir John Finch himself.

The most serious contribution of Mr. Dasent to history is his Catalogue of Speakers, and he has succeeded in adding a few names to the list given in Stubbs and other books. Some of the names he gives before Sir Thomas Hungerford, who is generally described as the first Speaker, ought not, we think, after a reference to the Rolls, to be included in the list of Speakers or presiding officers. Henry Beaumont is given for the Parliament of 1332, but he really spoke for the Count [illegible] and other notables, bringing up a grievance which was passed by the Barons, read before the King, Bishops and Knights, and assented to by them. Geoffrey le Scrope, who is given for the next Parliament, is described as fulfilling the same duties in the Parliament [illegible] as in that of 1332, of which Henry Beaumont is recorded as Speaker. William Trussell in 1340 is taken to be Prolocutor because he announced a naval victory to the House and was specially mentioned in the Rolls as undertaking to raise words for the King, and . . . He really came from the King with Arundel and Gloucester to show the King's state and needs, and his name is only one of a long list of those who agreed to the grant of wool. All these early names are those of the King's representatives, and there is no evidence to show that either the Barons or Commons chose the King's representative to preside over their meetings. When our knowledge of Parliament comes to be more exact from 1376 onward, we find that it is the dominant faction in Parliament that chooses the Speaker. In 1376, though Mr. Dasent gives John Knyghtley as declaring the cause of summons, because the Roll makes no mention of Peter de la Mare's election, there is abundant evidence in the *Chronicon Angliae* that Peter de la Mare acted as Speaker. He was a steward of the Earl of March, and in the next Parliament, which was packed by John of Gaunt, a steward of that great personage was chosen as Speaker. We may note also that the Presentation of 1401, quoted by Mr. Dasent as setting a new precedent, is practically identical with that given in the Roll for the Parliament of 1435 (?).

The Speakers have for the most part been singularly honourable representatives of the Commons. Few have been so eloquent as Sir Arundel Savage, whom Walter Savage Landor believed to be an ancestor of his own, but few have been so base as Henry VII.'s Empson and Dudley, or the Sir John Trevor who in 1695 had to put from the Chair a resolution condemning himself as guilty of taking bribes. The resolution was carried, and next day Trevor absented himself and sent the mace with a letter alleging indisposition. He was expelled from the House, the only Speaker ever severely punished by the Commons. "For [illegible] years," says Mr. Dasent, "the Speakership was farmed by the law, and that during the least glorious period of its history." On the other hand, "In the darkest days of the Commonwealth the House was jealous of the status and origin of its presiding officer," and the Cromwellian Speakers were members of its knightly families.

* "The Speakers of the House of Commons from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. With a Topographical Description of Westminster at Various Epochs and a Brief Record of the Principal Constitutional Changes during Seven Centuries." By Arthur Irwin Dasent. With Notes on the Illustrations by John Lane, and a Portrait of Every Speaker where one is known to exist. 21s. net. (John Lane.)

The famous Lenthall made a rather elaborate death-bed repentance, and directed that the words *Vermis sum* should be carved on his tombstone. In 1628 the Commons declared through Sir Edward Coke that they earnestly desired "the good concurrence between the Lords and them which they esteemed an Earthly Paradise." Probably the proudest of Speakers was Sir Edward Seymour:

"Once, when his coach broke down at Charing Cross, he ordered the next gentleman's to be stopped and brought to him, and when its occupant expressed surprise, Sir Edward told him that it was more proper for him to walk in the street than for the Speaker of the House of Commons."

It was more customary for the House to hear sermons in the old days than now, and on a fast day in 1640 Dr. Burgess and Master Marshall preached between them for the space of seven hours.

The Speaker was for a long time paid five pounds for every private Bill passed. Constituencies which had to pay their members made desperate efforts to secure their services for less than the standard rate.

"Some [illegible] in [illegible] payment in kind [illegible] in the fifteenth century [illegible] when John Strange [illegible] into an agreement with the bailiffs of Dunwich to [illegible] his attendance at Westminster for a cade of full herring [illegible] holds [illegible] while Weymouth was able to secure a member at the [illegible] rate of five hundred mackerel. Five shillings a week was [illegible] paid for the services of William Worsop in [illegible] while John Walworth, the junior member [illegible] three shillings and fourpence."

Mr. Dasent describes the evolution of the non-party Speaker as the most important modern development in connection with the Chair. More and more difficult duties are placed upon the Speaker; should he but so long as he remains the recognised head of the House [illegible] and above all [illegible] the president of the [illegible] assembly in the world will probably be made equal to high duties by the [illegible]. In sudden emergencies he may remember what [illegible] a predecessor [illegible] Shaw Lefevre was the best Speaker I ever knew [illegible] When there was not a precedent he made one, adding [illegible] the well known practice of the House.

WALTER D. [illegible]



Bulstrode Whitelock, 1656-7.

[illegible] (John Lane.)

BROTHER COPAS.[1]

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch tells us in his foreword that as in an earlier novel he had expressed his faith in his fellow so in this he has tried to express something of the [illegible] scorn which must come sooner or later to every man who puts his faith into practice. His point of study is St. Hospital, a group of cloistered buildings set in the water meadows [illegible] stream of Merecester, which are inhabited by two sets of brethren: those of Blanchminster, wearing black gowns with a silver cross at the breast, and the Beauchamp brethren in gowns of claret colour with a silver rose, men to whom charitable bequests have given the possibility of ending their days in peace. In thinking of the story after laying it aside one sees most clearly the master of St. Hospital, by Merton, the Hon. and Rev. Eustace John Wriothesley Blanchminster; his fine tranquil face, his white hair, his delicate hand and his scholarship are typical of the whole book. [illegible] but infrequently on the scene. Brother Copas is the central figure; he is the man of ironic laughter, of kindly action and of shrewd thought; his Greek is impeccable and his verses delightful, while his heart is warm to the weak and suffering. Those brothers who are married have their wives with them, and we wonder if it is inadvertence or conviction which causes Sir Arthur to make all but one of the women so detestable. Among them starts the scandal about Brother Bonaday, whose little girl came to him from America on the death of that young wife who had deserted him years before. Whose was the child? they asked. Brother Bonaday's, of course. Yes; but who was the mother? That question they answered to their own satisfaction; [illegible] to rise again and [illegible] St. Hospital. Corona, a downright American child, ready to worship England's antiquities, and to give unconsciously to the Brothers a pride in their position which hitherto had been abased by the too well remembered [illegible] charity.

Every character in the book seems to come to us straight from reality: among them Mr. Simeon, the master's secretary, burdened with a large family, a small income, and a very tender conscience; and the Rev. Rufus Colt, young, [illegible] seeking to impose his will upon all about him, including the comfort of the [illegible] and other religious forms. That the worn-out old men of St. Hospital did not wish for innovation only meant to him that they must learn what was good for them; and so religious feeling, passion and scandal weep into the [illegible] of that quiet home of rest. It is a book for the literary epicure rather than for the ordinary fiction reader, for part of its charm lies in its scholarly style, in its recognition of those delicate shades of character which are not always appreciated by the many.

[1] "Brother Copas." By Q. (Arthur Quiller-Couch.) 6s. (Arrowsmith.)

BRAHMS CONTRA MUNDUM.*

Quite a [illegible] discourse might be written on the evil influence of the admirable music of Brahms in this country. That melancholy treatise shall not be inflicted on the reader just now; but when I write it I shall not omit to record that the bad influence was strong enough, even in 1911, to turn what might have been a sound critical biography of Brahms into a mere manifesto of musical party politics, full of indiscriminate praise of the composer and his friends, and of petty, querulous carping at all

* "Brahms." By J. A. Fuller-Maitland. 7s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

other musicians whatsoever. Such a book might have been tolerable, say, in 1890; but to-day it is just as valuable as a volume plaintively asserting that Shakespeare is a great poet, and filled out with summaries of the plots of his best known plays.

Let us indicate briefly how all this comes to pass. The music of Brahms was a godsend to the pedants who ruled English music in the seventies and eighties, and whose successors struggle hard to retain that dominion to-day. Wagner was vexing the music circles of Germany, and echoes of the disturbance (including the composer himself) crossed the North Sea and troubled these novelty-hating shores. Now mere negation is never effective opposition. If you wish to smash X you should be pro-Z and not merely anti-X. In other words, the opponents of Wagner found in Brahms a very handy big stick. The incredibly bumptious Declaration against modernism in music to which Brahms set his name in 1860 marked him out as a champion of the formal classical school; he was, as it were, distinctly labelled "Music (old style)"—an ineffable comfort to the Philistines of this country, where the label counts for almost everything. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that Brahms was admired for the wrong reason—because his form was old and not because his matter was new. He was taken up by very respectable people; he became the darling of select superior persons, and in particular he was the moral theme of professors, doctors, presidents, baronets and other Court flunkeys of St. Cecilia. When Wagner was mentioned, or the phrase "Music of the Future" uttered, these people all replied "Brahms is the only genuine modern composer, because he says the same old things in the same old way"; and having poured out their choicest Billingsgate upon the head of Wagner, they proceeded to perform Brahms in the "same old way," so that respectable audiences could take their pleasures sadly as aforetime, and comfort themselves with the moral reflection that duty and dulness were allied as they always should be.

Meanwhile, as time went on, the real discriminating admirers of Brahms were to be found where you would expect to find them, namely, at the concerts where Hans Richter, like the grand fellow that he is, was educating those capable of the process on an impartial regimen of Brahms, Beethoven and Wagner, and clearly demonstrating that Brahms was by no means "the same old thing in the same old way." Now, if you please, in spite of the notorious violence of the Brahms coteries against Wagner, the Brahmsite would have us believe that the pure music of his master was vilely attacked by disreputable Wagnerians, and saved only by the earnest efforts of devoted apostles at Cambridge and elsewhere. To all this there is a complete refutation in one word—Richter. If another is needed—Henschel. David Bispham's enthusiasm for Wagner was matched by his zeal in the cause of Brahms, and his exquisite singing of both was a feature of London music in the 'nineties. It was he who first sang the "Four Serious Songs" here, and his name should certainly be given in a book that praises some less worthy of remembrance. It seems pretty plain that the wild Brahmsites who survive have not really changed. The battle of Wagner has been fought and won, but there is some one else to be up against, so the tankards of slander and abuse are emptied out upon the head of Richard Strauss. The Brahmsites are still uncritical. They can see no difference between the Violin Concerto and the Double Concerto—are they not both concertos, and are they not both by Brahms? They still insist that you shall regard Brahms not merely as a great composer, but as the greatest of composers; and they still hire their friends to attack a saner critic by garbling his phrases and perpetrating tasteful jocularities on his name and probable ancestry. We had the same sort of thing in the case of Browning; and there are still some rather withered survivors who assert that Browning is greater than Shakespeare or Milton or Wordsworth, and demonstrate the extent of their critical ability by an equal estimate of "Pacchiarotto" and "Paracelsus."

The book, as I have indicated, is a lost opportunity. It is precisely what a critical biography of Brahms at this date ought not to be. Sir Hubert Parry's recent volume on Bach is an excellent example of how a volume of this kind should be written. Here there are passages that might be relevant if a devil's advocate were preparing a case against Liszt, but that are merely ill-natured in a book on Brahms. Fortunately the documentary parts of the volume are good and the illustrations delightful.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

A GREAT IRISH SOLDIER.*

Whether as a vigorous and picturesque narrative of adventures in many lands, or as a valuable contribution to the military and political history of the Empire, the Autobiography of the late Sir William Butler possesses an absorbing interest.

William Francis Butler was born in Tipperary in 1838, the seventh child of his father, who belonged to a cadet branch of the Ormond family. At the age of four he was sent to live with a paternal aunt and uncle near Dublin. One day he was taken to the Richmond Penitentiary, as the prison was called. There he saw a group of strange men with one very big burly man in the midst of them. Suddenly the big man came forward and, taking the child in his arms, lifted him up above his head and shouted in a great strong voice, "Hurrah for Tipperary!" The big man was Daniel O'Connell, then a prisoner in Richmond Jail.

After four years' absence the boy returned to his home in Tipperary, "then swarming with people and dotted with innumerable peasant cabins." Within a few months all was changed. The famine which was destined to denude Ireland of four millions of her inhabitants, and to change the face as well as the character of the country, broke out. "A second or third-rate despot," writes Butler, "could have parried the blow, but a Constitutional Government face to face with a sudden crisis is as helpless as a stranded whale in an ebb tide."

The dark days which followed the famine year produced a marked impression on the mind of young Butler, as they certainly affected his fortunes by depleting the family purse, at no time ever well filled.

After an uneventful school career, Butler was nominated to a direct commission without purchase through the interest of his kinsman Sir Richard Doherty, and was gazetted ensign in the 69th Regiment, whose depot was at Fermoy. He was then in his twentieth year. This is how he describes his brother officers, many of whom had served in the Crimean War:

> "The majority of them were splendid fellows—that long age had been a wonderful school for the forming of manly characters. They had a type and manner of their own. Their hair was not cut short as in the present day, but was worn long over the ears; they had large fuzzy whiskers with moustaches which went straight into them. They smoked much, and some of them drank a good deal, but they carried their liquor well. . . . The colonel, Isaac Moore, had risen from the ranks."

Butler's first experience of service was at Limerick, where he was told off to protect the Court-house, where polling was being carried on, from the violence of the mob. Next year he sailed with the details of his regiment for Burmah. He remained for four years in India, and then returned with his regiment to England. On the old Army and the new, Sir William makes these characteristic reflections:

> "I shall never forget the curious contrast that presented itself on the bank of the Sittang River at Tonghoo, where one draft

* "Sir William Butler: an Autobiography." By Lieut.-Gen. the Rt. Hon. Sir W. F. Butler, G.C.B. 16s. net. (Constable.)

of a hundred and twenty men of the new model formed up on the high shore from the boats. The old soldiers had come down from the big teak huts to see the new arrival. The contrast between the two sets of men was not flattering to the newcomer. The 60th Regiment had been in the West Indies during the Crimean War. The men were thus of the old type, men of splendid physique and well chiselled feature. I often look now as soldiers pass and marvel what has become of these old Greek gods, for not only are the figures gone but the faces have also vanished; those straight clean-cut foreheads, the straight or aquiline noses, the keen steady eyes, the resolute lower jaws and shapely turned chins."

In 1868 Butler succeeded Lieut. Redvers Buller in charge of the "Look Out" on the Canadian frontier. Buller he describes as the best type of regimental officer possible to be found. "Young, active, daring, as keen for service as he was ready to take the fullest advantage of it, he stood even then in the front rank of these young and ardent spirits."

In 1870 came the turning point in Butler's career. He was in Ireland when he learned that Colonel Wolseley, with whom he had a slight acquaintance, was to take command of a small expedition on the Red River. Butler at once cabled a request to be remembered and caught the first boat for New York, arriving in Toronto just in time. Colonel Wolseley was leaving for Lake Superior on the following day and there was no berth vacant. Butler suggested his appointment as Intelligence Officer; was accepted and ordered at once to Montreal. As all the world knows, the Fenian Invasion turned out a farce, and in a little while Butler was almost at home in Canada. He had now twelve years' service and had been purchased over five or six times by officers, most of them many years his junior.

He returned to England and presenting himself at the War Office asked for a half-pay company, which was [illegible] on the ground that it would enter purchase on lists. However, in April [illegible] he was gazetted to an unattached company, and in the following year he sailed for the Gold Coast to join Sir Garnet Wolseley, and from that time he never looked back. After the Ashanti War, [illegible] he lay in Netley Hospital he was visited by the Queen, who [illegible] to him. When Sir Garnet Wolseley rode up to my carriage at the Windsor levee the Duke of Cambridge whispered to me: "If you wish to please Sir Garnet the first question should be an inquiry for Captain Butler." For his services he was promoted to a majority and received the C.B.

When Lord Ripon was appointed Viceroy of India he desired to take Butler with him as private secretary, but Mr. Gladstone [illegible] on the ground that a Roman Catholic Viceroy was a sufficient experiment without the addition of a Roman Catholic secretary. Butler therefore continued his military career.

In 18[illegible] Ireland was in the throes of the struggle between Parnell and the majority of his former followers, or to speak more truly between Parnell and the priests. Butler was a devout Catholic, but without hesitation he took the side of Parnell [illegible] and with the same fearlessness which he had shown on all other occasions where a question of principle was involved. He was then commanding the troops at Alexandria, and from time to time patriotic poems appeared in the press of *United Ireland* signed W. F. B. appealing to the Irish to rally round their leader [illegible] of the appointment at not finding some of the poems [illegible] included in the present volume.

[illegible] that the last phase but one of Sir William Butler's career, which [illegible] from his appointment to the South African command, and the terrible ordeal through which he passed subsequently to emerge after years of insult and obloquy with, as he picturesquely phrases it, the sun on his side of the hedge.

Before leaving to take up the command Butler had an interview with the Colonial Secretary. Many things were passed in review dealing with South Africa. "The Dutch Republics" writes Butler, "were once mentioned. 'If they should force us to attack them,' said the Secretary, 'then the blow would have to be a crushing one.' I went out blindfold to South Africa in 1898."

To show the fitness of those who were controlling the destinies of the Empire in South Africa for their task, one incident which is worthy of comic opera may be given. The garrison of Ladysmith was increased so that its cavalry and artillery arms should have a [illegible] deterring effect on the Boers. "It was especially strong in artillery, having eighteen field guns of the most recent pattern. A display of this powerful arm was arranged and a number of Boers were invited to witness the exhibition. On Wagon Hill some twenty Kaffir goats were tethered. At a given signal the guns began at [illegible] distance of three thousand yards. On the 'Cease Fire' [illegible] and he [illegible] rode to Wagon Hill to view the slaughter. Twenty-two goats were found on the hill with two newly born kids among them, but there were no dead."

From the beginning Butler sent home words of warning, but they were ignored. Here is a letter dated February [illegible] 1899 written from the War Office. It [illegible] the name of the writer. "We are doing little here. [illegible] trying to get the Army into fighting efficiency, but it is no easy work under present conditions; more and more the W. O. clerk is becoming the real ruler of the Army, and views and objects [illegible] to [illegible] attention to [illegible]."

Of the dramatic [illegible] of Butler it is unnecessary, even if it were not painful, to speak. It is difficult within the limits of a review to give an adequate idea of the charm of the work [illegible] literary style, of the wit and humane humour which informs it, the [illegible] and above all of the personality of this great Irish soldier, whose epitaph was written centuries ago:

> [illegible]
> [illegible]
> [illegible]
> [illegible]

H. A. HINKSON.

SONGS OF A WANDERER.*

Monsieur Sarrazin [illegible] known in this country for his two [illegible] volumes [illegible] of his knowledge of [illegible] poetry [illegible] Victorian [illegible] but in France his [illegible] recent history of the Grand Poètes [illegible] and his beautiful poetic romance [illegible] little literary [illegible]. Apart from his [illegible] these [illegible] in their [illegible] well known [illegible] personal friend and [illegible] that [illegible] been [illegible] to the public by his [illegible] will be [illegible].

Monsieur Sarrazin [illegible] attracted the notice [illegible] the Ministry [illegible] the [illegible] young [illegible] recognition [illegible] talent [illegible] Sarrazin accepted the [illegible] appointment and went off to New Caledonia, but his health [illegible] back [illegible] to the [illegible] he returned to France. [illegible] of the Pen [illegible] his existence to a [illegible] the petty incidents of provincial life. For twenty years this dreamer of poetic dreams [illegible] imagination penetrated to the very uttermost bounds of thought through the irony of fate has had to devote his time and energy to the settlement of village squabbles. Instead of regarding himself as superior to his work Monsieur

* La Chanson du Poète Errant [illegible] Par Gabriel Sarrazin. 3 fr. 50. (Fermin [illegible])

Sarrazin has adapted himself to his surroundings, studies his cases with scrupulous care and does not disdain to attend to all the trivialities of his office. According to report he is a model *juge de paix*. The sole ambition of this hero *malgré lui* is to be left to realise his ideals after his own fashion, which fashion it is almost needless to assert is not the mode of Baudelaire. He is no decadent and does not attempt to hymn the beauty of deformity, although his is poetical prose, musical without rhythm and without rhyme! Gabriel Sarrazin demands no compensation for his literary performances beyond the satisfaction of accomplishing his aims, and it was with much difficulty that some of his admirers gained his consent to recommend his work on the Polish poets to the French Academy, which institution has already thrice honoured itself by crowning three separate works by him. Although Monsieur Sarrazin publishes these poems in prose the spirit of Poesy is so all prevalent in them the reader is forced to wonder why their author has refrained from confining them within the conventional forms of lyrical verse, to which bonds his words and ideas would so readily adjust themselves. Monsieur Sarrazin in writing his poems in prose appears to offer them as confirmation of Joubert's dictum that there are prosateurs nes poetes sans naitre versificateur.

This collection justifies its title of errant by the fact that the poems have been composed in various places from dear old Heidelberg unto mysterious Souk Ahras, but it must not be assumed that the author is a wandering minstrel of the type familiar to France from the days of Villon to those of Verlaine. Everything about this man and his work, however original in tone and timbre the latter may be, is indicative of perfect sanity. The lucidity of his thought is paralleled by the clarity of its expression. A great poet deemed suffering the source of song, and although Sarrazin is too sincere an admirer of Shelley to dispute the saying, his own theory is that the poetic instinct becomes torpid if its possessor lingers too long in a sedentary and monotonous life, and needs travel to awaken it into life.

His invocation, "O chateau palatin de Heidelberg, ruine colossale et delicate, o lieu magique! Murailles ecroulees de lierre, sculptures delicieuses, fleurs de pierre a moitie détruites et combien plus touchantes," serves as a prelude to the general pathos of his volume. It is more than usually difficult to select from such a work, wherein each poem, although dated far apart in time and place from the preceding piece, appears to grow out of and to carry on the spirit of the former one; but as evidence of the author's verbal melody the following tiny piece, "La Cloche," so suggestive and sorrowful, may be cited:

> Un jour ou j'ecoutais votre voix suave et durant l'extase où m'avait plongé le musique de cette voix celeste, tout a coup la cloche de l'eglise voisine tinta sur mon extase. Elle eut une melopée triste et lente, la melopée des heures, ou elle salue la mort. Je frissonnai, mon cœur s'angoissa . . . mais votre voix celeste continua de planer, de plus en plus pure et lointaine, au dessus du glas de l'eglise, au dessus du frisson de mon cœur. Alors je sentis que de la cloche et vous, la cloche seule etait sœur de mon ame . . . sa presence aimante pleurait sur ma fleur interieure, sur mon amour, a peine eclos et deja condamne, touché par l'aile de la mort.
>
> Entendez vous, l'eternite qui tinte l'eternité de l'adieu?

Completely different in style, although bathed in an atmosphere of similar melancholy to that in which all these poems are enveloped—a sadness which

> resembles sorrow only
> As the mist resembles rain—

is "Tout cela ne fut qu'en mon ame," a splendid piece of verbal colouring. Space forbids quotation, as it does also from "Arles," wherein in forcible verse the poet recalls from the mist of past ages apparitions of the people and incidents which have rendered the ancient city of Provence famous for all time. A gem in this collection is "Domus." It appeals strongly to the troubled spirit of those who, worn with the work and worry of the day, seek in the familiar precincts of home the nepenthe of rest. May Gabriel Sarrazin find many such years of happiness and repose in his *dulce domum*.

JOHN H. INGRAM.

THE GLAMOUR OF SPAIN.

In these two ponderous and amply illustrated volumes upon "Spain"* Mr. Albert F. Calvert covers much of the ground traversed in his "Spanish Series." Vol. I takes us on a prolonged itinerary from Toledo to Madrid, thence to Asturias and Galicia, and across Castile to Catalonia. From Teruel bordering on Tarragona we track northwards again to the Basque Provinces, ending our journey at Montserrat near Barcelona. These haphazard excursions are apt to bewilder the reader. It would have been better if the compiler had mapped out the tour with some heed to the compass, instead of hurrying us backwards and forwards from La Mancha and the central plains to the snow-capped mountains of the north and then to the fertile coast of the east.

The second volume of this work is rather more rational in scheme, and we feel less breathless while turning its broad pages. Taken as a whole, "Spain" is a fairly comprehensive sketch of the chief places of interest. The wealth of picture in the two volumes compensates largely for the somewhat humdrum descriptions with the pen. There are no less than 1,550 reproductions from water-colour sketches and photographs adorning the pages of these quarto tomes. Nearly all of the half-tone pictures are instructive, though we have seen some of them in other volumes.

Mr. Trevor Haddon has caught the glamour of ancient Spain in his sketches, but seductive clarity and warmth of

* Spain. By Albert F. Calvert. Vol. With Hundreds of Illustrations. (Dent & Son.)



Professor Tarrida Del Marmol, B.Sc., C.E.
A Spanish scientist and revolutionary thinker.
From "The Truth About Spain," by G. H. B. Ward. (Cassell.)



Statue of Cervantes.

[illegible]

colour have carried him away in some instances. There are, however, illustrations that will please the eye, for many, when turning over the pages of the handsomely bound volumes in the drawing-room. For the books are undoubtedly ornamental and well produced.

"Spain" is not a mere catalogue of the antiquities and works of art. We may learn something of the manners of the people from north to south, and there are references to modern industries, arts and literature.

The account of Galicia is interesting, chiefly because that part of Spain has not been over-described by travellers. I agree with Mr. Calvert that the Galicia is worthy of study. This kingdom by the Atlantic is the home of some of the most cultured and progressive of Spanish thinkers and politicians. The praise bestowed upon Pontevedra is not too lavish. But is it true that of Vigo and Betanzos there is little to tell? I have just spent some days in the wonderful old town of Betanzos, and it seems to me there is much to say about the history and the castle, the thirteenth century churches, the legend of the hundred virgins, and the beauty of the steep mediaeval streets.

The account of the Balearic Islands is useful, and the illustrations give an impression of the fertility and charm of Mallorca. It is gratifying also to find some pages and fifteen illustrations descriptive of the Roman town of Saguntum. These volumes certainly create a longing to visit the towns so alluringly illustrated. The work comes to an end with the inevitable chapter on bull-fighting, with numerous scenes in the arena and portraits of espadas.

"Valencia and Murcia"* is the new volume of Mr. Calvert's 'Spanish Series.' It contains about forty pages of letterpress and a fine collection of illustrations numbering nearly three hundred. Valencia is known to the admirers of Blasco Ibanez by his excellent novels describing the life of this ancient kingdom. Mr. Calvert supplies a brief history of the Roman and Moorish conquests, and points out the buildings of interest in the principal towns of the provinces of Valencia and Murcia.

"The Truth About Spain"* is in the nature of "revelations" by a writer who partly disarms the critic by asserting that he is free from prejudice, and that his desire is to help in a measure towards the social reconstruction of a country that he loves. There is no doubt that Mr. Ward has tried to understand the Spanish people and their problems. I saw his book in the hands of an educated Spaniard in a remote town of the province of La Coruna, and my friend was enthusiastic in acclaiming "The Truth About Spain" as a very fair review of the political situation. On the following day a leader-writer for a Madrid journal informed me that the volume was aptly named. Certainly such testimony from two thoughtful Spaniards is valuable. But Mr. Ward will agree with me that there are in Spain a very large number of malcontents who have scarcely a good word for their country and its institutions. These critics are in strong contrast to the ultra-patriotic Spaniards who number thousands. Truth is to be found in the mean between these camps.

Mr. Ward has accumulated a surprising store of facts which at a glance seem almost conclusive evidence that the state of Spain is perilous indeed. But the author is more of a statistician than a psychologist, and in spite of his avowed sympathy one feels that he is unable to understand and express the spirit of Spain. Mr. Ward may reply that the object of his careful investigation was to set down all the conspicuous evils of the legislative, clerical and industrial systems, and not to proclaim Spanish virtues or to analyse the Spanish mind.

The romance and glamour of Spain have not blinded the writer of this relentless dissection of the Church and the Government. He looks for evils and he finds them readily. A like investigation conducted in this country would provide matter for a scathing indictment. Yet the book is distinctly informative. It is certainly right that the terrible effect of the despotic rule of the Caciques should be plainly exposed. It is well also that complacent persons should be reminded now and again that Rome extracts vast revenues from a nation reeling beneath grave industrial problems, and that the Church is hostile toward free speech, broad education, and religious dissent. These evils, the system of land tenure, the undue taxation of the poor, and the low wages are the causes of the anarchism that sometimes vents itself in violent deeds. All this is true, and Mr. Ward piles up his facts in a convincing manner.

I take it that the author would like to see Spain Europeanised. If so, he is not wise in his counsel. The country must be reformed from within in accordance with national temperament and ideal. This is not saying that Spaniards are incapable of receptivity. There are to-day in Spain reformers of high moral integrity and burning zeal who realise that regeneration is not to be attained by worshipping the ideal of the commercial races.

WALTER M. GALLICHAN.

PICARESQUE.†

Any future student who should happen upon the bibliographical history of Captain Brazenhead, and the man is of such elemental stuff that the future may well return a delight in him, might think that he had lighted upon a strange literary tangle. To put the matter chronologically,

* "Valencia and Murcia." (The Spanish Series.) Illustrated. 3s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

* "The Truth About Spain." By G. H. B. Ward. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell & Co.)

† "Brazenhead the Great." By Maurice Hewlett. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

About ten years ago Mr. Maurice Hewlett published a volume of "New Canterbury Tales." A little later he made the tellers of those tales themselves the actors in a romantic story which appeared in a magazine as "A Fond Adventure." In 1905 he published a volume of four stories with the comprehensive title "Fond Adventures," including the magazine tale, the name of which had been borrowed for the book, under the new name of "Brazenhead the Great." Now we have another volume of four stories to which the collective title of "Brazenhead the Great" is given, and in it the already twice-named tale reappears as "The Captain of Kent." It sounds somewhat unusually complicated, and therefore perhaps not unfitting to be the literary history of a somewhat unusual man—Captain Salomon Brazenhead, who was certainly deserving of the honour of having a whole volume devoted to his exploits. That portion of the book which makes its reappearance under a third name has found its fitting place as part of a quaternary of adventures of which the great man is the dominating figure.

Captain Brazenhead's records are spread over such a stretch of years as to suggest that he must have carried on his vigorous truculence to an unusually late age. The first and last adventures recorded in this veracious chronicle are separated by seventy-five years. In a preliminary "Invocation to the Muse, and Exordial Matters" the author acknowledges that the splendid mendacity of his hero in 1428 "the greatest liar in all France"—makes exactitude with regard to these immaterial details unattainable. The story, like the play, however is the thing, and in reading how Captain Brazenhead fought with his younger self in a tremendous encounter, in which both were slain, in 1477, the reader need not be troubled by remembering that it was as long before as 1402 that he had killed the Duke of Milan's hired assassin, or by the consequent calculations which would prove him to have been a centenarian at the time of "The Last Adventure."

It will be seen that the stories in which the great Captain figures belong to that fifteenth century which Mr. Hewlett has described as belonging to the Childhood of the World; it may well be gathered that the stories are of great adventures, of the clashing of arms (and of wits), of wrong-doing on a kind of epic scale that makes us think less of the moral aspects of the deed than of its greatness to the eye, of vivid colouring, rapid action, and ever-varying incident. Salomon Brazenhead compels our interest by the greatness of his conceptions, the grand vigour of his actions, the unhesitating readiness of his tongue. We feel that in him Mr. Hewlett greatly personifies those qualities which impel us, while saying that a man is a scoundrel, to admit that he is a fascinating scoundrel. Of the great times of Romance, when swords flashed at the slightest provocation, and blood flowed without stint, of the Romance that glories in hot-blooded love and hot-headed fighting, Mr. Hewlett proves himself anew a fine historian in these chronicles of the great Captain.

In the first story we see Captain Brazenhead, having slain a man in "a ding-dong passage of arms of one hundred and thirty seconds," become assassin-retainer to the Duke of Milan, a little later to be on the very throne of Milan, and magnanimously abdicating in favour of the man whom he might have superseded. In the next story, some quarter of a century later, the scene is in France and Captain Brazenhead is seen concerned in the romantic affairs of the Countess Picpus so deeply concerned that before long he *is* the Count and sets about making a Bordeaux sewing-wench the Countess. In the third story we have the already twice-told tale of how Brazenhead took part in a Canterbury pilgrimage in the days of Jack Cade. Then comes the last adventure—the adventure metaphysical as it might be termed—culminating in a terrific contest between the aged swashbuckler and his young self, a contest which ends in the death of each on the sword of the other. "Thus fell in the year of grace 1477, Salomon Brazenhead the Great, seventh son of a seventh son, born miraculously in the seventh month."

Told in a picturesque and vigorous fashion, sometimes with a volubility which Brazenhead himself might have envied, and once or twice with a coarseness that he might have taught, the stories, full of life and colour, are of a kind that will delight all readers with a taste for the picaresque in fiction. It might perhaps be said that all readers at some time or another possess the taste, that it is the harmless manifestation of that innate lawlessness which social circumstance has brought us to keep in check practically, but which we delight the more in exercising imaginatively. Brazenhead the Great, masterful, resourceful, unprincipled, and unfearing, would have been an unpleasant fellow to encounter in enmity, but an entertaining companion in loquacious mood—with quarrelling out of the question. He is most entertaining, however, as the hero of a book and that book the work of such a master of his craft as Mr. Maurice Hewlett.

WALTER JERROLD.

THERE WERE GIANTS.*

"The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children even unto the third and fourth generations." Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer is a grandson of the Pre-Raphaelites, and this book begins "My dear Kids," so I presume that they too will suffer for the greatness of their ancestors. For greatness, if not exactly a sin, is something that Mr. Hueffer learnt to regard with some resentment as he quailed in boyhood in the presence of the giants of that time. I am not sure that I believe he quailed. There are passages in his book that bear a very different interpretation. But this is what he says:

> "To me life was simply not worth living because of the existence of Carlyle, of Mr. Ruskin, of Mr. Holman Hunt, of Mr. Browning, or of the gentleman who built the Crystal Palace. These people were perpetually held up to me as standing upon unattainable heights, and at the same time I was perpetually being told that if I could not attain to these heights I might just as well not cumber the earth. What was there left for me? Nothing. Simply nothing."

That is very distressing, but it has not prevented Mr. Hueffer from writing a great number of books of which this is certainly among the most entertaining. Most of the many books about the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood have been written by its members or by those who were anxious to prove that they were such. Mr Hueffer is not old enough to share their fortune or ambition, and the point of view from which he describes them is that of the small child to whom they are held up as examples. He saw them, so to speak, over the banisters, and the result is new and fresh. He is concerned to give an impression of those stirring times in which he was born and grew up, and to compare them with those in which his children are growing up to-day. He has none of the ambitions of the chronicler; the only axe he has to grind is the property tomahawk of entertainment, and so he writes with a magnificent freedom that, though the historian may distrust, the simple reader cannot do better than enjoy. What does it matter if a story about one person really belonged to another? What does it matter if a story about Carlyle could never have happened at all? This last perfectly charming anecdote represents Carlyle bribing a waiter to lend him a white apron, and waiting on Schiller and Goethe who, in court dress with wigs and swords, were drinking coffee under a hawthorn tree in bloom. Of course it never happened but in the brain of Madox Brown's little grandson. But it is a pretty story and quite good psychology to write it down in that small boy's reminis-

* "Ancient Lights and Certain New Reflections." By Ford Madox Hueffer. 12s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)



The Mother of the Rossettis.

[illegible]

From "Ancient Lights and Certain New Reflections," by Ford Madox Hueffer (Chapman & Hall).

cences. The great, he says, were common in his grandfather's house.

> I could not think that D. G. Rossetti was a person any more remarkable than the gentleman with cold hands round his hat who opened the door in the Tottenham Court Road or Fitzroy Square; nor when I shook hands with a clergyman called Franz Liszt was it any more of an event than when, as I was enjoined to do, I performed the same ceremony with the cool husband.

That sentence is probably much nearer the truth than his complaint of the excessive illumination of his times. I do not believe he was overawed by it a bit. His book is not in the least respectful. In it, as in a hilarious pantomime, William Morris hurls suet puddings at Red Lion Mary's forehead, Madox Brown swears at "damned Academicians," Hunt calls Madox Brown "a notorious liar" and Rossetti "a common thief," and Madox Brown's grandson tells all these stories, stands in the middle of the carpet in front of the fire, and philosophises not in a whisper but at the top of a cheerful voice. It is a fine large high-spirited pantomime, but at the end of it we do not feel any increase in our respect for Harlequin, Columbine, Policeman or Pantaloon. We have enjoyed it and laughed a great deal, and watched with real interest Mr. Hueffer's transformation scene from the seventies to 1911. For, in spite of his proud inaccuracy in detail, perhaps on that account, he certainly contrives to mark a very vivid contrast between our life and that of our fathers. His book was worth writing and is worth reading. It ends on a note of hope for life and despair for letters. "For the world is a good place, but the letters that I try to stand up for are about to die." Are these the letters P.R.B. or are they a special brand of literature? It does not matter. The times are no longer out of joint. The world "is not so full of the lights of individualities, but it is not so full of shadow for the obscure. For," he says, "you must remember that I always considered myself to be the most obscure person, a very small, a very sinful, a very stupid child." He has triumphantly survived the purple that was round his youth, and the time may soon come when his kids, as with aggressive modernity he likes to call them, are a little older, when the little limbs are stronger, and they too may fly away, and he, like the Victorian giants whose height and girth he resented, may expect to suffer in his turn by such irreverent reminiscences as his own.

ARTHUR RANSOME.

A HEROINE OF THE REVOLUTION.*

Théroigne de Méricourt was a puzzling character, and the estimates of her differ as much as her portraits. The painting in the Musée Carnavalet shows her prettiness, her waywardness of will and inherent weakness of character. Greuze made her a pretty countess, while Dervitz gives us a virago. The truth seems to have been reached by Miss Frank Hamel in her interesting and instinctive volume. Théroigne was in every sense a child of her time. After a neglected upbringing she acquired moderate wealth without having had any kind of training in the use of money. She had some true friends, like the Marquis de Persan, but an unpetted and unloved girlhood left her without the knowledge how to receive and value affection. So that this woman, eminently generous and devoted to those dependent on her, accepted the generosity of others with ingratitude. She had never known a settled home, and was early possessed by the demon of unrest. It was not surprising therefore that she was caught by the Revolution. Not strong enough to resist its excitement and vehemence, and without any understanding of the rights of the people or in the least knowing why, she joined the popular party. She learnt later, and no doubt, as Miss Hamel says, she thrilled with compassion at the sufferings which had culminated in that terrible turmoil of the worm, and her eloquent tongue and heart enabled her to gain whole regiments to the popular cause when, clad in a red habit and armed with a sabre, she rode up and down the ranks.

Even allowing for the exaggerations of historians, her influence was undoubtedly very great. Perhaps it was that, belonging to the peasant class, she understood instinctively the right note to strike in addresses to them; her strong artistic sense and her travel in England and in Italy had also added to her natural gift of language, and given her an experience superior to that possessed by those whom she addressed. These things and her reckless courage may account for her great popularity. She was probably a spectator of the attack on the Bastille, and admitted being concerned in the events of July 14 following. She became acquainted with Pétion and then took note and took an active part at Versailles on October 5, and when later the Revolution assumed its more terrible aspect she was present at the attack on the Tuileries, and there went about, as Dr. John Moore described, rallying the revolutionaries and attacking a second time at the head of the Marseillais. From that time he continued to preach war and slaughter. Nearly all the leaders who acted with her died violent deaths, but any violence was better than the miserable fate which awaited poor Théroigne in the cold wet cells of the Salpêtrière. Of all these things Miss Hamel treats with understanding, and with insight she gives us in "A Woman of the Revolution" a picturesque and stirring story of a curiously attractive personality and an absorbingly interesting time.

M. M.

* "A Woman of the Revolution: Théroigne de Méricourt." By Frank Hamel. With photogravure frontispiece and 16 Illustrations. 16s. net. (Stanley Paul & Co.)

JOHN OLIVER HOBBES.*

Mr W. L Courtney has recorded how Mrs Craigie was once genuinely pleased yet alarmed at a discrimination between the formal and real aspects of her personality made by Mr Comyns Carr at a dinner when she responded to the toast of "Literature." He courteously abstained from discussing Mrs Craigie's manifold gifts in her presence but declared that he had no hesitation in dealing roundly with Mr John Oliver Hobbes whose many hostages to fortune exposed him to criticism Mr Courtney emphatically corroborates Mr Carr He says

> Mrs Craigie was essentially different from John Oliver Hobbes, because the second name was an invented elaborately conceived and diligently executed puppet, thrown forward into the public arena to conceal the lineaments of the first A sensitive emotional almost shy human being if it be her fate to enter the lists will naturally accept a convenient disguise Mrs Craigie chose to be known as a mundane philosopher with rationalistic instincts at heart she was a pietist who felt acutely with every nerve and fibre of her being

Mr Courtney enjoyed the high pleasure of her friendship and speaks therefore with the authority of personal knowledge as well as with that of recognised critical judgment Nevertheless it is remarkable how little alteration or addition to the conception formed of the personality of the author of the books signed John Oliver Hobbes by one who did not know her is necessitated by perusal of this authoritative biography of Pearl Mary Teresa Craigie Certainly this gifted woman presents no instance of dual personality analogous to that presented by William Sharp To read this Life deepens regret that one did not know her and so was not brought within the range of her personal magnetic influence and alert acute intelligence but it does not modify except by amplifying one's previous estimate of her character and temperament as self expressed in her art It stirs another regret that such length of days was not granted to her that some day long years hence—she might have written her autobiography What a book that would have been! Highly cultivated widely travelled and endowed with a genius for friendship she would have had all that is most interesting in at least three continents to draw upon for her reminiscences and in addition to her reputation as a novelist and dramatist upon the durability of which it is idle to speculate now she might have established a claim upon the gratitude of remote posterity as the most shrewd witty pictorial and reliable chronicler of the social life of her period *Dis aliter visum* And since the life to be recorded was short and the task of recording it fell to other hands we are glad that the necessary memoir has been prepared by people who are jealous to preserve her reputation as a woman of fastidious delicacy of feeling There are no concessions here to the impertinent curiosity of an age that finds personalities more intriguing than personality The world has a legitimate desire to know something of the private life of reputable authors in order that it may understand and appreciate their books more fully The letters of which this memoir is mainly composed have been edited severely to satisfy this proper demand but yet afford no material for that scandalous gossip which defiles the head round which it buzzes The biographical sketch of his daughter supplied by Mr John Morgan Richards is the work of a great gentleman dignified in grief and does honour to himself as well as to his child And serving adequately to suggest the warmth and lovableness of



Mrs. Craigie: London, 1872.

From "The Life of John Oliver Hobbes." With a Biographical Sketch by her Father, John Morgan Richards. (John Murray.)

the woman removed from them too soon and in circumstances adding pathos to the natural fact of death contributions are made to the volume by Bishop Welldon and Father Gavin which are as vibrant with emotion five years after the event as are the elegiac tributes made by Mr Choate much earlier and by Lord Curzon Monsignor Brown and Mr Owen Seaman on the occasion of the unveiling of her memorial in University College Composite biography such as this has inevitable and obvious defects but it has compensating merits not the least of which is the cumulative effect of many voices consenting in discriminating praise Her books remain the proof of Mrs Craigie's exceptional cleverness This Life is the just tribute to her womanly goodness

It is rather a melancholy book upon the whole Mr Richards says that his daughter never spoke in his presence of any premonition that she would not live long but the idea appears in so many of her letters that it is not merely fanciful to say that she lived with the shadow of death before her eyes And to her the shadow was alluring Free from the least tinge of morbidity she was never free from acute mental suffering caused by the spectacle of life itself by the struggle to keep going and by the eternal fight against discouragement stupidity and cruelty It was a fact not a pose that she was an alien in the world Long training enabled her to play her part in it, but for years she was trying to cheat exhaustion "Mind in the long run always feeds upon heart" she says in one of her books and in one of these letters she says "My heart . . is sound physically and I *ought* to live by all the rules of the physical game—the laws of the spiritual game are more determined—if more elusive! No one was ever meant to see life as plainly as I see it and remain in it"

* The Life of John Oliver Hobbes Told in her Correspondence With a Biographical Sketch by John Morgan Richards 12s net (Murray)

One turns from the biography to the novels, and the same idea seems dominant 'My one consolation is that the conflict must end soon" says Tessa Mailesford in her last letter to Firmalden 'Women of my type who are not strong enough physically to bear the strain of moral suffering very soon and gladly flicker out We are designed to be *filles de joie* (not in the sinister sense) and although we may have the courage to face hard things and the faith that can accept hard sayings God mercifully allows us to die early in the fight Do not you doubt that I have made a good little fight My religion helps me to die it cannot make me live " Very soon and gladly! There should be comfort there for those who mourn her This Life enables the rest of us to form some estimate of their loss and is a valuable supplement to our knowledge of one of the most brilliant women novelists of our time in respect of intellectual chastity perhaps the most remarkable of all

CRANSTOUN METCALFE

TYPES OF HEROINES.

There is no doubt about the truth of the recent discovery that the heroine of fiction is just now undergoing with uncommon rapidity a marked change The type that now engages the fancies of our popular story writers is not in many ways the creature that tugged at our heart strings only twelve brief months ago The idle and the inquisitive no less than the earnest seeker after the stream of tendencies might in truth spend a most profitable week in study of this matter of prime sociological importance All that they would have to do is to select as we did seven or eight of the most interesting novels in the month's output and compound for themselves what some indefatigable humorist might describe as potted extract of heroine If they chance to be men they will probably marvel a little at the result If they are women anything of course may happen but honestly we fancy most of the more sedate members of the sex will be startled by a new conviction that modern novels have moved off the old slender lines of poetry and sentiment and spiritual insight much more swiftly than they had expected Heroines now are drawn with characters as sharply defined as the outlines of their clothes

We can take first as a concrete example the case of Mr Horace Annesley Vachell who has deservedly a large public of admirers who never descends to the methods of masters of mystery or kings of sensation but is always patient sincere dignified and observant Everybody has read his story of Harrow days The Hill and in his new story John Verney * he has given us a sequel to that immensely popular book In passing it is perhaps only fair to say that we do not think that John Verney with its chronicle of uninteresting and insignificant elections its steady advocacy of one side of politics and its rather preposterous newspaper proprietor demagogue and rogue is a complete success It is not—the dry bones do not live, but no fault can be found with the vitality of Sheila Desmond the heroine and her arrival on the scene is indicated thus 'The door was burst open and a young lady came pelting in tempestuously eager to embrace her daddy She was followed by Penelope Burgus 'By Jove!' exclaimed the delighted father

Of course the poor secretary in the background who is in love with her, thinks that this radiant creature looked like a Dryad escaped from confining woods and rejoicing in the sunlight An adorable hide and seek smile played about the corners of her mouth The eyes a golden brown, the colour of wet kelp might find it easy to say 'yes,' the chin was delicately designed to say 'no', but the curved mouth suggested the enticing word 'perhaps'" Mr Vachell really hastens to tell us this Also that the secretary could remember a time when as a child of nine she had held up a dimpled face to him to be kissed and had said in the presence of Caesar and the nurse 'I like John Verney, he's a nice boy Some day perhaps I shall marry him' But when the young lady is allowed to act for herself these poetic asides have to be dropped For she describes the First Lord of the Admiralty as a 'messy old man" and lets the secretary drift into a sentimental relationship with her only to fall an easy prey to the more magnificent vitality and virility of the journalistic demagogue Fresh from school she does not hesitate to adjudicate in public on a scandal that involves the honour and morality of her lover and only when he is proved to be a cheat and a liar does she return to John who all through a great conflict of emotion has had to recognise that he has been over handicapped by his personal inability to move her from the shallows of girlhood to the deeps of passionate experience that call to a woman

We are, alas! in a trifle worse company in 'Zoe a Portrait' * In this book Mr W F Casey strives to give us a true and rather striking picture of Dublin society and life as found amongst the men who practise in the law courts His chief pains however are expended on his full length study of a heartless and unprincipled and rather common flirt a girl who carries on usually with three most excellent men at one time making each believe he is first in this unequal match who marries a most worthy middle aged doctor and holds him at arm's length so that she can gratify her lust for conquest and who when her poor distracted husband practically commits suicide enjoys another series of emotional triumphs till finally she falls with a gasp of satisfaction on the manly breast of a second Captain Dobbin Her quality is well indicated by this sample of her correspondence with a boy of twenty three who is madly in love with her

> Dear T
> The flowers are simply *too* sweet for words I don't know *how* to thank you I'll *try* not to forget I promised you the upper extra *Thanks* so many thanks they are too *lovely*
> In haste
> *Zoe*

In "The Eldest Son" † Mr Archibald Marshall exhibits a somewhat similar lack of illusion as to the type of feminine character most likely to suit the strongly marked taste of the present moment His heroine is a Lady George Dubec 'She was an actress Musical comedy or something of the sort But that was some years ago Old George Dubec married her in New York and led her an awful life She used to hunt with the Quorn Went like a bird and didn't care how she went or where she went People used to say she wanted to break her neck and get away from George Dubec' Briefly Mr Marshall devotes all his fine knowledge of English country life to the feat of marrying her to the eldest son of the squire a most delightful if obstinate character and although he describes her at the outset as a tall slender woman in the early thirties or possibly in the late twenties with a face a little worn eyes deep and lustrous and features delicate it takes him exactly 314 pages of print to accomplish the task to any artistic satisfaction Feminine critics perhaps will be scarcely surprised at this when we explain that 'when she smiled she was beautiful Her dark hair was elaborately braided, her slim figure looked well in a black gown of soft folds She had thin almost transparent hands covered with jewels'

In Mr Christopher Wilson's story "For a Woman's Honour" ‡ everybody moves in an atmosphere of brimstone, red fire and lurid melodrama The chief bad man

* "John Verney By Horace Annesley Vachell 6s. (John Murray)

* Zoe a Portrait By W F Casey 6s (Herbert & Daniel)

† The Eldest Son By Archibald Marshall 6s (Methuen)

‡ 'For a Woman's Honour By Christopher Wilson 6s (Stanley Paul)

is one Sir Henry Granton. He is Secretary for War, and he murders his own wife, a chloral fiend, and carries on with a Lady Mardyke, the wife of a most gallant friend and soldier. "She (the adored one) was tall and graceful," we are told, "admirably dressed, and lithe in her movements. Her features were effectually concealed by a heavy black veil, which was fastened behind underneath her hat, so that the colour of her hair could not be seen. In an instant the cold, immobile features of the Secretary for War were transformed; his eyes lit up with a wonderful light, and he sighed spasmodically, with a quick intake of the labouring breath. For he was gazing into the eyes of Lady Helen Mardyke!" and she, we regret to put on record, is the principal but most unprincipled feminine character in this book.

The women in Mr. John Trevena's nightmare, "The Reign of the Saints," * are, of course, largely grotesques. They might have stepped out of lurid pages that described the French Revolution. They are rather clumsily set up on wires in this country to show us what deplorable things will conceivably happen to our own people and native land if we go on paying so close an attention to football, and ever permit our politicians to bribe the masses and inflame the prejudices of classes.

Mr. Mulvy Ouseley is, happily, on saner ground in "The Jewess," † a most extraordinary story of City vicissitudes, intrigues, and passions. Here we are thankful to say we come across respectable, family-loving wives, like the daughter of Sir Henry Worple, the City banker, who declares frankly, when the complications get strained unduly, "There are women who have no respect for the sacred character of the wedding ring, and who gloat with satisfaction over any triumph they may have temporarily achieved, and that Jewess is one of them; but there is not a woman creature in the world who could make William, I think, turn traitor to me, and make him bend the knee to sin."

How strange, after these wild exotic outbursts, to come across the cool, lonely, mist-laden vistas in "The Girl from the Marsh Croft," ‡ by the author of "The Story of Gösta Berling" and the holder of the Nobel Literary Prize. Here we have rustic tragedy, the fruit of ill starred passion, and the mother that would not let her betrayer forswear himself. "Just as the defendant begins to repeat the oath, she rushes forward, sweeps away his outstretched hand, and seizes the Bible. It is her terrible dread which has finally given her courage. He must not swear away his soul; he must not." Apparently nobody wants the old types of heroines -not even poor remote, rural Sweden!

STANHOPE W. SPRIGG.

THE NEW EUROPE.§

In a world already somewhat overstocked with books, it is not often that any new volume can candidly be said, in the well-worn phrase, to supply a long-felt want. That flattering comment may, however, with justice be made on Mr. Jeffery's "New Europe." The history of Europe in the nineteenth century crowds so closely on us that we cannot easily get it into perspective, cannot subordinate the details to the general scheme. Causes and effects of wars and treaties elude us (or, any at rate, some of us) as soon as apprehended. Yet to have some knowledge at least of the main events of that history is essential to the most general of readers. Without it one can have but a partial understanding of modern politics; much of the literature of the century loses half its significance. The poets who have sung so fervently the liberty of France and of Italy have made their music for half-deaf ears if we do not know the story of the French Revolution or of the fight for Italian unity. Of the means of gaining the requisite information there is no lack. That is the difficulty of the general reader, of the man who specialises elsewhere. He has other matters to attend to. He cannot go very deeply even into so important a subject as this. A general knowledge of the whole period is of more use to him than a detailed knowledge of any one part. Unless he be a man of much leisure, he cannot assimilate five fat volumes of "The Cambridge Modern History"; and still less can he peruse a sequence of monographs such as would make him very lord of the whole complex story. Therefore he feels the need of an account which shall be something more than a sketch and something less than a monument. For that need Mr. Jeffery has provided. He has packed into some three hundred and fifty pages just so much information as makes his book both digestible reading and an excellent work of reference to any but the specialist. The latter use is considerably augmented by admirable tables and maps; while the bibliographies enhance the value of the book as a springboard for those who wish to leap further into the whole subject or any part of it.

As literature "The New Europe" does not compare with such work as Lord Acton's "Historical Essays." Mr. Jeffery is no stylist. But it must be remembered that his purpose is mainly utilitarian, and he tells his difficult story with admirable lucidity. The layman who wishes to know the essentials about the Revolutions of 1789 and 1848, Napoleon's campaigns, the Crimean and Franco-Prussian Wars all the events and forces that have moulded modern Europe, cannot do better than read this book. English domestic affairs are not discussed. It is a continental story But the interplay of England with the Powers is well brought out, and this, without insularity, is a feature which will commend itself to most readers To know how their country stands in relation to the rest of Europe is at present the very urgent business of Englishmen.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

BERNARD SHAW'S NEW PLAYS.*

If none is more blindly eulogistic of Mr. Shaw than are some of his own disciples, none is more chillingly critical of him than others of them are. In his "Modern Dramatists" (an admirable critical survey of the modern European theatre and the principal writers for it) Mr. Ashley Dukes says, perhaps a little unkindly, "Shaw's outstanding position as a dramatist is only comparative. His eminence is, as Renan says of Mill's, 'largely due to the flatness of the surrounding country.'" Some of us, who are not of the Shaw cult, are prepared to go a little beyond this. We can agree with Mr. Dukes that "Bernard Shaw is not only the most interesting of living playwrights, but the strongest personality and the clearest thinker"; that, in a word, he "is the greatest individual force in modern drama"; but we feel that his eminence is not merely comparative; some half-dozen of his plays give him a sure place among our great dramatists, if not among our greatest.

He appeals almost entirely to the intellect of his audiences; he rarely touches their emotions. Yet nobody can read certain parts of "Major Barbara" and the preface to that play without knowing that if Mr. Shaw could forget

* "The Reign of the Saints." By John Trevena. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

† "The Jewess." By Mulvy Ouseley. 6s. (John Ouseley, Ltd.)

‡ "The Girl from the Marsh Croft." By Selma Lagerlöf. Translated from the Swedish by Velma Swanston Howard. (Werner Laurie.)

§ "The New Europe." By R. W. Jeffery. 8s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

* "The Doctor's Dilemma, and Other Plays." By Bernard Shaw. 6s. (Constable.) "Modern Dramatists." By Ashley Dukes. 5s. net. (Frank Palmer.)

himself a little, if he could lose his colossal self-consciousness and put his heart into his work as well as his mind if he could subdue himself and be still and let the sense of tears in mortal things humanise his spirit instead of merely dramatising his prefaces instead of giving us sociological pamphlets in dialogue he has it in him to give us plays that should be really life dramas and that would not need to be boosted into popularity by any elaborate system of log-rolling or self advertisement

Nothing is more amusing in a quiet way than to watch the fantastic developments of the higher criticism. A few years ago you found the superior critic laying it down that the problem novel, the play with a purpose, was essentially inartistic. Now he adoringly accepts the plays of Mr Bernard Shaw as the finest flower of modern dramatic art, yet most of them are problem plays; they are deliberately written with a purpose, and the purpose, so far from being concealed, is obtruded upon reader and spectator as emphatically as possible; plot, characters, all are made subservient to the problem. This may necessitate the exaggerating of a character out of all life-likeness, the arranging of events on purely arbitrary and artificial lines, but nothing matters so that the problem is forcibly stated.

Take the three plays in this new volume. You know perfectly well that no group of doctors would ever behave as the half dozen specialists do in "The Doctor's Dilemma"—taking Dubedat and his wife to dine at Richmond and all lending him money and tumbling over each other to go and attend upon the egregious artist in his studio. It is sheer farce; the people are brought together on the old crude farcical plan, and they talk and behave in quite the old farcical manner, yet one gathers that this is meant to be a scathing satire on the medical profession. There is the same unreality about "Getting Married." The problem is cleverly set forth and thrashed; you are excellently entertained, you are amused, but the whole thing is superficial and ineffective. No section of men and women talk to each other as they are made to do here in the Norman kitchen of the Palace of the Bishop of Chelsea. Collins, that most delightful of greengrocers and mayors, moves among them like a lonely flesh and blood human creature amidst a collection of puppets. Hotchkiss, Lesbia with her frank talk on sexual matters, Mrs George, Soames and the rest of them are not alive, though they serve admirably to give voice to Mr Shaw's philosophy of life. And what is one to say of "The Showing up of Blanco Posnet"? The humour of it is glorious but the sentimentality of it is the untruest slop-piest sentimentality that ever found its way into a book. It is the fashion nowadays to smile at the gross over-sentimentality of Bret Harte's rough romantic rascals, but here is a Bret Harte story of the drunken lawless godless waster of the Wild West melted by the touch of a dying baby, suddenly arrested, all the better man in him suddenly reawakened so that he curses, rages, preaches and plays the bluff sentimental hero in the blasphemous teary old style that we all liked until the finer artists laughed at it. It won't do. In spite of Mr Shaw's preface telling us that "this little play is really a religious tract in dramatic form," I find it difficult to believe that he intends "The Showing up of Blanco Posnet" as anything more than a masterly burlesque of the humorous sentimental story of the Bret Harte convention.

Withal, though I have read many plays in these last twelve months I have read none with more entire enjoyment. What could be more inartistic, you say, than that a play should be saddled with a preface that is longer than itself? First you have the whole problem fully and brilliantly discussed in that preface, then you have it all discussed over again in the play, sometimes the dialogue of the latter repeats the argument of the former in almost the same words; the characters are not normal or natural human beings, they are mere dramatic inventions created to carry on a state of existence and build up a story as unlikely as themselves. But they are diabolically cleverer and more interesting than most human beings, and the humour and wit and mordant irony of their speech and conduct are the surpassing things that stamp these comedies for continuance. They are not life, but though they fall some way below the level of Mr Shaw's work they contain some of the shrewdest, wittiest, most stimulating criticisms of life that have been written in our time.

As for the prefaces, apart from any considerations of art I am convinced that the plays would be stronger and more effective if they were made to stand entirely on their own feet and speak entirely for themselves. Therefore, good as the prefaces are, and they are the best of good reading, until Mr Shaw can break himself of the bad habit of writing them I would sooner, for my part, that he published his plays in one volume and his prefaces in another.

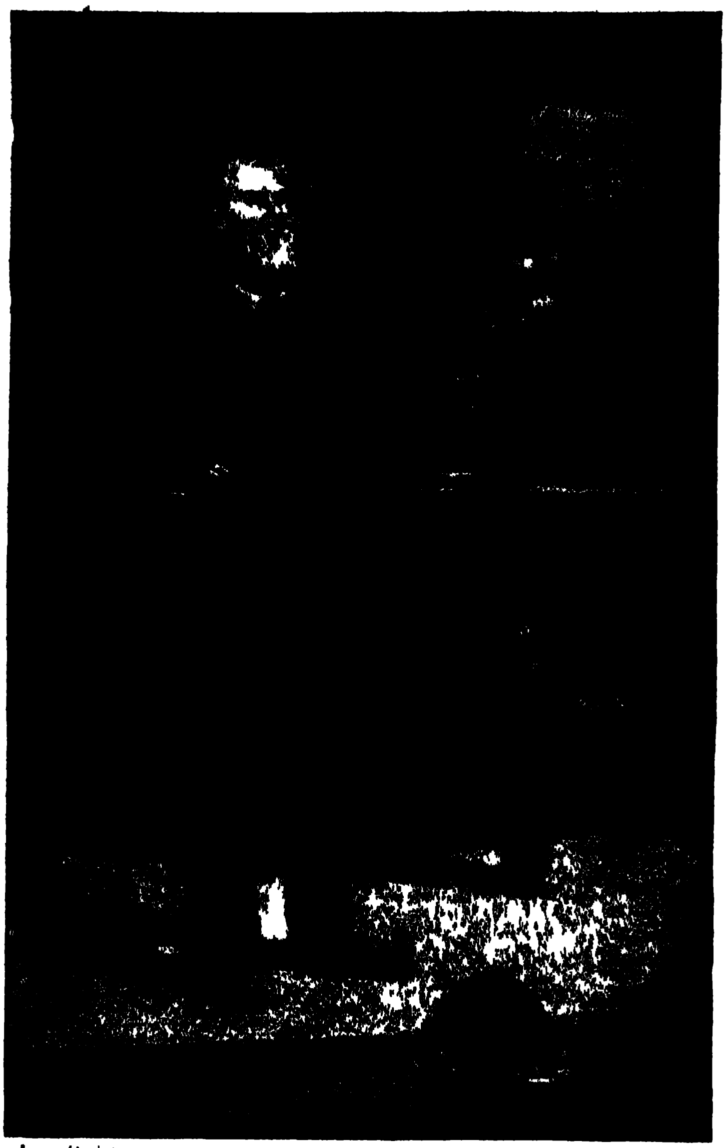
A. St. John Adcock.

A LONG WAY WITH BERNARD SHAW.*

To write a book about a living man is to court rebuke, but to write a book about Mr Bernard Shaw is to tempt Providence. Why this should be so I have never been able to understand, but it would be idle to ignore the fact that there is a determined objection among reviewers at least to any biographical attempt being made upon an author during his corporeal presence on this planet. Dr Archibald Henderson is, however, one of a small but growing band who have the courage of the opposite conviction. What is more, he has had the temerity to come forward with a critical biography of the most widely and most deservedly discussed man of our time, George Bernard Shaw. I am not one of those who think it improper to write books about living men, far less about Mr Bernard Shaw, and believing as I do that the message of Mr Shaw has neither been explained away nor accepted, I see many reasons why we should have several more books about him. But I hope the next Shaw book will express the feelings of some one who is neither a disciple, an appreciator, nor a mildly tolerant critic. The problem of Bernard Shaw is growing decidedly muzzy, if I may put it that way. We have got to clear the air by accepting his teachings, rejecting them, or ignoring them. Appreciative interpretation and gentle rebuke have been tried with indifferent result—so indifferent are the results that those who have the ideas which surround the Shaw problem at heart are inclined to long for the coming of anti-Shaw. What probably is wanted at the present moment is not mere interpretation but a strongly negative book about Mr Bernard Shaw that might clear the atmosphere.

Dr Archibald Henderson, needless to say, has not met this need; on the contrary, he has merely recorded, extended and elaborated almost everything that has been said about his subject since the subject became a problem. In his introduction he explains how it all happened. Six years ago his interest in Mr Shaw's plays culminated in a desire to write down his impressions of that interest, so he set to work, at first intending nothing more extensive than a moderate treatise, but once started his interest and his essay grew beyond all bounds, aided and abetted after a while by the dramatist philosopher himself. The years passed by and still he laboured at his task. Author after author launched books on the same subject, but Dr Henderson was dauntless, and now, after six years' industry, the result is before us and we have to say whether

* "George Bernard Shaw: A Critical Biography (Authorised)." By Archibald Henderson, M.A., Ph.D., of the University of North Carolina. 21s. net. (Hurst & Blackett, Ltd.)



Jessie H. [illegible]

A Prophet, the Press, and some People.

[illegible]

From [illegible] (H[illegible] Bl[illegible])

time and labour have been wisely expended whether the result in short justifies so much laboriousness. To do that is not so easy as it might appear to be, for Dr Henderson's book has qualities which transcend its rather obvious weaknesses. It would be the easiest thing in the world to pull this cumbersome book to pieces on its weak side; it would be far easier to spirit away possible readers of it by yawning out a column or so of faint praise. But such methods are worthless.

The chief defect of this critical biography is a defect of quantity. The book is too large. Dr Henderson lost his sense of proportion when he abandoned the idea of writing an essay and entered upon the hazardous task of a definitive authorised biography. Books about living men ought to be decently brief; this book is shamelessly enormous. But if its size repels readers to-day it will most assuredly attract students of Bernard Shaw in the future. Its very comprehensiveness gives it the importance of an historical document. The cardinal error which the biographer seems to have committed was to have attempted to keep pace with the progress, the output, the tireless energy of Mr Shaw. Dr Henderson seems to have been obsessed during the whole of his task by the perpetual effervescence of his subject. The actual G. B. S. was too prominently in his vision, throwing off plays and prefaces, discussing, scolding, entertaining, and Dr Henderson tried desperately to keep pace, forgetting that keeping pace with the life of an energetic public man from day to day is not the business of the biographer but of the journalist. The result is that his book is a good chronicle rather than a good biography. It is, however, something more than a chronicle of the life of Mr Bernard Shaw; it is a remarkable chronicle of English revolutionary movements during the last twenty-five years, and still remarkable when we allow for limitations due to the fact that it was written in America by an American whose knowledge of the period was necessarily literary. And in this reference let me hasten to say the book follows the original wish of Mr Shaw, who in replying to one of his biographer's many letters to him during the early days of the work said "I do not think what you propose is important as *my* biography, but a thorough biography of any man who is up to the chin in the life of his time as I have been is worth writing as a historical document." In the sixteen chapters of his book Dr Henderson tells the history of the idea movements of the last quarter of a century *apropos* of Bernard Shaw. Here and there he is shaky as to points of fact, and he allows enthusiasm for his hero to colour his history now and then, as, for instance, when he speaks of Mr Bernard Shaw being "head and centre of the Fabian Society." Those who know anything about the Fabian Society know that its head and centre is not Mr Bernard Shaw but Mr Sidney Webb. Fabianly speaking, Mr Bernard Shaw is Mr Webb's chief spokesman. Dr Henderson has not realised that there are two Shaws: one the Fabian constitutionalist, devoted adherent of Mr Sidney Webb; the other the impulsive revolutionary of "Man and Superman" and the insurrectionist of "Major Barbara." But such failings do not dispose of the book's value as a comprehensive record, or rather as a bird's-eye view of the period and movements it covers, which is a truer description of its achievement.

The publishers seem to have spared no pains in making the book unpleasing to the eye by dressing it in a depressing buckram of no particular colour at all and giving it an entirely graceless printed page, and Dr Henderson might have been more felicitous in his choice of illustration. The photographs of the doorways at Adelphi Terrace and Fitzroy Square are quite superfluous, and surely a better frontispiece could have been chosen than Mr Coburn's characterless experiment in colour photography which now occupies that position. Despite the fact that the author acknowledges the help of Mrs Bernard Shaw in the selection of the photographs he does not include several portraits which certainly ought to have been found in his book, if not in place of some of those which do appear, most surely in place of the portraits of Karl Marx and Henry George. But there is one photographic omission which is quite inexcusable: a series of masterly photographs of Bernard Shaw were taken by Mr Frederick H. Evans in the eighteen nineties; they are among the best yet taken of the dramatist, and it is not easy to understand why they are not represented. The selection of drawn portraits and caricatures is also very poor; even the choice from among the many caricatures of G. B. S. by Max Beerbohm is not the happiest, and there are several others which might have taken the place of the numerous reproductions of playbills with advantage to the book. But these defects are all parts of that lack of proportion which is so marked a feature of this latest biography of Mr Bernard Shaw. Perhaps Dr Henderson spent too many years on the book, and maybe instead of controlling it to the end it ended by controlling him. Whatever the cause of this achievement in the unwieldly, few will doubt its sincerity, and the reader who cannot find instruction and entertainment within its covers lacks the art of reading.

HOLBROOK JACKSON

Novel Notes.

POOR EMMA! By Evelyn Tempest. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This is a very clever and entertaining story, told in an easy, sparkling style. "My dear! have you heard about Gerald Hobart?" it begins. "He's going to marry his nursery-governess! . . . Coming home, I met the man himself, and said I believed I had to congratulate him. I said, 'I *hope* you'll be very happy.' For the life of me I couldn't help it. He had the grace to look rather embarrassed." Gerald Hobart is a wealthy widower with a small son of six named Jimmy, and Emma is the nursery-governess. As a stepmother Emma leaves much to be desired, and Jimmy unconsciously makes this public when, at a "musical afternoon," she calls him to her to fix his tie; her movement is a little abrupt as she raises her hands to put the ribbon straight, and the little fellow throws up his elbow as if to ward off a blow. He is quite unconscious of what he has done—but he is about the only person in the room who is. The characters throughout the book, Linda and Aunt Ellen specially, are uncommonly well drawn, and prove the author's keen sense of humour and deep insight into human nature. We wonder how many women will agree with Emma when she says that she supposes that it doesn't matter what women are in politics "I like the back seat best, with all the cushions," she says, entirely forgetting the thousands of women who have to take back seats without any cushions. The story develops in a rather unexpected way, and the title is fully justified. It is a book well worth buying, well worth reading, and well worth keeping

THE SEA-LION. By Patrick Rushden. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

"The Sea-Lion" is the work of a new writer. It is by no means what the title suggests, an adventurous yarn of the sea; its atmosphere throughout is essentially that of the drawing-room, and the plot runs on more or less conventional lines. Brian Thornfield, the actual sea-lion, is a brilliant writer of sea stories, but, owing to a series of misfortunes, he is confined to his room a helpless cripple, and the products of his brain are exploited by his villainous half-brother, Stanley, who poses as the popular author and reaps all the credit, supplanting Brian in love as well as in fame. We meet Stanley as a "Man from Blankley's," or as the author dubs him a "guinea-pig"—a professional diner-out hired at a guinea a night; and the remarkable likeness Stanley bears to his cabined half-brother helps him to steal the sympathy and eventually the heart of Brian's "Lady of Succour." Telepathy and hypnotism play important parts in the exposure of Stanley's villainy and the final triumph of Brian. The story is rather spun out; it suffers from a frequent repetition of obvious explanation, and its action moves too slowly. The character-drawing, however, is excellent, and the author's fertility of expression and abundant critical powers are valuable and promising assets.

LOVE IN PERNICKETTY TOWN. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Love in Pernicketty Town" is a weird, exciting story of how a Mesmeric Evangelist came to Pernicketty Town, and how his coming affected the different people who flocked to hear him. The story is told by Adrian Ross, the classical master at Longtown High School, and he tells how Reston Rigg, the Evangelist, influenced January Cassells, one of the headmaster's three charming daughters. January becomes completely changed, to the despair of her people, and Ross himself, while resisting the Evangelist's mystic influence, is unwittingly made his tool. With Reston Rigg comes Hester Vane, the first soloist at his meetings, and this girl seems to stand outside the circle of his mesmeric influence, and looks on at the fascinated audience with scarcely concealed contempt. The mystery attaching to the first soloist is only solved by Adrian in an hour of extreme need. The story has an unusual plot, and Mr. Crockett tells it with a skill and imaginative power that keep the reader keenly interested throughout.

TALES OF THE UNEASY. By Violet Hunt. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Miss Violet Hunt's latest book is a very remarkable collection of short stories which amply live up to their title. The author's principal characters are indeed recruited from the ranks of the "uneasy," from the flirtatious girl of the opening story to the deceived husband of the last. The stories are curiously level in merit, and it would be difficult—as well as unnecessary—to find one of them greatly superior to the rest. That which induced the most uncomfortable sensations in the present writer was certainly the last and longest—"The Tiger-Skin," which is a truly horrible tale of the cruelty of a eugenist mother towards her weakly child. The author has something of a leaning towards the ghostly and uncanny, and two of the stories concern the reincarnation of dead lovers. The book is certainly the more striking by reason of its author's complete detachment and impartiality. In fact, Miss Hunt has once again proved that she knows as well as any living English writer how to write a short story, her treatment of her various themes is invariably effective to the last degree, and the collection can do nothing but add to an already considerable reputation.

THE TRAP. By Dick Donovan. 6s. (F. V. White.)

"The Trap" is a stirring story of far greater interest than the average dramatic novel because it is constructed out of records and incidents of real life. "It is a human document of real people, real lives," says Mr. Dick Donovan in his Foreword to the book, ". . . of real characters who are playing their chosen parts at the present hour both in Europe and America, and are knit together by a bond so strong, so terrible, that all the highly organised police systems of the world cannot break it." The story deals with the secret societies of the Black Hand and the Camorra, and in the course of a cleverly planned and well-told tale we learn something of the workings of these powerful associations, their laws, and the fate that overtakes any member who breaks his oaths The first scene of the book is laid in London when, on a stormy October night, a man is found lying in a narrow court off Wardour Street stabbed to the heart. He is identified as a Mr. Carlo Politi, the keeper of a curiosity shop in Wardour Street; and later, when his shop is searched by the police, his servant and his old assistant are found murdered in the kitchen. Mrs. Politi has disappeared This is the prologue; the scene is moved to Naples, and a thrilling and tragic drama begins when Joseph Bastu appears and starts to stealthily and skilfully unravel the threads of the mystery. It is all done with a ripe craftsmanship and a subtle instinct for dramatic effect that easily make "The Trap" one of the most absorbingly interesting sensational stories we have ever read.

A BED OF ROSES. By W. L. George. 6s. (Palmer.)

It should be sufficient to state that the title of this novel has been aptly taken from a passage in "Mrs. Warren's Profession" by Bernard Shaw in order to indicate the social problem which Mr. George has chosen for his theme. The text has been found in an "unpleasant" play, and it may truthfully be said that the novel has an equal right to the adjective. There is no necessity to go into the details of a sordid story. A young and beautiful woman is left almost penniless by the death of her drunken husband. For a time she succeeds in maintaining herself by "honest" labour. It is not long, however, before she collapses physically beneath the strain of the long hours and starvation wages which the present state of

society as organised by man has imposed upon women. She becomes a rebel, and a vindictive rebel. While selling herself she keeps constantly in view the aim of ultimate freedom, and, as she is thoroughly non-moral, she succeeds in a few years in amassing enough money to achieve her purpose. The story ends with a situation full of irony. Mrs. Fulton settles in a country village, where she is hailed by the curate as one of "the old-fashioned school," and by the bachelor Squire as a possible mistress for Redland Hall. Objectionable as the story is in many ways, it cannot be thrust aside as a mere piece of pornography, as only another addition to that "fleshly school" of writing against which vigorous protests have been made in the columns of The Bookman. Mr. George writes with an obvious sincerity of purpose which alone can justify him. But beyond this we cannot go. The pages of a novel are a dangerous medium through which to call attention to the social sore in question.

THE LORD DOLLAR. By Harper Curtis. 6s. (Blackwood.)

Mr. Harper Curtis's name is unfamiliar to us, but if "The Lord Dollar" be indeed a "first" novel, he may be warmly congratulated upon a piece of work which shows considerable, though perhaps not extraordinary, promise. The author lays his scene in some unspecified South American state (which we believe to be Peru), of which he evidently has a first-hand knowledge. There can be no doubt that the book gains considerably from the unfamiliarity of its surroundings but it does not depend wholly, or even to any very large extent, upon them for its interest. Mr. Curtis's plot is strong, and he has turned his many dramatic situations to excellent account. The Prologue supplies the keynote of the story that follows in a brief account of a crime of an exceedingly clever variety, and one which we believe to be typical of the Spanish genius for intrigue. It is interesting to note that it was an actual, and not a fictional, occurrence. It would spoil the reader's interest in the book to give away the details of the plot or of the very charming love-story which is interwoven with it, but we can strongly recommend this effective and well constructed melodrama. We shall hope to hear more of Mr. Curtis in the future.

MOLL O' THE TOLL-BAR. By Theodora Wilson-Wilson. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Here is another book from Miss Wilson-Wilson that brings with it the atmosphere of the North Country and carries us back to the dawn of the nineteenth century. It is full of excitement and absorbing interest, and we feel loth to lay it aside till the mystery surrounding the fascinating and beautiful heroine has been fully solved and the real heir of Brackenthwaite Hall discovered. Moll o' the Toll-bar is a novel kind of heroine who has a curious influence on the peasants of Ulleidale, the Cumberland village where the greater part of this story takes place. Harry Brackenthwaite finds this out at their first meeting, when a band of starving men are raiding a farm for corn. On account of this strange power she has over them the people suspect her of witchcraft, and are somewhat afraid of "Lady Moll," as they call her. Miss Wilson-Wilson gives us characters not mere dummies invented for the sake of the plot, but natural, human individualities that one can like, scorn, pity, or admire. And who could help admiring Moll, with her strength, her bewitching beauty, her pluck, her independence, her deep love, and her intolerable hate? Her story is one that readers will thoroughly enjoy and not easily forget

LE GENTLEMAN. By E. Sidgwick. 6s. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Miss Sidgwick's first novel, "Promise," won golden opinions and also, we believe, no small success. It proved that a new writer has arisen possessed of real ability and insight, and "Le Gentleman" holds no disappointment for the readers of "Promise." It is an exceedingly delicate and charming study of life in the Latin Quarter of Paris. Meysie is a butterfly English girl with artistic ambitions, but no depth of character or feeling. She is engaged to Alexander, a Scotsman of the dour, honest, honourable type who supplies the book with its title. Alexander has come to Paris to look after Meysie, whose health has always been delicate. There he meets with Gilberte, a student at the Sorbonne, who is taking an examination in English. He is much attracted to her, and at the same time he finds that Meysie is making a fool of herself over the brilliant and successful, but heartless, artist Avery. It might spoil a good story to tell what "Le Gentleman" does, but our readers may be assured that they will be making no mistake if, by hook or by crook, they get the book to read. It is one of the truest and most natural studies of character we have come across for a long time.

THE UNDER-MAN. By Joseph Clayton. 6s. (Martin Secker.)

Your comfortable, well-fed friend with his "All's right with the world" should read this book. He will not enjoy it the gloomy realism of "The Under-Man" is not a thing to "enjoy" any more than bad health but you may be sure that before he settles back once more into his complacent arm-chair philosophy, he will have to answer many a haunting, disturbing question touching the canker at the heart of our social system. The story chronicles the history of a young clerk who at the age of nineteen finds himself unemployed and, as far as he can see, unemployable. Industrious, honest, unobtrusive, Murray Basset is a decent average young man; but he lacks "push," and once he has lost caste by taking a labourer's job in a London gas-works, he is cut off from the girl he loves and drifts hopelessly and helplessly about in the sea of casual employment. One would like to have heard more concerning Murray's experiences in Canada. The meagre half-page devoted to that period of his struggle for existence merely dismisses Canada as useless for the man who, though industrious, is "without capital or the instinct for getting capital." Murray's story is one long, half-hearted fight against injustice, and no sooner do the clouds show signs of breaking than he allows himself to be convicted on a charge of manslaughter in place of his friend, the real culprit. It is a sombre, thoughtful tale told with obvious sincerity and sympathetic insight, and the glimpses it affords of the inner, as well as the outer, life of the under-man are both powerful and illuminating.

TWO GIRLS AND A MANNIKIN. By Wilkinson Sherren. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

Shadow and sunshine brightens and darkens alternately across the pages of Mr. Wilkinson Sherren's new book, and the story ends in a mist which a future sun may thin but never altogether disperse. It is a powerful book—a book to be remembered, that gives great scope to the author's skill in character drawing. The plot is ingenious and well constructed and the narrative is unfolded in a masterly vigorous style. Reuben Rashley, a young compositor, who spends his leisure hours as a Methodist preacher in the little chapel at Abbotston, is engaged to Ruth Batinshaw, who, like her father, is intensely religious. Ruth has an accident and breaks her leg, and while she is lying ill her twin sister, Hermoine, returns home from London, where she has been for some time in business. Although practically an unbeliever she takes Ruth's place at the chapel organ and meets Reuben for the first time. And then begins Reuben's great struggle; for while Ruth appeals to him spiritually and mentally, Hermoine fascinates him physically. In the midst of his perplexities

his mother dies; the shock of this makes him throw his religion to the winds and he plunges into a state of deep gloom. "The frequent references to death in his sermons meant no more than allusions to the fall of the leaf. Death, as a fact of human conditions in this world, now swept his mind of the preacher's ready thought that finds a verbal prescription for every ill." His unbelief causes Ruth acute pain, and she pleads with him to come back to their religion again, but her pleading is useless. She will not take Hermoine's advice and let him "talk his wildest" for the time being, but says she must break off their engagement if he persists in being an unbeliever. The engagement is broken off, and his extraordinary attachment to the other sister grows stronger in spite of his will. He feels that some fearful power draws him to her, and that "she was the chain that held him to lower levels. Hers was the face that alike obscured the face of God and the face of Ruth. He knew it, and writhed under the spell he could not break." Reuben, though six feet high "in his stockings" proves indeed to be a mannikin, and nothing more. No mention should be made of Mr. Sherren's book without a reference to Captain Rashley (with the three clocks incessantly ticking in his kitchen); he is one of the most genial, lovable old sea captains that have lived in the world of fact or live in the world of fiction. Mr. Sherren has written other good books, but in "Two Girls and a Mannikin" he touches a higher level than he has ever reached before.

The Bookman's Table.

TROBADOR POETS. By Barbara Smythe. 5s. (Chatto & Windus.)

It has always been a matter of surprise to us that, despite the close political relations which so long subsisted between England and Provence, the works of the Trobador poets should have received so little attention from scholars in this country. It cannot, indeed, be claimed for this volume that it is anything more than a "popular" selection from the writings of the best-known trobadors. Within the limits, however, which were imposed upon her Miss Barbara Smythe has produced an eminently satisfactory work. Her introductory sketch sets out well for the uninitiated the main facts which it is essential to know, and the same remark applies also to the brief biographical notices which are prefixed to the poems of the individual writers. Miss Smythe, like the majority of modern critics, regards Bernart of Ventadorn as the greatest of these poets, and she is certainly right when she observes that a note of sincerity runs through all his songs which we do not find in many of the other trobadors. As an instance of his poetry and of the skill with which, on the whole, the poems have been translated by Miss Smythe, we quote the following famous stanza:

> "Whene'er I see the lark take flight
> And soar up towards the sun on high,
> Until at last for sheer delight
> It sinks, forgetting how to fly,
> Such envy fills me when I see
> All those whom love thus glad can make,
> I marvel that the heart of me
> With love and longing does not break."

With Miss Smythe's estimate of Bertran de Born we do not entirely agree, and we are not surprised to see that the name of M. de Boysson is not included among the list of authorities which she has consulted. It is possible, we think, that if she had seen M. de Boysson's book Miss Smythe might considerably revise her opinion of this interesting character.

A SCOTS DIALECT DICTIONARY. Compiled by the Rev. Alexander Warrack, M.A. With an Introduction and Dialect Map by William Grant, M.A. 7s. 6d. net. (W. & R. Chambers.)

To those who seek to arrest the decay of all that is best and strongest in the Scottish national character, this book will be heartily welcome. In the Scots dialect and its literature is embalmed a past stirring and sad, yet highly honourable, and it is, of course, not possible that events of to-day can give rise to such strong outbursts of feeling as would create another such literature. This applies equally to the preservation of the Broad Scots dialect and the Gaelic language as to the English dialects, which embody, as no other ever can again, the life and history of the Lancashire weaver, the Yorkshire iron worker, the Newcastle collier, and the ploughman of southern England. It is well that we should awaken authorities to the fact that education is wrong in attempting to rob the people's speech of local character, and make it conform to a general standard. Mr. Warrack's book will be a valuable help to that end; it is full, brief, well arranged, and contains an admirable historical sketch of the dialect in which Mr. Grant lays stress on the neglected matter of intonation.

MRS. E. M. WARD'S REMINISCENCES. Edited by Elliott O'Donnell. With 6 Photogravure Plates. 12s. 6d. net. (Pitman.)

One of the most delightful volumes of personalia that have been published this year is "Mrs. E. M. Ward's Reminiscences." Herself a distinguished artist, and one of a family of artists, she has lived all her life in the world of art and numbered most of the great painters of her day among her friends and acquaintance. George Morland was her great-uncle by marriage; her grandfather was James Ward, R.A.; her father, George Raphael Ward, the portrait painter and mezzotint engraver; her mother, *née* Mary Webb, a miniature painter and frequent exhibitor at the Royal Academy; her brother, William Ward, A R.A., the engraver; her husband the well-known painter, E. M. Ward, R A. (in no way related to her, though he bore the same name); and her son is Leslie Ward, the popular "Spy" of *Vanity Fair*. Mrs. Ward writes interestingly, in a very pleasant and gossipy fashion, about a host of famous and interesting people. Her reminiscences tell in an attractively informal way the story of her own and her husband's lives. There is a charming account of her visits to Windsor when she was painting some of the Royal portraits, and vivid and illuminating sketches of many of the notabilities who sat to her and her husband; but the most enjoyable things in the book are the descriptions it gives of her everyday home-life, and the genial and brilliant social circle in which she moved. She has great skill in presenting character and can paint a portrait in words almost as well as with the brush; moreover, she is gifted with a quick sense of humour, has many capital anecdotes to relate, and relates them admirably. Both as a contribution to Victorian social and art history and as thoroughly entertaining autobiography, Mrs. Ward's Reminiscences are a valuable possession, and every discerning reader will be grateful to her for having written them. There are three excellent portraits and reproductions of three of the best-known pictures of Mrs. Ward and her husband.

BARBAROUS MEXICO. By John Kenneth Turner. 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

With a revolution now in full progress in Mexico the appearance of Mr. Turner's book is especially timely. It has long been the fashion to regard the development and growth of Mexico during, say, the last thirty years as phenomenal, while in particular eulogies have been outpoured upon President Diaz as "the saviour of his country," "the grandest man in the Americas," "the greatest peace-

makes alive, greater than Roosevelt." Mr. Turner flatly disagrees with these estimates, which, in his opinion, arise from ignorance or bias. Mexico is not advancing. "Among persons who have travelled extensively in Argentina, Chile, Brazil, and even Cuba, and Mexico, there is a fair measure of agreement that Mexico is the most backward of the five—in the matter of government, in the matter of public education, even industrially." Nor is Diaz's peace-making satisfactory. "He has kept the peace—if it can be called keeping the peace by disposing of his opponents as fast as their heads have appeared above the horizon. This sort of peace . . . has no virtue, because the fruits of legitimate peace fail to ripen under it." But the main theme of Mr. Turner's remarkable accusation is the slavery which according to his account is rampant in the more remote parts of the country, and especially in Yucatan and the terrible Valle Nacional. Heart-rending are many of the author's stories of the slaves he has met, the manner in which they have been entrapped, and their terrible life. Provided that the reader has fairly strong nerves, he will find "Barbarous Mexico" a book alike impressive and instructive.

LETTERS FROM FLEET STREET. 5s. net. (Frank Palmer.)

We are not going to discuss the authenticity of these letters; the writer may really have been a broken old Fleet Street editor with empty pockets and a head full of experiences, and the person they are written to may really have been one of his contributors whom he idealised into fairyhood and treated as his adopted daughter; on the other hand the whole thing may be, and most likely is, sheer fiction. Anyhow, the picture of the unsuccessful hack of an editor is true enough, and so are many of his reflections on the journalistic life to which he has devoted himself. His advice and his comments on men and women and things are cynical, shrewd, a little shallow and very sentimental by turns. "Manufactured epigrams are the 'heavier-than-air' machines that fail to fly," he says, and now and then he proves the correctness of his assertion by manufacturing a few, but in the main his epigrams are good; so are nearly all his anecdotes. It is a thoroughly readable book, with much in it that is informing and very much that is amusing; editors of such excessive sentimentality are rare, and the note is rather overdone at the finish; but whether you take it as fact or as fiction, you will find it all interesting, the letters revealing not only the writer's thoughts about what he has seen and known, but narrating in hints and snatches a dainty little love idyll.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. WARD, LOCK & CO.

Justus Wise, by A. Wilson-Barrett (6s.), is a distinctly clever story, skilfully planned and written, and should on no account be missed by lovers of good dramatic fiction. The reader's interest is gripped from the outset, when the body of a dead man is found in the office chimney of Justus Wise, Confidential Agent. While Wise and his clerk are gazing in horror at the dead man they are called away to see a client in another room. They return to find to their amazement that the body has disappeared. Thus begins an enthralling and baffling mystery; for its unveiling, go to the book itself and you will find it excellent reading.

MR. WILLIAM HEINEMANN.

Even in this day of cheap reprints, nothing of that kind could well surpass Mr. Heinemann's "popular cloth edition" of the works of Tolstoy. He has already given us **The Death of Ivan Ilyitch** (2s. 6d. net) and **Anna Karenin** (3s. 6d. net), and now adds to the series Tolstoy's great story, **War and Peace** (3s. 6d. net), admirably printed and running to over one thousand five hundred pages. One could not wish for a more satisfactory edition of the Russian novelist's works than is available in these excellent translations by Mrs. Constance Garnett.

MESSRS. STANLEY PAUL & CO.

Miss Dorothy Senior has nothing particularly new to tell about King Charles II., but **The Gay King** (12s. 6d. net) is written in the bright and attractive manner which is inseparably connected with the popular biography of the present day. The author has turned to good account many of the more purple episodes of the King's private life, but the book also is successful in supplying the reader with an accurate picture of the manners very unlike those of modern times. The book is sumptuously produced, and the author may be congratulated upon her sympathetic and picturesque treatment of a difficult subject.

MESSRS' BLACKWOOD & SONS.

Miss Annette M. B. Meakin's sympathy and sense of the picturesque have already been well displayed in several volumes of travel impressions. In **What America is Doing** (10s. 6d. net) she gives us a series of thirty-five "Letters from the New World" which will help to enhance her reputation. Covering a period of about five months, and dating from various places in the Eastern and Central States (Miss Meakin seems not to have gone further west than Chicago) the letters form a most interesting criticism of the American genius as it expresses itself in its own country. England naturally supplies the author with her standard of comparison, and many are the hard knocks she has to give to our national pride. "We think we are flattering the Americans when we call them Anglo Saxons, but they themselves have dropped that appellation with the nineteenth century, and now prefer to be called Teutons. And there is another thing that I have discovered since I came here—namely, that the Americans consider themselves to be the greatest of the world Powers; they class Germany as the second, and only allow Great Britain to come in third! . . . 'All your young men seem to be waiting for some one to die!' remarked an American friend of mine who had lived some years in England." Yes, there is much truth in this most interesting and suggestive book.

THE HOMELAND ASSOCIATION.

Tourists and lovers of the country have long owed a debt of gratitude to the Homeland Association, but in our opinion the "Homeland Pocket Book" Series lays them under the greatest obligation of all. The small, handy volume, **North Devon, with West Somerset** (2s. 6d. net), by Beatrice and Gordon Home, is much more than a guide-book; it makes quite fascinating reading, and is full of stories of towns and buildings and hills and spaces. The past and the present are well blended here; and by word and picture the small volume proclaims itself a companion for all seasons of the year. One excellent and valuable feature of the "pocket book" is the actual pocket inside the last cover, containing a couple of admirable maps, scaled at two miles to the inch.

MR. FRANCIS GRIFFITHS.

Mr. Sidney Heath's **Old English Houses of Alms** (£1 1s. net) is a very interesting and handsomely produced volume, telling in an excellent introduction of the origin of these homes for the old, the sick and the needy; then in some forty odd chapters describing the architecture and giving particulars of the history of our old English almshouses and hospitals. It forms an invaluable supplement to, or, rather, is the complement of Miss Rotha Mary Clay's monumental work on "English Mediæval Hospitals." Mr. Heath has illustrated it with numerous clever sketches and some good plans, and to the practical architect no less than to those who are interested in our domestic history and the picturesque survivals of antiquity it may be warmly recommended as an able and reliable book on an uncommonly attractive subject.

New Books of the Month.

FROM MARCH 10 TO APRIL 10.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

ALLEN, JAMES.—Man: King of Mind, Body, and Circumstance. 1s. net ....(Rider)

CHAPMAN, HUGH B.—At the Back of Things. 5s. net (Duckworth)

Choice Sayings: Being Notes of Expositions of the Scriptures. Revised by Robert C. Chapman. 6d. net and 1s. 6d. net ....(Morgan & Scott)

COOPER, SIR WILLIAM EARNSHAW, C.I.E.—Spiritual Science, Here and Hereafter. With Introduction by William Le Queux. 3s. 6d. net ....(L. N. Fowler)

DUHM, BERNHARD, D.D.—The Ever-Coming Kingdom of God: a Discussion on Religious Progress. Translated by Dr. Archibald Duff of Bradford. 2s. 6d. net. (Black)

EDGHILL, ERNEST ARTHUR, B.D.—The Revelation of the Son of God: Some Questions and Considerations arising out of a Study of Second-Century Christianity. The Hulsean Lectures for 1910-11. 3s. net..(Macmillan)
ELLIS, PERCY ANSLEY.—Modern Views of the Bible. With Introduction by the Very Rev. Dr. Armitage Robinson. 2s. net ....(Ouseley)
FOXELL, W. J., M.A.—A Mirror of Divine Comfort. With Foreword by the Bishop of London. 2s. 6d. net (Wells Gardner)
FREMANTLE, HON. W. H., D.D.—Natural Christianity. 2s. 6d. net and 3s. 6d. net..............(Harper)
FREKE, W. H., D.D.—Some Principles of Liturgical Reform: a Contribution towards the Revision of the Book of Common Prayer. 5s. net ....(Murray)
GARVIE, ALFRED E., M.A., D.D.—Christian Life and Belief: a Description and Defence of the Gospel. 2s. 6d. net (Congregational Union and James Clarke)
ILLINGWORTH, J. R., M.A., D.D.—Divine Transcendence and its Reflection in Religious Authority: an Essay. 4s. 6d. net ....(Macmillan)
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LITTLETON, REV. HON. CECIL J., M.A.—The Handmaid of the Lord. 2s. net ....(Wells Gardner)
MEYER, F. B.—Christ in Isaiah. 1s. net...(Morgan & Scott)
MEYER, F. B., B.A.—Christian Living. 6d. net and 1s. 6d. net ....(Morgan & Scott)
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No. 237. Vol. XL. JUNE, 1911. Price Sixpence.

Subscription rate 8s. per annum post free. Published Monthly.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

We are greatly indebted to Mr. W. M. Rossetti for kindly lending us several of the Rossetti sketches and portraits reproduced in this number and giving permission for the reproduction of others.

Our portrait of Rossetti on the cover is from that in the National Portrait Gallery, painted by Watts in 1865.

Mr. William Michael Rossetti has edited and elucidated the Diary of John William Polidori, the friend of Byron and Shelley, and the book is published this week by Mr. Elkin Mathews.

Kate Douglas Wiggin (Mrs. Riggs) lately arrived in London and is staying at the York Hotel, Albemarle Street.

Mrs. George Haven Putnam, wife of the head of G. P. Putnam's Sons, is spending May and June in London. Mrs. Putnam's latest book, "The Lady," has been most favourably received by the reviewers and is being very widely read.

Mr. H. B. Cotterill has completed a new verse translation of the Odyssey, and the book is to be published in quarto this September by Messrs. Harrap, with twenty-four illustrations by Mr. Patten Wilson.

"Red Paint" is the title given to a delightfully humorous book written by L. E. Filmore and arranged by A. E. Johnson, in which the Imperial exhibitions and festivities of this Coronation period are burlesqued in the quaintest, gayest spirit of irresponsible merriment. An assertive Cockney painter sets out on a fantastic dream-tour of the Empire, and the sights he sees in all parts of it are cleverly illustrated in the same joyous spirit by John Hassall, Dudley Hardy, Heath Robinson, Frank Reynolds, Harry Rountree, René Bull, Norman Morrow, Lawson Wood, and some eight other of our most popular humorous artists.

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox was the guest of honour last month at a complimentary luncheon given by Messrs. Gay & Hancock at the Connaught Rooms.



Photo by James Bacon & Sons **Sir Walter Runciman.**
Whose new book, "The Tragedy of St. Helena," is reviewed on page 133

The sixty-two guests who were present included several well-known authors and journalists and some of the leading London booksellers. Among the speakers were Mr. Frank Holme-Sumner, Dr. Humphreys, Mr. Gay, Mr. Denny, Mr. G. E. Morrison, and Mr. W. T. Stead. Mr. Stead remarked that the poem which most stirred the hearts of our Royal family and of multitudes of our people at the time when the world was mourning the loss of Queen Victoria was from the pen of Mrs. Wilcox, and he questioned whether even President Taft's treaty proposals would do so much to draw the people of Britain and America together and to promote community of feeling between them as did the writings of such authors of genius as Mrs. Wilcox whose words were read and appreciated on both sides of the Atlantic. Some said the test of religion was faith, others that it was love, but he thought it was joy: joy in the face of a mortal was the reflection of the face of God; and few living writers had done more to promote pure, uplifting joy in human life than Ella Wheeler Wilcox. In place of any speech by Mrs. Wilcox a Coronation Ode that she had just written was read by Mr. Sumner, a copy of whose "Great Thoughts for Each Day's Life," compiled from the works of Mrs. Wilcox and published last week by Messrs. Gay & Hancock, was presented to each guest.

Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith is publishing in the autumn a shilling edition of Miss Marie Corelli's novel, "Ziska."

Mr. J. D. Beresford is a new writer of great promise. His first book, "Jacob Stahl," was published by Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson and is reviewed on another page. Mr. Beresford has written a second book, "The Hampdenshire Wonder," which is to be issued shortly by the same firm.

Lovers of Louisa Alcott's "Little Women" will be pleased to hear that a movement has been started in America with the object of preserving and keeping intact the Orchard House at Concord, Massachusetts, in which the Alcott family lived for many years. A portion of the funds required has already been subscribed, mostly in small amounts, and an international appeal is now being made for assistance. Those interested should communicate with Mr. Henry F. Smith, Junr., Middlesex Institution for Savings, Concord, Mass., U.S.A.

Another admirable series of cheap reprints is "John Long's Sixpenny Net (Cloth) Novels." The first three volumes that have now appeared are Robert Buchanan's "Father Anthony," "Delilah of the Snows," by Harold Bindloss, and "Only Betty," by Curtis Yorke. The books are clearly printed, neatly bound, and of a handy pocket size

The Rev. E. S. Buchanan, who has taken a leading part in editing the Oxford Old Latin Biblical Texts, has completed a new work on the most

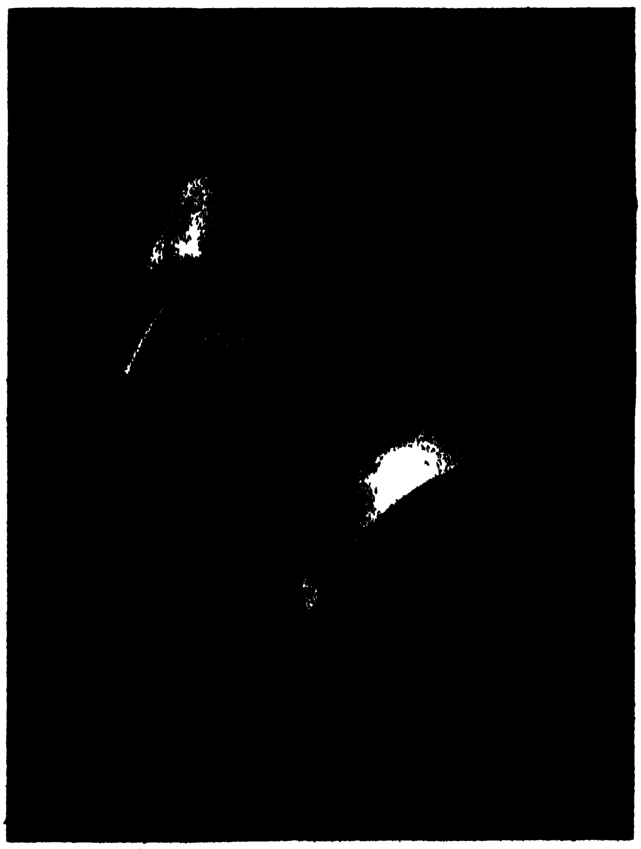


Photo by C. Vandyk. **Mr. J. D. Beresford.**

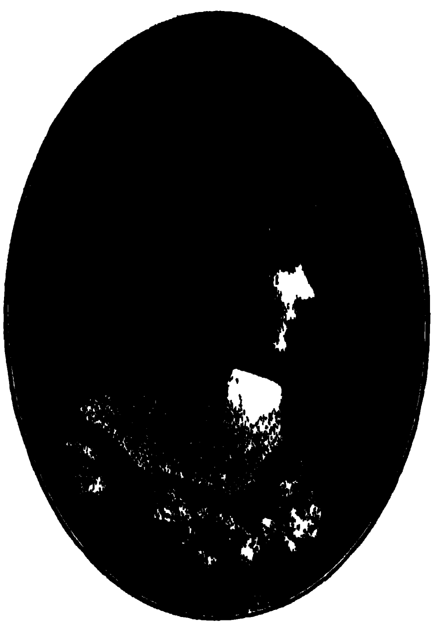


Photo by Kate Pragnell

Mrs. Priscilla Craven,

Whose new novel, "The School of Love," has just been published by Mr. Werner Laurie.

ancient MSS. of the Scriptures, which will be published by Mr. John Ouseley under the title of "The Records Unrolled."

Mr. John Masefield's "Tragedy of Nan" has been revived at the Little Theatre by Miss Lillah McCarthy for a series of matinées, and a separate reprint of the play, with a preface by Mr. Masefield, has been published by Mr. Grant Richards.

Referring to our review of "The Memoirs of Countess Golovine," Mr. Fox-Davies asks us to say his book is not a re-translation. The original MS. of the Countess was written in French and reproduced word for word in the French edition from which his translation is made, but he has availed himself of the French editor's notes and preface.

Mr. J. W. Gilmer, for the last sixteen years associated with Mr. William Heinemann's firm, has been appointed Managing Director of Sprigg, Pedrick, Ltd., who have taken over the literary agency business of Messrs. Sprigg, Pedrick & Co. The business is being carried on at the old address, 110, St. Martin's Lane, and we cordially wish Mr. Gilmer success in the new duties upon which he has already entered.

"The Children of the Slums," by James Samuelson, will be published shortly by the Liverpool Booksellers' Company. The book will deal with the lives, sufferings, and rescue of such children, and will supply full details concerning some of the leading British institutions for dealing with this problem, and of the Homes and distributing centres in the Colonies; the object being to make this a useful reference work for all persons interested in the reclamation of destitute children. The same firm are issuing an edition of Young's "Night Thoughts," with photogravure reproductions of twenty-eight of Blake's illustrations.

Miss Jeanie Rose Brewer has written a book dealing with Queen Mary as a child, as a wife, and as a mother, and it is published by the Religious Tract Society under the title of "The Life Story of our Gracious Queen Mary."

Miss Theodora Wilson Wilson, whose successful new novel, "Moll o' the Toll Bar" (Hutchinson), we reviewed last month, was born and bred in Westmoreland, and the thought and feeling, dialect and scenery of Westmoreland and the North Country enter largely into most of her work. She has written fourteen books in all, including seven novels and five books for children, and has just completed a new children's story, "The Taming of Judith," which Messrs. Blackie are publishing this Christmas. Miss Wilson is one of the most popular of our magazine writers, and has three new novels in preparation, two of modern life and one a historical romance of the days of King John. The book of her own that Miss Wilson values most is her last autumn story, "The Search of the Child"—the story of a child's search for the reason of the sorrow of God.

Every month brings with it its score or more of new volumes of poetry, and when there are two among them that are deserving of more than brief notice we feel that the month has been fruitful. This month has brought the "Poems" of Emery



Photo by Gilbert Hogg, Kendal.

Miss Theodora Wilson Wilson.

Author of "Moll o' the Toll Bar." (Hutchinson.)

Pottle (Methuen) and "Flints and Flashes" by E. H. Visiak (Elkin Mathews), and we are giving adequate attention to both books next month. Mr. Pottle's name and work is new to us; Mr. Visiak we know as the author of "The Haunted Island" and "Buccaneer Ballads." He has been writing industriously since a very early age. Four years ago he edited and published a journal for boys, *Our Magazine*, which was run on rather novel lines and circulated about a thousand at public and preparatory schools, and to this journal he contributed a serial, which he wrote from month to month, not knowing how it was going to develop and allowing it largely to take its own course. Later, he used this serial as a sort of quarry out of which he dug his admirable romance "The Haunted Island." He is at present busy on a novel of modern life, and is writing a series of tales of the buccaneers for a contemporary.

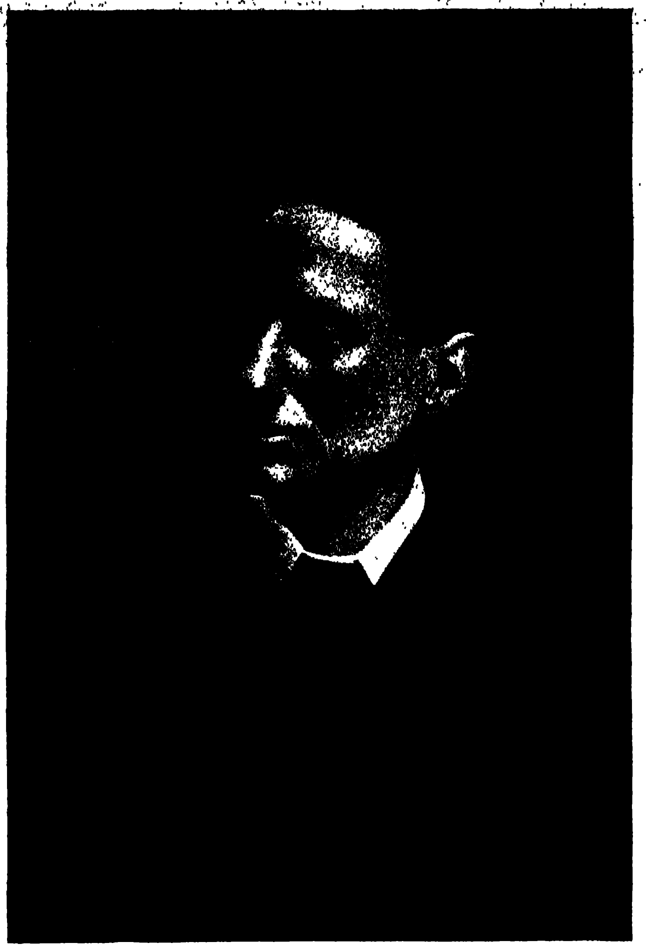


Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. Joseph Clayton.**

Mr. Joseph Clayton, whose new novel, "The Underman" (Secker), we recently reviewed, has written some half-dozen biographies, novels, and historical studies, and is well known both as a journalist and a public speaker. For some three years he was one of the secretaries of the Independent Labour Party; he was Hutchinson Trust Lecturer to the Fabian Society, and served as an election agent in three Parliamentary contests. He has had a varied and strenuous career, has been a clerk, a gas stoker, an elementary school teacher, a manager of elementary schools under the London School Board, and a private coach. In 1906-7 he was editor of the *New Age*; he is on the committee of the Humanitarian League, and is a stalwart supporter of Woman's Suffrage, and there is some talk of his standing as a Parliamentary candidate in that interest at the next election.

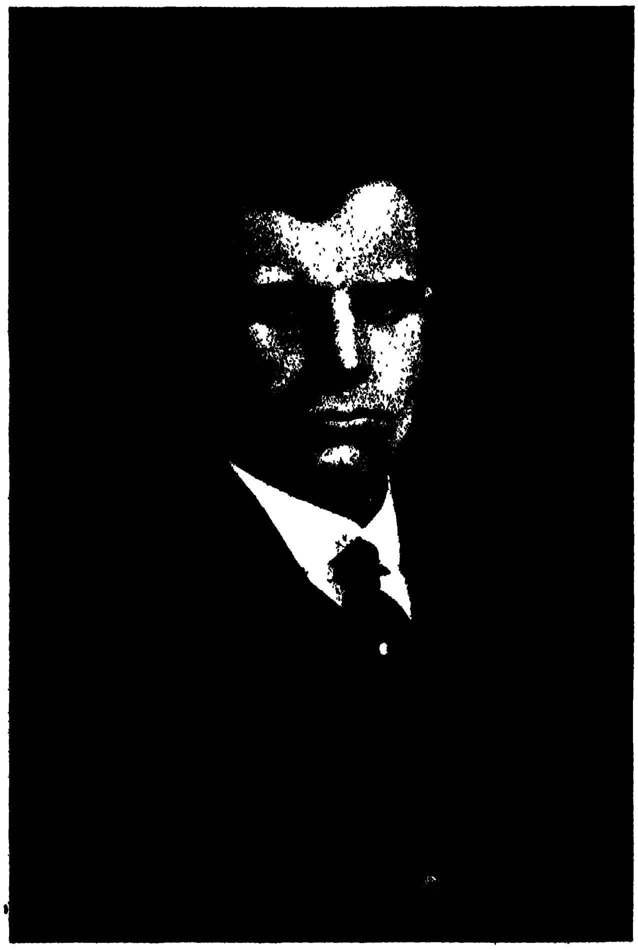


Photo by Booker & Sullivan. **Mr. E. H. Visiak.**

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have just published "The People's Insurance" explained by the Rt. Hon. D. Lloyd George. The book contains the corrected text of the Chancellor's speech in the House, the text of the Bill, complete and carefully arranged information with regard to it, and an exhaustive index, which should prove invaluable to all who are concerned with the Bill or want to consult it on any particular point.

"The Literary Pageant," which is being brought out in aid of the Prince Francis of Teck Memorial Fund, will be published by Mr. Werner Laurie immediately. It contains about seventy-five thousand words of letterpress and twenty full-page drawings by the most eminent of living authors and artists. The publication is unique among its

kind in that it contains no advertisements of any description. The whole idea, the profits from which are to go to the Middlesex Hospital, is the outcome of a suggestion from Mrs. Stanley Portal Hyatt, and she and her husband, the well-known novelist, have done the whole of the editorial work in addition to attending to the business side of the arrangements.

Many of our Rossetti portraits, photographs, and pictures are from the admirable collection of Mr. A. Rischgitz; a number of others, including those from prints belonging to Messrs. Mansell & Co., are supplied by the Art Illustration and Reproduction Company; and for others our thanks are due to Messrs. Longmans and Messrs. G. Bell & Sons. For assistance with the general illustrations in this Number we are indebted to Mr. Werner Laurie, Messrs. Chapman & Hall, Messrs. Cassell, and Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

EPILOGUE

Spoken by Miss Edith Taliaferro at the last performance of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" at the Republic Theatre, New York:

Rebecca's heart with joy is beating fast
That she can thus your loyal friendship hold;
Since first she came to town six months have passed,
And soon she'll be three hundred times as old
As when her stage-coach rumbled to the door,
And she alighted, trembling,—half-afraid
Of busy Broadway with its noise and roar;
But Broadway came, and smiled, and so she stayed;
The Aunts stayed too, Aladdin, Uncle Jerry,
The Simpsons, Mrs. Perkins (and her tongue!)
The children, and Abijah, making merry,
As if you, down in front, were just as young! . . .

We wonder why you've liked our simple play!
Did mem'ry conjure up some "long ago,"—
Some bright-hued moment in life's dusty way,
Some old brick house with hollyhocks a-row?
Did just a whiff of wholesome country air,
Blowing o'er clover fields and wayside flowers,
Drift to your velvet-covered seats down there,
And set you dreaming of dear, bygone hours?—
Or did the spirit of the eternal child,
That works such magic in the human heart,—
Did youth with just its native wood-notes wild,
Charm and beguile, without a conscious art?—
We only know we've won your smiles and tears,
You've made our daily task a pure delight;
You've changed to hope and joy our earlier fears,
And so we thank you all!—good-night! good-night! *Kate Douglas Wiggin.*

"THE BOOKMAN" GALLERY.

RALPH STRAUS.

I BELIEVE Mr. Ralph Straus has published some very serious philosophic books we all do when we are young but I am glad to say that I have not yet read "The Dust which is God." I do not intend to do so. It would be like reading Sterne's sermons. My impression of Mr. Ralph Straus would be disturbed thereby. My present idea of him personally agrees so well with the character of those works of his which I have read, that I would not care to disarrange it. Besides, I think that the author of "The Scandalous Mr. Waldo" is in his lighter moments a singularly charming and faithful autobiographer. Some time after I had made his acquaintance in "Mr. Waldo," I met him in the flesh. It was just like meeting a delightful friend.

The fact is, Mr. Straus is a writer of the family of Sterne. *Le livre c'est l'homme même.* Young, fresh, urbane, and quietly witty, with some delightful out-of-the-way tastes and a certain gay responsibility, he is one of the most pleasant men in London to chat with. He doesn't really take life very seriously, and this, I think, is one of the reasons why his novels are so naturally whimsical and full of entertainment. The great thing in his favour is that he is only twenty-seven years of age: his last novel written about two years ago, has a curious flavour, compounded, I think, of the good-humoured gaiety of youth and an acquired meditativeness born of years of hard study.

Mr. Straus is really a very profound and laborious student. His first work of importance was a "Life of John Baskerville," the famous printer of the eighteenth century; and his last work, at present, is a splendidly documented study of "Robert Dodsley," the footman who became a poet and playwright and is still remembered as a publisher. Dedicated to Mr. Austin Dobson, "Robert Dodsley" (Lane) is written with a fulness of knowledge, a lightness of touch, a relish for charming eccentricities of character, which show that the author is an admirable disciple of our master of eighteenth-century lore. Dodsley himself is a figure so alluring to a writer with a feeling for the finer shades of the art of biography, that Mr. Straus was naturally drawn to him. Closely connected with the literature and social life of England from the days of Pope to the days of Burke, the famous publisher had a romantic career and a genius for friendship. Pope seems to have

met him when he was a footman, and it was a present of £100 from the poet which enabled Dodsley to set up as a publisher, and in turn introduce Dr. Johnson to fame as the author of "London," and give Burke his start in life as writer of the "Annual Register."

"Doddy" is indeed one of those lovable, interesting men who are difficult to find in any age. Everybody's friend, in love with books and bookish people, he leads his biographer into all sorts of delightful byways of eighteenth-century life. Mr. Straus is a lover of these byways, and he follows his Doddy throughout his career with a fine zest. I went with him in delight until I came to the last hundred pages of his book. There I left him, in spite of the fact that these hundred pages are the most valuable part of the volume, and display in a remarkable way Mr. Straus's power of hard, steady work. They contain a chronological and annotated list of all the books published by Dodsley from 1735 to 1764.



Photo by C. S. L. Studios, London W.
Mr. Ralph Straus.

I must confess I know more about the life and letters of the seventeenth century than I do about those of the days of Queen Anne and the Georges; and I therefore cannot speak with any authority about Mr. Straus's essays in eighteenth-century bibliography. But I understand from men better acquainted with the matter than I am that what he does not know about the books, printers, and publishers of his favourite period no one else does. He has an immense library on the subject, and all the booksellers of London know him. If he bids for a book, other men will run the price up merely on the assumption that, since Straus wants it, it must be rare and worth having. He now finds it less expensive to get friends to buy for him.

One hobby leads to another. Owing to his interest in our old printers, Mr. Straus has become himself an expert in the printing of books. He possesses one of the earliest iron presses invented by Lord Stanhope in 1801, and a stock of old-faced Caslon type. His masterpiece is a magnificent edition of "Petronius," with the Latin text and a Caroline version. He set up all the type himself, printing twenty-four pages at a time—as his stock of type was a small one—and worked on the old-fashioned press until the heavy job was at last completed. I dare say it was interrupted by long yachting excursions, for Mr. Straus never allows business to interfere with pleasure. It strikes me that this is why his novels are so fresh in tone and yet so full of life and thought. They are never written at a stretch, but done in the eighteenth-century manner as a leisurely recreation. Among the other works which Mr. Straus has printed are "Flower of the Rose" by Mr. W. J. Locke, and "The Country of the Blind" by Mr. H. G. Wells. I remember reading the last tale in a magazine some years ago; I have always thought it was the subtlest and the best written of Mr. Wells's short pieces, and this I hear from Mr. Straus is the author's own opinion.

If Mr. Straus has a failing, it is just a little self-consciousness. I think he rather likes to look at himself from the outside. Oxford would have spoilt him. Happily he went to Harrow and thence to Pembroke College, Cambridge, with a Foundation Scholarship in Zoology. Apparently the authorities thought he pursued literature and rackets with too great a zest; the result was that he took a pass in history and was entitled to write after his name "Sometime Foundation Scholar." This he finds very comforting.

I am afraid it was while he was at Cambridge that he began seriously to cultivate another art, which may yet destroy him as a printer and a novelist. Surreptitiously, he joined various travelling theatrical companies, with a view to learning thoroughly the technique of play-writing. He has never confessed it, but I suspect him of being stage-struck. If the skeleton in the secret cupboard of his library were dragged out, I am sure it would be found to be a little stage with marionettes, and a drawer at the bottom containing a litter of unfinished plays. Yes! he will end, like his friend Mr. Locke, as an admirable playwright with a new and charming style of comedy. But before this happens he will certainly become a popular novelist of the best school. He has everything that a young writer of fine talent can wish for: an original turn of mind, a feeling for the humorous side of life, a sense of the underlying tragedy of things, a graceful way of writing, and a relish for delightful oddnesses of character. I have never been able to understand why "The Scandalous Mr. Waldo" was not a great success. Perhaps the work on which Mr. Straus is now engaged will convince the larger reading public of the singular merits of the author. The hero of the still unfinished story is a Cambridge don, bookworm, hermit, and eccentric, who has never kissed a woman in his life. A woman kisses him, by

mistake of course, and then well, his nature expands, and many things happen If you will read "Mr. Waldo" you will see how lovingly and with what freshness of vision Mr Straus draws a quaint character of this sort. Mr. Straus is also engaged on a Life of William Shenstone, for which he has collected a great heap of new documents, including many unpublished letters of the writer of "The Schoolmistress." The book, I expect, will be issued by Mr John Lane.

EDWARD WRIGHT.

The Booksellers' Diary.

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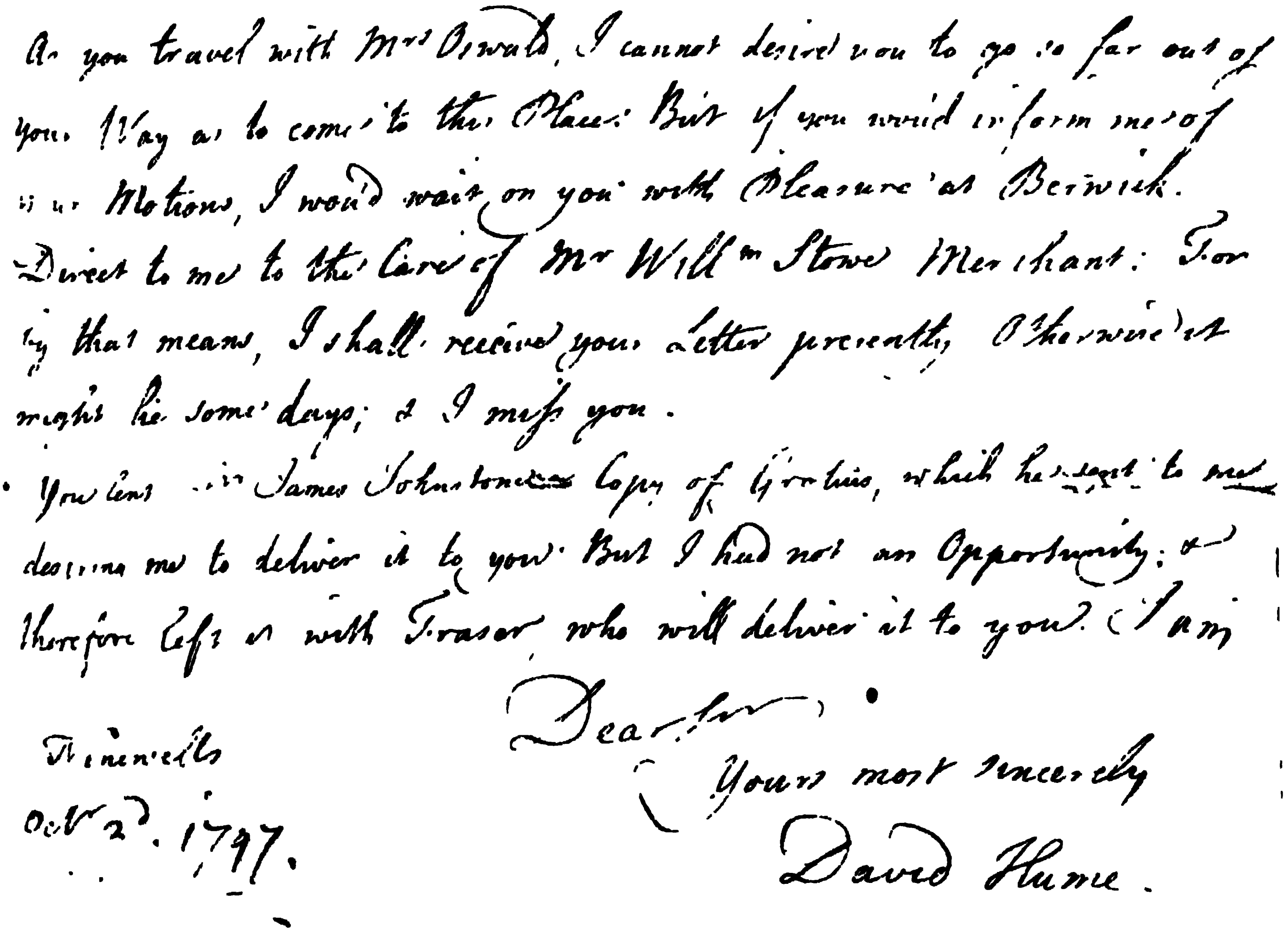
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As you travel with Mrs Oswald, I cannot desire you to go so far out of your Way as to come to this Place: But if you woud inform me of your Motions, I woud wait on you with Pleasure at Berwick. Direct to me to the Care of Mr Willm Stowe Merchant: For by that means, I shall receive your Letter presently; Otherwise it might lie some days, & I miss you.
You lent me James Johnstone's Copy of Grotius, which he sent to me desiring me to deliver it to you: But I had not an Opportunity: & therefore left it with Fraser who will deliver it to you. I am
Dear Sir,
Yours most sincerely
David Hume.
Ninewells
Oct 2d. 1747.

Facsimile of conclusion of an autograph letter from David Hume to James Oswald of Dunnikier, quoted in Centenary article on Hume, by Ralph Straus (page 127).

The letter is the property of Mr Straus, and is reproduced with his permission.

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THE READER.

D. G. R.

BY FORD MADOX HUEFFER.

THE trouble about forming an estimate as to the literary or æsthetic value of Rossetti the painter-poet was just Rossetti himself. There are, of course, many writers whose personalities have very much affected or very much obscured the merits or the defects of their work. Yesterday, as it were, we had Henley, the day before yesterday, FitzGerald, a hundred years ago or so, Dr. Johnson. (As I have been very much hauled over the coals lately for using dates figuratively, I should like to add that these dates are also used figuratively. I am, for instance, aware that Henley has been dead more than twenty-four hours, and FitzGerald more than forty-eight.) But Rossetti's personality did not swamp his work, as did those of Johnson or the other two. Nobody really knew—in spite of the ham and egg story—whether he ate his meals with his waistcoat buttoned or unbuttoned. No one really had as clear an idea of him as they had even of Thackeray or of Dickens. (In the interests of strict accuracy I should like to add that when I say "no one had an idea of his personality" I am speaking only figuratively. I do not mean to say that Miss Sidall, the servant at Red Lion Square, Mr. W. M. Rossetti, Mr. Watts-Dunton, or Mr. Hall Caine, who served the poet-painter so faithfully—I do not mean to say that none of these gentlemen or ladies had a personal acquaintance with Rossetti.) But what I mean is that, during Rossetti's life, the large body of his readers, the large body of those who never read him, the personages who formed public opinion, and the more numerous persons who tried to form public opinion—none of these persons had anything but the very haziest idea of what Rossetti the man really was. There was really an extraordinary buzz about his personality during the 'seventies and 'eighties—a romantic clamour. But since no one knew anything at all about the figure itself, the buzz and the clamour were extraordinarily vague. It was as if all these people were talking romantically about the equator. The imaginary line was certainly there, and there, romantically, Rossetti undoubtedly was, cloistered with Mr. Watts-Dunton, or with Mr. Hall Caine, as the case might be. But, in the popular estimation—in everybody's estimation—Rossetti was just a solar myth, a golden vision, a sort of Holy Grail that the young poets of the 'seventies pursued, but seldom saw. And I think this romantic vacuum was extraordinarily good for the 'seventies. It meant that they had the feeling—that everybody had the feeling—that somewhere in the world there was a glorious, a romantic figure, cloistered up and praying for the poetry, the romance, and the finer things of this world. I think it was a good thing for the 'seventies, just as I think it is a good thing for me every now and then to remember that in the cloisters of Catholic Christianity there are, even to-day, a great many religious spending all their hours in just praying for the poor souls of all of us. (In the interest of accuracy I should like to add when I here write "all of us," I am stating an exact and not a figurative fact.)

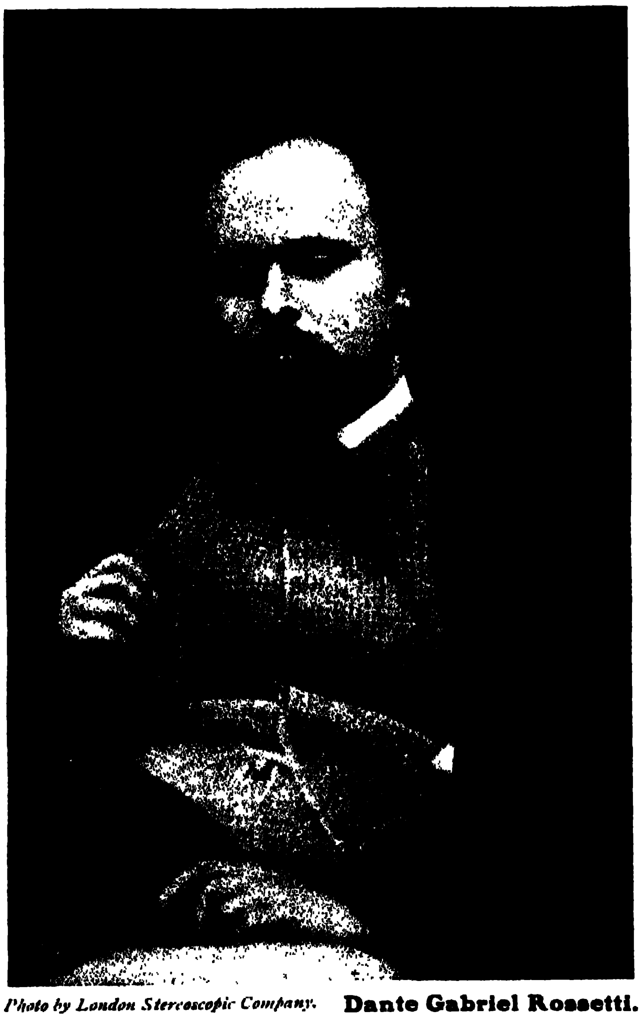


Photo by London Stereoscopic Company. **Dante Gabriel Rossetti.**
(Lent by Mr. W. M. Rossetti, who is now the owner of the copyright.)

The edifying log-rolling by which in the 'seventies Rossetti's poems were, very properly, forced into the hands of the public—the organised and efficient log-rolling was again worked with extreme decency. Rossetti's poems were boomed—just as my works have been boomed, and just as the works of every writer of any position or merit must be boomed if he is to continue to live by his pen. But Rossetti's poems were forced upon the public without his publishers, his friendly critics, or his uncritical friends calling in the aid of personalities. They decently let Rossetti alone. They did not ask anybody to buy the volume which contained "Jenny" or the volume which contained "The White Ship" because Rossetti wore eccentric trousers, collected postage stamps, or disliked caviare.

At that date he was hardly even celebrated in public places or weekly periodicals because, very sensibly, he desired to spread the fame of his beloved wife and so he took the manuscript of his poems out of her coffin, where in his first grief at her loss he had placed them. No, none of the energetic gentlemen who boomed this poet-artist tried to do it by means of sarcophagic details. They did their work decently, talking only of the glorious sonority of the polysyllabic lines, of the romance, of the tenderness, of the splendour, of the morbidness, of the high moral purpose, of the mystic inner meaning that were contained in "The Stream's Secret," in "Sister Helen," in "The King's Tragedy," or in all those glamorous poems with the golden haze around them.

And so for every one the personality of Rossetti became the personality that is expressed in his poems,



Photo by W. A. Mansell & Co. **Mrs. Rossetti, the mother of the Rossettis.**

From a drawing by D. G. Rossetti.

and in the very few pictures of his that had really been seen. According to what was our idea of the personally poetic (again in the interests of accuracy I should like to add that here I am employing a purely figurative modesty when I write "our," for of course I knew what Rossetti was like)—according to what was our ideal of a poetic personality, so we vaguely imagined Rossetti in the 'seventies—all we young writers, young painters, middle-aged merchants, royal princesses, peers, and bankers, all we unimportant persons who so enthusiastically blazed abroad the Rossetti legend. We imagined him as well-fleshed, bearded, or with ascetically scraped lean features; we imagined him hollow-eyed, or with the perpetual tolerant smile of Shakespeare. But we had not the least idea of what he

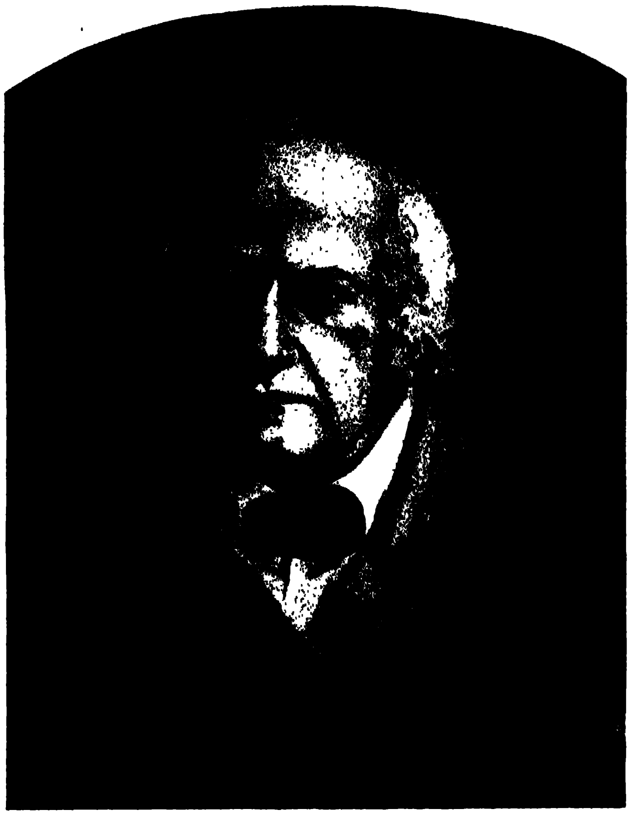


Photo by W. A. Mansell & Co. **Gabriele Rossetti, the father of the Rossettis.**

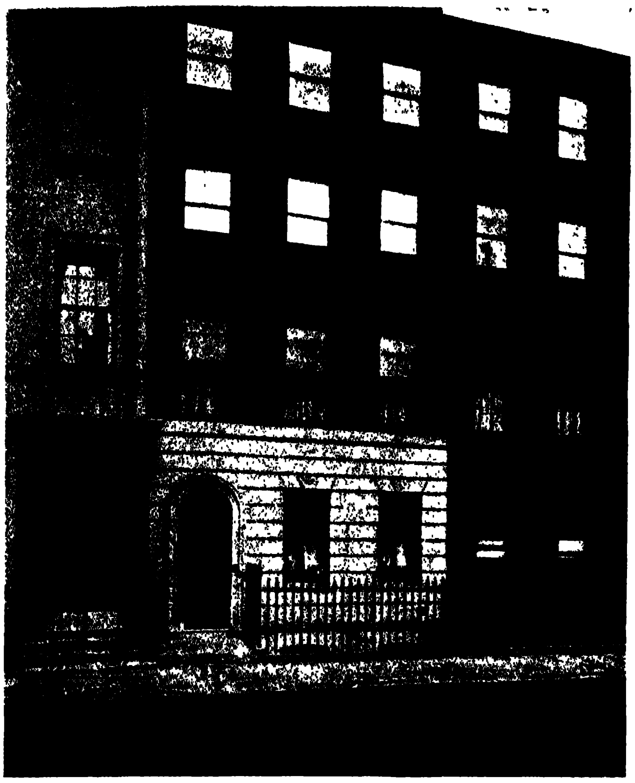
From an oil painting by D. G. Rossetti

looked like. (Again in the interests of accuracy I should like to add that this does not represent my state of mind during the 'seventies, and that during that period I was not either a peer or a royal princess, either a merchant prince or a banker. I was not even a young writer. No, at the end of the 'seventies I was a child of seven. But I have been trying to identify myself with the spirit of that age.) Of course there was the reverse of the medal. The other day I was travelling from Nauheim to Frankfort. There got into my carriage an elderly pepper-and-salt bearded, well-brushed gentleman with a strong North-country burr. He revealed himself in conversation as a survival of the merchant princes of the 'seventies. He had kept himself alive by taking the waters of Nauheim yearly, and by constantly consulting a Frankfort physician about his gout. In short, he was a keen, sensible Lancashire man. He began to talk about George Rae, the Leatharts, the Grahams, the Leylands, about many picture buyers and about many picture bargains. He related how, cheque-book in hand, he had gone into the studios of Royal Acade-



D. G. Rossetti at the age of six.

From the miniature by Filippo Pistrucci. Engraved by C. Carter.



110, Hallam Street, Portland Place.

Formerly 38, Charlotte Street, the birthplace of Dante Gabriel Rossetti (May 12, 1828) and of Christina Rossetti. Here the family resided until 1836, when they removed to 50, Charlotte Street.

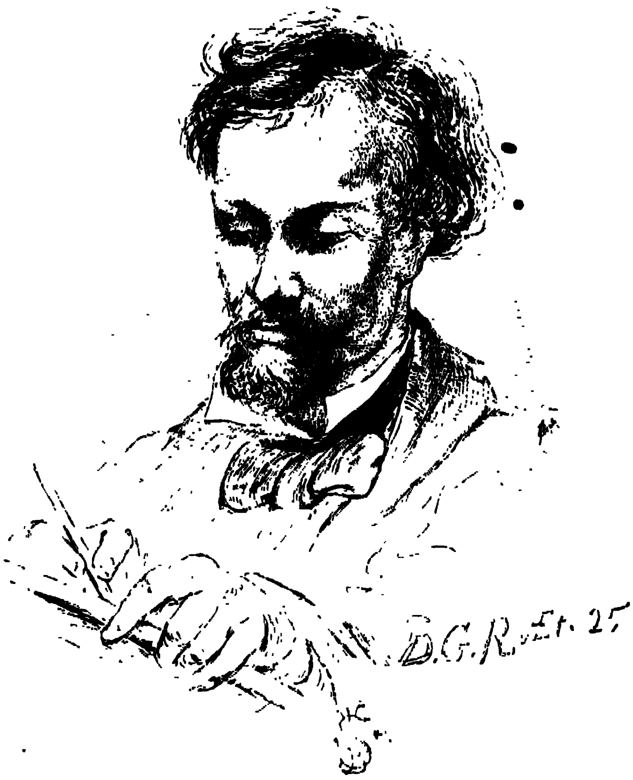
micians and had bought off their easels unfinished pictures which he had afterwards sold at greatly advanced prices. He was a keen business man, and talking to him was delightful to me. I seemed to hear in his voice the accents of all those dead and gone merchant princes and picture buyers. Yes, it was a voice from the



National Portrait Gallery. **John Sell Cotman (Rossetti's Art Master).**
From the painting by Horace Beaver Love.

past. And suddenly he said: "Now there was Rossetti! What a warm man Rossetti might have been if he had not wasted his talents in those extravagant dissipations!"

And this again was the dear old voice of the 'seventies. My North-country friend was uttering the pleasing remarks that he had heard in the studios of Academicians when he went to buy pictures. And he spoke of Rossetti with a sort of sincere regret exactly as he would have done of a friend of his who had not made all that he might have done out of an iron foundry with excellent prospects inherited from his father. He gave me other horrid details of Rossetti's career and habits (they were all of them quite untrue, and most of them quite impossible). Yet this gentleman had never seen Rossetti, had never read a word of his writings. He had never so much as read one of the in-



D. G. Rossetti at the age of twenty-five.
From an etching by William Bell Scott.

numerable biographies--not even Mr. Hall Caine's. No, he was just echoing the whispers of academic studios of the 'seventies.

And after Rossetti's death the biographies began. They poured forth, official and unofficial, sending out smuts or deluges of whitewash. Frenchmen wrote them, Germans wrote them, Japanese wrote them; I wrote them, Mr. Hall Caine wrote them, Mr. Watts-Dunton did not write them, Mr. William Rossetti did. For thirty years or so they poured from the press, nearly all of them exceedingly dull, nearly all of them misleadingly accurate in things that did not matter. For thirty years or so Rossetti's figure was perpetually before the public, getting more and more pompous, more and more priestly, more and more like a German professor of the beautiful, growing duller and duller and duller, and at last he was dead. Last year he was as dead as a doornail. And that was a thousand pities,

a triumph of obscuring pompousness over a man who was very great and a poet who was very rare

To get at the value of Rossetti the poet as to get at the value of any original spirit there is only one test You have to ask yourself what you would be what your mental development would have been, how your intimate self would have grown if that man had never existed And think of what we should all have been if Rossetti had never existed!

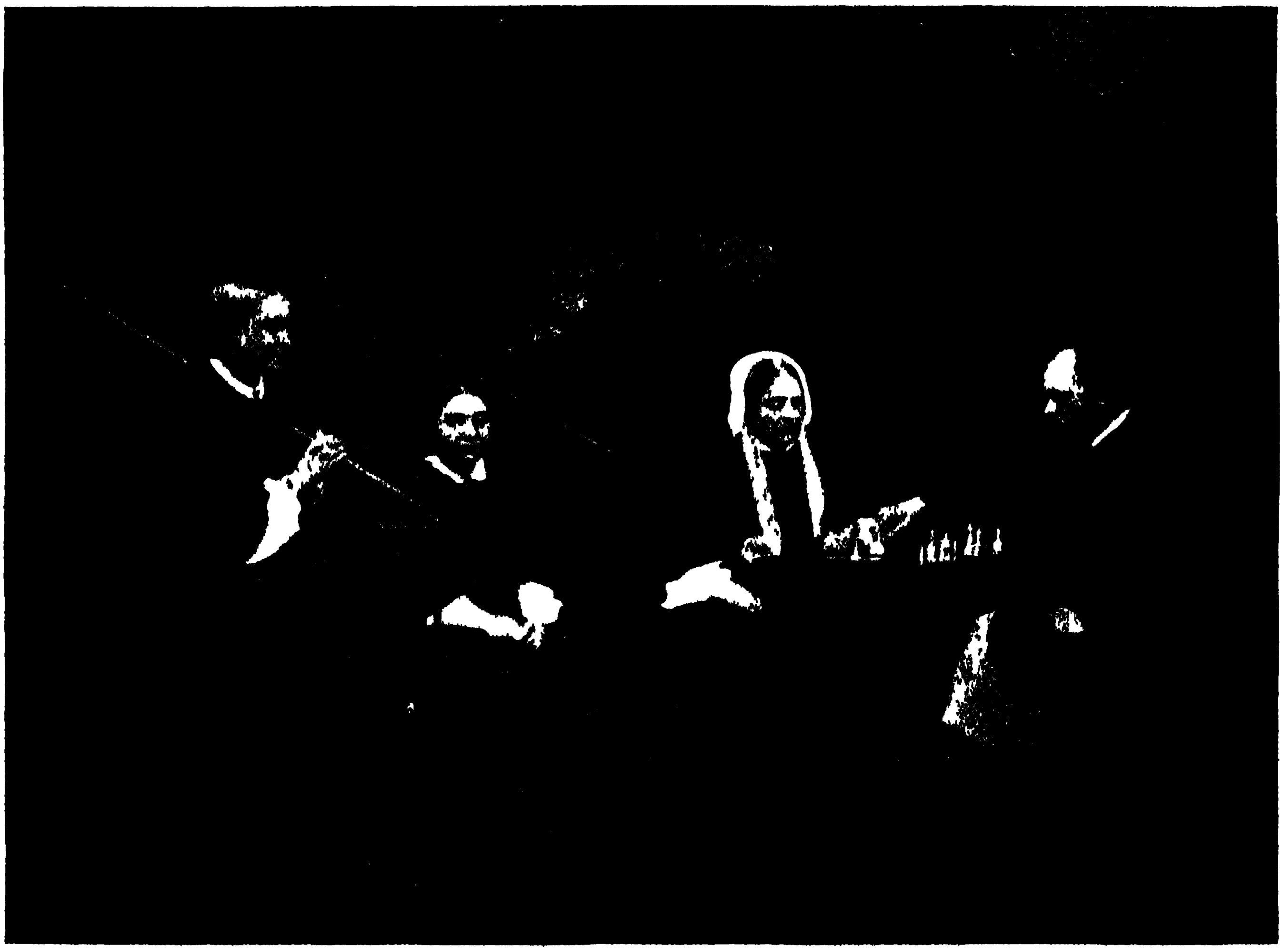
For, putting ethics and the technical criticism of art and letters for the moment aside we have to consider that the real value of the work of Rossetti and his school was the preaching that the Arts are joyful and comfortable things are things as joyful as



Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1855).
Drawn by himself

comfortable, and as natural as is the light of the sun They are indeed the sunshine of the soul

Think then again, of what England would have been without the influence of Rossetti during these last thirty years We should have been Prussianised we should have been Americanised No doubt it would have been a good thing had we paid more attention to the evolution of a cast iron military class as they have done in Prussia which began to grow so mighty about the time when Rossetti published his first volume of poems No doubt we should have had a few still more and still richer men had we developed enormous industrial systems like that of the Standard Oil Company



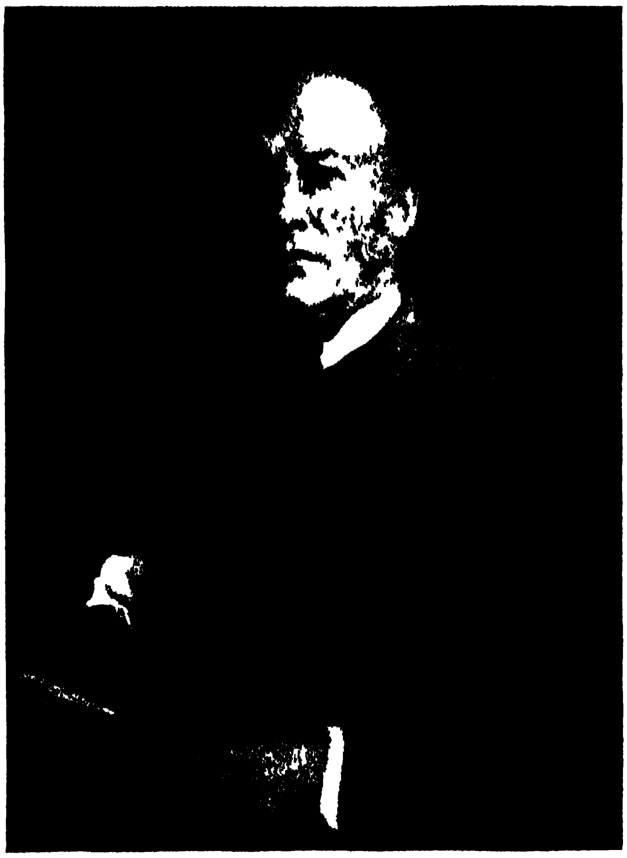
Christina, Maria, Dante Gabriel Rossetti and their Mother in the garden of Rossetti's house in Cheyne Walk.
From a photograph taken by "Lewis Carroll (Rev. C L Dodgson) in 1863 (Lent by Mr William Michael Rossetti)



Ionides Collection, South Kensington Museum

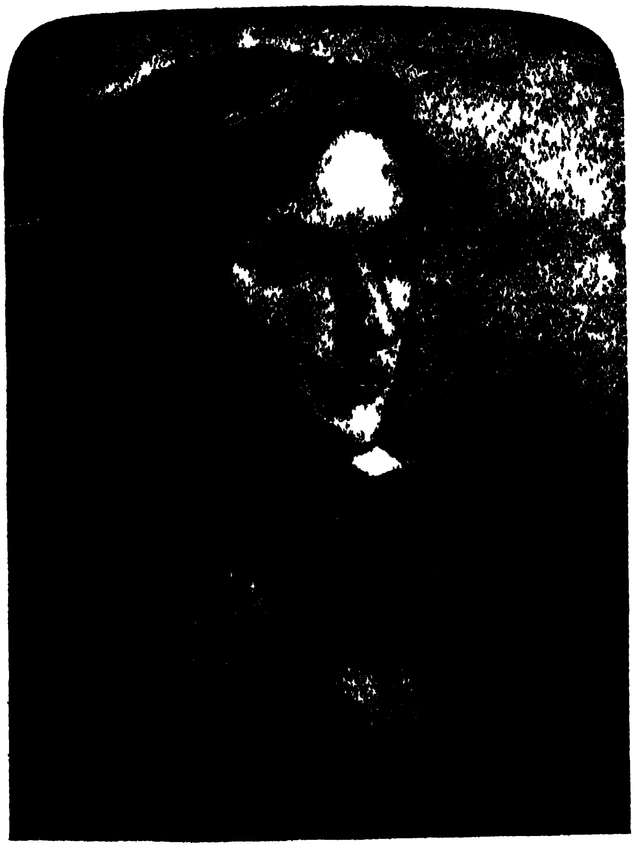
Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

From a water colour by A. Legros.



Sir John Everett Millais.

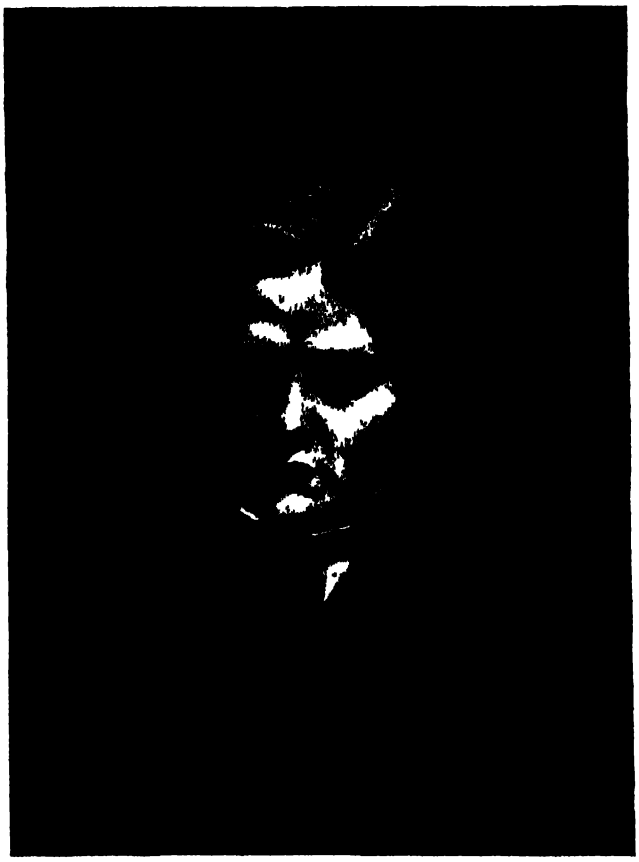
From the portrait by himself in the Uffizi Gallery.



National Portrait Gallery

Ford Madox Brown.

Drawn by Rossetti in 1852.



Holman Hunt.

From a drawing by Rossetti.

FOUR OF THE PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD.

which began its depredatory career about the time when Rossetti published his second volume of poems But I do not know that we should have had a better England or a happier

I do not mean of course to say that Rossetti, alone and unaided repelled armed invasions from the Mark of Brandenburgh or that he said to Mr Rockefeller ' thus far and no farther But Rossetti was a great man He was great in the exact sense of the word for greatness in a writer as in a statesman as in a world conqueror implies the power to voice great multitudes A technically perfect artist may create characters that will live for ever and yet he may not be a great man For a great man does not merely win battles or create characters no he creates frames of minds he creates enthusiasms in great bodies of people "Create" is perhaps not exactly the just word What he does rather, is to prove to large bodies of people that they have enthusiasms slumbering within them He strikes within us little silver bells or the great chords of large war harps And the measure of his greatness lies in the wideness of his appeal So that my own private image of Rossetti the writer and the painter is of something a little vague very romantic and exceedingly great He seems to sweep his fingers over the harp strings of innumerable hearts, calling out the music that is in them



Painted by Rossetti in 1863 **Beata Beatrix.**

Nowadays, Rossetti is generally called the poet of the young And this is a curious fact creditable enough to Rossetti, but not very creditable to us who are no longer young And it contributes still more to the general glamour of vagueness that surrounds his personality and his greatness as a painter and as a poet We cannot say how wide his appeal is because his appeal is to the young, and the young have little opportunity of voicing themselves They don t get into the papers, we don't listen to them at our clubs, they are generally packed away in their universities and when they are at home we manage to shut them up over the dinner table So in those mysterious young hearts things are going on and it is certain that Rossetti holds a large share of their enthusiasms It is certain, because we can divine it from our own hearts where Rossetti the mere sound of the name Rossetti" causes to arise a whole strain of vague and yet regretted emotions It suggests something fine generous It suggests that part of our youth which although we have outgrown it we regret There are the many follies of our youth which were not fine and which, we think God we are permitted to forget But if we no longer think very often of Rossetti it is just because we no longer read poetry We have outgrown that and we are not really glad of it for it was one of the finenesses of our youths

And of course in a sense it is the biographers who have killed Rossetti for grown men and women just as chatter about Harriet atheism and advanced opinions killed Shelley as a poet For you cannot read the Ode to the West Wind without having it at the back of your mind that Shelley and his mistress rode about Italy on a donkey and that many excellent people have used this fact in order to prove that marriage as an institution ought to be abolished And in that way your enjoyment of the Ode to the West Wind" has been spoiled Yet the ' Ode to the West Wind ' is a noble poem and has nothing to do with Italy donkeys, or the fact that Shelley found his first wife to be an imbecile schoolgirl No doubt he found his second wife trying enough but the whitewashers have washed that out, so Mary Shelley for many excellent people remains an arid argument for free love

Much the same thing has happened to Rossetti. For

most of us he is the gentleman who dug his poems out of his wife's coffin, a solitary fact which does not, if a respectable paper will allow me the expression, matter a damn. Nothing that Rossetti did matters a damn. He was a great poet of not flawless technical gifts. He was a great literary painter with a defective technical education, but with a great skill in shirking difficulties. And he was a great man. To attempt to whitewash the private character of Rossetti, Shelley, Lord Nelson of the Nile, Goethe or the Emperor Tiberius is profitless folly. You can say that you believe that they had the highest moral purposes but some other man will always come along and prove in black and white that each of them ran away from his own wife or with some one else's. The fact is that it is utterly unprofitable to expect to find greatness and a personal high moral purpose in the same body. It cannot be done. There is not room for them, alas! I used to know a great writer who always lost his ticket when he travelled. Always! I had many hundred hours of pleasure in reading the works of this writer. But I never could understand how he could be such a fool as to lose his railway tickets. It seemed a silly sort of a habit to me and it upset him very much. I went on reading his books and getting the utmost pleasure from them and then, one day, the answer to this riddle came to me. The great writer in losing his railway tickets was paying for my pleasure. He lost them because his mind was taken up by his work.



Tate Gallery. **Ecce ancilla domini.**
From the painting by Rossetti.
The head of the Virgin was painted from that of Christina Rossetti, and [illegible] sat for the head of the Archangel.

In his life Rossetti lost quite a number of railway tickets of one kind and another—perhaps, if Providence is not more just than are we in our anecdotal blindness than we with all the whitewash in our eyes, perhaps he even lost his ticket to Heaven. But it was because he was thinking of other things, of the things that have given us pleasure, that have saved us from Prussianisation and the adoption of American methods. In a sense he is our scapegoat, the scapegoat of you and me who in our intellectual vacuities have time and the duty to attend to all the tickets and all the labels of the world. In one of my several dull biographies of this painter poet I have said that he had the private tastes of a pork butcher. This was true. Whistler on his death bed said:

"You mustn't say anything against Rossetti. Rossetti was a king," and this also was true, and any proper man will understand how these two irreconcilable truths came to reside in the same body. But the fact is there are millions and millions of pork butchers. We are all pork butchers[1] if we are not all socialists. But every now and then one of us, forgetting that the sole end and aim of humanity is not to be found out and so to die churchwarden or at least sidesman of our church or chapel—every now and then one of us keeps his eyes on the pale light of the stars, the golden light of the grail or of romance or the blood red light that hangs over battlefields.

Then he walks on with his eyes upon those lights of the horizons. His feet will not avoid any puddles if they are in the way. But we, the whitewashers and the gentlemen of the other persuasion, shall observe only the feet and the puddles. That is because that is our nature. But the exceptional pork butcher[1] will walk on and will become such a saint as was Augustine, such a saviour of his country as was Nelson or such a poet as was Shakespeare, being one or two in a million million, in an infinite multitude of pork butchers.[1]

[1] This will not be a statistical examination. I mean *hommes moyens sensuels*.

But saint, or saviour of his country, or poet, this pork butcher was a king, and you must not say anything against him or you will be a dirty, ungrateful little pork butcher.[1] That is the penalty that you will pay, not the king. Such a great, easy, fine king was, to the measure of his lights, Rossetti. It is well to get it said and to leave it at that. He once gave a sovereign to a beggar, he once borrowed some books and did not return them. We cannot afford to do either of these things, because with us they matter. They are such things—our achievement. But then Rossetti wrote "Jenny" and painted "The Annunciation"— -

(In the interests of accuracy I should like to add that I do not *know* that Rossetti ever gave a sovereign to a beggar. What I mean is, that it is the sort of thing that he would have done. I should like also to add that in the later years of his life - 1869 to 1882—Rossetti did not lose, or, at any rate, it is unlikely that he lost, his railway tickets. They were probably taken for him and carefully guarded during the journey by Mr. Watts-Dunton, Mr. Hake, or Mr. Hall Caine. But what I meant is, that if he had travelled alone he probably would have lost his railway tickets. Besides, in this context I am using the words "railway tickets" as a figure of speech meaning one or other of the Commandments.)

THE POETRY OF DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

By Prof. Saintsbury.

"JOHN DRYDEN enemies had three," runs a good old epigram, and it proceeds to state that though he got rid of one the other two rather stuck to him. I should say that the reputation of Rossetti had three enemies likewise Belatedness, Detraction, and a Legend. The second he did to some extent get rid of, though the Blatant Beast is hard to choke off entirely, and I have heard echoes of the "Fleshly School" calumnies and stupidities, from persons who were neither exactly fogies nor exactly Philistines, within, I think, the twentieth century. Still, on the whole the dull Ishmaelitism of the famous pseudonym rather appropriately assumed in its way, for it was Ishmael masquerading as Philistia—probably does not influence many readers now. But the other two, even thirty years after the poet's death, still do some harm to him. Quite recently Mr. W. M. Rossetti has had to arise once more and spread the fraternal shield (long may he be preserved to repeat the pious office!) over his dead brother. Indeed, when a man has the singular ill fortune to attract industrious parasites of the *gendelettre* kind early, his Legend is never destroyed. It can always be neglected by the wise, but the wise are not generally in the majority. Of these things no more; but I ought, no doubt, to explain what I mean by "Belatedness."

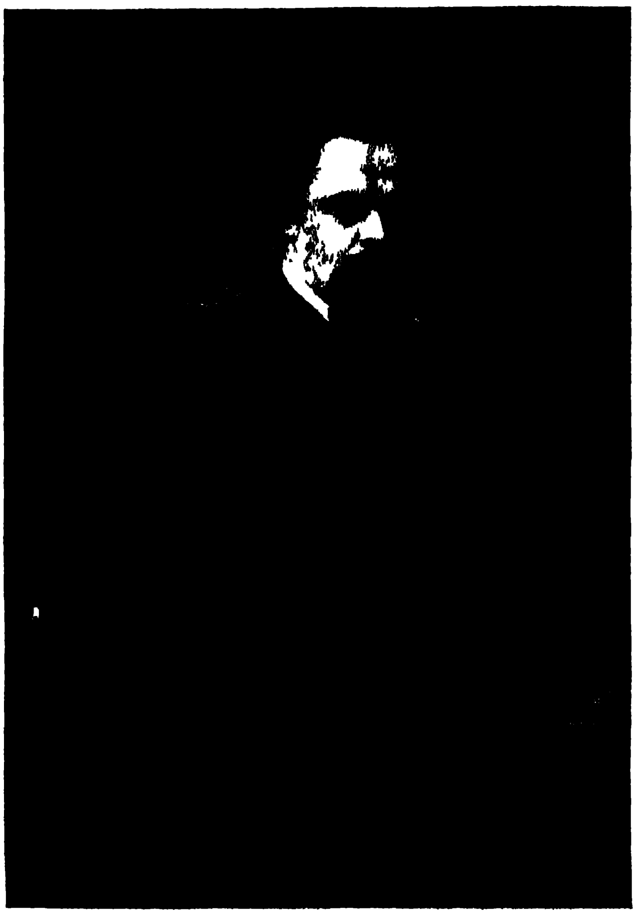


Photo by W. & D. Downey. **D. G. Rossetti in 1862.**
(Lent by Mr. William Michael Rossetti.)

Very seldom has an artist, either in line and colour or in words, come so tardily before anything that can be called the world as Rossetti. He was, in reality, extremely and wonderfully precocious, both as poet and as painter; a man who can write "The Blessed Damozel" at nineteen in the year 1849, and paint "The Girlhood of Mary Virgin" at twenty-one, in 1851, might almost frighten any one who knows what usually comes of and to youthful prodigies. But Fortune, to use the words of the curiously different poet whose name opened this paper,

> "took care to lay him softly by,
> And kept his fate among her precious things"

a seclusion to which, it is only fair to say, his own idiosyncrasies vigorously contributed. It is curious to remember how difficult it was for anybody not in his circle, not assisted by chance, and not gifted with that instinct of "pushing" which has been referred to, to obtain any fair notion of Rossetti's powers for the twenty years between 1850 and 1870. His poems were unpublished, or as bad as unpublished: his pictures mere mostly unexhibited, and lurked in private galleries. I give my own experience, not because it is mine, but because I think it fairly typical. It never happened to me as a boy to come across the *Germ*, and though I had

the good fortune to discover the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, it was not a complete copy and neither "The Blessed Damozel" nor either of her companions in that "gazophile" met my eyes. I think the first thing I ever saw about Rossetti was George Alfred Lawrence's reference in the latest 'fifties to "the sad Guinevere" who was already peeling herself off the walls of the Union at Oxford though whether this came to me before or after the dedication of "The Defence of Guinevere" itself I do not know. Then one began to hear more and more about him but anything save hearsay was unattainable at least unattained. While Morris himself and Mr Swinburne were taking us youth by storm in print and when one could go up from Oxford and find Burne Joneses on the walls of the Old Society and perorate about them with stealthy dons giggling behind, Rossetti was still a Great Unknown except (as far as drawing went) by the Tennyson illustrations and (as far as verse went) by somebody or other's MS copies of "The Blessed Damozel." The first time I think that I saw anything from his own hand was in the early spring of 1868, when I went from Oxford to take a mastership at the Manchester Grammar School. Manchester is nothing if not hospitable, and before long I found myself at a homely two o'clock Sunday dinner in a very beautifully equipped house. As I was going to my seat, I saw a picture on the wall, and said to my host, "I beg your pardon, but don't I know that?" So he said, "Well, if you go to picture exhibitions or care for engravings, you probably do," and I found that the dining-room was panelled with Turners and Coxes, and the like. When the meal was finished, my host said, "If you like pictures, perhaps I can show you something that you *haven't* seen," and taking me into another room he showed me, among others, Rossetti's "Hesterna Rosa"—the water-colour, not the earlier pen and ink sketch. The picture is small and it has not the splendour of the later Rossettian colour. But it took me off my legs at once, and when, many years afterwards—after its author's death and after that of its owner—I saw it in the fascinating but rather ghastly 'intermediate state' of Christie's Museum of Proserpine—I found that it had not lost its power. And I never lost a chance afterwards of repeating the enchantment.



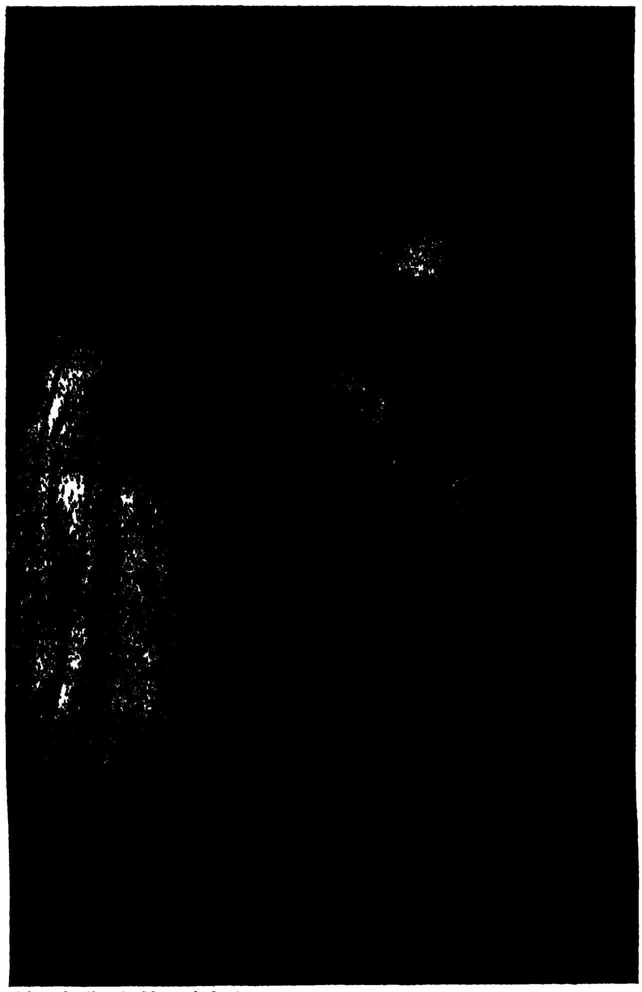
Sancta Lilias.

H[illegible] painted by the artist in 1874 [illegible] and just added to the National Gallery of British Art, the gift of [illegible]

For the poetry, however, one had still to wait, how and why everybody knows, and it was two years more before the expected and long-ordered volume of 1870 came to me in the Channel Islands, where I was then living. It was curious to think that one was already familiar with Swinburne and Morris and Rossetti's own sister—that an actual school was coming up round them, for O'Shaughnessy made his appearance this very same year—and that he, the master and prior of them all, he who 'fished the murex up' was still unknown except in a few live magazine specimens (the *Fortnightly* had given a foretaste of sixteen sonnets the year before) or in the inaccessible depths of dead ones.

When the book actually came there could hardly be much mistake about it, except in the case of persons congenitally incapacitated for appreciation of poetry as such, or of those who were prejudiced by arbitrary and limited conceptions of what poetry ought to be. It is true that, except as regarded Blake and the almost unknown Flatman (who was not such a bad poet after all), there had never been a case, in English, of a person uniting, by temperament, gift, and profession, *pictura* with *poesis*. But this union happened now to coincide

with a general drift of poetic spirit and form which rendered the mixture especially valuable. The enormous increase in visual appeal which dated from Coleridge and Scott has perhaps, by strenuous effort, been at last made something like an established dogma in books, but it may be questioned whether it is even yet thoroughly understood. And besides standing in this general relation to the group from Coleridge to Keats, Rossetti stood in a more special one to their great *diadochi* Tennyson and Browning. It was not merely accident or commission, it was Fate and metaphysical aid that made Rossetti illustrate "The Lady of Shalott" and "Mariana in the South," and "Sir Galahad," and that marvellous series of "Stanzas for Pictures," as he might himself have termed them which forms the central appeal of "The Palace of Art."



Design for Title-page of D. G. Rossetti's first published book, "The Early Italian Poets" (1861).

But Rossetti had carried the marriage of the two arts, and the concurrent deepening and varying of the appeal to word-music, further still. If the volume of 1870 was to a slight extent through that belatedness which has been noted robbed of its due freshness of attack by things like Morris's "Golden Wings" and "Praise of My Lady," like Swinburne's "Ballads of Life and Death" and "Madonna Mia" there was no possibility of mistaking the independence and originality of the general tone. This was partly given, beyond doubt, by the poet's practice in translation from the early poets of his ancestral country. But Rossetti, though only an Englishman of the quarter blood was extremely English by acquired *ethos* and if he had imitated one of his uncles (who changed "Polidori" to "Polydore") and had called himself "Rossiter" there would have been good warrant for it. There is nothing in the least exotic or affected about



Photo by W. A. Mansell & Co.

Head of Dante.

A study in crayon for the figure in "Dante's Dream."



Photo by W. A. Mansell & Co.

The Salutation of Beatrice.

This head was used for the last oil painting ("Vita Nuova") which Rossetti undertook. It was left unfinished.



Photo by W. A. Mansell & Co. **Proserpine.**

From the painting by Rossetti.

After the fl[ower] ... from this hea[d]
Dire fruit which tasted once must thrall me here.

"Jenny" or (to any one at all lettered) in "The Burden of Nineveh," while what may seem to half-read critics the most extravagant preciousnesses can be more than paralleled from Shakespeare.

Indeed, as for the hundredth or in the Latin sense "*six* hundredth," time I turn over the volume (on the dainty end-papers of which the Guernsey bookseller was kind enough to impress his respectable name and place of business) I feel once more, as I have often felt, its remarkable freshness and variety. People used to be, and to some extent still are, fond of speaking of Rossetti as if his atmosphere were like that depicted in the one healthy and amusing novel that Ernest Feydeau by some miracle succeeded in writing—that of a heavy-curtained studio full of bric-à-brac and perfumed with incense, where you were expected to smoke nothing but haschisch and eat nothing but preserved ginger. "Lord, what fools *such* mortals be!" Of course it was trying the average reader high to begin with "The Blessed Damozel," one of the sublimest things in poetry, but what reader, unless he was "only an excellent person" or only a Philistine dunce, could miss something of its sublimity, its passion, its music, and that sense of vastness which many poets have tried to give but which hardly anybody but Milton and Dante (for even Hugo is more terrestrial and oceanic, less of the universal) has achieved? And then came the contrast of "Love's Nocturn," with Time and Space exchanged for its own "murmuring courts" of dream, and its first example of the complicated but never entangled metres (the "Damozel" at least *looks* simple) in which the poet was to be almost supreme. "Troy Town," "Eden Bower," and others might be more questionable, not that they are not beautiful in themselves, but that this refrain ballad trick, unless most carefully managed, is apt to irritate some even of the very elect. But "The Burden of Nineveh" comes to console these very persons. At first the poem was per-



Lent by the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington. **Day Dreams.**

From the painting by Rossetti.

"Lo! toward deep skies, not deeper than her look,
She dreams; till now on her forgotten book
Drops the forgotten blossom from her hand."

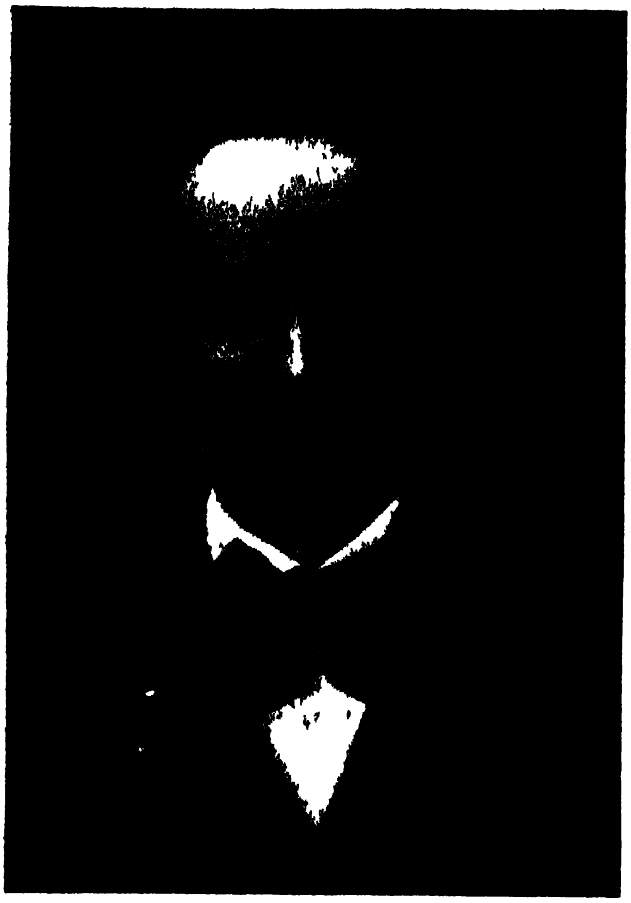
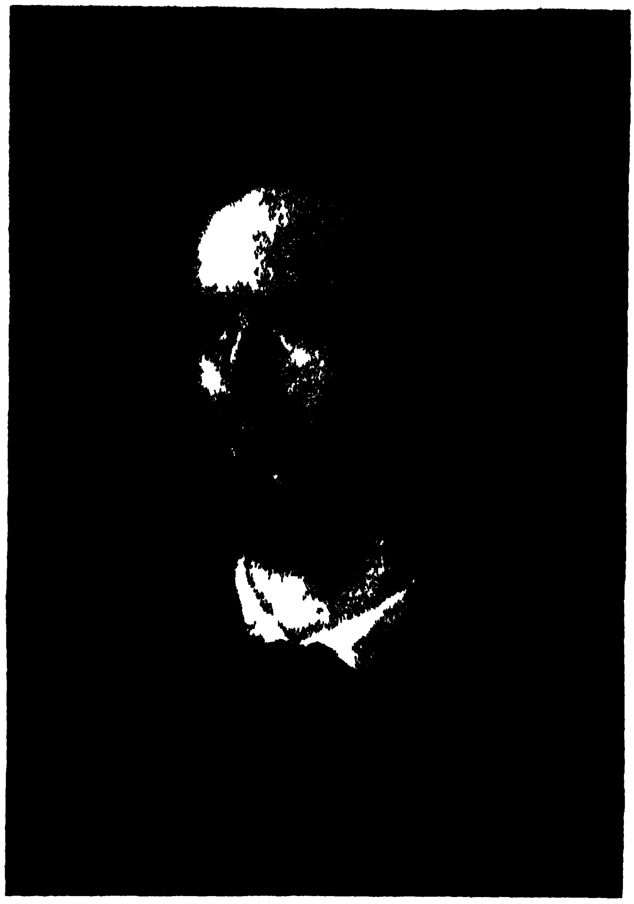


Photo by Poole, Putney. **Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton.**
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National Portrait Gallery. **A. C. Swinburne.**
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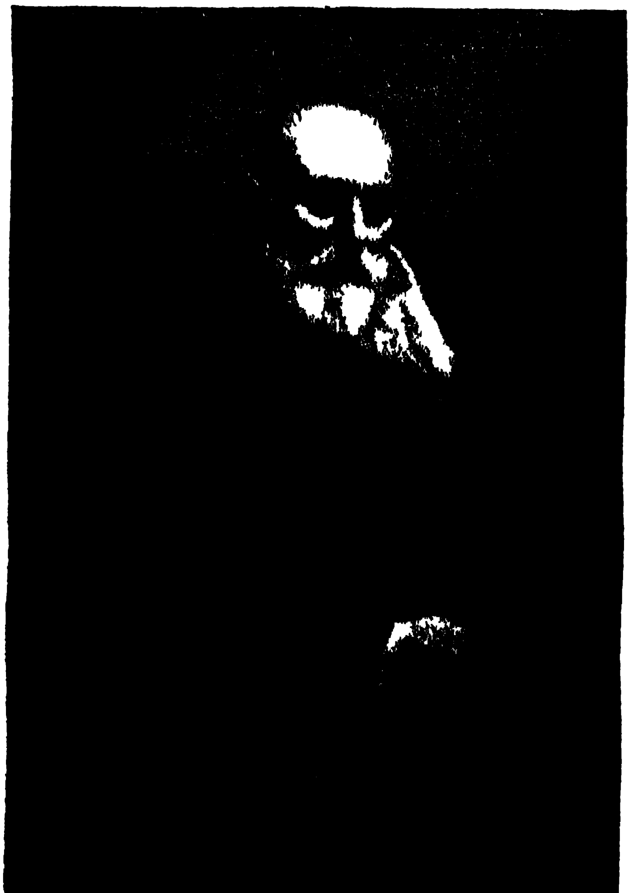


Photo by J. Russell & Sons. **Mr. William Michael Rossetti.**



William Morris in 1870.
From "The Collected Works of William Morris" (Longmans.)

FOUR OF ROSSETTI'S CIRCLE.



Photo by H & D. Downey.

William Bell Scott. **Ruskin.** **D. G. Rossetti.**
(Lent by Mr. William Michael Rossetti.)

haps, if anything, over-praised; it has since, I believe, been a mark of one kind of superiority to dismiss it as slightly "Victorian" word of as fatal effect as "Potz tausend!" in "Up the Rhine." It is certainly a very great thing. "The Staff and Scrip" and "A Last Confession" (clearly Browningesque) and "Dante at Verona" may be passed by--with no disrespect to come once more to "Jenny." I do not think that I quite did this justice when it first appeared; after forty more years' reading of poetry I think of it very highly indeed. It is practically unique, though it makes a good pendant to the "Burden"; I do not know how anything like it could be produced except by taking Musset at his very best in two different moods, beating up with a little good Baudelaire, and straining repeatedly through an English sieve of our finest texture in *genre* poetry. But, alas! this detailed comment takes too much room. How the peculiar Rossettian conception of the Ballad triumphs to the utmost of its actual form in "Sister Helen" (to be afterwards purged of all apparent trick and perfected miraculously in "Rose Mary"); and the sleepy exquisiteness of "The Stream's Secret"; the anticipation of the "In Memoriam" revival in "My Sister's Sleep," and the great Emblem-poem of "The Card-Dealer," and the translations—all must go. But the sonnets of the "House of Life," of the "Pictures" series, and the others cannot be passed so lightly.

It shocks some good folk very much if you call Dante and Christina Rossetti the greatest sonnet writers in English next to Shakespeare. Indeed the tongue that so speaks is apt to invite the incidence, upon the skull that covers its audacities, of shillelaghs many and violent from quite different quarters. Without any cudgel-play let it be said that the preference is based on a sense that form and matter are better married in Shakespeare and in the brother and sister (different as their form itself is) than in any others. This opinion extends hardly less to the "Songs." In these latter especially -for the sonnet insists on more uniformity of atmosphere, though the objects presented may be different—that variety which has been asserted above for Rossetti, and which has been so seldom granted him, appears. "Love Lily," that marvellous thing "The Wood-spurge," and "The Sea's Limits" are all perfect, but they might almost have been written by three different poets; and "The Sea's Limits" at least is worthy of any poet than any language can show.

I once knew a most reprehensible taker of licences with the English language who used to talk of the "Paradisaical scrunch" of the Poetic Moment. He had probably been reading Whitman. But I know what he meant; and I am happy to say that I have felt it thousands of times and hope to feel it hundreds more. Considering the small bulk of the work, even with translations and the gleaned odds and ends that have been added to the two original volumes (the second of which largely repeated the first) there are very few poets indeed who are so liberal of these delectable pangs as Rossetti. In "Sibylla Palmifera," for instance, there is one in almost every line. You may to use its own



The Bungalow at Birchington-on-Sea in which Rossetti died.
The drawing room recess was used by him as a studio.
(From a photo lent by Mr. William Michael Rossetti.)



From a photograph taken by Lewis Carroll.

D. G. Rossetti.

phrase drawn in as simply as your breath the majestic picture that is constructed for you or rather that rises like an emanation as the verses accrue you may hear soothingly enough the music of the rhythm and word sound you may understand without effort or difficulty the atmosphere of attraction which is added. But all the while and in addition likewise the bright and poignant shafts of phrase pierce to the joints and marrow of the soul healing and charming as they pierce but piercing all the same.

> Under the arch of Life where Love and Death
> Terror and mystery guard her shrine I saw
> Beauty enthroned

In old time persons probably not nearly such fools as many of us to-day—used to write or at least were accused of writing folios on a single text. I think one might write at least a considerable quarto on this one sonnet even on this opening clause. And even then it would be impossible to expound the passionate and inextricable beauty of it to use its own characteristic words. Inextricable but not irrenewable for if all passion as Bossuet says has *quelque chose d'infini* in it, the infinite may defy exact recovery of moments but is at any rate incapable of exhaustion.

Poetry of this kind is as various as its subjects and practically itself defies as poetry always should too general analysis. It can make whatever it touches poetry, and that is the test. But it may be once more permitted to point out how completely erroneous is the notion that Rossetti's only singing garments are copes of stiff brocade and mitres of mystical design.

> You know not what a book you seem
> Half read by lightning in a dream

it it has the imagination of Coleridge in the thought has the directness of Dryden in the expression. In all the myriad attempts at word description of physical beauty where will you find a simpler phrasing of combined technical knowledge and sensuous appreciation than

> The shadows where the cheeks are thin
> And pure wide curve from cheek to chin

And these things are not in the least inconsistent with the Donne-like metaphysicality of some of the sonnets and the Keatsian iridescence of others. Nay the *other* profession the pure painting never interferes with this poetry. It is Ancilla Domini not a meddlesome mistress nor a termagant wife.



Rossetti's Grave in the Churchyard at Birchington.

King David knew something about poetry, and though when he spoke to Ahimelech he was not thinking of it, the words of his speech suit the poetry of all the greater poets as few others do "There is none like that Give it me" Every wise lover of poetry may apply them to Rossetti And if the neophyte wants guidance to a single poem combining a certain bulk with poignancy of interest, splendour of colour, power and variety of metre, passion, pathos, intoxicating quality, grip of individual phrase if he wants something as unique as "The Ancient Mariner" itself, let him say, "Give me 'Rose Mary'"

DAVID HUME: 1711—1776.

By Ralph Straus.

IN 1703 John Locke, writing to Anthony Collins, soon to become known as the author of a 'Discourse upon Freethinking," pays him a compliment which, had he lived for another two generations, he would have desired, one imagines to pay to David Hume "Believe it, my good friend, he says, to love truth for truth's sake is the principle part of human perfection in this world, and the seed-plot of all other virtues, and if I mistake not, you have as much of it as I ever met with in anybody It would be difficult indeed, to find a pleasanter example of the happy and successful man of letters than Hume who having once chosen his path followed it without fear or hesitation, and died almost at the zenith of his fame in the serenest contentment Upon the whole wrote his friend Adam Smith, at the conclusion of a passage which must rank high amongst panegyrics I have always considered him both in his lifetime and since his death, as approaching as nearly to the idea of a perfectly wise and virtuous man as perhaps the nature of human frailty will permit It is possible that Hume had just those faults which are especially noticeable in a man of immense intellectual vigour He may have been too eager for public recognition of his work Huxley taxes him with no small share of the craving after mere notoriety and vulgar success,' and suggests that the reason for his turning from his earlier essays in philosophy to the more popular historical and political studies followed on such a desire Hume himself admits that his love of literary fame was a ruling passion, which, however in spite of frequent disappointments, did not sour his temper And if at times he exhibited in his writings odd turns of bitterness, it is to be remembered that he wrote at a period when Scotsmen were unpopular in England, and when religious controversy was carried on, particularly by Warburton and his satellites, in a manner which appears almost grotesque to-day His letters show him to have been truly amiable a quietly humorous man, pleased, though not unduly so, at his own successes, dogged only in giving out his message That it was well worth the giving time has shown

His "Political Discourses," which alone of all his works enjoyed success from the day of their publication, still remain "the cradle of political economy" Mr J. M. Robertson draws a parallel between him and Descartes, both of whom, he says, "lacked the heroic fibre," but nevertheless "recast philosophy for modern Europe" And for a man so much in advance of his age, he made singularly few enemies It is rarely that he is ironical at a rival's expense His election to a chair at Edinburgh was opposed on account of his writings, his political bias retarded the success of his 'History of England, but personally he suffered little or nothing "Though most men,' he tells us in an autobiographical fragment written shortly before his death "anywise eminent have found reason to complain of calumny, I never was touched or even attacked by her baneful tooth and though I wantonly exposed myself to the rage of both civil and religious factions they seemed to be disarmed in my behalf of their wonted fury" His private life, indeed shows no blemish and even the hysterical adulation accorded him as it had been accorded Sterne but the year before by the ladies of Paris had no untoward effect Whether he was writing against the occurrence of miracles, or performing the duties of ambassadorial secretary, he seems to have



The Rossetti Window, by Shields, in the Church at Birchington.
(From a photo lent by Mr W M Rossetti)

maintained that dignified moderation which does so much to disarm ill-balanced criticism.

As a man of letters he must rank exceptionally high—his "History" in particular is a brilliant piece of literature, and the touch of cosmopolitanism in some of his writings possibly adds to their attraction. Dr. Johnson, who, not unnaturally perhaps, disliked and distrusted him, criticised his style, which he maintained was French and not English, and could not bring himself to believe that this infidel writer's political views were wholly sincere. "Sir," he said upon one occasion, "he was a Tory by chance." Such a statement, however, is not borne out by Hume's correspondence. In point of fact Hume exhibited an ever increasing fear of an all-powerful democracy, and in his later years was careful to expunge from his writings any "villainous seditious Whig strokes" which had crept into them. There was no affectation in his political views. "I know not," he wrote to his friend James Oswald of Dunnikier after the general election of 1747, "whether I ought to congratulate you upon the Success of your Elections, where you prevailed so unexpectedly. I think the present times are so calamitous & our future Prospects so dismal, that it is a Misfortune to have any Concern in public Affairs, which one cannot redress & where it is difficult to arrive at a proper degree of Insensibility or Philosophy, as long as one is in the Scene. You know my Sentiments were always a little gloomy on that head & I am sorry to observe that all Accidents (besides the natural Course of Events) turn out against us. ... I shall not be much disappointed if this prove the last Parliament, worthy the Name, we shall ever have in Britain." The letter, written at a time of Whig successes, has an additional interest at the moment.



La Donna della Fiamma.

Hume was born at Edinburgh on April 26, 1711 (O.S.). His father belonged to one of the old Scottish families and possessed a small property at Ninewells in Berwickshire. Early in life Hume seems to have become convinced that he must educate himself, and accordingly gave as much time as possible to his books. A studious behaviour inclined his family to the belief—shared, be it said, by John Hill Burton, his biographer—that the law would be a suitable profession, but the "wake-minded Davie," as his mother called him, thought otherwise. Poverty, however, rendered necessary some regular occupation, and young Hume went south to Bristol, but commerce, like the law, proved irksome, and in 1736 he crossed the Channel, resolved, he says, "to make a very rigid frugality supply my deficiency of fortune, to maintain unimpaired my independency, and to regard every object as contemptible except the improvement of my talents in literature."

It was about this time that he wrote, but never sent, a letter to a London physician which affords some idea of his intentions. Speaking of his examination of the older philosophies, he writes: "I found a certain boldness of temper growing on me, which was not inclined to submit to any authority in these subjects, but led me to seek out some new medium by which truth might be established." And so, spending much of his time with a Jesuit community, delving the while into every book upon which he could lay hands, with a bare allowance to maintain himself, he started to write his first book, the "Treatise of Human Nature," probably the most remarkable philosophical work, according to Huxley, both intrinsically and in its effects upon the course of thought, that has ever been written. Hume was only twenty-seven at the time. His book was published at the end of 1738, and though not apparently falling "deadborn from the press," enjoyed no great success for some years. Its author returned home and overcame his disappointment by planning further work. Money, however, was still scarce, and he was forced to become tutor to the young Marquis of Annandale—an unwelcome occupation, Alexander Carlyle tells us, to most thinking men at the time, but particularly to one of Hume's calibre. His twelve months' sojourn with this nobleman, however, seems to have brought him into contact with a number of influential people, for in 1745 he was appointed secretary to General St. Clair, and so somewhat unexpectedly came to encase his portly figure in a military uniform.

Afterwards he was engaged upon a diplomatic mission to Turin Whilst there, he published his "Inquiry Concerning Human Understanding," which contained the arresting essay "On Miracles," but on his return to England found that his work was entirely overshadowed by Dr Middleton's "Free Inquiry"

A quiet time followed at Ninewells during which he prepared his "Political Discourses," and waited, not in vain, for recognition Middleton, it would seem, was being speedily forgotten, and people were asking for the works of David Hume "Answers by Reverends and Right Reverends," he comments "came out two or three in a year" Millar, the bookseller was beginning to send money to Scotland, and Hume with £50 a year a hundred pounds' worth of books, great store of linens and fine clothes 'came to Edinburgh, and 'arrived at the dignity of a householder ' This was in 1752 the year which definitely marks his greatest triumph The "Political Discourses were published, and found instant appreciation, not only in Britain but throughout Europe, he was chosen librarian to the Faculty of Advocates, he printed his Inquiry Concerning the Principles of Morals incomparably his best work according to himself, and he first tasted the comforts of opulence

It was then that he embarked upon his History of England the first volume of which appeared in 1754 It was assailed by one cry of reproach disapprobation and even detestation No one seemed able to find a good word for the man who had presumed to shed a generous tear for the fate of Charles I Hume's disappointment must have been the keener if he had really hoped for a more popular success with his History than his philosophical works were likely to bring him The succeeding volumes, however, did not rouse such universal displeasure, and even the Whigs condescended to read them A further volume on the House of Tudor provided hostile criticism but Hume's reputation as a man of letters was now too high to cause him much worry, and when the last two volumes appeared in 1761, the public accepted the whole work for what it was a splendid piece of literature There are glaring faults throughout some of which might easily have been avoided by a more thorough and more impartial examination of his materials, but it succeeds just where most, if not all, of its contemporaries fail and it certainly deserves greater appreciation than is generally accorded it to-day "It was the first attempt says one of the most discerning of modern critics, "at a really comprehensive and thoughtful treatment of historic fact, the first to introduce the social and literary aspects of a nation's life in due subordination to its civil and political history, and the first large piece of historical writing in England to be graced with the polish and at the same time with the vivacity of a modern style '

His later years were not spent entirely in that seclusion which, one supposes, he found so congenial For a time he considered it his duty to re-enter the diplomatic and political world, and it was not until 1769, after two years in London as an Under Secretary of State, that he definitely retired to Edinburgh Six years later he fell ill, and from that time until his death on August 25, 1776, lived quietly with his friends and his books, resigned to his fate, serenely emending and correcting his writings, freed from all the old disappointments, conscious of the good work he had accomplished He lived long enough, one is glad to know, to see his lifelong friend Adam Smith's 'Wealth of Nations," to the making of which masterpiece his own writings had helped not a little His death faced so admirably, must have been regretted even by those who viewed his writings with abhorrence

Every great man must of necessity play forerunner, and David Hume stands out as one of the most remarkable pioneers of his century, if not of all time He found a fearless and original interpretation of life and welded the new thought to a finer literature than may be found in the works of the older philosophers "The greatest part of mankind he wrote at the beginning of the first of his 'Political Discourses ' may be divided into two classes that of shallow thinkers, who fall short of the truth and that of abstruse thinkers, who go beyond it David Hume spent a noble life in the attempt to go beyond truth He occupies an enviable place amongst the masters of thought



Drawings by D. G. Rossetti at the age of twelve.

Illustrating Four Tales by himself W M Rossetti Christina and Maria Rossetti

From Dante Gabriel Rossetti by H C Marillier (G Bell & Sons)

By permission of Mr William Michael Rossetti

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JUNE, 1911.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

The Prize Page, THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

The date fixed above for sending in answers does not apply to Competitors resident abroad, except in the case of competition No. 2; answers from foreign or Colonial readers for competitions 1, 3, and 4 (the subjects of these being the same each month) will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt.

Each competitor may send in any number of attempts, provided each attempt is written on a separate sheet of paper.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II. A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best anticipatory account in about thirty lines and in the manner of Walt Whitman of How I saw the Coronation.

III. A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV. A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

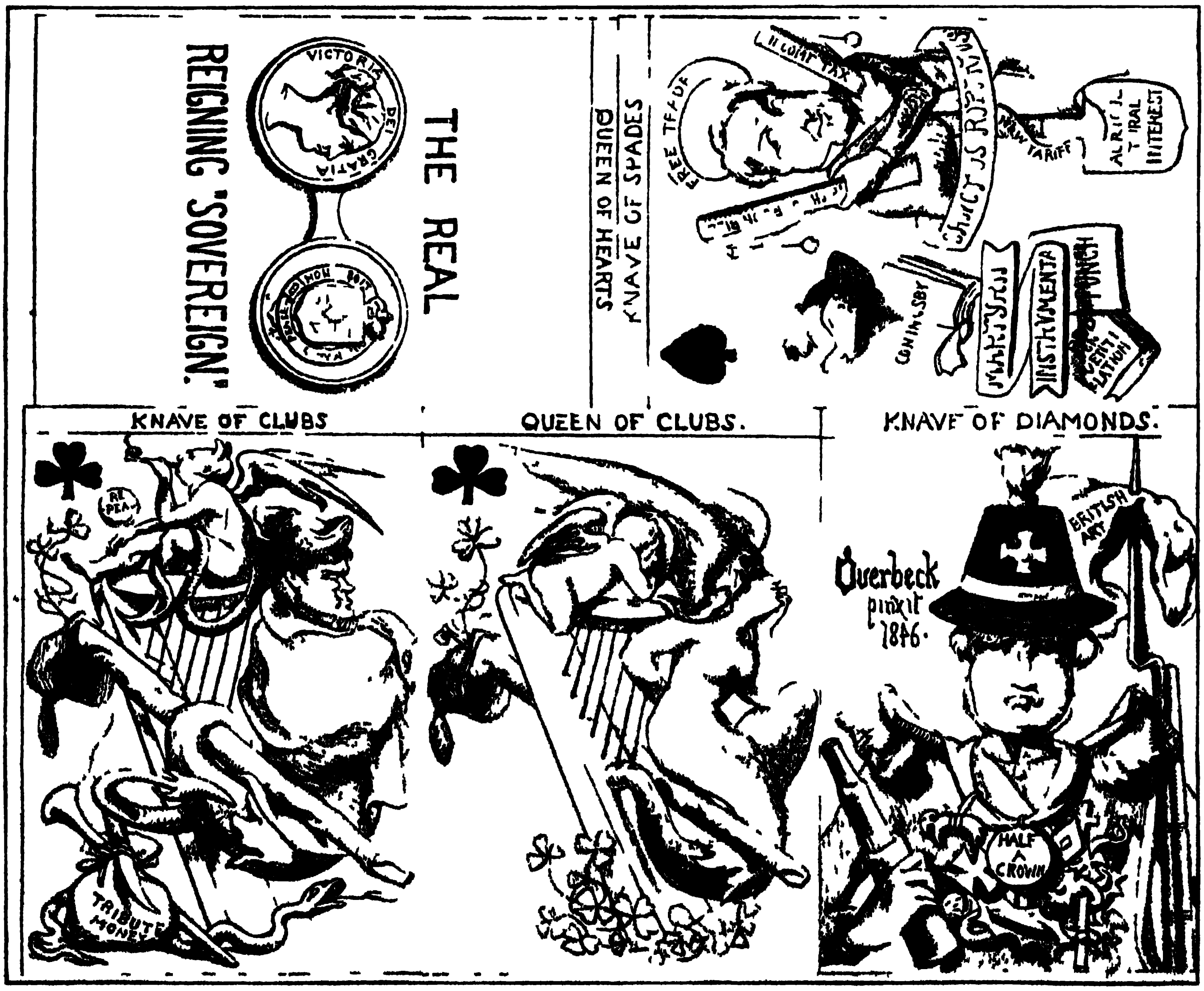
RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MAY.

I. A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to Miss EDITH GRAY, of Arlesey House, Arlesey, Hitchin, for the following:

[illegible]

When the oyster finished [illegible]

[illegible]



A Series of "Comic Court Cards."

With two exceptions these drawings are now published for the first time. The portraits will readily be identified. The King of Hearts is Shakespeare, King of

We also select for printing:

A LONG WAY WITH BERNARD SHAW (title of review).

I was weary and ill at ease.
A. A. PROCTOR, *The Lost Chord*.

(Kitty Gallagher.)

A VAGABOND IN THE CAUCASUS. By STEPHEN GRAHAM.

It was noised next noon
That chickens had been missed at Syllabub Farm.
C. S. CALVERLEY, *Wanderers*.

(Alex. C. Welsh, Stewarton, *via* Goorambat, Victoria, Australia.)

THE COLONEL'S STORY. By MRS. ROGER A. PRYOR. (Macmillan.)

And still the wonder grew.
GOLDSMITH, *Deserted Village*.

(Miss D. Cowper, 5, Lambton Road, St. Michael's, Liverpool.)

THE UNDERMAN. By JOSEPH CLAYTON.

Twelve men sat down upon his corpse
To find out why he died.
TOM HOOD, *Faithless Nelly Gray*.

(C. Wedlake Brayley, 1, Archery Street, Leeds.)

THE ECONOMY OF FOOD. By J. A. MURRAY, B.Sc. (Constable.)

The funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage table.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*.

(Kitty Fisher, 25, Cape Road, Warwick.)

II. The Prize for the best rendering of any well known Nursery Rhyme as it might have been done if Rudyard Kipling had written it has been divided, and Two NEW BOOKS are awarded to MISS A. ELEANOR PINNINGTON, of 25, Wellington Road, Brighton, and Two NEW BOOKS are awarded to MR. V. FORD, of 12, Priory Road, Clifton, Bristol, for the following:

Hark! hark! the dogs do bark!
Beggars are coming to town;
Some in rags, and some in tags,
And one in a velvet gown.

As it might have been done if Mr. Rudyard Kipling had written it:

Oh! hark to the great excitement, to the sounds in the busy street,
For even the dogs are barking at the tramp of the shuffling feet;
In ones and in twos and in dozens, in rags and in velvet gown,
In tawdry tatters and dust and dirt, the beggars are coming to town.

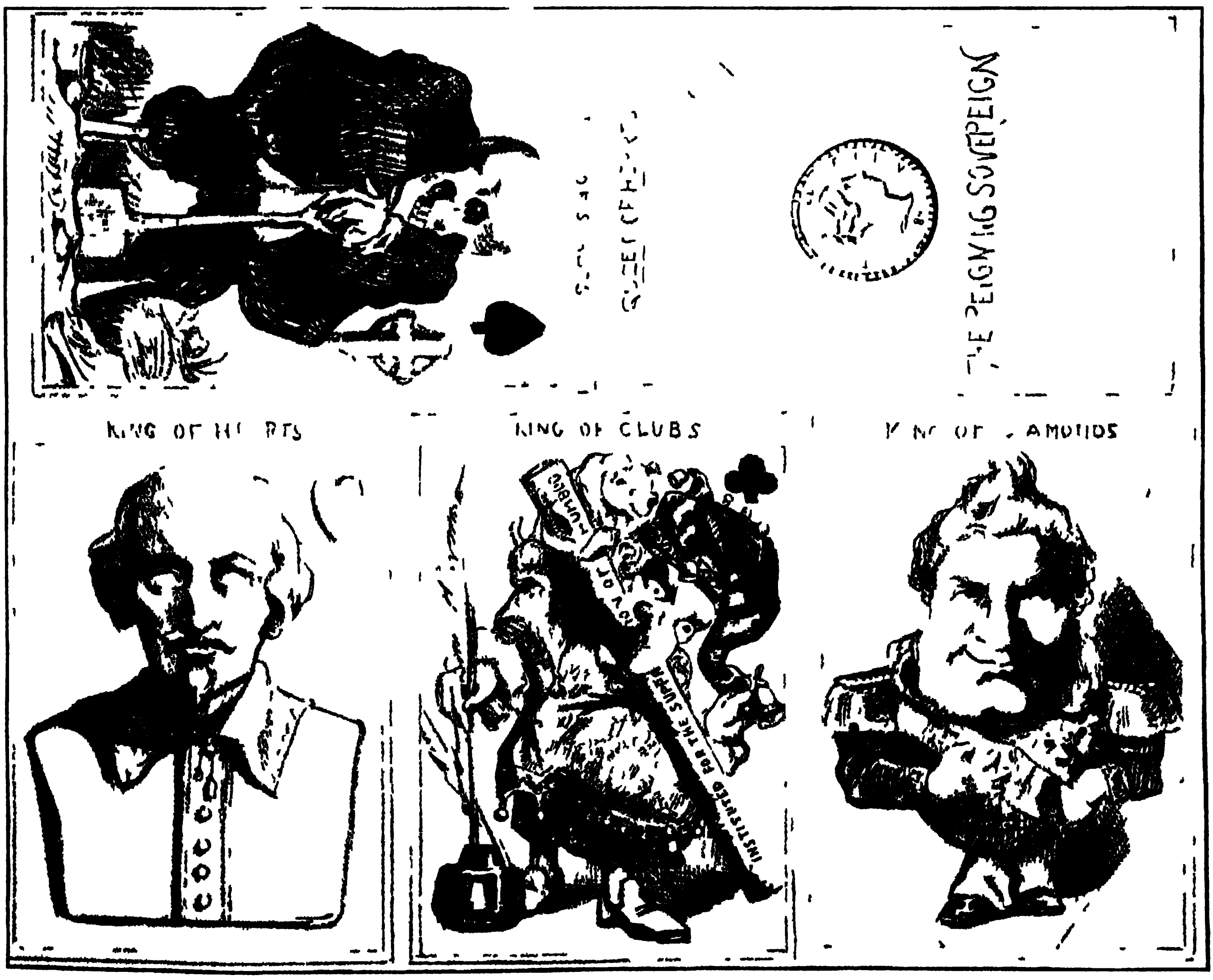
(A. Eleanor Pinnington.)

JOHNNIE HORNER.

'E wasn't much to look at, 'e was small,
An' 'e lurked about in corners, 'e was shy;
'E was bossed, though we were better fellows all,
An' we got the scraps while 'e was stealin' pie.
'E was just a sort o' bloomin' mountebank,
An' 'e couldn't work, 'is fingers all were thumbs;
'E was lazy, 'e was selfish, full o' swank,
But you bet that Johnnie Horner got the plums!

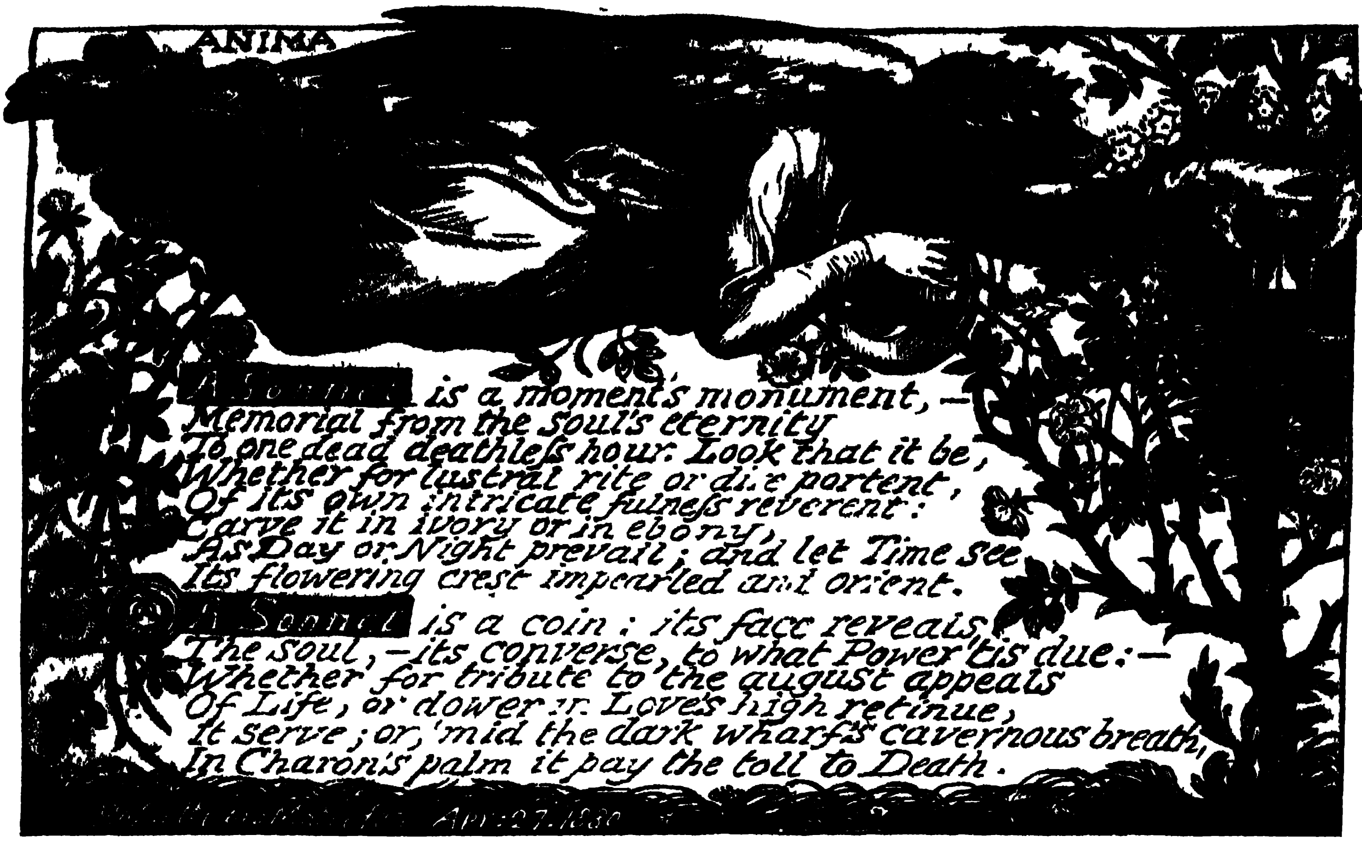
(V. Ford.)

We specially commend the rhymes sent in by J. Richard Ellway (Basingstoke), Betty Jones (Gillingham), Maud Lindley (Brighton), Mary Willford (Bristol), R. G. Wyatt (Victoria Park, E.), Constance Evans (Minehead), I. A. Clemes (Cambridge), Charles Powell (Manchester), Chas. Webb (King's Lynn), James I. Ruddle (Trowbridge), Alice M. Morgan (Sheffield), William Morriss (Sheffield), Emily Kingston (Blairgowrie), and W. S. Young (Lee, S.E.).



Drawn by Rossetti in 1846.

Diamonds, Louis Philippe, Knave of Diamonds, the Prince Consort, and the Knave of Spades, Sir Robert Peel. (Lent by Mr. William Michael Rossetti.)



Rossetti's Design for his "Sonnet on the Sonnet."

From Dante Gabriel Rossetti by H. C. Marillier (G. Bell & Sons.)
By permission of Mr William Michael Rossetti

III The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to MISS MARY C. HENSTON, of 50, Lower Dominick Street, Dublin, for the following:

THE INTELLECTUALS: AN EXPERIMENT IN IRISH CLUB LIFE. BY CANON SHEEHAN, D.D. (Longmans & Co.)

This book shows in operation one of those scientific and literary societies which we may hope to see established as an outcome of the Irish Intellectual Revival. It is rightly termed an *experiment*, for the members differ in everything except culture. The papers contributed discuss many subjects of interest, from Medicine and Politics to Poetry and Metaphysics; and the thoughtful opinions brightly and cleverly expressed by the clubbites contain practically the latest information on these topics. Some fine character sketching and a slight thread of romance supply the lighter element in a deeply interesting and original volume.

Among the best of the many other reviews received are:

IRISH NATIONALITY. BY MRS. J. R. GREEN. (Williams & Norgate.)

Mrs. Green ably traces the development of Irish Nationality from its infancy in the age of Milesian colonisation, through its magnificent adolescence of warrior hosts and singing birds, through its maturity, from the sixth to the tenth century, when Ireland became the keeper of the learning and culture of Europe, through its decline in the long ages of persecution, to its revival at the end of the eighteenth century, concluding with an exhortation to England for sympathy and broadmindedness in dealing at the present crisis with

The lovely and the lonely bride
Whom we have conquered but have never won.

(Patrick Bonfield, 24, West Side, Wandsworth Common, S.W.)

SPLENDID ZIPPORAH. BY MRS. MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON. (Methuen.)

The heroine of this clever novel is quite worthy of the title. Reared by aristocratic relatives, she spent a lonely girlhood, and after a period of musical study at Rolbeck College, went into Society with her aunt. She soon wearied of this life and with some daring companions started forth to seek an independent living. One eagerly follows Zipporah touring, playing on Margate sands, until at last she conducts her own orchestra. Fame still leaves her lonely, and Mrs. Rawson has succeeded in showing that it takes something more than a career to fill a woman's life.

(Florence E. Stephens, Coombarry, Bodmin.)

THE COMPENDIUM OF THE SUMMA THEOLOGICA OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS. Translated into English. Revised by FR. WILFRID LESCHER, O.P. (Thomas Baker.)

This admirable translation of the "Summa Theologica" will be invaluable to students of Scholastic Philosophy, and indeed to all who are interested in the development of mediæval thought. The translator has very skilfully preserved the simple phraseology of the original. Its charm lies in the infinite ease with which it grapples with the greatest problems of theology. The book is recommended to those who have hitherto thought that the theology of the Schoolmen is unfathomable and alien to the modern mind. The translator and reviser are to be congratulated on a very excellent production.

(Elinor Moore, Greenbank Cottage, Liverpool.)

We also specially commend the reviews received from Mrs. H. M. Creswell Payne (Roche), E. Rippon (Hull), J. Alex Murray (Midlothian), Mary Wilford (Birstall), Evelyn M. Abbott (Old Malton), Irene Harrison (Bristol), P. Lynch (Wood Green, N.), Miss I. Mugford (Sutton-at-Hone), A. H. M. Sayers (Sheffield), Miss A. W. Martin (Bingley), Florence L. Bate (Folkestone), Miss C. L. Muirhead (London, N.), M. C. M. Grouther (Newlands), James A. Richards (Tenby), Evelyn Payne (New Barnet), William Morriss (Sheffield), L. H. Cooke (Stockport), Miss Van der Pant (Dover), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Anne E. Higgins (Hoylake), G. M. Elwood (Grimsby), Miss B. O. Anderson (Scarborough), Margaret F. Craig (Bradford), Mrs. Sybilla Stirling (Glenfarg), J. Tregendza (Wallington), Miss I. S. Alexander (Stoke Newington, N.), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), E. J. Norcutt (London, W.), Edna Smallwood (Highbury, N.), Arnold S. Walton (Newcastle-on-Tyne), J. B. Foulkes (Worcester), L. H. Lang (Cambridge), Miss F. S. Alexander (Stoke Newington, N.) and Helen MacLeod Scott (Edinburgh).

IV. The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to MRS. JOHN ADAMS, 23, Tanza Road, Hampstead, N.W., and to MISS B. O. ANDERSON, 11, Lonsdale Road, Scarborough.

New Books.

NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.*

Sir Walter Runciman's book is of a type which has of late years been added in considerable numbers to the huge mass of Napoleonic literature. It is mainly occupied with Napoleon's last years and its thesis in the words of the sea chanty is that "Boney was ill treated." Sir Walter Runciman is no hurried convert to this view. He tells us and his book is a sufficient proof of the statement that his opinions "have been arrived at as the result of many years of study and exhaustive reading." His long list of some of the books referred to or consulted would make the heart of any one save a Napoleon enthusiast quail and throughout the volume there are many signs that these books have not only been read but read with care and discrimination. If we are not prepared to follow Sir Walter Runciman to the conclusion he would lead us it is not because we dispute many of the facts he brings forward but because we cannot help thinking that there is another side to the picture and that there are other facts which tell in the opposite direction. Like most historians and nearly all biographers he is more anxious to present his hero in the attitude that best becomes him than to expose him to the full glare in which we can see his faults as well as his virtues. Boney *was* ill treated but not so ill nor with such stupid and wanton malice as Sir Walter Runciman makes out.

To begin with Sir Hudson Lowe. Sir Walter Runciman writes that "perhaps the best that can be said of Lowe is that he possessed distorted human intelligence . . . he was without an atom of tact judgment or administrative quality and his nature had a big unsympathetic flaw in it . . . his nature was warped from the beginning . . . he was a monomaniac pure and simple and his appointment shows how appallingly ignorant or wicked the Government or Bathurst were in their selection of him." It has become far too common for admirers of Napoleon to write in this strain of a man who unwillingly undertook a distasteful task and who on the whole performed it well. So far from Lowe's appointment showing ignorance or wickedness on the part of the Government Dr Holland Rose writes with perfect justice that "his firmness of character command of foreign languages and intimate acquaintance with Corsicans seemed to mark him out as the ideal Governor of St Helena." The fact is that Napoleon cherished some hope of escape from the island either by direct evasion or by a rescue and Lowe's firmness on the question of the limits within which he was confined and on the transmission of letters to Europe was the cause of the torrent of obloquy which Napoleon and his friends poured upon the Governor's head. A great deal of light is thrown upon the real attitude of the contending parties to one another from the passage which Las Cases suppressed in his published Journal but which may be found in Forsyth's work. It is quoted in Dr Rose's "Life of Napoleon I" where the facts of the St Helena period are summed up in a most convincing manner:

> We are possessed of moral arms only (Las Cases wrote in November 1815) and in order to make the most advantage of them, use of these it was necessary to reduce into a system our demeanour, our words, our sentiments, *even our privations* in order that we might thereby excite a lively interest in a large portion of the population of Europe.

Others of Napoleon's opponents fare badly at Sir Walter Runciman's hands. Madame de Staël is "a crazy woman"; Madame de Rémusat's Memoirs are "pregnant with the bitterness of a writer without heart or principle"; and the British Government "and their idiotic Governor are charged with keeping Napoleon on an island whose climate was deadly to a constitution such as his." This is how Sir Walter Runciman sums up their conduct:

> The world is fast beginning to realise the infamy of it all. Not a thought ever entered their heads save that of torture, veiled or open, and the appalling clumsiness of their endeavours to conceal their satanic designs so that they might appear in the light of beneficent hosts, shows that they cowered at the possibility of public vengeance.

Napoleon worship is a strange thing when it can lead a well informed writer to pen such sentences as those quoted. Their violence goes far to defeat their end and until the case against Lowe and the British authorities is put less rhetorically and more persuasively a reversal of the common verdict is not likely to be gained.

A. W. EVANS.

* "The Tragedy of St Helena." By Sir Walter Runciman, Bart. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

A CAD AND A GENTLEWOMAN.*

"Gentlemen will not smoke in this room; the other sort will not be permitted to do so." So ran the legend which the present writer saw displayed in a bedroom he was occupying in a provincial hotel, and worded thus autocratically he must confess to some feeling of irritation in his sturdy and democratic soul. Similar irritation will be aroused in the minds of some readers of "Mrs Alfred French." About the power, the originality, the beauty and the literary distinction of the story there can be only one opinion, but the author's cocksure assumption of the superiority of one class to another, her undisguised dislike of Nature's gentlemen ("He is one of Nature's gentlemen and she has been used to the other sort," says a character in the book sarcastically) and her bold advocacy of a return to a condition of things amounting practically to feudalism, make her novel an amazing product of democratic days.

The opening chapter is so dramatic and so admirably staged that one is not surprised to read in the critical opinion of "The Showman," an earlier novel by the same pen, glowing tributes to her knowledge of stage craft and stage life, and from such experts as Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Sir Arthur Pinero and Mr Adrian Ross. Briefly the book opens as follows. A gentlewoman has married, as the phrase goes, beneath her, and after the birth of her first child her brother and the man who had loved and still loves her come to tell her that there was a technical flaw in the ceremony which makes the marriage invalid.

They suppose and the reader supposes that the heroine will snatch eagerly at the chance to regain her freedom, but they had not reckoned with the superb and self-sacrificing loyalty of Margaret French. Whatever the man she believed herself to have married may be (and Margaret French would have died a thousand deaths rather than let one word in depreciation of him escape her) he is her husband in the sight of God and the father of her child. Never for an instant does she waver in her loyalty to the man whose vulgarity persistently offends her delicate instincts, whose slipperiness and actual dishonesty in money matters are to her an inconceivable horror, who has squandered her fortune, cut her off from her rightful social station and her friends, overthrown her ideals and broken her heart. She is a Chester, and Chesters do not go back upon their word. Hers is the pride of race, the ruling life-principle of which is *Noblesse oblige*, and to her it is unthinkable that she should soil the great traditions of her race by stooping to take advantage of a technical flaw even

* "Mrs Alfred French." By the Author of "The Views of Christopher." 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

when to do so means a return to all she loves and holds dearest in life; and to refuse to do so dooms her to spend and to end her days among companions and surroundings that she loathes, and chained to a man for whom she entertains pitying contempt.

The one unconvincing feature in the novel is that Margaret Chester, soldier's daughter and aristocrat, could ever have brought herself to love such a man as Trench. Her life-story is a terrible example of the saying that we pay more dearly for our mistakes than for our sins. Slight as is the tale, it is a tragedy of cruel poignancy and actuality, lightened however by the play of gentle and exquisite humour. There is a heart-rending scene in which the drunken artist-husband (for Margaret has re-married Trench) taunts their son with being a "bastard," and Margaret has to explain, to her loved boy, not only his father's drunkenness, but the meaning of the hateful word. The tragedy in this case is darkened rather than lightened by the delight of boy-Jim (who hates his father) on learning that his own name must be Chester, his mother's, and that he need no longer be known as a Trench.

The author's gift of character-drawing, or rather of creating living men, women, and children, especially children, is extraordinary. She does not describe: she conjures them just as they are, and in flesh and blood, before us, by means of a line, a phrase, or some characteristic touch. Jim, the "bastard," who writes to his mother from school: "I love you awfully, and I have had my first fite"; Trench's vulgar but kindly old uncle, who, albeit standing not a little in awe of Margaret and her titled relations, says, when he first meets her: "You aren't such a fine lady as I expected. Or perhaps you're a finer one, and so it don't show"; Wilson Frere, the successful opportunist, who has planned, not only his life, but his love-making and marriage as coldly and as calculatingly as architects plan a house; Lottie, the slatternly maid of all work, whose own slum-upbringing causes her to take drunken husbands and illegitimate children so much as a matter of course as absolutely to terrify the white soul of Margaret - these and other characters who play only a minor part are etched in to the life. To most readers the masterpiece of the book will be the picture of Alfred Trench, poet, painter, and cad. Even to him the author is manifestly just, yet by a hundred half-contemptuous, half-pitiful touches she lays bare the soul, or rather the artistic temperament which in him does duty for a soul, with insight, understanding, and knowledge that are little less than uncanny. In the present writer's estimation, however, it is Margaret herself by whom the story lives. Just as it is far easier to appear brilliant by writing caustically than by writing appreciatively, so a cheap success in picturing a snob and an "outsider" may be achieved by an author who would fail conspicuously in the portrayal of a gentleman. The creator of "Mrs. Alfred Trench" has not so failed, for her heroine is one of the most real, most lovable, most alive, and most faithful pictures of a gentlewoman in English fiction.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

FATHER RYDER'S ESSAYS.*

The name of Henry Ignatius Dudley Ryder appears last on the list of the six priests of the Birmingham Oratory to whom Newman dedicated his "Apologia" in 1864. He died on October 7, 1907, at the age of seventy, having outlived his leader and colleagues. Ryder was an Anglican recruit, who is remembered chiefly for his vigorous bout of controversy with Dr. Ward, the editor of the *Dublin Review*, and the present volume ends with twenty pages of notes upon their duel. He also found time to write magazine articles occasionally, in the intervals of his work as a prison chaplain and a priest in the Oratory. Eleven of these are now reprinted, together with two, on "Auricular Confession" and "Purcell's Life of Manning," hitherto unpublished. The latter is more interesting for the light which it throws upon Ryder than for any fresh estimate of Manning. As a pupil of Newman, Ryder evidently had his own opinion of Manning's conduct, but as a Romanist and a relative of Manning he disliked Purcell's frank treatment.

> "Others who, like the present writer, with all their admiration for Manning's noble qualities and brilliant achievements, have been often painfully depressed by his hopeless want of sympathy with intellectual difficulties, and impatience of anything like criticism, who have conscientiously answered what was once a painful question in ecclesiastical politics, 'What is your name, M or N?' with the second letter will understand the limitations under which a readjustment of Mr. Purcell's character chart has been attempted."

Limitations of a different kind affect the review of Father Lucas's Life of Savonarola. Three papers deal incisively with the Ritualist party in the Church of England. Ryder denies outright the claim of the Anglican Church to have any orders, on the ground that it implies the repudiation of the Real Presence and the *juge sacrificium*. It is doubtful if these papers, or those on Dr. Abbott's treatment of ecclesiastical miracles, were worth reprinting. Ryder's mind was more keen than judicial, it was acute rather than strong, and his reply to Dr. Salmon, in the curious essay on "Revelations of the After-World," reminds one of the qualities in Faber which Mozley so neatly transfixed with his sarcasm. The two biographical studies, on Spee, the Jesuit reformer and poet, and M. Emery of St. Sulpice, are better work. Here Ryder is less conscious of a case which requires special pleading. He is also for once in the byways of central history, and this lends a freshness to the studies which marks them with an intellectual distinction absent from his companion inroads into the domestic squabbles of the Roman Church.

The four short essays on general subjects which have been included in this heterogeneous volume are still more attractive, particularly that upon "The Passion for the Past," which is charged with poetical feeling as well as with a subdued intensity of personal yearning. It is the most literary of the essays, and among the smallest. In his "Memories of a Prison Chaplain," Ryder bluntly denies the popular idea that corporal punishment is invariably degrading:

> "I wish to register my conviction here, that, where the punishment is neither excessive nor unjust, this is absolutely untrue. The notion arises from a confusion between the infliction of pain and the exploitation of pain. Direct compulsion through the infliction of physical pain necessarily tends, so far as it succeeds, to degrade the victim; whereas the infliction of physical pain as a penalty for past offence has no such tendency. Just so far as the man is not degraded already it will act as a tonic; for once the victim will have at least tried to play the man; when no such effect ensues further degradation will be impossible."

A similar instance of unexpected and unconventional separation from sentimentalism occurs in the candid essay upon "The Ethics of War," where Ryder denies that the State in its external relations is anything but an imperial entity, whose interests must be administered on strictly business principles. War therefore, in certain circumstances, is inevitable. The so-called Christian prohibition of war does not apply to states; they must often stand up for their rights, like animals or schoolboys, even at the risk of conflict. "Where the Church might most successfully intervene is not before but after the war, in order to prevent it degenerating into a traditional hatred between the combatants." Apart altogether from the ethical value of Ryder's plea against the Quakers, this essay is psychologically interesting as a revelation of the freedom with which the writer's mind could work outside the ecclesiastical limitations within which the majority of these essays had to be composed.

JAMES MOFFATT.

* "Essays." By Rev. Henry Ignatius Dudley Ryder. Edited by Francis Bacchus. With a Frontispiece. 9s. net. (Longmans.)

THE STREET OF TO-DAY.*

There is no more interesting personality in contemporary English literature than Mr. John Masefield. His career is one to be watched not only because his work is so full of charm, but because one can never be sure what form it is about to take. Mr. Masefield has experimented in most forms. Verse drama is an exception; but Mr. Masefield is perhaps too modern to use a medium which is at present for all vital purposes so completely in abeyance. In prose drama, in his "Tragedy of Nan," he has done finer work than any living English or living Irish dramatist. There and in a few of his poems he has reached his highest level of achievement, and that is a very high level indeed; but even so one feels he has not yet found his perfect means of expression. He has something to say which he has not yet said, though he has half said it many times. "The Street of To-day" is such a semi-articulation. It makes one feel that the novel, or at any rate this type of novel, is not the instrument which Mr. Masefield is seeking. To the mass of novels daily spewed from the presses the book is as diamond to glass. It is only as the work of John Masefield that it is disappointing.

Mr. Masefield is one of our few really creative writers, one of the few who are capable of the fine simplicity which has been so conspicuously lacking in recent literature. In "The Street of To-day" he is analytical and complex. A passionate desire for the perfection of life, the detestation of the modern muddle which has manifested itself in his championship of the cause of women's suffrage, has induced him to write a book which is in part morbid psychology, in part sociological criticism.

It is as a sociologist that Mr. Masefield has wandered furthest from his appointed path. He has followed a line which few of the more active intelligences are nowadays able to resist. But he has not followed it to very good purpose. His newspaper office, the inevitable newspaper office, does not carry conviction. He should leave such matters to Mr. Wells and Mr. Oliver Onions, who do them so much better. He has other and finer work to accomplish.

As pathologist, on the other hand, he is powerful. His characterisation is a little blurred, his chain of cause and effect sometimes imperfectly linked, but the net result of his probing is a poignant drama of modern sex, a tragedy of nerves on the wrack. It is the tragedy of the woman asking too much and the man giving too little; of the woman withholding the man's due, of the shirking of womanhood. It is the drama of the eternal struggle between work and sex, the synthesis whereof is the key to life. All this Mr. Masefield has admirably put forth.

But from him we expect, because he has given us to expect, something else. There is much that is wrong in the world to-day, social relations, sexual relations. There are many keen intellects analysing these wrongs. There are too few who can synthesise. It is not the least of present ills that the creative spirit has almost gone from art. But Mr. Masefield has it. "Nan" proved that. We want a literature of joy and pity that shall make life seem intense and desirable, not a literature that makes it seem a dreary and intolerable labyrinth. A great creative artist would be of more value to England than all the social experts. Art to-day needs more reality, less realism — "reality and joy," as the one man said who in this century has written a finer play than "Nan."

And apart from present needs, Mr. Masefield is a better creator than analyst. His real concern is with life, though his present interest is with the diseases of life. Life comes singing through his science, tumbling it into incoherence. Obviously he has no business with bacilli. For one precious moment of the book, fifty precious pages out of four hundred, life comes through, indeed life and beauty. It is because of those fifty pages that I have judged the rest of the book a little harshly, accepting the standard that they offer. By lower standards it is a good book, full of interest, written in Mr. Masefield's finely simple style, brilliant with epigram. Had it been by any other man, when it would have lacked those pages, I should probably have given it unstinted praise. But from Mr. Masefield I want simplicity and reality and joy, and the beauty which he can make of these things. He has seemed to me one of those who might direct English literature into paths where it has not been for three centuries, which neither the Romantics nor the Victorians found, which are nevertheless its right paths. Let him not disappoint me.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

* "The Street of To-day." By John Masefield. 6s. (Dent.)



[illegible] Mr. John Masefield.

MADAME ROLAND.*

Like many another who has given to the world copious memoirs and letters, Madame Roland is better known from her own writings than from those of her biographers. But the present work is none the less welcome on that account. It reveals in concise narrative form and without unnecessary introspection or digression the position and character of a remarkable woman. The author has resisted the temptation of entering the labyrinth of history and politics which forms the background of her heroine's life, except in so far as to bring the chief figure into relief and to define the place she filled. Something of the vividness of these stirring times is lost by this method, but the story of Madame Roland no doubt gains in clarity.

Obstinate in her girlhood, insatiable in her desire for knowledge, discontented with the discontent of ambition, generous, fearless, and above everything self-assured and confident, she was described as a "vainglorious little figure" — the possibilities of the French Revolution brought out every faculty and energy with which she was gifted.

* "Life of Madame Roland." By I. A. Taylor. 12s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

It was her lot to be disappointed in life, in her friends, in her husband, in her daughter, in her work, above all in the movement itself, which had so much that was shameful and cruel in it, but disappointment could not quell her indomitable spirit, nor lower the ideals which she had set before herself. "The sacred fire of the love of country" came first, but not to the exclusion of personal friendship. "Public interests did not in her case supersede or exclude private ones. Patriotism, in her own words, generalised and lifted the affections on to a higher plane; friendship embellished and rendered them perfect. She was, in fact, a woman before she was a politician."

The first portion of her existence is chiefly interesting in so far as it was a preparation for the short crowded years of her revolutionary career, a time in which she could plan the reforms which she regarded as essential to the saving of France. Born in March, 1754, she was almost thirty-seven years of age before she saw at close quarters the throes of the struggle in Paris. Her active work for the cause of the Gironde was done between February, 1791, and the end of May, 1793, when she was arrested and imprisoned. One thing remained to do; she had still to write the "Notices Historiques," which were to vindicate her actions and those of the men with whom she had been associated. During the five months of her captivity she produced these descriptive papers, which contain an account of the progress of public events and pen-portraits of the leading men of the Revolution. Brissot, Pétion, Bosc d'Antic, Lanthenas, whom she "treated as a brother—and gave him the name of a brother," and Buzot, whom she loved with an overwhelming yet blameless passion, were her co-workers in the cause, the men of her party over whom she ruled with a power born of intellect and cool judgment.

Her influence over her husband, upon whom she had never bestowed her warmest affections, was equally great, and bears tribute to her remarkable qualifications. It is impossible to dissociate her from his ministerial work or to exempt her from responsibility for his actions. "More and more—perhaps inwardly conscious of his insufficiency for his post or for dealing with the wildness of the storm that was gathering—he appears to have leant upon the genius, the shrewd brain and clear judgment of his wife for support and co-operation." He was indefatigable in industry, unassailable in disinterested uprightness, but he lacked insight, the power of rapid decision, and firmness in an emergency. "For these qualities, combined with her facile pen and her gift of language, he depended upon his wife." They raised her indeed to the head of the Girondist Party, where she stood opposed to Danton, who was head of the Montagnards. It has been said of her that her brain might have combated his ascendancy and have saved the moderates, had she not been a woman, and thus condemned by her sex to use secondary and indirect methods of attack.

There is nothing more cruelly significant, in fact, of the secondary part that earnest women were called upon to play in the great upheaval than the glimpses of Madame Roland in her salon at the Hôtel Britannique and in the rue de la Harpe, surrounded by the men she had invited there to discuss the political situation. She realised that she was perhaps the best informed and the best speaker of them all, but she sat at her desk apparently writing letters, or pretending to be busy with her sewing, whilst she drank in all they said with her keen perceptive faculties and never uttered a word because "she knew the rôle becoming to her sex and never departed from it."

Yet when her work behind the scenes was done the penalty had to be paid in full and in the open square. Ready as she was to face the great ordeal, there had been a moment when she begged for opium from her friend, Madame Grandchamp. "It is not death, nor the scaffold, that I fear," she confessed. "It is the sight of that infamous tribunal; of the people who look on, as if it were a triumph, at the murder of those who loved and wished to serve them." At the end she had the strength to refuse one of the poor privileges offered to her sex, the right to die before a male companion. She insisted that the knife should do its work on him first to spare him suffering, and she died, not grudging the cost, untamed by her experiences and faithful to her creed of liberty.

THE LAND OF PROMISES.*

This is a strong, savage, slashing piece of work. Mr. Stanley Portal Hyatt is a young, distinguished member of the most important school in modern English fiction. In "Black Sheep" and other novels of adventure he has co-operated with Mr. W. H. Hudson, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. Joseph Conrad, and Mr. Cunninghame-Graham in bringing into our literature the larger, fresher, wilder life of the outlands of the world. "The Land of Promises," however, is inspired by no Imperial passion or zest for adventure. It is a bitter palinode. "The Land of Promises" is Southern Rhodesia. Jimmy Ratcliffe, a tall, honest, clean-living English lad, leaves England in order to join his brother Barry Ratcliffe, who is the biggest trader in Mashonaland. Jimmy is a fairly wealthy man, with a comfortable home, and betrothed to a girl of noble birth who is ready to become his wife; but fired partly by his brother's successful example and partly by a feeling of Imperial patriotism, he goes out to South Africa. A fortnight's march across the veldt from the last railway station brings him to a centre of civilisation which consists of three score tin shanties and mud huts, with a church that had been turned into a drinking saloon. This is the beginning of Jimmy's disillusionment.

What ruined him were his strength of arm and his lively sense of justice. He found Barry Ratcliffe, who was also a Don Quixote, fighting single-handed against the Government. His brother tried to keep him out of all political quarrels, but Jimmy was young and fresh and full of human feeling. Finding that the Government system of recruiting labour was nothing but cruel slave-raiding carried on under official protection, he opposed it. The Government resolved to teach him a lesson. A band of Zambesi negroes, clad in khaki uniforms and armed with Martinis and assegais, descended on his station, misused the women, and captured twenty-one men. The raiders were led by two Government officials, a Scotsman, Goudie, and Andersen, the son of a Swedish missionary. Jimmy gave battle; defeated the Zambesis; half killed Andersen; and was tripped up by a friend and thus saved from shooting Goudie. But the harm was done. Barry Ratcliffe marched across the veldt to help his brother. Barry thought he was in time.

> "'There is the camp,' Barry said. 'I can see smoke rising from the kitchen, so it must be all right after all.'
>
> "But no one came out to greet them as they led their weary steeds up the kopje side; and when they went into the big hut there was a stranger in ragged khaki kneeling beside one of the beds, and on that bed was all that remained of Jimmy Ratcliffe.
>
> "'I was too late,' the stranger explained. 'It seems that two native police came in and shot him in his sleep last night. I am Brother Peter, from Baboon Kop.'"

In order to escape being assassinated in the same way in his sleep, by men in the employ of the Government, Barry Ratcliffe fled to England. This, if we may believe Mr. Hyatt, is an actual picture of the condition of life in Mashonaland at the present time. The horrors described by Mr. Sinclair in his "Jungle" are mild compared to the things related of "The Land of Promises." We are unable to state whether the facts are true or not, but it certainly seems to us that some Parliamentary inquiry should be taken in regard to the matter. E. W.

* "The Land of Promises." By Stanley Portal Hyatt. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

THE KING OF THE KEYBOARD.*

Liszt has a threefold claim on the esteem of musical folk: he was a solo pianist apparently without peer, he was a fine and original composer, and he was a generous and self-sacrificing friend to musicians of all grades and schools—to Wagner above all. Of Liszt the father of modern pianism we have heard much—perhaps too much, for the tradition of performance is always apt to be expansive. Thus we are all sure that Garrick was the greatest actor that ever lived because no one alive ever saw Garrick, and it is always safe to go to extremes of enthusiasm about some one dead for over a century. But Liszt's playing is near enough to us for more authentic laudation. The tribute of living masters who heard him is not to be gainsaid. Pachmann, for instance, has no more doubt that Liszt was the greatest pianist of the past than that Pachmann is the greatest pianist of the present. The case of Liszt reminds us that great—really great—instrumentalists are the rarest of beings. The flock of current recitalists have no reason now for existing at all. They are superseded by the pianola. I hasten to add that I intend this not as a cheap sneer at them, but as a sincere compliment to a remarkable machine. I mean this: that the standard of musical performance reached by the average Herr This and Fraulein That at the average concert can be easily reached by the average person of taste with a pianola. Why pay half a guinea to hear some one do what you can do as well yourself? The question of personality does not come into the story. You cannot reveal a personality if you don't possess one, no matter how responsive your instrument may be; and the amount of personality that exhales from the ordinary piano recital can be easily exceeded by the normal citizen controlling the domestic pianola with quite moderate taste. A really great personality at an instrument, one whose performance not only impresses a generation but goes reverberating down the centuries—that is quite another matter; and Liszt seems to have been emphatically the greatest in this kind. His own view of instrumental virtuosity is as clear as it is admirable:

> Let the artist of the future whole-heartedly give up the egoistic and vain rôle of which Paganini was, we believe, a last and illustrious example; let him place his object not in himself, but outside; let virtuosity be to him a means and not an end; let him ever remember that, like nobility, and doubtless more than nobility, *Genie oblige*.

Of Liszt the evangelist, let us call him, musical history has and will have much to say. As Mr. Hervey puts it:

> If Liszt the musician occupies a place to himself among the great musical creators, Liszt the man is equally worthy of admiration. Upon this last point there cannot indeed be two opinions. Time has gradually revealed his goodness, self-abnegation, humility, devotion to art and to the interest of others, and the world has wondered. The comprehensiveness of his outlook and his entire absence of envy enabled him to adopt a thoroughly independent attitude towards his contemporaries. Musicians are often inclined to be narrow-minded in their opinions and to close their ears obstinately to any music the conception of which does not correspond with their own special ideas. There was no vestige of this feeling in Liszt.

His very catholicity roused the fury of the ultra-classicists, and his position at Weimar, where he produced "Lohengrin" for the first time on any stage in the teeth of incredible opposition, was made untenable by the unscrupulous bitterness of their attack. His final offence was the production of the delightful "Barber of Bagdad" by Cornelius, a delicious work which, to our own shame, has been given at Covent Garden once only in the memory of recent man. The storm of disapprobation that greeted Liszt's production of a work that at its worst is perfectly innocuous decided him to resign his baton, and thus ended a remarkable chapter of musical history.

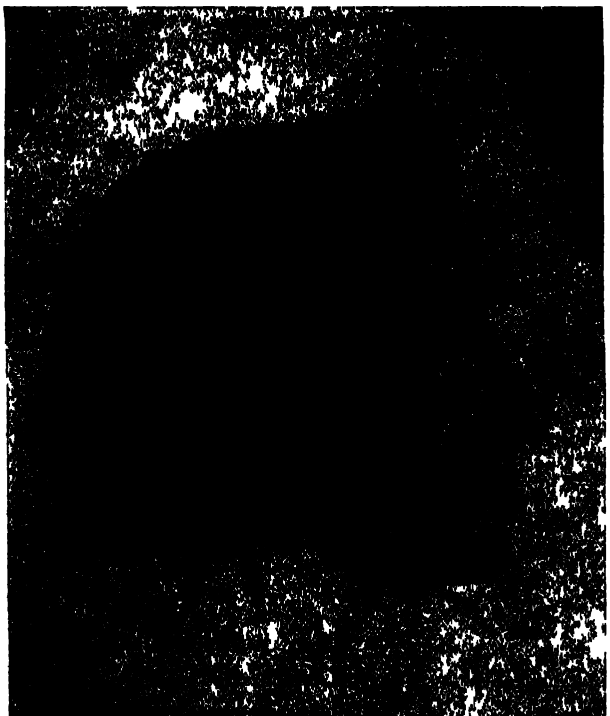
Not least among those to whom Liszt showed kindness was Brahms. A story is worth quoting:

> Brahms, when quite a young man, journeyed to Weimar to show the master some of his compositions. It is needless to say that he received both sympathy and encouragement from Liszt. The contrast existing between the two musicians was, however, never so well exemplified as it was in the course of their first meeting. An authentic account of what happened on this occasion has been furnished by William Mason, the American pianist, who was an eye-witness of the occurrence. It appears that Brahms was too nervous to play his own works, so Liszt sat down to the piano in his place, and, taking the first piece at hand from the heap of manuscripts, he performed the Scherzo at sight in such a marvellous way, carrying on at the same time a running accompaniment of audible criticism of the music, that Brahms was both surprised and delighted. And now for the sequel. "A little later (Mr. William Mason writes) some one asked Liszt to play his own sonata, a work which was quite recent at that time, and of which he was very fond. Without hesitation he sat down and began playing. As he progressed he came to a very expressive part, which he always imbued with extreme pathos, and in which he looked for the especial interest and sympathy of his listeners. Glancing at Brahms, he found that the latter was dozing in his chair."

It is rather significant that Brahms's most recent biographer tells this story only in part, and in such a way as to make the blame fall on Liszt and the credit on Brahms!

The Liszt who is somewhat overlooked at the moment is Liszt the composer. Some of his work, of course, is perpetually present in the modern pianist's programme; but many of his finest compositions, those for orchestra, are never played. His style and matter are quite original, yet the public are offered all Symphonic Poems save those of the man who invented that striking form. I recall only two performances of the tremendous "Dante" Symphony and one of the epic "Faust" Symphony during recent years in London, while the choral works might never have been written for all we hear of them. I admit that as a rule the great soul of the world is just about these matters, but I am sure it has been less than just to Liszt, and I appeal to Sir Edward Elgar, our new conductor, to honour Liszt's name during this appropriate year by recalling some fine pieces from undeserved exile. Mr. Hervey's

* "Franz Liszt and his Music." By Arthur Hervey. 4s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)



Franz Liszt.

From the collection of Mr. John Lane.

"From Franz Liszt and his Music," by Arthur Hervey. (John Lane.)

compact volume is rightly devoted in the main to an exposition of Liszt's compositions. I stand amazed at the author's moderation. In this, Liszt's centenary year, he might well have padded his book out to monumental proportions. He has done nothing of the kind; and his sane, useful little volume should find a place on every music-lover's shelf. GEORGE SAMPSON.

CHEAPSIDE TO ARCADY.*

Here is one in city pent, as he tells us, for some thirty years, who sees in town but the country wearing a mask. Somewhere in the writings of Dean Hole is a passage warning us of the green grass that lies waiting to come up through the crannies and clothe the streets when the trampling of the citizens shall cease to be. Mr. Scammell not only senses this warning, he sees in sky and cloud and the wonders of the firmament, and hears in the winds, reminders that, city born and bred though we be, Mother Earth still holds us in her lap. To him the index fingers of the plane tree are pointing ever to the lovely calendar of the country; and the romance of Nature is stronger than that of legend. Moreover, he has catalogued London's fauna as well as its flora for us. He knows the open spaces. To him Hyde Park is a revelation of both history and contemporary life; and there are fairies to be met in Kensington Gardens. He has discovered and described the sequestered three-acre woodland in Battersea Park, and has seen wild rabbits grazing by gaslight on Putney Heath, where, as he reminds us, Linnæus wept for joy at the sight of the furze in bloom. There is a hint for the London County Council (or for the publishers of Larwood's "Story," which ought to be brought up-to-date) in his remark that Londoners would enjoy their parks the more if they had a little knowledge of their history. He has felt the witchery of the old elms that fringe the fields and meadows of West Middlesex as well as the solemnity of old churches; he has revelled in the beauties of the highways and byways that lie between Harrow and Dorking; in the glories of the Sussex and Wiltshire Downs; in the charm that belongs to the Surrey commons. He has given voice to the feeling that comes with the first fall of summer rain, and rested in the winter hush of the corn. And in taking us with him from crowded city to open countryside his allusions range without pedantry from Meleager to Macadam, calling us by the way to listen to Keats' nightingale, or Shelley's skylark, or to look through the magic casements opening on the foam. Proverb-lore and the interest of place-names are not forgotten, and it is to some strain from Schubert, as it were, that we are wafted "over the hills and far away." Mr. Scammell has given us a book that should point the way to Arcady for many a Londoner who hitherto has been pining at his lot, heedless of the treasures that lie so near to his daily taskwork. The volume is one in tune with a Spring that may be said to have rehabilitated the poets.

FOR THE HUMAN MAN.†

Two of the many things it is quite unprofitable to argue about are humour and poetry. The joke that has to be explained to you is no joke, so far as you are concerned; and the poetry that gives you no pleasure is not poetry for you, though it may be for others. It is the merest arrogance to condemn everything you cannot appreciate, and to talk of your inability to appreciate it as if that were the hall-mark of some rare superiority in yourself. Yet this, unfortunately, is what too many critics are apt to do. Poetry is the gift-horse, and it is foolish and ungracious to look it in the mouth. It is the diamond of many facets, and the man who can only admire one of them proves nothing but his own limitations. He is an insular soul who cannot find something of great poetry in Longfellow as well as in Swinburne; in Ebenezer Elliot as well as in Milton; in Nat Lee as well as in Shakespeare. I confess that I always turn from the superior sniffings of our more dandified critics with a renewed conviction that old Samuel Daniel was in the right of it when he said, "Suffer the world to enjoy that which it knows, and what it likes, seeing that whatsoever form of words doth move, delight, and sway the affections of men . . . that is true number, eloquence, and the perfection of speech." After all, this is the truest of touchstones, for, though a man may write for his private entertainment, it is to be presumed that he publishes for the entertainment of others, and he has not mastered his art if he fails to entertain them.

Here are three books of poems that, whether they satisfy the petty canons of the merely critical or not, will certainly move, delight, and sway the affections of men. They do not aim at giving themselves a superficial air of distinction by indulging in scholarly exercises on classical themes that were natural and fitting to their own day, but are artificial and out of date in such a day as this; they have not the finicking, effeminate airs that make so much modern poetry minor poetry and keep it so; but they have sentiment, humour, fancy, melody, and they carry these graces as a man should manfully; they have a vigour and frank masculine quality, a strong, tonic, morning message that is better worth singing than are many twilight maunderings that are perhaps more cunningly phrased. They draw their inspiration from the common life of common day; the joy and sadness in them are the joy and sadness of ordinary, healthy humanity; the beauty and tenderness of childhood, the hopes and dreams of youth, the strife, endurance, heroism, and wise disillusion of manhood and womanhood; and they have the charity and breadth of outlook that come to a man who has lived and lived long enough to know that his own world is never the only one.

It is scarcely necessary to say anything at all of the Poems of Eugene Field. They are now brought together in a complete edition for the first time, but so many of them, notably the child-poems, are so familiar to the majority of us from their frequent appearance in magazines and anthologies, that a mere mention that this book has been published is almost a sufficient recommendation of it. The collection is a very large one and a very varied. Some of the poems included seem to me a little trivial, some a little commonplace, but nobody will judge the book by these. There are delightfully humorous ballads and narrative poems that amply atone for them, and more than all there is a wealth of that poetry about children, quaint, fantastic, humorous, and touched with simple pathos, in the writing of which Eugene Field has scarcely a living rival. There is the same exquisite note of pathos in many of the poems of older life, such as "Gettin' On," or "Lizzie," or "Telka," and the same winsome, whimsical humour; but always you go back for the best things to such inimitable child-poems as "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod," "At the Door," "Father's Letter," "The Grandsire," "Little Homer's Slate," "Little Boy Blue," "The Rock-a-by-Lady," "The Dinkey Bird," "Googly-Goo," "Little-Oh-Dear," and a score of others so familiar that one feels it is needless to quote them; moreover, there is no space to do so adequately, unless one selects, for the sake of its brevity, "Grandma's Prayer":

> "I pray that, risen from the dead,
> I may in glory stand—
> A crown, perhaps, upon my head,
> But a needle in my hand.

* "Cheapside to Arcady" By Arthur Scammell. 5s. net. (Melrose.)

† "The Poems of Eugene Field." With Portrait. 10s. 6d. net. (T. Werner Laurie.)—"The Father of the Sea, and Other Legends of the Deep." By W. Clark Russell. 2s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)—"Songs of the Road." By Sir A. Conan Doyle. 5s. (Smith, Elder.)

"I've never learned to sing or play,
So let no harp be mine;
From birth until my dying day
Plain sewing's been my line.

"Therefore, accustomed to the end
To plying useful stitches,
I'll be content if asked to mend
The little angels' breeches."

Eugene Field is essentially the poet of the family and the fireside. Clark Russell, as homely in his manner and as everyday in his choice of subject, writes in rhyme as in prose for the average man in his less homely moods; he writes rugged, swinging ballads of seafaring that have the salt and rough music of the sea in them, and the fact that his volume, "The Father of the Sea," is now in its third edition, in an age that is supposed to be indifferent to the wiles of the poet, is more to the purpose than a column of eulogy could be. He tells his tales in verse as vividly and forcefully as he tells them in his novels. "Marooned" is a strong, grimly imaginative ballad that has won the admiration of so great a critic as Mr. Watts-Dunton; and "The Middle Passage," a powerful story of the slave-trade, the roaring pirate song of "Captain Teach," and the haunting legend of the eternal wanderer, "The Father of the Sea," worthily companion it between the same covers.

Sir Conan Doyle's "Songs of the Road" is, once again, a book for the general reader, the human man, who reads for pleasure and is more concerned with ideas than with word-jugglery. It disarms criticism with a "Foreword":

"If it were not for the hillocks
You'd think little of the hills,
The rivers would seem tiny
If it were not for the rills
If you never saw the brushwood
You would underrate the trees,
And so you see the purpose
Of such little rhymes as these."

But there was no occasion for Sir Conan to present himself as a poetical helot in this fashion. He is no boudoir lutanist, nor makes any pretence to greatness as a poet; but his songs are the songs of a man, and men will enjoy them. Frankly, I don't care for his "Hymn of Empire," written in view of this Coronation year; the sentiment is stereotyped, and the movement of the whole thing is laboured and mechanical, but most of the other songs in the volume are alert with the right careless spontaneity of utterance. From among the narrative verses one singles out "The End," with its quiet tragedy of suggestion, and "The Outcasts," an admirably terse and realistic little morality-ballad; and, for the bluff, hearty, capital story in them, especially in the latter, "The Groom's Encore" and "Bendy's Sermon."

There are good things, too, among the Philosophic and the Miscellaneous verses in the "Songs of the Road." "Mind and Matter," and, more particularly, "Darkness," present the world-old problems of life and death with a sharp and luridly imaginative directness; there is some thing of Poe's eerie elusiveness in "Night Voices," and plenty of sterling good sense and courage in the odd jingle of advice addressed "To a Young Author" that concludes:

"Critics kind,
Never mind!
Critics flatter,
No matter!
Critics curse,
None the worse!
Critics blame,
All the same!
Do your best.
Hang the rest!"

Most men dislike modern poetry because they are too deeply engaged in the business of living, and find that it does not come home to them at all and is not strong enough to take them out of themselves; it does not interest them because it has nothing to say of affairs that concern them, or the common world in which they rejoice and work and suffer and grow old. The chief merit of these three books is that they are filled with the breath of humanity, they do take up the harp of life and whatever music is in them is played upon its chords. Therefore, one feels justified in saying that these are three books of poetry that most men will like.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

CAPTAIN BLACK.*

The first edition of "The Iron Pirate" was published some eighteen years ago, and numberless subsequent editions, in various form and sizes, have not exhausted its enormous popularity. The wild improbability of the whole story coupled with its bold appeal to the imagination was the making of it. The insatiable ambitions, the brutal passions and unbridled lusts of a set of seventeenth-century buccaneers were let loose on the smug, commercial world of the nineteenth century, bristling with instruments of death beyond the dreams of nineteenth-century science. Thrill followed hot upon thrill— men buried alive in pits of snow, dead men embedded for all time in blocks of ice, ocean-going liners held up, warships defied, death ever present robed in fresh terrors.

Over and over again in the course of the story the reader would say to himself, "This is the culminating thrill; the story must surely pall after this." But the next chapter was always the most arresting chapter. And now Mr. Pemberton has performed a yet more wonderful feat, and given us a string of breathless adventures on and under the high seas which for sheer audacity and imaginative genius surpasses even "The Iron Pirate." Captain Black is alive again. More alive and more terrible than ever, it seems; for in place of the Nameless Ship which was sunk in the Atlantic, Mr. Pemberton has fitted him with an electric-driven submarine equipped with periscopes, electric projectors, liquid oxygen, gyroscopic compasses, and engines for dealing death on that vast and awful scale which one associates with the exploits of the invincible Captain. "One nation or ten," boasts this dread pirate, "pile the fleets of the world against me to-morrow, and I'll sink 'em in twenty-four hours. . . . By all that's in heaven and hell, I'll make them know my name and never forget it to the end of Time." The story is related by Mark Strong, who engages in a quest for the Captain's hidden treasure. He is induced to journey once more to memory-haunted Ice Haven by an eccentric letter from Osbart, the mad imprisoned doctor: "The treasure lies in the chamber of the dead. Go where dead men's fingers point and their gibes ring in your ears. Turn the crescent of the tomb and delve amid its winding sheets. . . ." It is a wonderfully thrilling narrative, and Mr. Pemberton's easy, suasive style invests the most amazing episodes with captivating reality.

CANADA AND AUSTRALIA.†

It is impossible, except upon the assumption that publishers are the most philanthropic of men, to justify the complaint of the Colonies that they are regarded with indifference by the inhabitants of the Mother Country. The number of books that are published annually upon the British Empire is an eloquent testimony to the contrary. Nor is it merely the number of such books which is remarkable. One is struck also by the fact that every aspect of colonial life and activity is found to prove interesting to the public. The truth of this last remark is exemplified by the four volumes which it is proposed here to notice.

* "Captain Black." By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Cassell.)

† "Sunny Australia." By Archibald Marshall. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.) "Canada as It Is." By John Foster Fraser. 6s. (Cassell.) —"Canada of To-day." By William Maxwell. 1s. net. (Jarrold.)—"The New Garden of Canada." By F. A. Talbot. 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

Mr. Fraser's book is, indeed, already familiar, and it should not be necessary to say much about this new and revised edition to which Lord Strathcona has written a preface. Mr. Fraser's style is well known. He has a keen power of observation, an incisive and picturesque pen, and a sound determination not to shrink from uncomfortable and unpleasant realities. His weakness for striking "word-pictures" leads him at times into palpable exaggerations —we are told, for example, on p. 250 that "it fills an American with surprise to get into a land where it is certain that if a man shoots another he will be hanged"—but, if a certain wildness of statement is discounted, we always feel that Mr. Fraser has the gift of bringing his subject before our minds with a force that very few other writers can rival. Nor is he always concerned with purely descriptive scenes. He has included in his volume a quantity of statistical and strictly utilitarian information the accuracy of which has stood successfully all the tests which we have applied. A catalogue of these most useful chapters would be both tedious and out of place, but a word of special mention should be given to the first chapter entitled "The Coming of the Strong" and also to those passages which deal with the relations of Canada to the British Empire and to the United States of America.

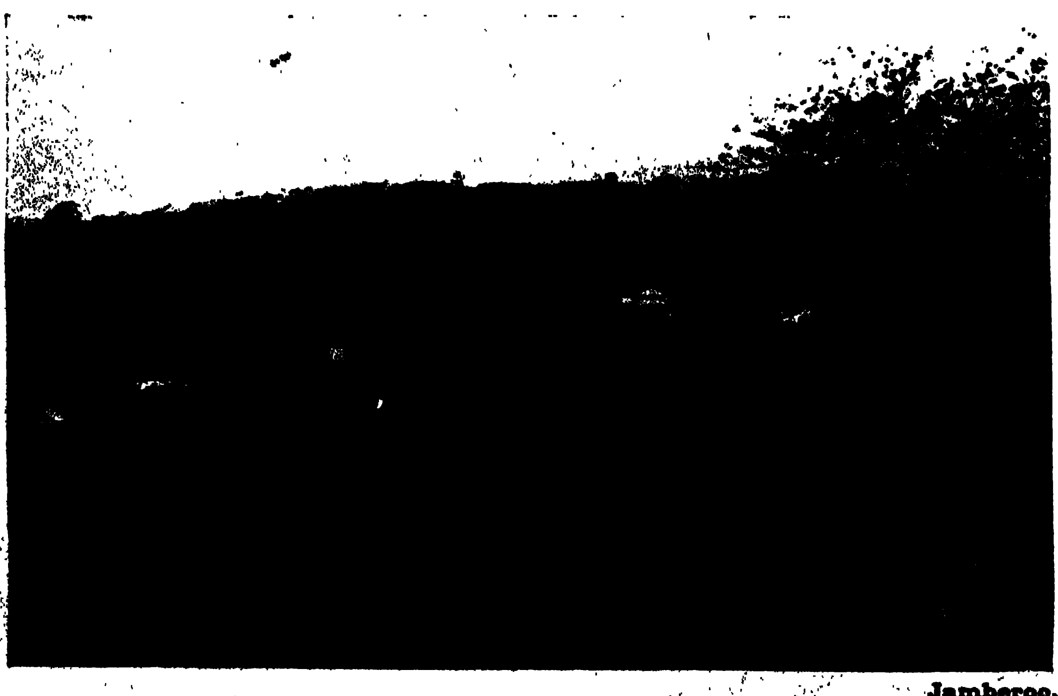
Equally good, so far as it goes, is the handbook in which Mr. William Maxwell has set himself to state frankly the conditions, tendencies, and opinions of Canada as he found them. The book is very largely political and deals with all the questions of the hour, such as the desire in Canada for Free Trade—a particularly good chapter—Canada's relations with the United States, and the effect of Reciprocity. If anything, indeed, Mr. Maxwell is rather too up-to-date and he speaks in several places as if the Reciprocity Agreement between the two countries were already an accomplished fact. Another very interesting chapter contains an account of an interview which Mr. Maxwell had with the French Nationalist leader M. Bourassa. This interview deserves to be carefully studied by all who are concerned with the future of Canada and is the key to many subsequent pages in which Mr. Maxwell discusses the problem of the French population in the Dominion.

Mr. Marshall's book (introduced by Sir George Reid), while proceeding upon somewhat the same general lines as Mr. Fraser's, is very different in manner. He has none of Mr. Fraser's slapdash methods and works in a quieter and less vivid medium. Instead of capturing you, as it were, by breathless assault, Mr. Marshall wins you by his charm and urbanity. One can easily understand how he found the people of Australia so friendly, and how his tale of hospitalities enjoyed mounts ever up and up. He, too, has included much valuable information upon the industries of Australia which the intending emigrant would be wise to consider. There are chapters upon sugar, dairying, sheep, orcharding, wheat and so forth. Like every other traveller, Mr. Marshall seems to have been particularly charmed by Tasmania and his description of fruit-growing in the "fly-speck" is highly optimistic:

> "On a hundred acres, the purchase-instalments of which never come to more than £5 a year, a handsome living can be made. In fact, six acres of good orchard land will keep a family, for the returns are from £20 to £50 an acre. I saw an apple orchard of fifty acres from which the owner's income was £2,000 a year. And although it takes eight years for the trees to come to full bearing, and there are other considerations to be borne in mind, a pleasant occupation in a delightful climate and a good livelihood, if not a large fortune, are assured to any one who takes up fruit-growing in Tasmania."

The impressions which Mr. Talbot has to relate are of quite a different order from those of Mr. Fraser and Mr. Marshall. He was one of a party which set out from Wolf Creek, a spot on the western fringe of civilisation in Alberta, and he threaded a trail of some 1,200 miles through practically unknown country before coming to his journey's end at Prince Rupert. Some of his experiences were tremendously exciting. No one will read his account of how the Indians took the canoes through the Grand Cañon on the Upper Fraser River without feeling that the terms of the warning in which the party was prepared for the worst were justified. "Another few minutes, boys, and we'll be at hell's gate, so get ready." In general, however, the principal value of Mr. Talbot's book is derived from the fact that he is able to give information which is, as yet, not to be found in the official Guides and Blue Books. How utterly lonely some parts of British Columbia are may be seen in the extreme case of Burns Lake, where mails are collected and delivered once a month only. Or again, one may take the following incident which Mr. Talbot relates:

> "A farmer on François Lake found it necessary to despatch a telegram, which entailed a ride of some eighty miles. That wire communication involved the best part of a week's absence from home, with a blanket, and a few pounds of the barest provisions thrown upon his horse. He spent the night in the [operator's] cabin, in expectation of a reply which never came, so that the journey to all intents and purposes was wasted. Riding eighty miles to secure urgent communication with the outside world is a phase of frontier existence which throws its isolation into glaring relief."



From "Sunny Australia," by Archibald Marshall. (Hodder & Stoughton.) Jamberoo.

Equally impressive, though in a different manner, is Mr. Talbot's description of the extraordinary fertility in fruit of the Bulkley Valley and of the vast mineral wealth which is being gradually exploited hard by. The possibilities of this (and other) districts are discussed with obvious impartiality by the author. But it is impossible to follow him in any detail to the end of his long journey at Prince Rupert. As one closes the last pages of his book, one cannot but reflect once more upon the wonderful potentialities of the British Empire. And into this



A Busy Corner in Toronto

Cassell

reflection also comes a sense of satisfaction that these potentialities should have made the appeal which they have to such capable writers as Mr Fraser, Mr Maxwell, Mr Marshall and Mr Talbot.

M. H. H. MACARTNEY.

FRANCISCO FERRER.*

Few matters leap so rapidly into prominence and agitate so suddenly the public mind as did the case of Francisco Ferrer, executed on October 13, 1909, as the author and chief of the July revolution in Barcelona. There was a contagion of protest and indignation which spread over Europe and across the Atlantic, so that public bodies in South American cities and trades unions in the United States put on record their denunciations of the forces which had done Ferrer to death. A few months before he had been all but unknown outside his native Spain save to educationalists, but his trial and death thrust him into a notoriety which filled the world's eye. The Maura Government succumbed to the weight of odium it had incurred by its part in the matter.

The storm was brief: it was a squall rather than a gale, and as soon as it had subsided the various supporters of reaction in Spain made sail again, and the execution of Ferrer was justified by violent calumny of the dead man. Tried already and condemned by a tribunal whose mere constitution placed the accused under a deadly handicap, he was condemned afresh upon a hundred counts. He was (it was alleged) a notorious evil liver, who had left his wife and children to starve, and spent upon his mistress the wealth he had wheedled out of a confiding old maid. He had used money left to him to found Catholic schools in order to start the Escuela Moderna, and he had been at the back of Morral's attempt to assassinate the King and Queen of Spain. Further, his defenders and apologists, I not least among them, were anarchists, enemies of religion, and of course liars. And there, for a very large number of newspapers and magazine readers, the affair rested. Ferrer was dead and liberally damned, and the papers found newer matter for their headlines. The mere truth about the whole thing seemed buried with the shot-riddled body on the southern slope of Montjuich.

Fortunately it fell to Mr William Archer to exhume that truth and set it forth in "The Life, Trial and Death of Francisco Ferrer," and thus to preserve from obscurity a chapter in the history of modern Spain. In his preface he has explained how he came to undertake the task which he has completed with such admirable perspicacity and lucidity. An article of my own in *McClure's Magazine* (New York) drew down upon me and upon the magazine the wrath of American Roman Catholics, who so assailed my version of Ferrer's life and trial that the editor commissioned Mr Archer to proceed to Spain and undertake an impartial investigation of the whole affair. This book, with its full and well-rounded presentment of Ferrer as he lived and as he died, is one of the results of that mission, and for the first time we have the means afforded us in English of judging how far Ferrer received justice at the hands of his judges and of those other judges who condemned him so freely when he was already dead.

The chief crime of Ferrer in the eyes of those powers who finally compassed his death was the Escuela Moderna. To a population of less than twenty millions, of which ten millions can neither read nor write, he brought a manner of education which, says Mr Archer, was "unmistakably and avowedly a nursery of rebellious citizens." It might turn out good Europeans, but from the point of view of any believer in the established order of things, spiritual, administrative or economic, its whole effort was to turn out bad Spaniards. "It is, however, open to us to believe that the Spaniard who hates and opposes a system which leaves half his fellow-countrymen illiterate may be a better patriot than the officially 'good Spaniard.'" The school opened on September 8, 1901, with eighteen boys and twelve girls; at the end of its first year its pupils numbered seventy, and in 1905 they had increased to a hundred and twenty-six. Its methods and its success gave an extraordinary impulse to education, of which the effects passed the borders of Catalonia, and even of Spain, and made themselves felt in South America. According to the Auditor General in the official Process there existed in 1906 in the province of Barcelona alone forty-seven branches of the Escuela Moderna, which number has since increased prodigiously.

The teachings of the school were strongly objectionable to every clerical and conservative factor in Spain. They could scarcely be otherwise, since they were designed to counteract every idea and principle of life which uphold those factors. Mr Archer has been at the pains to describe Ferrer's methods and doctrine with some particularity and a manifest impartiality, for he concludes that there was much in Ferrer's teaching that in any country in the world could not but strain toleration to its utmost limit.

Fortunately few countries can so little afford toleration as Spain. That party in the State which could afford it least marked him for death in 1906, more than three years before it contrived to make an end of him, for it laid him by the heels on the charge of complicity in the crime of the Calle Mayor at Madrid, when Morral threw his bomb at the newly wedded King and Queen of Spain. It was a season of the gravest danger for Ferrer. Every effort was made to have him dealt with by a military tribunal such

* "The Life, Trial, and Death of Francisco Ferrer." By William Archer. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)



The Ferrer Family at Bendigo, 1898.

[illegible]

and self-seeking" He was "absolutely and limpidly sincere"; he was the most genuinely unambitious of men"; and the man who wrote his letters from prison and who faced the great enigma—to his mind no enigma but night and nothingness—with such serene unfaltering resolution is certainly not the least among the victims of obscurantism, the martyrs of free thought.

The usual trouble one hopes besets conservative Spain: they killed a man and made a martyr, and the blood of martyrs is fruitful stuff.

PERCEVAL GIBBON.

as that which condemned him in 1909, it was doubtless the failure of those efforts which saved him," writes Mr. Archer. "As it was, the Court was openly ill disposed to him, and only the clearest exposition of his innocence—an exposition which rendered vain the prejudice and hostility of his enemies—sufficed to save him." He was fully acquitted, and not till he was at last dead was the calumnious and futile accusation renewed against him.

The second time that he fell into the hands of his enemies they were better provided. No incompetent civil Court was then weapon, but a military tribunal, the last resort of weak and tyrannical states. Space is wanting to summarise even in the most insufficient manner Mr. Archer's masterly survey of the case as it was laid before the Court and his clear demonstration of the fact that even the rules of Spanish military procedure, grossly unfair as they are to the accused, were not observed in Ferrer's case, but were over-ridden to his disadvantage. He was condemned to death as the "author and chief" of the Barcelona riots, and the Auditor General, in urging the confirmation of the sentence successfully—laid his cards on the table and reinforced his argument with the account of the growth and success of the Escuela Moderna. Possibly that settled it; it is difficult to believe that the fantastic prosecution sufficed to kill him or the curiosities of evidence to convince any one; but the fact remains that on October 13, 1909, Francisco Ferrer faced with bandaged eyes a firing party in the Santa Eulalia bastion of Montjuich, and his last cry of "Long live the Escuela Moderna" was cut short by three bullets in the brain.

Mr. Archer has dealt faithfully with his subject; he has hunted down the slanders which pursued Ferrer even in his grave. He has seen and now quotes the will of Mdlle. Meunier, Ferrer's benefactress, and puts to rest all the reckless assertions that there was malversation of the poor lady's money. The desertion by Ferrer of his wife and children is shown to be a light-hearted fiction—a dangerous one to repeat, I am glad to say, for after Ferrer's death his daughter Trinidad prosecuted one propagator of this libel successfully.

"An ardent, uncompromising, incorruptible idealist," is Mr. Archer's summing up of Ferrer's character. "His ideals are narrow, and his devotion to them is fanatical, but it is devoid, if not of egoism, at any rate of self-interest

Novel Notes.

THE MARRIAGE OF QUIXOTE. By Donald Armstrong. 6s. (Martin Secker.)

Mr. Donald Armstrong's name is unknown to us, and it is no disparagement of his work to say that he is obviously very young, most refreshingly young. If, as we surmise, "The Marriage of Quixote" is a first book, it is a remarkable achievement and even more remarkable in its promise. There is an infectious gaiety, not to say boyishness, about it that is most exhilarating. Mr. Armstrong permits his hero more than one gibe at the reviewers, but they will be the first to forgive him for the sake of his reckless prodigality of cleverness. An older hand would be more economical of his epigrams. Of course some of the epigrams are a little cheap, but no one can keep up a blaze of epigram without an occasional misfire. Mr. Armstrong is splendidly reckless. It is hit or miss with him, no caution and no half measures, and the percentage of hits is amazingly high. Mr. Armstrong is not wanting in courage, and he is not afraid to attempt the almost impossible task of making his hero a genius. If he does not altogether succeed in persuading us that Andrew Grahame is a genius, at least he makes him vividly real. Indeed Mr. Armstrong has a very pretty gift for characterisation. He knows his London well, and in particular Kensington—Kensington that is, not as a geographical expression but as typical of the cultivated, more or less leisured class who live mainly to enjoy books, plays, and music. He can describe a Wagner night at Covent Garden with taste and vigorous appreciation. His only failure is the siren Ginevra Athelstane, a frankly melodramatic figure redolent of the stage. For the rest his characters are full of vitality and excellent company, cultivated, natural, and mostly young. All except the siren are people one might meet anywhere, only more brilliant and amusing. Mr. Armstrong's heroine is a girl of distinctly "coming on" disposition, but in spite of a dash of the audacity of Anne Whitefield, she is not unwomanly. Mr. Armstrong has obviously read his Shaw,

and his witty opening chapter, "Cravat Philosophy" owes a good deal to Meredith, though it is Meredith in lighter vein But he is so buoyant and so full of sparkle that even the most hardened reviewer will look forward to his next book with pleasurable anticipation

ELFA. By A W Marchmont 6s (Hodder & Stoughton)

There is a suggestion of the fairy tale about A W Marchmont's latest novel a certain atmosphere of daintiness and delicacy which lingers with the reader even when the book is closed and the story finished It is without doubt a story of extremes—extreme strength extreme gentleness extreme love extreme hate and extreme passion Its hero is a giant both in size and strength who for various reasons has withdrawn from the world to live a life of solitude amongst the mountains of Austria One day whilst out hunting he comes across a beautiful maiden who has fainted and is lying on the edge of a lichen covered stone He carries her to his hut and takes care of her but never allows her to see his face by daylight because of an ugly scar on his cheek which entirely disfigures him One follows the adventures of this oddly matched couple with growing interest to the very end for this is a story with a unique plot unique characters and of unusual merit

DRENDER'S DAUGHTER. By Netta Syrett 6s (Chatto & Windus)

Leonard Chetwynd had the misfortune to be brought up on a system His mother was one of the Garton pioneers and with the best intentions and an infinitude of care she ended by producing a very perfect gentle prig This by the way is hardly fair to the Garton pioneers whose eccentricities were mainly confined to wearing waistless garments of an unlovely green Unlike Richard Feverel he did not revolt against the system and in fact became so permeated by it that when he reached marriageable age he looked for a wife trained on a similar plan As no suitable mate could be found at the suggestion of a mad socialist secretary he hit upon the singular expedient of choosing a child to be trained as his wife Unfortunately for the system and himself he makes the worst possible choice Little Nancy Drender is a hot tempered handsome child brimming over with nervous energy and by temperament a born rebel The situation sounds improbable but Miss Syrett states her case so fairly and has so clear a grasp of Chetwynd's character that she succeeds in persuading us that this fatuous experiment is the natural and almost inevitable consequence of Chetwynd's upbringing The greater part of the book is devoted to Nancy's education and the gradual development of the child's character is drawn with singular delicacy and skill Miss Syrett has undertaken a task of exceptional difficulty and she has avoided the temptation of securing our sympathy for Nancy by prejudicing us against Chetwynd Chetwynd is a colossal prig but he could not help it and he was more sinned against than sinning Miss Syrett is scrupulously fair to him and never stoops to caricature Nancy is a charming personality and Miss Syrett has never employed her gift of graceful writing and easy characterisation to better advantage Of course such an experiment could only end in disaster but the *dénouement* is as ingenious as it is unexpected Miss Syrett's work is a little lacking in breadth and power but she is gaining steadily in finish and sureness of touch

THE MAJOR'S NIECE. By George A Birmingham 6s (Smith, Elder)

Those who wish to be thoroughly entertained should read Mr Birmingham's new story the villain of which the red-haired curate generally known as J J holds the attention from first to last He not only has a way with children which sets at defiance all the cut-and-dried theories of the Parents' Educational Union, but he has an imagination fertile enough to find a way out of every difficulty and a tongue active enough to out-talk every opponent The Major's unknown niece is thrust upon him while her mother is travelling about Europe and in his despondency the poor man implores the help of J J By inference the two conclude that Marjory Purvis the niece is a grown up and beautiful young lady and therefore the curate gets up picnics and parties and arranges a public visit from the Lord Lieutenant When the fair girl arrives she is found to be an untidy undistinguished child of ten The curate might have been nick named the unafraid' for he is always ready to stand in the breach when the Major would run away a furious cook an irate mother or a disappointed town are all without alarms for him and he is equally prepared to instruct Marjory in cleaning her teeth or to save her life when she puts it in danger Mr Birmingham does not overwhelm us with witty sayings but he has a true sense of fun and humour which he displays so naturally that the reader has many an involuntary and hearty laugh before he comes to the end of the Major's troubles

ON THE THRESHOLD By R Hichens 6s (Methuen)

Mr Hichens is a novelist one is always ready to take seriously He sets himself to portray mankind not merely to write exciting stories The subject of this book is unusual and very modern the theme is worked out carefully and consistently by the author and yet we do not feel that he quite believes in it Now the reader demands from the writer of a book dealing with the supernatural an unhesitating belief that the events described could have happened when he does not find this belief the reader is dissatisfied The hero the Reverend Marcus Harding is a successful and fashionable clergyman in the West End of London He has no spirituality or genuine religious feeling his sole motive is ambition nourished on a great pride He had enough intellectual capacity and interest to keep himself in touch with modern thought and was more particularly interested in psychical research His curate Chichester is weak pious and very worthy full of a real admiration for the vicar a hard worker but a poor preacher Mr Harding from curiously mixed motives which however are perfectly natural induces Chichester to have private séances with him pretending that he wishes to give him some of his own strength of will Almost at once Chichester and Harding seem to change personalities Chichester acquires even more than Harding's eloquence and power over men and completely dominates Harding himself All Harding's power departs from him his whole character moral and intellectual goes to pieces Chichester at first grieves over all this but gradually his power makes him relentless and cruel Harding suddenly dies Chichester becomes again the simple pious somewhat ineffective and stupid curate his life as Harding goes completely from him like a dream The whole story is admirably told and thoroughly absorbing, criticism only comes in at the end It is not altogether uncomplimentary to the author that one feels a great book could have been written on this theme one is conscious of a comparative failure here because one is impelled to judge it by a very high standard

ADVENTURE. By Jack London 2s net (Nelson)

The opening quotation from The Ship of Fools is a good introduction and prepares one for the atmosphere of the story It is short full of life and variety and always exciting The hero David Sheldon is as it were, a dumb poet—that is he lives his romance unselfconsciously because he must In one way he is rather uninteresting and quite commonplace but he must be judged by his deeds Joan Lackland is a particularly fascinating heroine,

with all the charm and unexpectedness of a true woman (*i e*, man's ideal woman) with feminine resourcefulness added to the bravery and capacity of a man Like most simple-minded strong men of action, David is full of conventional ideas, although he does not let these ideas interfere much with his practice The author appears to hold the modern idea that women are the real rulers of the world, and certainly Joan is far and away the "best man" in the book The glimpses of savage life are very vivid· we see how inevitably civilisation conquers, though in order to conquer it must to some extent go back to savagery The story is complicated by the introduction of Tudor a genuine adventurer but a man without character and how Joan will decide between the two men is doubtful to the very end The book will be enjoyed not only for the story, but because the characters are thoroughly sympathetic, and not mere puppets playing their parts in a thrilling plot.

SUFFRAGETTE SALLY. By G Colmore 6s (Stanley Paul)

In "Suffragette Sally" we not only get a vigorous inspiring story but a clear outline of the militant movement which is undoubtedly one of the most discussed topics of the present day To many—those who talk of the militants and "cheap martyrdom" and self notoriety the book will be a revelation A number of the incidents in the story are taken from real life most of us will remember reading garbled reports of them in the newspapers when they took place—and some of the characters are also taken from life and given such thinly disguised names as Mrs Amherst Christina Amherst Annie Carnie and Lady Henry Hill Sally is a "general" in the Bilkes household and between her mistress's scoldings her master's unwelcome attentions, and the care of the little Bilkeses she drudges through her daily life Then one day she goes to a meeting, and hears Lady Henry Hill speak— and a new life opens out before her A good vindication of the militant movement is given by Lady Hill she likens it to the incoming tide and the opposition to the rocks on the shore—the rocks that make the breakers the rocks that the tide is going to overtake There are many different types of men and women in the story some of them Suffragettes, some of them Suffragists and some of them Antis Believers in Women Suffrage will read the book with keen interest, and feel deeply grateful to the author for using her able pen to such good purpose and laying before the public so powerful and vivid a story as "Suffragette Sally" A copy might be placed with advantage in the hands of every broad minded Anti Suffragist

THE UNKNOWN GOD. By B L Putnam Weale 6s (Macmillan)

A novelist who has some strong ideas is apt to fall into the inartistic error of making his background so rich that the figures in the foreground are overshadowed and Mr Putnam Weale has more than once slipped into this mistake We are all familiar with the figure of the young European missionary who discovers that he is out of sympathy with the methods of his church abroad Add a love complication and you get a fairly serviceable plot for a story But in "The Unknown God" the larger problem of Islam in China emerges Mr Putnam Weale makes the local Commissioner a secret ally of the Mahommedans with the result that his attitude towards the European missionaries becomes more than ambiguous The plot of the story is of the slenderest Its interest lies really in a series of episodes which the author's first-hand knowledge of China has enabled him to describe with incisive power But these episodes are loosely connected, and the story ends rather obviously and artificially The strongest feature of these pages, apart from the information about Mahommedanism in China, is the characterisation of missionaries like the fanatical Grey and the hero, young Hancock, as opposed to the trading community If Mr Putnam Weale had given as much time to working out the various underplots, at which he has hinted, as he has devoted to the local colour and the general religious problem, he would have invested a clever piece of story-telling with dramatic interest

JACOB STAHL. By J D Beresford 6s (Sidgwick & Jackson)

There is another Richmond in Mr Arnold Bennett's field for "Jacob Stahl" goes by rights side by side on the shelf with "The Old Wives Tale" and "Clayhanger" Jacob in whose veins runs mixed blood that includes a little German and a little Jew falls out of his perambulator in early infancy and injures his spine He begins to walk when he is fifteen thanks altogether to the ministrations of a delightful Aunt Hester Too delicate a plant for the rough and tumble of school he derives instruction of a slender and disordered character from a tutor and is eventually articled to an architect He is weak willed but imaginative and though his womenkind have spoilt him more than a little he is yet a person with ideals in marked contradistinction to his brother Eric on the other hand is vigorous alike mentally and physically but with a knowledge that "two and two must and ever will make four, a fact for which there is no palliation and no excuse needed," but of a comprehension unable to include an emotional two or a temperamental four Eric makes a practical success of life Not so Jacob or not in this volume at least though the "Early History" of the title page seems to promise a sequel The anti climax that arrests the course of his first love story an episode of the tale that for all the boldness of its unconventionality shows singular mastery and restraint in the treatment puts a sudden end to his lackadaisical way of life in Ashby Sutton and Jacob descends on London with the rather hazy intention of becoming a successful architect His introduction to new aspects of life takes place under the tutelage of Tony Farrell a faithfully portrayed example of a not very attractive type Mr Beresford who makes his sudden and unheralded appearance on the stage of authorship with a literary equipment that is almost startling in its completeness disposes his narrative after the bioscopic methods of Mr Wells and the already noticed Mr Bennett Not yet perhaps can he boast the cultivated dexterity displayed by these authors in handling a whole group of characters and he is less at pains to picture the influence of his protagonist on an assorted group of men and women than their collected influence on him Thus while Jacob as the central figure bulks ever larger his companions dwindle and the resultant picture though it remains life is still life a little distorted Jacob has all the limelight He plays an actor-manager's part In only one other person does Mr Beresford allow himself to become really deeply interested She is called Aunt Hester

THE QUEEN'S HAND. By Mrs Baillie Reynolds 6s (Mills & Boon)

The title of Mrs Baillie Reynolds's new book is a little misleading, it is not a novel as one might expect, but a book of short stories Still, they are very good short stories and coming from the pen of so popular a writer as Mrs Reynolds they are sure of a warm welcome from the large public to whom she appeals The book is named after the first of the collection, "The Queen's Hand," which is an exciting romance that deals with the life of Queen Beatrice of Donauland Her pluck throughout her adventures will win for her the genuine admiration of all who read the book The second story is so absorbing and ends in such a tantalising way that one is greatly pleased to find an "Author's Note" on the first page of the story following, stating that it is a sequel to the foregoing, and was written in response to many letters begging to know

"what happened afterwards" Lovers of the mystical will be enthralled with the weird psychic tale of "The Haunting of White Gates" There is no lack of plot in any of the tales, and told in Mrs Reynolds's usual charming way the ten make up an altogether attractive and entertaining volume

THE WITCH LADDER. By Edward S Tylee 6s (Duckworth)

Mr Tylee describes his story as one of Somerset in the later days of Victoria and he presents to us an interesting group of Somersetshire people mostly tillers of the soil Chief of them is John Dolman who in his youth travelled and studied much and then followed his father in the farm Farmer Parracombe is of a different breed he being a keen believer in every tale of witchcraft even to regarding himself as the victim of the murderous machinations of Widow Dance the wold witch Silas Burley another farmer is a man of ninety with a tremendous power of saving money to use in buying up land on the sly Another interesting character is Squire Chartens a refined and scholarly recluse who is anything but clever in financial matters and who has little worldly wisdom when dealing with his children The story gives us congenial pictures of life in the country rather than any sustained plot though there is a little underhand dealing a little conspiring and a little love making just to help events along Geoffrey Chartens falls in love with Mary Dolman while his sister Sarah loses her heart to Geoffrey's tutor the Squire loses his property and all the world wonders to find who has got it By the contemplative reader this book will be found very attractive for the author has the virtue of drawing out the best from each nature that he touches.

OH! FOR AN ANGEL— By Marguerite Curtis 6s (Blackwood)

This is a novel of the semi religious order The authoress has written it with great care and evidently spent considerable pains upon the development of her plot in order to invest a somewhat wild idea with human interest Julyan Binhany is persuaded to undertake the mission of awakening the English nation to spiritual aims His success involves him in a love affair with Lily Quenton the pretty niece of a Nonconformist divine whose sermon first awakened Julyan to his vocation Her influence enables him to realise the meaning of his career But this consummation is not reached until both he and she have passed through an ordeal Miss Curtis has made her pages throb with a moral intensity which now and then would border upon hysteria were it not for the vital grasp of human nature which she displays It is a long large novel Probably it would have been more effective if it had been less ambitious Still the main theme is moving and subtle and the high tone of the authoress helps to carry the reader through chapter after chapter till Julyan's good angel becomes his wife

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The Bookman's Table.

THACKERAY'S WORKS. Centenary Biographical Edition: The Newcomes. 2 Vols 6s net each (Smith Elder)

As each month brings its two or three new volumes in this delightful new edition of the works of Thackeray one has neither inclination nor need to do anything but praise them. "The Newcomes," like its predecessors, is fully illustrated with all the original drawings and many fresh ones of Thackeray's own, these latter serving to illustrate Lady Ritchie's charming biographical introductions. The present volumes contain the numerous sketches of Doyle, one of Thackeray's most satisfying illustrators, and the preface gives vivid and pleasant glimpses of the novelist, quoting largely from his letters whilst he was deep in the writing of the story working at it during travels abroad or quietly settled at home, and there is an admirable account, by a young lady who met him at that time, of his appearance, manner and conversation and the reception he had when he went to Coventry to lecture on the English Humourists, whilst The Newcomes was in its early serial numbers No one could wish for a better edition of Thackeray than this promises to be when its monthly tale of volumes is completed and no more ample and intimate biography of him could be desired than is supplied by the letters records and personal recollections that go to the making of Lady Ritchie's series of prefaces

NOTABLE TRIALS: Franz Muller, Edited by H B Irving **Mrs. M'Lachlan,** Edited by William Roughead **The Stauntons,** Edited by J B Atlay 5s net each (William Hodge & Co)

However much one may loathe crime and condemn the criminal there is no denying that there is something curiously and horribly fascinating in the grim and squalid stories of mystery and death that are unfolded by judges, barristers and the tangled testimony of witnesses in our courts of justice Here in these three latest additions to Messrs Hodge's "Notable English and Scottish Trials" series we have three of the most famous criminal romances of modern times retold with a fulness and wealth of detail that in a novel might be somewhat tedious but here simply because one is reading of fact and not of imaginary persons and incidents one follows all the arguments of judge and counsel and reads the conflicting and often baffling evidence of witnesses for and against the prisoner with unflagging interest Each book has a preface in which the case is briefly and vividly outlined then comes a verbatim report of the trial addresses of counsel examination and cross-examination of witnesses summing up of judges and pronouncing of sentence with some description of the scene in court and the behaviour of those concerned in the terrible business No inventions of the sensational novelist could hold a reader's attention as these stories do trial scenes in fiction are pale and ineffectual by comparison it is the sense of reality that is inherent in them the knowledge that such things actually happened and that such people actually played the parts we see them re enacting that give the drama and the mystery of these records the awful human element that is the secret of their strange attraction The volumes are well illustrated with portraits well produced and very capably edited we should not recommend them for general reading but the student of character and motive of the primitive savage who lives in the heart of civilised man and of the whole under side of things will find them suggestive and unquestionably valuable

RUSSIAN FLASHLIGHTS. By Jaakoff Prelooker 10s 6d net (Chapman & Hall)

Mr Jaakoff Prelooker's latest volume will be found interesting rather from its subject matter than from its literary merits although we have no wish to decry these latter His English style is workmanlike and readable, and for a foreigner remarkably idiomatic, but in the greater number of the sketches he has rather unnecessarily sacrificed the literary virtues for a baldly matter of fact manner The subject matter of his ten sketches principally concerns the sufferings and adventures of individuals of the revolutionary party in Russia and we believe that every reader will find it absorbing in interest A biographical sketch of the author translated from the Italian by Miss Helena Frank prefaces the volume Mr Prelooker is the son of a Russian rabbi and he was brought up to believe that the principal teaching of Christianity was "to persecute and even kill Jews" When he dis-

covered his mistake, he decided to preach reconciliation between Jew and Christian, a resolve which afterwards broadened into a conception "of the oneness of the origin and ultimate aim of all religious creeds." For his religious views he was excommunicated from the Jewish faith, and soon afterwards he came over to England, where from the start he has employed himself by lecturing on Russian affairs, and in journalism (he is editor of the *Anglo-Russian*) and literature. He married an English lady in 1905, and he has also identified himself as a strong adherent of the cause of Woman Suffrage. His is, in fact, a most interesting personality, and we have little doubt that "Russian Flashlights" will appeal to a considerable public.

THE MILITANT SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT. By Teresa Billington-Greig. 2s. 6d. (Frank Palmer.)

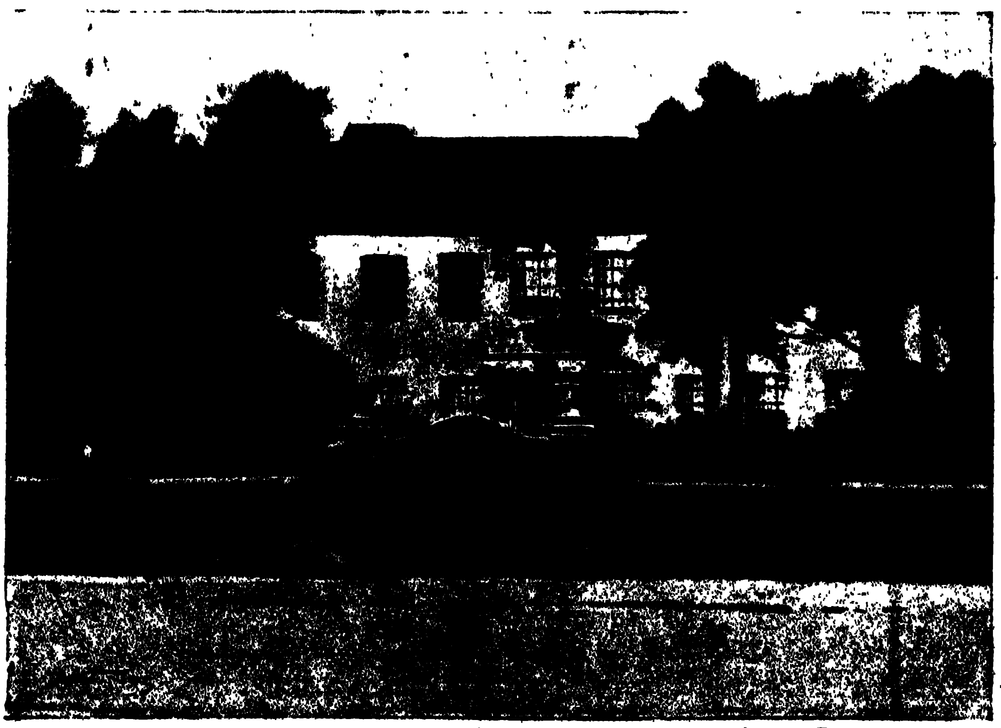
The book is based on the personal experiences of Mrs. Billington-Greig while working with the Women's Social and Political Union and the Women's Freedom League, and she sets herself, not to condemn militancy, but the way in which the modern militant suffrage movement has been carried out. "Votes for women we must have," she says in her Foreword, "and many other things for women; but votes for women over-hurried and at any price may cost us too dear. I do not believe that woman is the superior of man any more than I believe that she is his inferior. Pretensions of sex-superiority are like bad coins; they are just as bad whichever face is turned up." She compares the original hopes and intentions of the militant movement with its achievements, and gives her reasons why she thinks the movement has failed to carry out its early promises. It is an interesting, well-reasoned book, written in a clear and vivid style.

WORDSWORTHSHIRE. By Eric Robertson. 7s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

In this "introduction to a poet's country" (to which we gave some preliminary notice in our Spring Supplement) Mr. Robertson offers us no work of topography, as the reader might possibly suppose. The book, the author says, "will be found to be neither a Guide to the Lakes nor an analysis of Wordsworth's Complete Works, but a series of suggestions about a poet's mind in relation to the country in which he dwelt." Mr. Robertson, of course, possesses an intimate knowledge of the Lake Country—his preface is dated from Windermere—while he has also a keen sense of character, as his chapter on the dalesmen evidences. His theory is that his surroundings left an indelible mark upon Wordsworth's character and the character of his work. As the author is also a confirmed hero-worshipper, the book naturally contains a large number of extracts from the poet's works. We might, perhaps, have wished for a little more of Mr. Robertson and a little less of Wordsworth, but for the fact that many portions of the book are illuminating in the highest degree and these portions are frequently those which are stocked with the largest number of quotations. Mr. Robertson has even reduced his argument to a diagram. "The square represents the Lake District, and more particularly represents Wordsworthshire, with Grasmere as its centre. At the four corners of the square stand Cockermouth, Penrith, Hawkshead, Kendal. Each of these places is the centre of a circle of influence, part of which falls within Wordsworthshire. The Cockermouth Circle typifies Pure Nature. . . . The Penrith Circle shows Separation from Pure Nature. . . . The Hawkshead Circle contains Return to Nature and beginnings of the Search for Natural Man, as distinguished from the Fighting Man and the Trading Man of Penrith's history. This circle shows a Danish Boy entered into a Celtic land appropriated by Scandinavians." And it is explained later that "Kendal and Kendal politics . . . assumed a large place in Wordsworth's thought." This excerpt will suffice to show how thoroughly the author carries out his theories. Indeed, his enthusiasm and sincerity lead to a most interesting and suggestive book, which we cannot leave without a word of thanks for the additional pleasure given us by the numerous and well-reproduced pencil drawings of Mr. Arthur Tucker.

AMURATH TO AMURATH. By Gertrude Lowthian Bell. Illustrated. 16s. net. (Heinemann.)

Books of travel that are yet literature are the rarest things to be discovered. When discovered they are things that never tire and never weary. The latest adventurous soul who achieved the North Pole, or who thought he achieved the North Pole, publishes his highly exciting account of it all: an account that is awaited with eagerness, and read with avidity, and then for ever forgotten. It is borrowed from some or other circulating library and then returned thither. Meanwhile "The Bible in Spain" is a permanent possession on our shelves and a permanent joy in our minds. To say that there is something of this about Miss Bell's book would seem to give praise too lightly; but it is true nevertheless. There are illustrations, and the illustrations are good; there is knowledge, and it is abundant; there is capability, and it is ample. But these things may be, and yet there may be no book. What are required are the far, far rarer virtues of style and charm; and both of these she has. She has so drunk in the spirit of the peoples of Syria and the Euphrates valley that she often actually achieves the haunting



Wordsworth's Birthplace, Cockermouth.
From "Wordsworthshire," by Eric Robertson. (Chatto & Windus.)

cadences of Biblical speech And we do not feel that it is sought after; we feel that it is born of its subject That this is so can be seen from the fact that often when Miss Bell is least inclined to the Biblical cadence she is most full of charm Take this passage 'Hmeidi was a doubly married man, and while one of his wives remained at Buseirah the other dwelt at Abu Kemal His beat was between the two places And so' he explained I find a wife and children to welcome me at either end' 'That is very convenient said I Yes he answered gravely —What charm there is in that what restraint what humour, what a cadence and a feeling for words But there are much better things in the book

SUCCESS IN LITERATURE. By William Morris Colles and Henry Cresswell 5s net (Methuen) **THE WRITER.** By George Lansing Raymond and Post Wheeler 4s net (Putnam)

Here are two handbooks from which the young author will get many useful hints and much practical information Nobody knows better than Mr Morris Colles what difficulties beset the path of the literary beginner nor the likeliest ways of overcoming them His counsels are consistently shrewd and sound and he and Mr Cresswell back them in these pages with the advice aphorisms and a record of the doings and experiences of writers of renown There are chapters on success originality equipment reading style form and treatment on methods of work and the hundred and one such matters that concern the author and are involved in the business of authorship Professional writers will get a good deal from the book that is interesting and stimulating but despite the suggestion in the preface it is the beginner the man in need of a friendly guide and adviser who will find it most thoroughly serviceable It is for the beginner too and for his teachers that Messrs Raymond and Wheeler have designed The Writer an admirable text book that aims by means of quotations from leading authors explanations and set exercises to lead the pupil to appreciate artistic qualities in prose and poetry and to recognise how these qualities can be reproduced by himself The literary aspirant will do well to add both these books to his library

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Notes on New Books.

MESSRS GREENING

In Mr David Whitelaw's new novel **The Man with the Red Beard** (6s) Samuel Manneting part proprietor of the *Daily Mercury* just returned from a visit to Russia goes to the Empire Theatre one evening and there comes across a stranger who attracts his attention speaks to him and then makes a curious request I am Paul Bukstof he says who is wanted by the police for the robbery of the Azof diamond from Sir Boris Fenbery There is a reward of a thousand pounds for its recovery That is why I spoke to you I want you to give me up The reasons for this strange entreaty form the basis of a strong, dramatic story that shows great ingenuity in the construction of its plot Mr David Whitelaw tells his tale powerfully, sympathetically, with masterly skill and an eye for effect The scenes are laid in England and Russia and the exciting adventures Manneting goes through in both countries will hold the reader thrilled and interested from beginning to end The book is admirably illustrated by Mr Frank Wright

MESSRS HODDER & STOUGHTON

By calling his book **The Golden Land** (6s) Mr Arthur E Copping prepares us for the tone that pervades it For he paints here in colours as attractive as Mr Harold Copping's admirable illustrations the prospects of British settlers in Canada These have often been described before, but not with greater charm and power to convince Mr Copping shows the great possibilities that lie open for the proper type of emigrant and successfully demonstrates that the failures so often exploited are due not to any fault of the agencies concerned but to the folly and incapacity of individuals It is a bracing and cheerful book, brimful of reasoned optimism Twenty four full page illustrations in colour add greatly to its attractiveness

MR EVELEIGH NASH

A comedy, which is farcical at short intervals, has reached us, under the title of **Young Mr. Gibbs,** by Mrs Victor Rickard (6s) It is frankly one of the most amusing books it has been our luck to meet this season Looked at from the outside its relentless drawing of the character of Clarence Venning, the ultra cultured author is cynical to the point of bitter cruelty; but, taken as part and parcel of the story, it is intensely funny Clarence disapproves of his mother an elderly lady who insists upon being young and sprightly He endures agonies of shame by reason of his thin skin and his relationship His mother goads him in her smilingly, malicious way, cultivates vulgar friends and introduces them to him, and, above all terrifies him with the fear that she will marry a handsome underbred boy, the Mr Gibbs of the title The chronicle of Clarence's endeavours to save his mother from bringing ridicule upon himself makes this book Mrs Rickard pages are cleverly masculine in style

MESSRS HERBERT & DANIEL

In the shelf of books which contains such treasures as "The Roadmender The Invisible Playmate and other unclassable gems there will we think be found room for **The Hermit of Dreams,** by Ruth Temple Lindsay (3s 6d net) Five stories are bound within its covers stories instinct with mystic charm, with grace beauty and reverence They are told by the tall, emaciated suffering Hermit and they seem to bring the three worlds the Past the Present and the Future very simply, clearly naturally and beautifully close to one another and to us It is a little book to stir thought to give comfort, and to win affection

MESSRS DUCKWORTH & CO

A particularly interesting piece of biographical work is the volume containing **The Letters and Journal of Count Charles Leiningen-Westerburg,** edited by Henry Marczali, Ph D (7s 6d net) Leiningen was one of the heroic generals in the War of Independence 1848 9 and the letters and journal here translated and published cover those momentous months The letters were written chiefly by Leiningen to his wife and contain detailed accounts of notable men and affairs of the time The volume is one of extreme human interest, and is a most revealing first hand account of a comparatively little known piece of Hungary's history

MESSRS JOHN OUSELEY LTD

The pages that follow says Mr W J Wintle in the preface to his new book **Nights with an Old Lag** (5s net) suffer from the disadvantage that they are true But this still leaves it open for us to regard the statement as only a part of Mr Wintle Defoe like methods The old lag whose conversations Mr Wintle professes to report had spent twenty years in prison and his reminiscences extend from Newgate to Dartmoor and Parkhurst Altogether there are about two dozen episodes described most of them relating to burglaries carried out with great skill and daring and for the most part with amazing luck The narratives make very interesting reading, and certainly have every appearance of being informed with first hand knowledge An interesting chapter describes the old lag's feelings on revisiting London after twenty years spent in the country and his astonishment at seeing telephones and motors The book contains an edifying chapter of practical hints on how to guard against burglars Like Sir Walter Scott, the old lag recommends the possession of a Scotch terrier

MESSRS BOWRING & CO

Songs of the Dean Bourn, by C J Perry Keene (3s 6d net), is a volume which has for frontispiece a view of Herrick's Vicarage at Dean Prior The pages which follow are more varied than Herrick's Hesperides at le inspired The author, however is not a sanman he sets no terribly high value upon his work but he has an observant eye and a facile pen, and in this collection of poetry and prose grave and gay, his readers will find much to entertain them

MESSRS HEADLEY BROS

A thin grey volume containing **Songs of a Factory Girl,** by Ethel Carnie (1s net) is one of those collections of verse in which singleness of heart and purity of sentiment are more to be noticed than skill in technique or freshness of expression Miss Carnie's themes are varied she turns from Nature scenes to Life and Faith and Failure One of the best poems in her little book is An Old Woman's Hands

> Hands, I would kiss you passionate and fond,
> Lay on the withered brown my youthful lips
> In adoration!

It is a simple, pathetic poem, unaffected and full of feeling

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

We are glad to welcome Miss Lina Eckenstein's learned and delightful book, **Comparative Studies in Nursery Rhymes** (2s 6d net) Whether for knowledge of dates and origins, or for mere pleasure in recalling old favourites, this volume is perennially fascinating It is a monument of learning, attractively presented Messrs Duckworth have included it in their admirable Readers Library

New Books of the Month.

From April 10 to May 10.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

CANDLER, ARTHUR.—Faith and Experience: an Analysis of the Factors of Religious Knowledge. 3s. 6d. net (Methuen)

COBBOLD, REV. GEORGE A., B.A.—"This Church of England": a Course of Addresses. With Preface by Rt. Rev. Charles C. Grafton, S.T.D. 1s. 6d. net......(Mowbray)

Coronation Services, 1911. 17 Hymns and Tunes compiled by Rev. J. Mountain, D.D. 2d. ....(Morgan & Scott)

CURLING, EDWARD, M.A.—The Transfiguration, with Other Sermons and Short Addresses for Fast and Festival. With Introduction by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Salisbury. 3s. 6d. net..................(Ouseley)

FIELD, G. C., B.A.—The Doctrine of the Trinity in Recent Apologetic. 1d. (British and Foreign Unitarian Assoc.)

Gospel, The, according to St. Luke. With Introduction and Notes by Alfred E. Garvie, M.A., D.D. With Map. 2s. net and 3s. net ....(Melrose)

HODGKIN, THOMAS, D.C.L.—The Trial of our Faith, and Other Papers. 7s. 6d. net .... (Macmillan)

JOHNSTON, REV. R. E., M.A.—The Church and the Children; a Handbook of the Graded Sunday School and the Catechism. 6d. net and 1s. 6d. net........(Mowbray)

ROBERTS, REV. R. (Bradford).—The Collapse of Historical Christianity. 1d. ....(Watts)

ROBINSON, H. WHEELER, M.A. The Christian Doctrine of Man. 6s. net .... (T. & T. Clark)

RYDER, REV. HENRY IGNATIUS DUDLEY. Essays. Edited by Francis Bacchus. With Frontispiece. 9s. net ....(Longmans)

STEPHENSON, REV. H. S., M.A.—Three Hymns for the Coronation of their Most Gracious Majesties King George V. and Queen Mary. 1s. per 100..(Walter Scott)

New Editions.

BENHAM, REV. CANON, D.D.—St. John and his Work. With Frontispiece. 6d. net ....(Dent)

COMTE, AUGUSTE.—Early Essays on Social Philosophy. Translated by Henry Dix Hutton. New Edition, with Additional Notes and an Introduction by Frederic Harrison. 1s. net, 1s. 6d. net, and 2s. net (Routledge)

RAE, REV. G. MILNE, D.D.—Connection between Old and New Testaments. With Frontispiece. 6d. net .....(Dent)

ROBERTSON, JOHN M.—Pagan Christs: Studies in Comparative Hierology. Second Edition, Revised and Expanded. 5s. net ....(Watts)

STEWART, VERY REV. ALEXANDER, D.D.—The Life of Christ. With Frontispiece. 6d. net ....(Dent)

FICTION.

ADAMS, ANDY.—Wells Brothers: The Young Cattle Kings. With 8 Illustrations from Photographs by Erwin E. Smith. 6s. ....(Constable)

AGNEW, GEORGETTE.—The Bread upon the Waters. 6s. (Heinemann)

ANDOM, R.—In Fear of a Throne. With Preface by R. Hodder. With 50 Illustrations by G. W. Wakefield. 6s. (Stanley Paul)

ARMSTRONG, DONALD PRINGLE.—The Marriage of Quixote. 6s. ....(Secker)

ASKEW, ALICE AND CLAUDE.—The Stolen Lady. With Coloured Frontispiece. 6s. ....(Ward, Lock)

BELLOC, HILAIRE.—The Girondin. With Coloured Frontispiece. 2s. net ....(Nelson)

BRIDGES, PHILIPPA.—The Green Wave of Destiny. 6s. (Blackwood)

CARTER, JOHN L.—The Pilgrimage of Delilah. 6s. ..(Long)

CHARLTON, RANDAL.—The Bewildered Bride: a Matter of Fact. 6s. ....(Nash)

CLAPPERTON, MRS. FRANK.—The Other Richard Graham. 6s. ....(Elliot Stock)

CLIFFORD, SIR HUGH, K.C.M.G.—The Downfall of the Gods. 6s. ....(Murray)

COLMORE, G.—Suffragette Sally. 6s. ......(Stanley Paul)

COMSTOCK, HARRIET T.—Joyce of the North Woods. With 4 Illustrations by J. Cassel. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton)

CRAWFORD, ALEXANDER.—Kapah. 6s. ....(Blackwood)

CULLUM, RIDGWELL.—The One Way Trail. 6s. (Chapman & Hall)

CURTIS, MARGUERITE.—Oh! for an Angel—— 6s. (Blackwood)

EAKIN, RALPH.—The Broken Butterfly: an Austrian Romance. 6s. ....(Stanley Paul)

DIVER, MAUD.—Lilamani: a Study in Possibilities. 6s. (Hutchinson)

DOYLE, ARTHUR CONAN.—The Last Galley: Impressions and Tales. With 2 Illustrations. 6s. ..(Smith, Elder)

FITZGERALD, JOHN GODWIN.—Ruth Werdress, Father O'Haralan, and some New Christians: an Anglo-Irish Tale. 6s. ....(Blackwood)

FORSTER, E. M.—The Celestial Omnibus, and Other Stories. With End-Papers. 3s. 6d. net ..(Sidgwick & Jackson)

HOBART-HAMPDEN, E.—The Price of Empire. 6s. (Blackwood)

HOWARD, KEBLE.—The Happy Vanners: a Fairly Faithful Record of a Caravan Tour. With 51 Illustrations by L. Raven Hill. 6s. ....(Cassell)

HYATT, STANLEY PORTAL.—The Land of Promises. 6s. (Laurie)

KAYE, MICHAEL W.—For Braganza. 6s.........(Greening)

KRASZEWSKI, JOSEPH.—Count Brühl: a Romance of History. Translated by the Comte de Soissons. With Frontispiece. 1s. 6d. net and 2s. net ......(Greening)

LAMBTON, ARTHUR.—The Splendid Sinner: an Historical Neapolitan Romance of the days of Lady Hamilton. 6s. ....(Nash)

LEBLANC, MAURICE.—The Hollow Needle. 2s. net ..(Nash)

LEROUX, GASTON.—The Phantom of the Opera. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. 6s. (Mills & Boon)

LONDON, JACK. Burning Daylight. 6s. .....(Heinemann)

MACK, AMY E.—Bushland Stories. With 6 Coloured Illustrations by Lionel Lindsay. 3s. 6d. (Angus & Robertson, Sydney, and Australian Book Co., 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.)

MARCHMONT, ARTHUR W. Ella: a Romance. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton)

McCARTHY, JUSTIN HUNTLY.—The King over the Water, or, The Marriage of Melancholy. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett)

MEADOWS, ALICE MAUD. A Ghost from the Past. 6s. (Laurie)

"Miss Molly," Author of.—The Laws of Lello. 2s. net (Ouseley)

MORGAN DE GROOT, DR. J. The Hand of Venus. 6s. (Hutchinson)

MORICE, CHARLES. He is Risen Again: a Vision. 5s. net ....(Nash)

MUIR, WARD.—When We are Rich: a Callow Chronicle of Frivolous Affairs. 6s. ....(Stanley Paul)

ORCZY, BARONESS.—A True Woman. 6s. ....(Hutchinson)

PAGE, GERTRUDE.—Winding Paths. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett)

PARKINSON, JOHN.—Other Laws. 6s. ....(Lane)

PRYOR, MRS. ROGER A.—The Colonel's Story. 6s. (Macmillan)

REYNOLDS, MRS. BAILLIE.—The Queen's Hand. 6s. (Mills & Boon)

REYNOLDS, MRS. FRED.—The Horseshoe. 6s. (Chapman & Hall)

RUSSELL, GEORGE HANSBY. Ivor: a Tale of Lundy Island and the West Country. 6s. ....(Murray)

SHERREN, WILKINSON. Two Girls and a Mannikin. 6s. (Stanley Paul)

STACPOOLE, HENRY DE VERE.—The Ship of Coral: a Tropical Romance. 6s. ....(Hutchinson)

STOCKLEY, CYNTHIA. The Claw. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett)

SYRETT, NETTA.—Drender's Daughter. 6s. (Chatto & Windus)

THURSTON, E. TEMPLE.—The Garden of Resurrection: Being the Love Story of an Ugly Man. 6s. (Chapman & Hall)

TROUBRIDGE, LADY.—Body and Soul. With Frontispiece. 6s. ....(Mills & Boon)

VYNNE, NORA.—The Pieces of Silver. 6s. ....(Melrose)

WARDEN, FLORENCE.—Laidlaw's Wife. 6s. ......(Long)

WEMYSS, MRS. GEORGE.—People of Popham. With 8 Illustrations. 6s. ....(Constable)

WHITELAW, DAVID.—The Man with the Red Beard: a Story of Moscow and London. With 4 Illustrations by Frank Wright. 6s. ....(Greening)

WILSON BARRETT, ALFRED.—Justus Wise. With Frontispiece. 6s. ....(Ward, Lock)

WINTLE, HAROLD. The Great Betrayal. 6s. ....(Ouseley)

WYNNE, MAY.—Honour's Fetters. 6s. ......(Stanley Paul)

YOUNG, F. E. MILLS.—Sam's Kid. 6s. ....(Lane)

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Published Monthly.

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No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

Important Notice.—In response to many applications, particularly from the British Colonies, it has been decided to extend the time allowed for sending in manuscripts for Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's £1,000 Prize Novel Competition. The last date for receiving manuscripts is changed from August 31, 1911, to January 1, 1912, by which date all manuscripts submitted for the Competition must be received by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C. Novels may be sent at any time previous to this date. All other conditions of the Competition remain unchanged.

Literature was fittingly recognised among the recent Coronation honours by the conferring of the O.M. on Sir George Otto Trevelyan and of knighthoods on Professor Walter Raleigh and Mr. Sidney Lee. Sir George Trevelyan's Life of Lord Macaulay is one of the few great English biographies; Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Sidney Lee are two of the most brilliant of living critics and men of letters—the service Sir Sidney has rendered to literature as editor of the "Dictionary of National Biography" would be difficult to over-estimate.

It seems to be something of a custom in America to celebrate a centenary at the beginning of the hundredth year instead of at the end of it. Already several papers on the other side of the Atlantic and on this have been commemorating the Centenary of Harriet Beecher Stowe, and there is justification for their doing so, since there is a doubt whether she was born on June 14, 1812 or 1811. The best known of her nine books are "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Dred," and "Agnes of Sorrento," but to all intents and purposes she is a one-book author. It is not so many years ago since "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had its place in every popular series of novels, and was one of the most popular of the series; but nowadays it is one of those books that everybody has heard of and nobody reads. It played a potent part in the abolition of slavery, and the story of its author's career and of the book's great day of success are things that were worth remembering and are worth telling.

"Margaret Harding" is the title that has been finally fixed upon for Mr. Perceval Gibbon's new

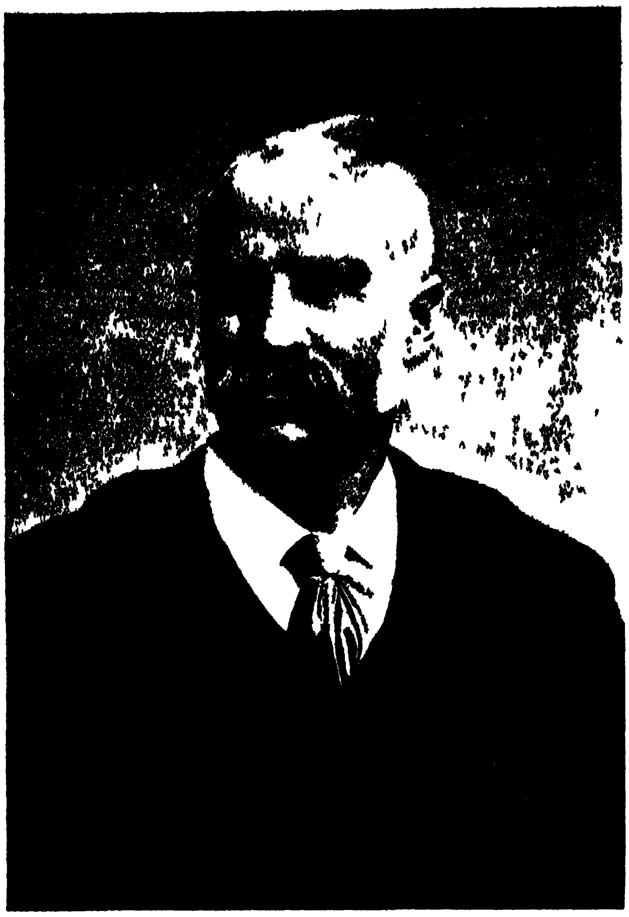


Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery **Sir William S. Gilbert.**

novel It is the longest book he has yet written and will be published this autumn after it has run its serial course in America

Messrs J M Dent & Sons are arranging for the publication of a series of novels and are inaugurating the series this autumn with six novels by new writers

Miss Ellen Key whose striking book "Love and Marriage," was recently published by Messrs Putnam's, is probably the foremost living woman in Sweden She is descended from Sir Donald McKay of Strathnavar who in 1626 raised a regiment of two thousand men for service in Bohemia and Sweden He afterwards fought for Charles I during the Civil War, and then returned to Sweden and became Governor of Bergen The present head of the Clan McKay is Lord Reay

"Who's Who in Science" is a new annual that Messrs J & A Churchill have in preparation under the editorship of Mr H H Stephenson.

A Theatrical Garden Party, in aid of the Actors' Orphanage Fund, will be held at the Botanic Garden, Regent's Park, on July 11, when Mr. Cyril Maude will produce "The Mysterious Murder in the Mill," a burlesque by Mr Austin Strong and Mr Dion Clayton Calthrop, Mr Charles Hawtrey and Miss Vane Featherstone will present an up-to-date version of the domestic tragedy of Punch and Judy, and Mr Edward Sass will deliver a lecture on "Dogs" Other leading actors who are taking part in the proceedings include Mr Arthur Bourchier and Miss Evelyn D'Alroy Full particulars and tickets at five shillings each can be obtained from Mr Anslow J Austin, Hon Secretary, 26, Old Buildings Lincoln's Inn

Mr Murray is publishing a new book by Lord Dunraven called "The Legacy of Past Years A Study of Irish History" in which the author has set himself to answer the question "Why is it that the realm is no richer for Ireland?"

Under the auspices of the Titmarsh Club and by permission of the Master of the Charterhouse a Thackeray Exhibition has been opened at the Charterhouse I C Lady Ritchie Mr Pierpont Morgan Sir Frederick Pollock and others have lent portraits first editions, drawings etc and a



Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery **Sir Arthur Sullivan.**



Photo by Lambert & Lambert, Bath. **Sybil Spottiswoode (Mrs. John Spottiswoode).**

very interesting collection of Thackeray books, documents, and relics have been brought together by way of commemorating his Centenary. The Exhibition will remain open until July 15.

Mrs. John Spottiswoode, author of those delightful and very successful books "Marcia in Germany" and "Hedwig in England," is the wife of Captain John Spottiswoode (late of the King's Royal Rifles) and cousin of Mr. W. Hugh Spottiswoode, who is well known in literary circles and a member of the firm of Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode. Mrs. Spottiswoode speaks German like a native, and the knowledge of German life and manners shown in her books is not that of the usual tourist or student of art or music, but the intimate knowledge that has been gained by actual living in the towns and mixing in the society that she describes. Painting and designing and working embroidery of the Japanese school are Mrs. Spottiswoode's recreations; the pastels which she exhibited a few years ago in Bond Street won high encomiums from the art critics. Her latest novel, "Her Husband's Country," a study of international marriage, treated with a sense of humour, has just been published by Mr. Heinemann. At present Mrs. Spottiswoode is abroad and is busy with the writing of a play.

Messrs. Cassell have issued an excellent illustrated booklet that serves as a guide to the comprehensive set of Nature books that are published by them. Nature lovers who are looking for books that are devoted to their own particular interests will find it very serviceable and can have it gratis on application.

A sumptuous souvenir volume of the Shakespeare Memorial National Ball, held at the Royal Albert Hall on the 20th of last month, is in course of preparation, and will be issued shortly by Messrs. Frederick Warne & Co. It will contain lists of Royal and other guests, pictures of the ball, and a series of over fifty full-page photogravure portraits of the ladies as they appeared in the quadrilles.

A book of sketches by Mrs. Margaret L. Woods, "Pastels Under the Southern Cross," will be published by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. early in the autumn. The book will contain some additional material that Mrs. Woods has gathered since these sketches appeared serially in the *Cornhill*.

Most volumes of poetry nowadays have a very short and a very quiet life and die very quietly. One of the few that made more noise in the world than the majority was the book of poems by Mr. Darrell Figgis that Mr. John Lane published two years ago with a preface by Mr. G. K. Chesterton.



Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mrs. Margaret L. Woods.**

Mr. Figgis was born in Dublin, but at a very early age went with his family to India, and after nine years' residence there was brought back and completed his education in the old country. At fifteen he began the serious business of life in the offices of a firm of wholesale tea merchants; and a few years later began to write verses and had written and burnt a great deal before his first volume made its appearance. Mr. Chesterton had read the volume in manuscript, and it was this reading that brought about Mr. Figgis's introduction to him. Last year, being involved in a commercial catastrophe and having made some reputation with his book, Mr. Figgis took to journalism as a profession; he wrote articles for the *Star*; a series on "Living Poets" for the *New Age*, has contributed to the *English Review*, and does a great deal of reviewing for the *Academy*, and has recently written an elaborate analysis of J. M. Synge's work which is appearing in the *Fortnightly*. At the beginning of this year, Mr. Figgis joined Messrs. Dent as literary adviser, and he is at present engaged on a study of Shakespeare which is not to treat him academically, but to bring him into line with modern dramatists, and the book will be published by Messrs. Dent this autumn.



Photo by Edgar Salomon, Stoke Newington. **Mr. Darrell Figgis,**

Whose new book, "The Crucibles of Time, and Other Poems," has just been published by Messrs. Dent.

The July *Cornhill* is a particularly timely and interesting number, and appropriately commemorates the centenary of its first editor. It contains Thackeray's newly discovered "Cockney Travels" and as much as he had written of "The Knights of Borsellen," with the author's own illustrations and an admirable preface and notes by Lady Ritchie. Supplementing these are articles on "Thackeray and his Father's Family," by Mrs. Warre Cornish, and "'Sylhet' Thackeray," by F. B. Bradley-Birt. There is also a characteristic and excellent portrait of Thackeray which has never before been published, and a charming centenary poem by Austin Dobson sketching the man who—

> "Because—disdaining to make light
> Of wrong by treating it as right—
> He probed the wound they saw exist,
> They dubbed him heartless satirist."



Photo by A. K. Perry, Hastings.

Mr. Warwick Deeping,

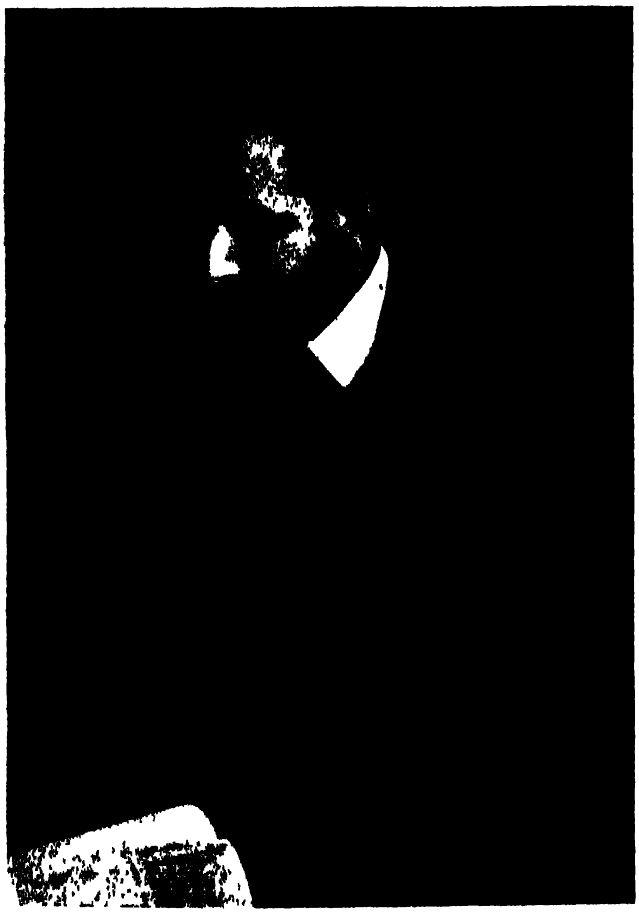
Whose new novel, "Joan of the Tower" (Cassell), is reviewed on page 180.

"Willowford Woods" is the title of a new novel by Mr. Murray Gilchrist that Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co. are publishing. Mr. Gilchrist is one of our not-too-many novelists who can tell a good story and yet have a real literary gift, and can tell it with some charm of style.

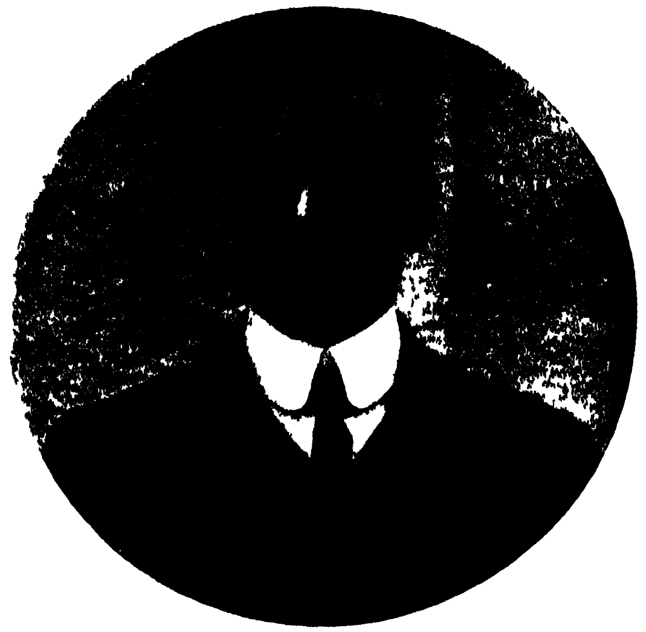
Messrs. Chapman & Hall are issuing new and cheap editions of Major W. P. Drury's half-dozen volumes of novels and short stories, "The Peradventures of Private Pagett," containing eight illustrations by Arthur Rackham; and close on

the heels of this welcome re-issue comes from the same publishers a new book of stories by the same author, "Long Bow and Broad Arrow," the new book and the new editions having cover designs drawn for them by the author. Major Drury has had a very varied career by land and sea all over the globe—a career that has furnished him with plenty of excellent material for his books and plays. "Polyacoustic," one of the stories of "Long Bow and Broad Arrow," occurred to him when he was a fathom or so beneath the Solent in a submarine; the incident related in "Toasted Cheese" actually happened; and most of the other stories are founded on fact, the germ of each having been told to him at different times whilst he was at sea.

At present, like so many other authors, Major Drury is turning from the writing of books to writing for the stage, on which he has already been very successful. A one-act play of his, "The Admiral Speaks," was produced last January at the Comedy Theatre, and he was part-author of "A Privy Council" (a Pepys play), which was played a hundred and fifty times at the Haymarket, and of "The Flag Lieutenant," which ran for a year at the Playhouse, and has been performed practically all over the civilised world. Both these plays had the honour of a command performance at Sandringham.



Mr. Stephen Foreman,
Whose first novel, "The Overflowing Scourge," will be published this month by Messrs. Alston Rivers.



Major W. P. Drury.

Major Drury confesses to two hobbies: he is an enthusiastic speaker on public platforms for the National Service League, and he has raised a troop of Boy Scouts in the village of Petworth, where he lives, and devotes a good deal of time to training them.

We are indebted to Messrs. Macmillan for permission to reproduce four of Sir William Gilbert's drawings from their edition of "The Bab Ballads, with which are included Songs of a Savoyard"; and for much assistance with the other illustrations our thanks are due to Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith, Messrs. Geo. Bell & Sons, Mr. William Heinemann, Mr. Grant Richards, Mr. Martin Secker, Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co., Messrs. Chapman & Hall, Messrs. Alston Rivers, Messrs. Cassell, and Messrs. Dent.

We regret that by an oversight we omitted to mention that Rossetti's famous painting "Dante's Dream" (given as a presentation plate in our last Number) was reproduced by permission from the original in the possession of the Corporation of Liverpool.

The August BOOKMAN will be a Max Beerbohm Number; it will contain a special article on Max Beerbohm as author and caricaturist by George Soames Layard, and will be illustrated with portraits and a large number of reproductions of Mr. Beerbohm's caricatures. Other contents of this number will include "Brieux," by F. G. Bettany; "Polidori and 'The Vampire,'" by W. E. A. Axon; "Poor Rachel!" by Tighe Hopkins; "The Celtic Spirit," by Edward Thomas; "Major Drury's Stories," by F. T. Bullen; "An Irish Beauty," by Lewis Melville; and "The Republican Tradition in Europe," by Professor Adams.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

July 1 to August 1, 1911.

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T. S. L.—Territorial and Boy Scout Service. 6d. net.
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THE READER.

W. S. GILBERT.

By Rutland Barrington.

THE first and last meetings with persons of distinction in that sphere of life to which their natural gifts have attracted them will almost inevitably be found to have left an indelible impression on the minds of those experiencing the good fortune of such a rencontre, for in the case of the first meeting, whether it be only for the making of a pleasurable new acquaintance or for some more solid reason, there is always some little item which fixes it in the memory; and in the case of the last, when it resolves itself into the final and most pathetic scene of all, the interment of all that is left of the once striking personality, the friendly onlooker would indeed be callous if he failed to find much that is not only impressive but, to some extent, disturbing.

On Friday, June 2, 1911, were laid to rest the ashes of probably the greatest humorist that England has possessed and possibly ever will possess, there being no present evidence of his mantle having fallen upon the shoulders of any latter-day writer. In delicate fancy and stinging satire Sir William Schwenck Gilbert stood alone, and as to his marvellous ability as a writer of lyrics, a true appreciation of this can only be arrived at by the singing of his lines; without any disparagement of the great genius of his great confrère Sullivan, I think it may be claimed for Gilbert's lyrics that they not only "set" themselves but also "sing" themselves, two very rare attributes.

Gilbert has been described to me by many people who have only had a superficial acquaintance with him as "a difficult man to get on with," but to those who knew him more intimately, and were permitted to penetrate the exterior shell of reserve belonging to a keenly sensitive nature, there was quite as much to love as to admire. His intense affection for children and constant solicitude for their amusement betrayed a warmth of heart unsuspected by the majority; that he could on occasions be stern, almost to harshness, when occupied in stage-managing his various works, is common knowledge, but in all the years of experience which it was my privilege to have of him in this direction I never saw this attitude assumed except under the provocation of stupidity so crass as to fully warrant its adoption, or, as an alternative example, of an assumption of that manner which implies "you cannot teach *me* acting," and which perhaps calls even more loudly for repression than does stupidity.

That he was generous in giving help when needed is an undoubted fact which would have been more widely known but for his rigid adherence to the principle of not allowing his left hand to know what his right hand gave.

My first impression of him was naturally coloured by the fact that I was meeting him by appointment for a species of "inspection" on which he was to decide on my personal and physical fitness for the part of Doctor Daly in "The Sorcerer," which opera, though we naturally did not know it at the time, was to prove the foundation stone of that incomparable "Gilbert and Sullivan" edifice of which "The Mikado" was, I venture to think, the coping stone, although additional wings, so to speak, were thrown out afterwards.



Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery. **Sir William S. Gilbert.**

The nervousness and anxiety consequent upon such a vital interview left me with the impression that, although he was geniality itself, I had conversed with the stern arbiter of my fate, and my feeling of relief on hearing that I had successfully passed the ordeal may be imagined.

Many long and happy years of association followed on this interview, and, indeed, it was not for some two or three years after our first meeting that I had my opportunity of knowing Gilbert the man, as distinct from Gilbert the author, when much of the awe with which I had regarded the latter was by degrees merged in the affection with which I began to regard the former.

These years of association were broken for a short time in the autumn of 1888, when I allowed myself to be persuaded—perhaps too easily, owing to the conceit and rashness of youth—into an attempt at management on my own, beguiled thereto by a friend who professed his ability to furnish me with seven thousand pounds for the venture, but who, on being told that I had secured and signed a lease of the St. James's Theatre, promptly backed out of his offer, leaving me with a theatre and no money to run it with. My good friend the late Colonel North came to my rescue with two thousand and I started on an episode which I should not have alluded to here but for the fact that the second play I produced was a comedy-drama written for me by Gilbert, in which Julia Neilson and Lewis Waller, among others, made a first appearance; however, it failed to attract, and after a few weeks more I closed the theatre and had time to think of the lesson I had received, almost the only bright spots in connection with the matter being Colonel North's cheery disregard of his loss and Gilbert's generous refusal to take a single penny of the fees which were his due.

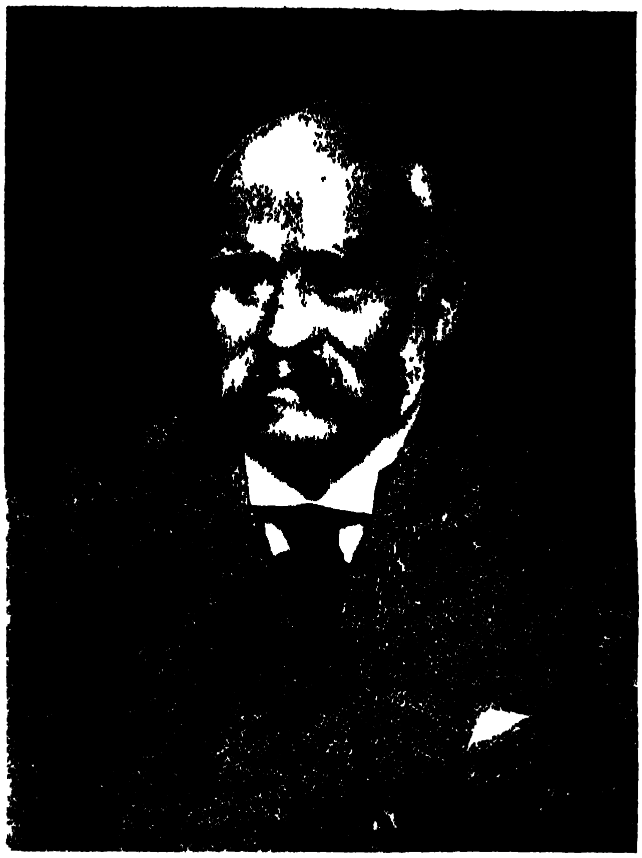
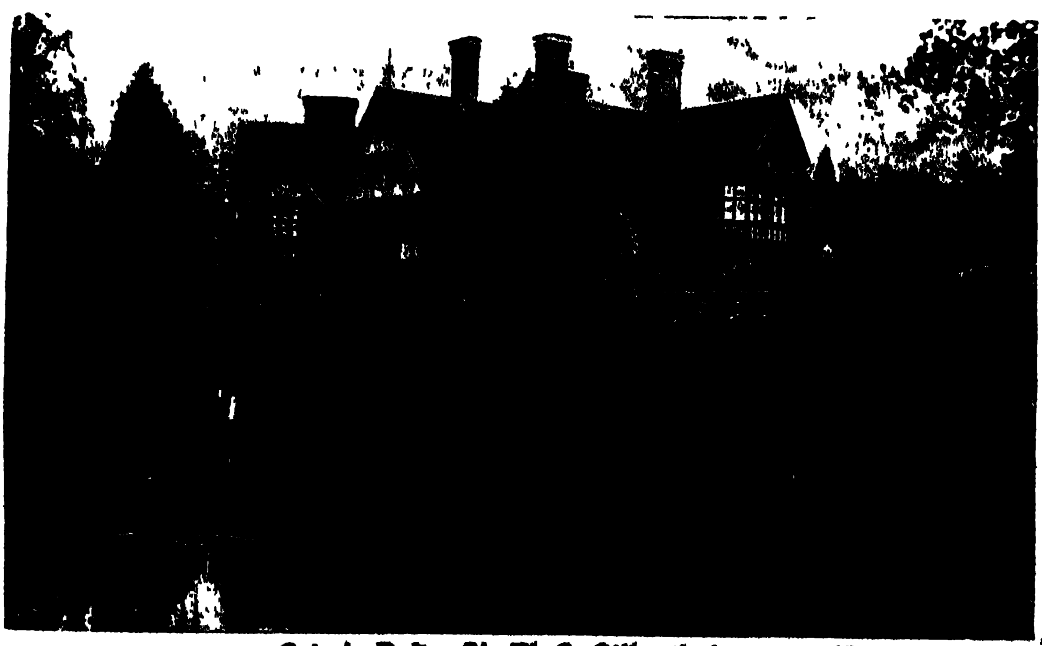


Photo by J. Russell & Son

Sir W. S. Gilbert.

A few weeks before his death I heard incidentally that Gilbert was anxious that a performance of some one or other of his well-known operas should be included in the general amusements for the Coronation festivities, and while the idea appealed to me as eminently desirable, I fear that now he has gone the hope will be difficult of realisation; but that we shall see them all again on some future occasion there can be "no possible doubt whatever," for that these wonderful combinations of literary and musical genius resemble hardy annuals is abundantly proved by the continued regularity of the visits of the famous Repertoire Company to the chief provincial towns, interspersed with occasional weeks at the best-known suburban theatres. When you have mentioned Shakespeare and one or two of the old comedies, such as "She Stoops to Conquer" and "The School for Scandal," what other works are there but these operas which a manager can reproduce with any chance of success? And while much of this immortality is owing to the delightful music, which in every case is so admirably calculated to bear its share in the harmonious whole, one cannot but congratulate the composer on his good fortune in having such lyrics to set even while recognising the author's frequently expressed indebtedness to his happy chance in securing such a composer; that music alone, however beautiful and arresting, will not make the success of a musical play, has been proved over and over again: the lyrics and dialogue are of paramount importance, and so we are constantly hoping for signs of the coming of a worthy successor to the great humorist whose loss we now deplore.

One of the secrets, if not the all-important one, of the phenomenal success of these operas and of their lasting popularity lies in the serious manner in which the delineation of each and every part should be sustained, a truism which has not invariably been recognised by the artists concerned, though naturally



Grim's Dyke, Sir W. S. Gilbert's house at Harrow Weald.

From "W. S. Gilbert," by Edith A. Browne. "Stars of the Stage" Series. (John Lane.)

most in evidence in the case of those who have had the advantage of Gilbert's personal instruction. What a monument of fun and whimsicality is "Trial by Jury" when so attacked! And yet on many occasions I have seen it distorted almost out of recognition by artists who insisted on being funny; indeed, at one performance, in which Gilbert himself was to appear as the Judge's Attorney (an ornamental non-speaking part), this tendency was so marked at rehearsal as to result in a telegram on the day of performance, from the author, to the effect that he had "a severe cold and could not come to town." I wrote him a sympathetic letter to which he replied by return that he was "perfectly well, but dared not risk the effect on his health of such a performance!"



Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.

Mr. Walter Passmore as John Wellington Wells in "The Sorcerer."

I have many letters from him of a characteristic nature such as the foregoing, but there is none among them that I prize more highly than the charming one he wrote when returning the proofs of my first volume of reminiscences which he was so kind as to volunteer to correct, in which he says "you might have been far less good-natured with equal truth"; I am proud of the knowledge that although we had several disagreements during our long association, and one very serious rupture indeed, they were invariably smoothed out and

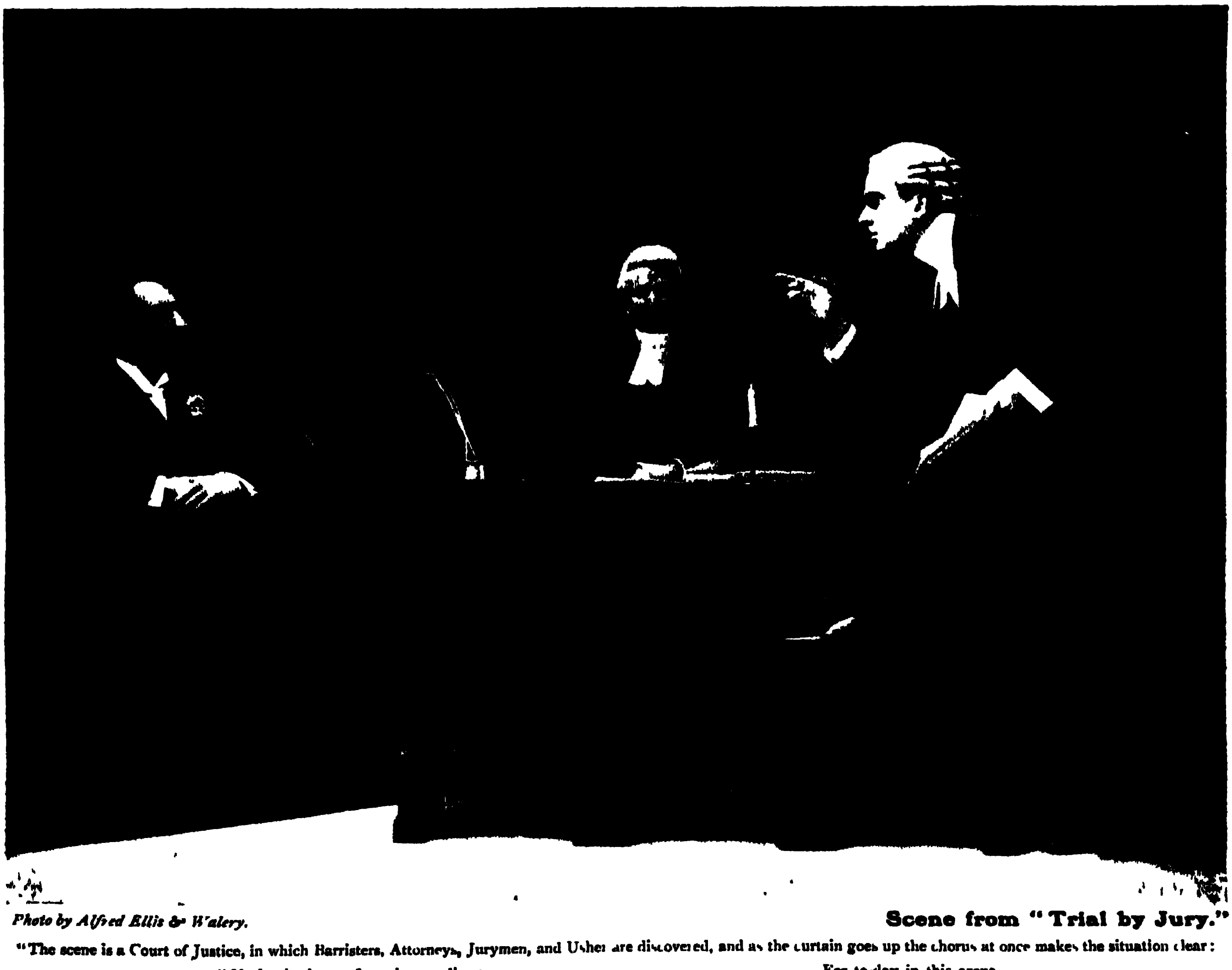


Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.

Scene from "Trial by Jury."

"The scene is a Court of Justice, in which Barristers, Attorneys, Jurymen, and Usher are discovered, and as the curtain goes up the chorus at once makes the situation clear:

"Hark, the hour of ten is sounding;
Hearts with anxious fears are bounding;
Hall of Justice crowds surrounding,
Breathing hope and fear—

For to-day in this arena,
Summoned by a stern subpœna,
Edwin, sued by Angelina,
Shortly will appear."

"W. S. Gilbert," by Edith A. Browne. (John Lane.)



Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery

Dick Deadeye (Richard Temple) to Captain (Mr H A Lytton)

"Kind Captain I've important information
Sing hey the kind commander that you are
About a certain intimate relation
Sing hey the merry maiden and the tar
H M S Pinafore

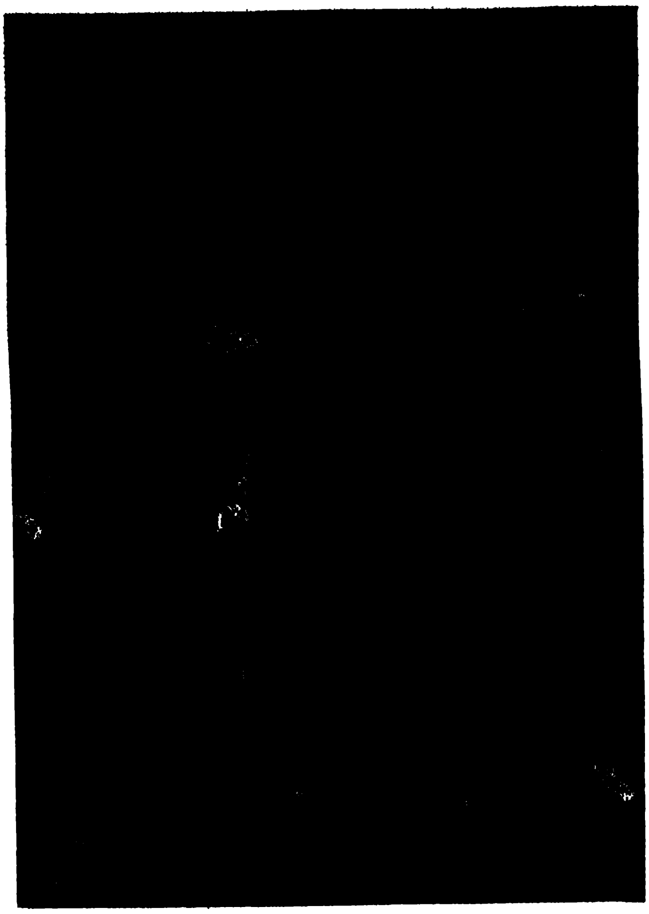


Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery

Admiral Sir Joseph Porter (Mr Walter Passmore) interposing between Captain (Mr H A Lytton) and Ralph Rackstraw (Mr Robert Evett)

My pain and my distress
I find it is not easy to express
My amazement my surprise
You may learn from the expression of my eyes!
H M S Pinafore

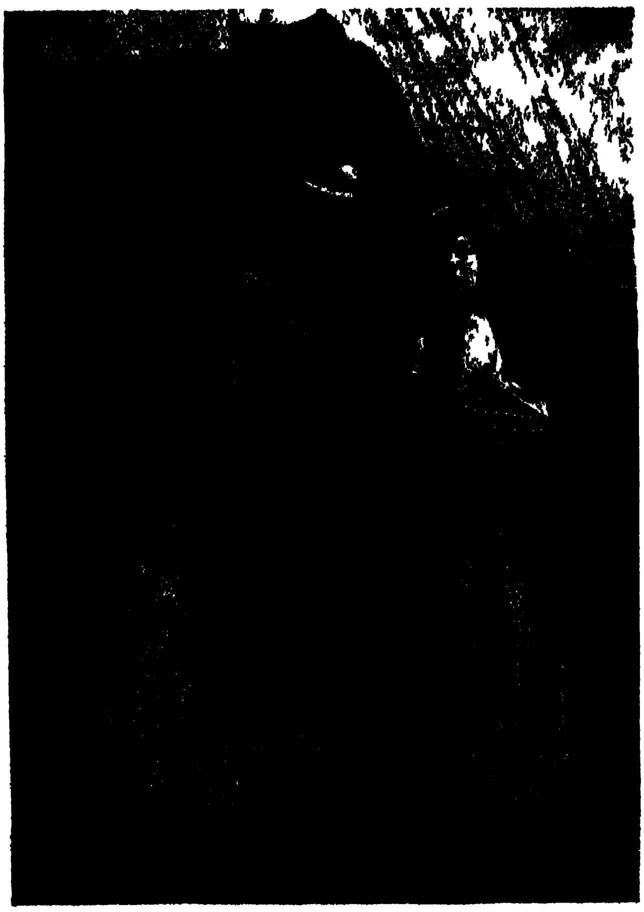


Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery

Miss Ruth Vincent as Josephine, the Captain's daughter, and Miss Rosina Brandram as Little Buttercup, the bumboat woman, in "H.M.S. Pinafore."



Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery

Mr. Walter Passmore as the Sergeant of Police, and Miss Rosina Brandram as Ruth, a pirate maid-of-all-work, in "The Pirates of Penzance."

we remained the best of friends to the end of his days, and he always manifested the kindliest interest in my doings and extended the heartiest of possible welcomes when I was a guest at his home.

When he received his knighthood I confess that I regarded it as a somewhat belated honour and was uncertain if he would accept it, so worded my congratulatory telegram thus—"If you are pleased, so am I; if not, the same," to which I had one of his usual witty replies, expressing his gratification at the honour bestowed, a gratification shared, I feel sure, by the legion of his admirers.



Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.

"ARCHIBALD GROSVENOR (Mr. Henry A. Lytton): Poor, poor girls! It is best to speak plainly I know that I am loved by you, but I never can love you in return, for my heart is fixed elsewhere! Remember the fable of the Magnet and the Churn —*Patience.*

And so we come to the last sad scene of all, the sadness of which is mitigated by the thought that so great a career should have had the noble end of surrendering life to save life.

Never in its previous history, I imagine, has the picturesque and quiet little village of Stanmore, with its quaint little square-towered church, witnessed a more moving spectacle than that of this occasion; the note of mournfulness struck by the sombre garb of the numerous friends of the great man who had travelled from town to pay their last respects was intensified by the brilliant sunshine which beat upon us as we walked up the tree-lined road leading to the churchyard, around the outer gates of which were grouped some half-dozen of the ubiquitous camera-men, whose presence, though I presume unavoidable, seemed to many of us to strike a somewhat jarring note, to be intensified a little later, to some at least, when we caught a glimpse of the casket containing the ashes of our lamented friend.

Three members of the old Savoy brigade, Jessie Bond, Richard Temple, and myself, were deeply disappointed that none of Sullivan's glorious music could be made use of at the service, but as the choir was composed solely of boys, it was presumably unavoidable; and after a last look at the casket in its quiet resting-place we went slowly down the hill again to take up the burden of our daily lives, exchanging recollections of the many happy hours we had spent in the company of the man of great mind and great deeds whose loss has caused another gap in the ranks of a combination which stood unrivalled in the work of history-making for the stage.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SIR W. S. GILBERT.

By George Grossmith, Jessie Rose, Edward German, and C. H. Workman.

GEORGE GROSSMITH looks backwards:

> " But to benefit humanity however much I plan,
> Yet everybody says I'm such a disagreeable man !
> And I can't think why ! "

This is an excerpt from the splendid song—one of the best Sir William ever wrote—sung by King Gama in " Princess Ida." It was very fortunate for me that this character it was my lot to play.



Mr. George Grossmith,
One of the most famous actors of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas.
From " The Diary of a Nobody " by George Grossmith and Weedon Grossmith (Arrowsmith.)

At one of the rehearsals I asked Gilbert if he were having a dig at me. Sir William's characteristic reply was, " Certainly not. I meant it for myself. I thought it my duty to live up to my reputation."

He was an extremely sensitive man, and was perfectly aware of the fact that there was a general impression abroad to that effect among strangers. How stupid those people were, for he was to those who knew him a courteous and amiable gentleman—a gentleman without the veneer.

But woe betide the fool who ventured to rub him the wrong way. Gilbert was never provocative, but when provoked, he would reply with a courteous little sting which was far more painful than that of a wasp, because it lasted longer.

I was seated beside Gilbert many years ago at the Beefsteak Club when a young scion of the aristocracy, who had just been elected a member of the club, came in with two of his supporters, and the three sat opposite to us. The young scion began talking loudly, exclaiming that he had been to see " H.M.S. *Pinafore* " at the Opéra Comique, and that he had never witnessed such rot in his life. He continued dilating upon the subject until, after many efforts on the part of one member, by signs, to call his attention to the fact that the author was facing him, another friend sent him a little note. Gilbert never took his eyes off the plate, but I was watching the effect of the note; the change of countenance was extraordinary. After a pause the scion said, in a still louder voice, " But of course I shall go again, because the draught was so awful—the wind was blowing all round the theatre, but I shall go again " Gilbert raised his head and said: " I should not do that if I were you. The piece was not written for victims to atmospheric pressure ! "

At a stage rehearsal the chorus of men, at a given period, had to raise the right hand. For some reason or other, one *would* raise the left ; this was taken over and over again. Sir William then said : " My good fellow, if you don't know your *right* ask the gentleman on your left." This made the matter more confusing because the chorus-man in question did not seem to know his left either.

But although Sir William Gilbert was so charming to his thousands of friends in society, he was still more charming *chez lui* All the great charm of this great genius—this great man—lay in his own home He was a marvellous host, supported always by his loyal and devoted wife, Lady Gilbert. No matter whether it were a lunch, a dinner, tea, reception, or a juvenile party, he was in his element, and so were his guests.

When he retired into the country, he always amused me. When people dropped in to tea, he looked so severe. He would not in a namby-pamby way say to a gentleman, " Oh, *doooo* let me tempt you to have a cup of tea," but he would walk up to him with the semblance of a colonel in command, and with a scowl say, " If you don't take tea and prefer a whisky and soda—there it is "



Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.

"QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES (Miss Rosina Brandram): And yet [*unfolding a scroll*] the law is clear—every fairy must die who marries a mortal.
"LORD CHANCELLOR (Mr. Walter Passmore): Allow me, as an old equity draughtsman, to make a suggestion."—*Iolanthe.*

But it occurs to me that his great joy in life was giving juvenile parties. He became a boy himself. He would give entertainments, calling upon Rutland Barrington, myself, and others to amuse the young people and the grown-up ones as well.

On one occasion at his beautiful house in Harrington Gardens a lot of us attended a rehearsal of a Toy Symphony. This was organised by Lady Katherine Coke, a delightful friend. She had made an arrangement of the old Bombush Polka. I asked Gilbert why he did not select Haydn's or Romberg's? Gilbert looked at me very fiercely and replied: "Because I did not think them gay or bright enough for the young people. Follow me."

I did with a certain amount of trepidation. He addressed me very seriously thus: "No, I don't care for them, and, if you promise me faithfully not to mention it to a single person, not even to your dearest friend—I don't think Shakespeare rollicking."

This incident always impressed itself on my mind.

I heard a lady say to him, "Oh, Mr. Gilbert, you must be a consummate musician, or you never could write such perfect rhythm." "Indeed, I am not," replied Gilbert. "I only know two tunes. One is 'God save the Queen,' and the other isn't." This was many years ago. There was a good deal of truth in it. At a cheery little dance about the year 1879, the band struck up the "Sorcerer" Lancers. The music was familiar to him, and he immediately *hoisted his slacks* à la Jack Tar, fully under the impression that they were playing the "Pinafore" Lancers. Gilbert was a very excellent dancer, by the way.

There is one thing that my son, George junior, and I shall always remember, and that is, it was under the auspices of Sir William Gilbert that each of us made his first appearance on the stage, rather an odd coincidence.

Well, all those happy days are over. They make a gladsome retrospect, and help one to enjoy the present. There is some solace in that.

Good-bye "Bab"—you have gone but your last act of charity was to leave behind your brilliant work to endear you in our lasting memory.

GEO. GROSSMITH.



If it be well to droop and pine and mope,
To sigh "Oh, Ida! Ida!" all day long,
Then Prince Hilarion is very well. *Princess Ida.*

Reproduced from one of Mr. W. Russell Flint's colour illustrations in "Savoy Operas," by W. S. Gilbert. (G. Bell & Sons.)

MISS JESSIE ROSE

writes:

Your invitation has reached me by a devious way, although my name is no longer Jessie Rose nor my address the Savoy or any other theatre.

Well and long as I knew Sir William (I first remember him as a visitor at a dear old country house near Uxbridge where I spent several happy years of almost childhood), I can add nothing to the flood of humorous anecdote which has poured in from all sides. I much prefer to remember him by the kindness he always showed to me and to many another artist struggling to get out of the ruck. Sir William had ever a kind word for any one who tried; even when for want of ear

or education or both such a one could not give the pronunciation or inflection he wished, his patience and forbearance were most marked But to the actor or actress who did not trouble, or thought it did not matter, he was indeed cutting to one I have heard him say "Never mind, my dear you cannot help it, it takes a lady to get it as I want it" to another "It is not your fault but the fault of those who have lifted you out of your level Do your best, and I will try not to hear" And no truer word has been said than that of one of his Sunday paper biographers who wrote lately that a hard word often saved him from a sorrowful gulp

It only remains to hope that the right man will be found to write his life—for a book well written will be of national value J R Ford



Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery

Mr. Rutland Barrington as Pooh-Bah (Lord High Everything Else) in "The Mikado."

EDWARD GERMAN
relates a personal experience.

In our one operatic essay ("Fallen Fairies") I found it a great delight to work with Sir William he was always so reasonable he invariably acquiesced in any suggestion I made so long as it did not interfere with his dramatic scheme this he guarded most completely Although the opera did not enjoy a popular success I shall always look upon the "book" as an absolute classic—one of the most polished and beautiful he ever wrote Of course many people knew him more intimately than I did but no one can speak with greater conviction as to his underlying great kindness of heart A little incident which occurred so far back as—I think—1887 will go to bear this out

A performance of his "Broken Hearts" took place at the Savoy Theatre, and Miss Julia Neilson who was at the time a fellow-student of mine at the Royal Academy of Music, played the part of Lady Hilda She had a song to sing ("Far from sin, far from sorrow") which occurs in the play—this I had specially set to music for the occasion

A few days before the performance Miss Neilson wrote me that Sir William had decided that the song should be omitted on the ground that it was redundant. This was naturally a very great disappointment to me, for I felt that to have been in any way associated with him was an honour I told Miss Neilson how keenly I felt it, and Sir William replied to her "Since your friend attaches so much importance to his setting of the song it shall be included"

Whether the play lost or gained by its inclusion I cannot say, but the fact that Sir William yielded showed, at least, his sympathy with a young composer

EDWARD GERMAN.



Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery

Miss Jessie Bond, Miss Florence Perry, and Miss Emmie Owen as Yum-Yum, Pitti-Sing, and Peep-Bo, the "three little maids from school" in "The Mikado."

C. H. WORKMAN
relates some anecdotes.

I have many very pleasant recollections of Sir W. S. Gilbert. Hardly anything in my professional career

has been more gratifying to me than his warm commendation of my renderings of some of the principal characters in his operas. I remember that in particular he praised my presentation of Jack Point in "The Yeomen of the Guard," and paid me a special compliment on that at the Savoyard Celebration Dinner given to him by the O. P. Club in 1906.

There are scores of good stories told about Gilbert, but most of them are too well known to bear repeating here. Probably you know the one of how he was standing once on the steps of the Garrick Club and a short-sighted member coming out mistook him for the attendant and said, 'Call me a cab." Gilbert looked at him steadily for a minute and then responded: "You're a four-wheeler, sir!" "Eh? What do you mean?" asked the member, embarrassed and indignant. "Well," said Gilbert, "you asked me to call you a cab, and I couldn't call you hansom!"

But here are two that concern myself and are, I believe, less known. I was lunching at Grim's Dyke and told over the lunch-table the story of the old German trombone-player, who, closing his music, squashed a fly across the clef, and, when he came to that particular passage the next evening, ran down the scale, remarking, "I don't know vot it vas, but I blayed it." Gilbert struck in quietly from the end of the table, "Are you sure it was a fly, Workman? is might have been a bee flat!"

As Jack Point in "The Yeomen of the Guard," there is one scene in which, standing between Elsie Maynard and Phœbe, I used to kiss the cheek of first one and then the other, quickly and repeatedly, and Sir William thought there was too much kissing for a Savoy audience. "You would cut the kissing, then?" I said. "I would not," he returned drolly, "but I must ask you to."

C. H. WORKMAN.



Photo by Dover Street Studios. **Mr. C. H. Workman as Jack Point in "The Yeomen of the Guard."**

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JULY, 1911.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best imaginary question by Boswell and reply by Dr. Johnson on the subject of Woman Suffrage, in not more than a hundred and fifty words.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to Mr. CHARLES POWELL, of 37, Egerton Road, Withington, Manchester, for the following:

WHEN WE ARE RICH. By WARD MUIR. (Stanley Paul.)
"We shall rest and faith, we shall need it!"
KIPLING, Envoi to *Seven Seas*.

We also select for printing:

THE MILITANT SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT. By TERESA BILLINGTON GREIG. (Frank Palmer.)
'Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land."
POPE, *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*.
(E. Rippon, 5, Arnold Street, Hull.)

A GIRL WITH A HEART. By E. A. ROWLANDS. (Ward Lock & Co.)
"You'll know her house by the swarm of boys."
HOOD, *Our Village*.
(Mrs. Elizabeth Mackenzie, 15, Baxter Park Terrace, Dundee.)

ON THE THRESHOLD By R Hichens (Methuen)

"'Won't you walk into my parlour?'
Said the spider to the fly."
Nursery Rhyme

(Rev. J. G. Pooler, The Rectory, Downpatrick, Ireland.)

THE DOWNFALL OF THE GODS By Sir Hugh Clifford. (Murray)

"Oft had I pictured their heroic make
Who keep Britannia going on the blue,
And now I *saw* them, eating currant cake
Like me and you!"
Owen Seaman, *A Relic of the Terrace*

(Kitty Fisher, 25, Cape Road, Warwick.)

MUSICAL ECHOES By Marcus Rickards (J Baker, Clifton)

'They played him a sonata let me see!
'Medulla oblongata key of G
Then they began to sing
That extremely lovely thing,
'Scherzando! ma non troppo, ppp
Gilbert, *Bab Ballads*

(Miss M. L. Swain, 47, Gillingham Avenue, Gillingham, Kent)

A WOMAN ON THE THRESHOLD By Maud Little (Chatto & Windus)

"But woman, wakeful woman's never weary,
Above all, when she waits to thump her deary
Barham, *The Ghost*

(E H. Pearson, Heath House, Fleet, Hants)

WHAT SHALL I EAT By Dr F X Gouraud (Rebman)

"Those obstinate questionings
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realised
Wordsworth

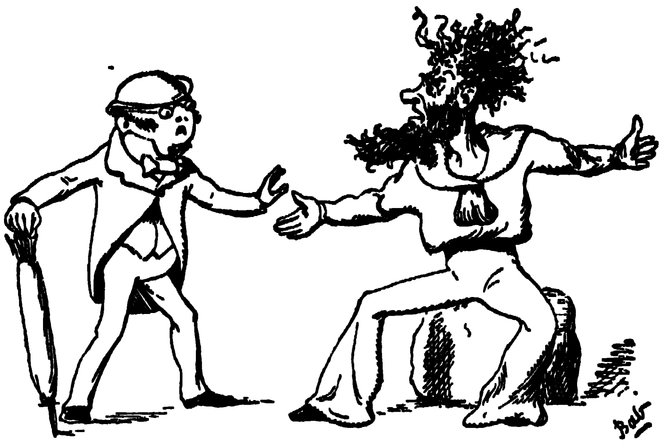
(W. R Cloutman, Hill Crest, Waverley Road, Crouch End, N)

II.—The Prize of Three Books for the best anticipatory account in about thirty lines and in the



Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery. **"I have a song to sing, O!"**

Mr. Walter Passmore and Miss F. Perry as Jack Point and Elsie Maynard in "The Yeomen of the Guard."



"'Twas on the shores that round our coast
From Deal to Ramsgate span,
That I found alone on a piece of stone
An elderly naval man'
The Yarn of the "Nancy Bell"

From "The Bab Ballads" by W S Gilbert (Macmillan)

manner of Walt Whitman of "How I saw the Coronation" is awarded to Miss Kathleen W. Elliott, of 13, Carysfort Road, Crouch End, N., for the following

Salut à l'homme

I

What do you see, Walt Whitman?

I see a great crowd of people, hustling and scrambling, shouting and fainting,
Some drift helplessly along
I see old men and babes, youths and maidens, rich and poor
I see soldiers in gay uniform and stern men of discipline,
Prancing horses and fair plumes, spears that reflect the sun light
Such richness, squalor, beauty, colour, gloom, and dirt!

II

Who are these, Walt Whitman
These baffled ones, these curious, straining, thirsting men and women
They have come forth to see a pageant, a royal sacring of Westminster
O, feudal ruin! Wonderful anomaly!

III

This imperial orb, this sword and sceptre, these proud badges and outward trappings
Are empty signs of royalty
Look to the man, O ye people! to the great heart and true,
To the faithful and wise ruler, the servant of his people

IV

Salut à l'homme!
Lo, he cometh!
Flaunt your banners, O ye people! flaunt them freely in the wind
Shout out, ye young men! Call upon your brother, my camerados!
Him we greet, in whom the rod of Equity and Mercy and the dove of meek Peace are wonderfully symbolised
Salut à l'homme!

It has been difficult to decide in this Competition, so many of the poems being of almost equal merit, and we specially commend those sent in by F. C. Romilly (London, S.W.), Donald A Mackenzie (Dundee), W. S. Young (Lee, S E.), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Brighton), William Morriss (Sheffield), Kitty L. Lyon (Wimbledon), T. Anthony Hudson (Gateshead-on-Tyne), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), Miss I. Swinscon (Tunbridge Wells), Miss Watson (Newcastle on Tyne), Adèle Vane-Thomas (Rotherfield), J. M. Inchbold (Streatham, S.W.), and R. G. Wyatt (Victoria Park, E.).

III.—The Prize of Half a Guinea for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Miss Van der Pant, of "Dunelm," Shepherdswell, Dover, for the following:

MRS. THOMPSON. By W. B Maxwell. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Maxwell has written a remarkable tale. The character-study of Mrs. Thompson—a widow, head of a drapery firm, by

her splendid qualities, works up the business to a great concern, but in her middle age marries a young man, who wastes her money and ruins her business When her love is killed, she separates from the worthless Marsden, and by an act of strategy recovers her losses, and again becomes head of a universal emporium The shop life is capitally drawn, the book is full of life, not without pathos, that makes it delightful reading

Other good reviews received are

OLIVER'S KIND WOMEN By PHILIP GIBBS (Herbert & Daniel)

This is a story of the artistic temperament, often but another name for selfishness It is so in Oliver's case, in spite of his gay heart and clever, winning ways However, he comes out satisfactorily in the end, and his character is drawn naturally and well The portrait of Virginia is unusually strong, and, at the same time, tender As for the fascinating Katherine, those who know The Street of Adventure will be delighted to renew her acquaintance Mr Gibbs is particularly successful in his characterisation of Livvy and Doris two kind hearted little musical comedy actresses

(Irene Harrison, 61, Ravenswood Road, Bristol)

CHEAPSIDE TO ARCADY By ARTHUR SCAMLI (Melrose)

Mr Scamel is like Lamb a lover of the sweet security of streets and in his book Cheapside to Arcady we have the harvest of a quiet eye that garners beauty in Battersea and poetry in the purlieus of Whitechapel Ships towers domes, theatres, and temples come before us in turn and we have glimpses of green spots and lonely spaces with their histories and memories of



Whenever I am introduced to any pretty maid,
My knees they knock together just as if I were afraid;
I flutter and I stammer and I turn a pleasing red,
For to laugh and flirt and ogle I [illegible] allured
[illegible]

From the Bab Ballads by W S Gilbert (Macmillan)

men *en passant* A Pepys like homeliness of treatment blent with the picturesqueness of a Borrow narrative make this book a restful and refreshing change in the mass of London's topographical literature

(Miss Kathleen White 33 Shaftesbury Road Ravenscourt Park London W)

THE GARDEN OF RESURRECTION By E TEMPLE THURSTON (Chapman & Hall)

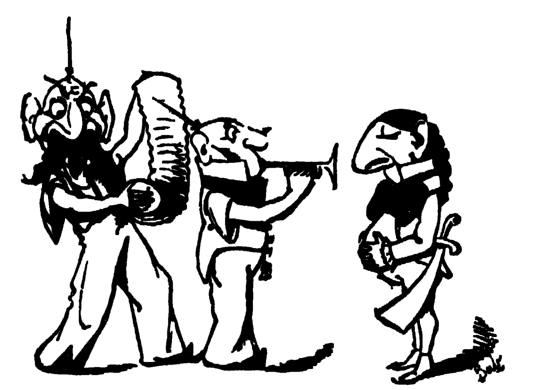
The plot is unusual but slight—as in fact all Mr Thurston's are—but he gives us the love story of an ugly man with so light a touch and with such quaint fancy that the charm lies more in the telling than in the tale The book will make a special appeal to those who love gardens and those with quick sympathy, for both Clarissa with her canary satin gown and her lover with his pock marked face are somewhat pathetic figures

(Miss L Mugford Sutton at Hone, near Dartford Kent)

PARLIAMENT By SIR C P ILBERT K C B K C S I (Williams & Norgate)

To the serious student of our parliamentary history as well as to the man in the street this little book will be found of great value The first chapter entitled Origin and Development traces the origin of the word parliament back to its Latin form used by the monks in the thirteenth century The chapter on the House of Lords and the one headed Comparative should be doubly interesting just now But we must not reveal too much something must be left for the reader to discover for himself A great feature in the book is its bibliography

(L. H. Cooke, Rutland House, Derby Road, Heaton Moor, Stockport.)



They played him a sonata—let me see!
Medulla oblongata—key of G
The Story of Prince Agib

From The Bab Ballads by W S Gilbert (Macmillan)

MOLL O THE TOLL BAR By THEODORA WILSON WILSON (Hutchinson)

The Broad Highway and Moll o the Toll Bar with equal vividness depict Kent and Cumberland at the beginning of the nineteenth century One unhesitatingly places them (side by side) far in front of other novels of recent years There are in each two heroes a man of gentle birth and a blacksmith —whilst Moll and Dorothy are as adorable as Charmian and the sweetheart of Black George With skilful construction local colour out of doorishness rushing adventure and clear cut characterisation Moll (even as she conquered Lady Brackenthwaite) must disarm all adverse critics on the broad highway of fiction

(Arnold S Walton 81 Park Road Newcastle-on-Tyne)

THE SILENCES OF THE MOON By H E WEBB (The Bodley Head)

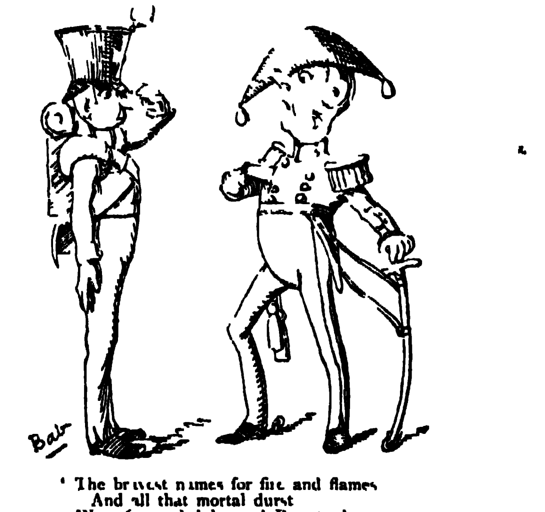
This prose poem is no common thing though from the pen of a young man it is the outcome of the thoughts and observations of a mature mind yet of a mind singularly pure and simple Through every line there breathes a passionate love of nature a sympathy with her more subtle than that of the ancient Greeks gives to every flower and tree and star a perfect personality Clothed in language as beautiful as that of Pater's, Nature becomes a friend a queen a goddess adversity becomes a lofty thing soul uplifting and love of any beauteous thing is pure immortal scorning death

(Irene Pollock Lalonde 14 Forester Road Bath)

THE GIRONDIN By HILAIRE BELLOC (Nelson)

The Girondin gives artistic verisimilitude to the theories maintained by Mr Belloc in his biographical and historical studies of the French Revolution and contains some splendidly tolerant irony directed to the same purpose as the militant wit of Bernard Shaw in Arms and the Man The hero is as devil may care as any fictional military predecessor and the historical setting is one that has been swathed in theatricality by a century of fiction Gently but firmly each fold is unwrapped our sense of outrage meanwhile being soothed by anything but boisterous witticisms and gentle touches of pathos

(H Brandon James 65 Victoria Road Clapham Common S W)



'The bravest names for fire and flames
And all that mortal durst
Were General John and Private James
Of the sixty seventy first
General John

From The Bab Ballads, by W S Gilbert (Macmillan)

Of the many other reviews sent in (several of which are as good as those we have found room to print) we specially commend those by Helen MacLeod Scott (Edinburgh), Evelyn Mary Abbott (Old Malton), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Mrs. Stirling (Glenfarg), X. Y. Z. (Cambridge), S. A. Doody (Boscombe), Theo. E. Beake (Birmingham), Florence L. Stephens (Bodmin), E. A. Pearson (Fleet), Edna Smallwood (Highbury, N.), Jeanie I. Swanson (York), T. E. C. (Cumberland), Barbara K. Webber (Plymouth), H. M. Creswell Payne (Roche), E. Rippon (Hull), Stanley V. Keeling (Hadleigh), William Morriss (Sheffield), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), W. H. Clements (Bow, E.), Edith Cowell (Bishops Stortford), Miss B. O. Anderson (Scarborough), E. C. Luin (Stamford Hill, N.), Isabelle Swinscon (Tunbridge Wells), Ovan Adair (Dublin), Florence L. Bate (Folkestone), Jack Headley (Wimbledon), and V. C. Turnbull (London, W.C.).

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEARS' SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to Miss ELLEN L. CLUTTERBUCK, of 44, Palace Grove, Bromley, Kent.

WAGNER'S "CONFESSIONS."

BY DR. WILLIAM BARRY.

RICHARD WAGNER has had all the fortunes and misfortunes of the supreme artist flung upon him, as if in obedience to a law: and these "Confessions"* by their very making, their long secrecy, their now sudden and secure welcome as among the world's masterpieces of biography, fulfil the terms under which pathos adds a tenderness to fame, and a great historic figure is kept entirely human. This, we may say, is the book which Germany has given us to link its uncertain, agitated, and too prosaic Empire days with a more romantic past. Wagner writes the page in its "Book of Gold" that follows after Beethoven, Heine, Schopenhauer; his Life was dictated, some portion to "my young friend" Louis King of Bavaria, in 1867; the rest between 1868 and 1873 to Frau Cosima; and when it was printed privately at Basle a brilliant almost juvenile professor named Frederick Nietzsche read over the proofs. Even so late as last year many of the higher critics, we learn, refused to believe in the existence of such a volume. It exists; it will continue to exist. The master-builder has himself set the coping-stone upon his own monument.

We stamp on its title the word "Confessions," a name that is eminent in the literary peerage. Saints and sinners, artists and adventurers, when they reach greatness, have this in common, that they must speak of themselves, simply because each is a world and not an average. No rubric will define, no formula weigh them out. They alone can tell what they are. Thought flames up into creative passion with a man like Wagner; his fancies make pale the realities by which the crowd is dazzled and daunted. He comes, so to speak, out of himself to express in music, in dramatic situations, in a new "Bayreuth Idea," things that none before have dreamt of. He descends as a god upon the stage, and the stage is transformed. He seizes an extinct mythology; it glows and burns with a furious modern incandescence, like a dead star miraculously blazing up again, till every eye is drawn to it. He recovers in a lonely quest the enchanted Venusberg, the sanctuaries of the Graal, bringing back to Celts and Teutons their "lovely knights"—Lohengrin, Tannhäuser, Tristan, Parsifal. He is the predestined interpreter, in an age given over to mechanism, of poets otherwise forgotten, or known but to antiquarians. Taking the great masses of ruin which an explorer such as Jacob Grimm has unearthed, he touches them with a magical conductor's wand; they rise into fairy palaces of light and sound and colour; the gods and heroes fill these courts as of yore; and sceptical, tired Europe believes, for it is compelled to see and hear. One may hate Wagner as Nordau hates him; or turn with desperate rage against his "decadent" charm as Nietzsche turned, ready to slay the detestable Klingsor whom at first he adored; but these things have been. If Wagner was the last of the Romantics, essentially medieval-Gothic, a Scandinavian, drenched in holy water, somehow pilgrim and penitent though far from orthodox, yet his mighty works remain. What would we not give for a record large and free like this, of Shakespeare's life by himself, or of Dante's? The reference is not too bold. At any rate, we may not shrink from declaring that no musical genius ever left so rare a legacy to after-times. One artist, indeed, Wagner must have kept in view as a model, Benvenuto Cellini; one man of letters, Goethe, had attempted a sort of Faust autobiography in "Dichtung und Wahrheit." Let us be daring enough to call Wagner's Life the third great book of its kind.

It modulates into a variety of keys with spirit unfailing. There is hardly any interest belonging to his day that Wagner leaves untouched. He is alive at all points, and has more eyes than Argus. Perhaps it would not be fanciful to identify the poet with his creations—to see in his forced wanderings by land and water the Flying Dutchman; in his heroic yet somewhat ridiculous politics the tribune Rienzi; in his unlucky marriage and separation from Minna the tragedy of Lohengrin. He did beyond a doubt cast into the fire of Tristan's madness a heart which it consumed; his whirlwinds of rage breathe out their tempests in the Norse thunder-music; and he relates, almost with tears, how one day he bethought himself that it was the anniversary of the Lord's passion, and Parsifal's sacred chant of Good Friday came to him inspired. He dreams at sea, and the Rhine-maidens whisper in his ear the song of their flowing river. In a very different mood, at Zürich, he is driven half wild by a tinker's hammering, till he bursts into a laugh and has found the

* "My Life." By Richard Wagner. Authorised English Translation. 2 Vols. 31s. 6d. (Constable.)

discords he requires in a Mime wrangling-bout Here is the secret of the artist laid bare, so much of it as can ever be, the soul watching, all inward senses open to a world of hints and low voices, watching and finding in a flash, not with infinite stupid efforts but on a stroke and a bound, the wonder it was looking for

And what a vengeance inexorable fate asked and took on this Prometheus who stole the fire! He is also if ever man was an artist in misery The sorrows of Wagner" might be another name by no means sentimental, but sternly exact to describe these fifty years crowded with disappointments and defeats Essentially kind generous simple hearted working day and night in a fever of devotion to his high task proud and straight in his dealings the man is ill paid cheated starved exiled lied against he should have died like a lost dog before any of his now immortal offspring was born Of course he made all the mistakes incumbent on genius He let himself be exploited right and left He married the wrong woman He had no more talent as his own manager than Heine could boast He refused utterly to propitiate journalism which in his day as in ours (may one dare to say it under one's breath?) had some connection with the children of Israel He was if the French expressive slang be permitted *joue par Meyerbeer* whom he pictures whimsically as always having his valise packed for departure, when any one called on him, and certainly Wagner frightened that clever mediocrity into getting Tannhauser" literally "exploded," after a hundred and sixty-four rehearsals hissed and shricked off the boards of the Grand Opera by the Jockey Club in Paris during the never to be forgotten scenes of 1861 Meyerbeer had no intention of suffering this anti-Semite and most astounding innovator to usurp his easy-cushioned throne Poor Wagner! even at this distance and after his final triumph that glorious fiasco brings a sense of laughter not unmingled with some choking in the throat He could never see that Judaism in Music" was a forbidden topic to Gentiles it was only a Jew like Heine (who wrote no musical drama) that might make fun of Meyerbeer The great composers play in these volumes such tricks before high Heaven as among other consequences justify the fun and satire of the Meistersingers— Hans Sachs's musical message" to them if we may quote Goethe How true to life is Spontini with his fixed idea that he has exhausted the possibilities of counterpoint and opera therefore Wagner must not expect to be original! How in a phrase we get the French impertinence of Berlioz replying to some deep reflections of the German concerning unconscious genius and its workings Monsieur nous appelons cela



Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery

Giuseppe and Marco (Mr. H. A. Lytton and Mr. Charles Kenningham), and Tessa and Gianetta (Miss Louie Henri and Miss Emmie Owen).

"Fate in this has put his finger—
Let us bow to Fate's decree
Then no longer let us linger,
To the altar hurry we —*The Gondoliers*

digérer ! " But, again, how splendid, capricious, fascinating, and devotedly kind to Wagner is Liszt, the convert who did more even than King Louis to win a hearing for him ! We will be fair, nevertheless, to Mendelssohn and others who appear in a dubious light, since they cannot answer the reflections cast upon them, in good faith yet somewhat vindictively, by so headlong an accuser. Requiescant in pace.

No one will enjoy these thousand pages to the utmost who does not know a little of German scenery and German life as it was lived before the great battles which led Wagner to toast Bismarck as a hero of the Nibelung Epic. Dim old feudal unreformed Germany, where freedom was put against the wall and shot, while philosophers and poets might rule over ideal realms, provided they did not mock the police. A strange, rather comical time ! Heine, Wagner himself, Freiligrath—dreamers all were driven into exile by the " old wigs," allies of Metternich and midnight, who now figure as incompetent drivellers in their enemies' verse and prose. Wagner had looked on with innocent eyes at the rising in Dresden after 1848, which the Prussian artillery blew out of its barricades. He had neither shouldered a rifle nor made a speech. He behaved like the legendary Englishman who always observes a revolution abroad from the street-corner. But the warrant for his arrest may be seen (in facsimile) among other illustrations of Chamberlain's famous book. The Saxon chancery pursued him over Europe. His career was made a Via Dolorosa by diplomatic accusations. Even in Munich the foolish lies that depicted him as anarchist and fire-raiser were among the causes of his later self-banishment to Triebschen near Lucerne.

But these considerations warn me that I have not pointed out (and neither have the English publishers) a very important limit to the title inscribed on Wagner's last book. It is called " My Life." Now the author died in 1883 ; and this autobiography ends in 1864. It ends dramatically with the sudden appearance as the poet's deliverer of a boy-king, the Bavarian Louis, eighteen years and a half old, who had just succeeded to the greatly beloved Maximilian. From 1864 Wagner ascends into a fresh atmosphere, royal and idyllic ; he enters on a period which, in its reconciling harmonies and golden close, might be termed the third movement of his life's symphony. He has won a king for his dearest friend ; Frau Cosima Liszt shares his existence ; Siegfried Wagner is born ; and Bayreuth produces, at last, his godlike trilogy. Of all these culminating events the story must be sought elsewhere—in the adoring pages of Glasenapp or the biographical dictionaries. Wagner is not, of course, to blame ; he told the tale, with frank vivacity, on to the stage where his companion joined him for good. But it would be well to print the dates 1813-1864 on the title-page, so warning English readers that they will not find the third volume of Wagner's romance inside these covers. We are led up to it by delightful ways ; yet " My Life " as here presented is a fragment.

One word should be dedicated to the translation, which seems to be anonymous. It is literal and sins with its German text by an abundance of particles ; if they were omitted the gain in strength and idiom would be worth having. Some lapses into trivial phrase or even slang mar its general excellence. But a work which is destined to become classic should be handled delicately. Of editing or annotating there is no sign. The reader who can at once recall a fact or a date concerning the crowd of celebrities passing before him may rest assured that he has the fair " makings "—as we say in Ireland—of a cosmopolitan education. Wagner did not write for Englishmen, but for the world whose capitals are Paris, Rome, Berlin, and Vienna.

New Books.

THOMAS HARDY : ROMANCIER.*

For some time past, as is well known to those specially interested in the matter, the French critics, commonly deemed to be the most competent in the world, have been concentrating persistent effort in constructing monographs on English Letters. Professor Beljame founded this particular school about twenty years ago with his epoch-making study, " Le Public et les Hommes de Lettres en Angleterre au dix-huitième siècle." Less orderly, less uniform than their own highly cultivated field, English Literature appeals chiefly to the French critic through the medium of its forest trees, in other words, the writers of surprising individual genius who have flourished so abundantly in Britain since the time of Pope and Swift. Hence the series of monographs, the majority of them written with an express object in the quest of credentials, doctorates, chairs, and the like, which have astonished us no less by their mass than by their intimate acquaintance with the subject-matter and their masterly authoritative handling. As the series unfolds it induces serious reflection upon the advantages of the French academic system. So far are these books from being perfunctory, superfluous, or amateurish, that many—we must admit it with something like shame—have become the supreme authorities on their several subjects. Without boring the readers of THE BOOKMAN with even an attempt at an exhaustive list, it may be interesting to enumerate a few of the leading cases submitted to this comprehensive French analysis :' Wm. Blake (Berger), Burns (Angellier), the Brontës (Dimnet), Chaucer (Legouis), Coleridge (Aynard), Cowper (Boucher), Crabbe (Huchon), Dickens (Gausseron), G. Eliot (Hovelaque), Hawthorne (Dhaleine), Herrick (Delettre), Hazlitt (Douady), Ben Jonson (Castelain), the Masque (Reyher), Keats (Sarrazin, Lucien Wolff), Lamb (Derocquigny), Locke (Bastide), Lyly (Feuillerat), Meredith (Photiades,

* " Thomas Hardy, Penseur et Artiste : Etudié dans les Romans de Wessex." Par F. A. Hedgcock, Docteur ès Lettres. (Hachette.)

Davray), Scott (Maigron), Shelley (Rabbe, Chevrillon, Koszul), Sydney Smith (Chevrillon), Shakespeare (Mézières, Stapfer, Jusserand, etc), Sterne (Stapfer), Tennyson (Ragey), Thelwall (Cestre), Thomson (Morel), Wordsworth (Legouis), the Lakists (Cestre), Young (Thomas) The omission of names in whom one might have thought that French critics would have been pre-eminently interested—for example, Marlowe, Milton, Dryden, Swift, Pope, Johnson, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Gibbon, Gray, Byron Rossetti—is no less remarkable than the insistence on writers of the calibre of Young and Crabbe, upon whom two of the most elaborate studies dilate at almost inconceivable length

But no one will dispute that a most worthy addition to the series of French monographs (before which our own "English Men of Letters" must hide their diminished heads) has been made by the recently issued "Essai de Critique" on Thomas Hardy The subject is one of the utmost difficulty There are, of course, the Poems, "The Dynasts," and the "Wessex Novels" But apart from that—virtually a clean slate! There are no documents, letters, anecdotes, critical controversies memoirs, introductions, and the like, which spring up like mushrooms in the lapse of time to enrich the feet of the giant-boles On the topography of Wessex on the geography and bibliography of Mr Hardy's novels no doubt a fair amount has been written but when it comes to spiritual or artistic guidance in the labyrinth of Mr Hardy's thought it must be admitted that (apart from the somewhat rhapsodical panegyric of Lionel Johnson) there is little or nothing. As to the prudence of Mr Hedgcock's choice of a subject, apart from its difficulty there can one imagines, be little question There are masters and masters still among us To one school almost a generation Kipling stands for the Artist, with a capital, some hail Wells others Shaw as Rabbi nor does Gertrude Atherton probably stand alone in addressing (or even dedicating to) Henry James as the master but to most of us mere English at any rate since Meredith and Swinburne have passed away Thomas Hardy is surely the head Master of Letters The ages of England have passed into his work the rustic idyll the landscape that blends past and present the witchery of our Anglo Celtic womenkind, the moral seriousness and melancholy the preoccupation with whence and whither the spleen and the humour the graveyard earthiness and grim merriment of our old English peasantry—qualities which the best critics have long discerned in our traditional fiction and in Hawthorne are not all these things imminent and almost ubiquitous in the work of our greatest living artist-novelist?

Mr Hedgcock has chosen his subject well He has placed it in competition with the works of those who regard five or six years as a moderate probation for a thesis of this particular kind, and, difficult though the subject must necessarily have been to any one not closely intimate with the artistic and mental development of the great novelist, he has voluntarily added to its difficulty by (he, a native of Brighton) composing his *étude* in idiomatic French English critics of no mean ability have expressed to the writer grave and head-shaking doubt as to the idiomatic purity of Mr Hedgcock's literary medium and for a few moments he was in grave apprehension lest the exquisite purity of his French taste, acquired by many years' diligent perusal of the French prosateurs and historians might be critically endangered The assurance of two pundits on written French so distinguished as Professors Legouis and Brandin that many Parisians would be proud to be able to write such clever French as that contained in this *essai* set this anxiety completely at rest We are in a position to affirm that our readers may peruse Mr Hedgcock's book in complete immunity from any risk of the deterioration of their modern French style

The Hardy geography and bibliography have hitherto been the only wear; but not so the spiritual Wessex Mr. Hedgcock aspires to be the Baedeker of this country, he essays a map of descriptive cartography and gives us admirable ground plans of each novel in succession He traces the career of the writer from fatalism to determinism, and brings us to the summit of his romantic composition on the sea-girt moor of Egdon, scene of "The Return of the Native" He studies his reflection of nature, devotes careful study to his discipleship, and the influence of Raveloe, deciding justly enough that where George Eliot is dominantly moralist Hardy is supremely artist He protests against the note of revolt in "Tess" and "Jude," and even against the freakish innuendo of "Two on a Tower" He cannot absolve the novelist "d'avoir voulu faire un portrait satirique de cet ecclesiastique [the bishop]—non content de manifester une simple indifférence et d'employer une méthode purement objective qui accorderait à la religion la valeur qu'elle a dans la vie des personnes representees, il montre parfois envers elle une hostilite ouverte et meprisante qui sied mal a un grand artiste"

Mr Hedgcock finds the distinctive trait of Hardy's style in precision, judicial exactitude, things seen, the sound heard the impression felt—the train of reflections that the experience, whatever it is, provokes—Hardy insists on giving it in his own way—bending language to suit him not warping his impression to suit some banal old phrase or other The style is of a *penseur*, of an artist, of an iron worker in the hard but malleable medium of his own West Saxon speech He has enlarged the limits of the novel in various directions The *conte*, too, he thoroughly understands He has emancipated the novel from the shocked and over protestant prudery of the Dickens and Thackeray epoch Mr Hedgcock leaves too little space for the development of this portion of the thesis and tumbles perhaps a little in tracing an evolution from "Jane Eyre" to "Tess" which needs the manipulation of a master hand He is on surer ground when he discovers in Hardy a dramatic romancist who has filled the gap which no tragic writer since the *Cenci*, unless we include "Wuthering Heights" has seriously attempted to fill His works are the artistic expression of the pessimistic theories of Leopardi De Vigny Schopenhauer and Renan—the artistic realisation more particularly of the same scheme of thought which Schopenhauer develops as a logical thinker He balances the repute of Hardy and Meredith the former individualist, *par excellence* pessimist and speculative artist, the latter didactic social, optimistic, a believer in and champion of progress Meredith seeks his palette in the essence of his wit and intelligence He teaches sanity and humour as the saviour of society Hardy disbelieves in progress other than material and mechanical The essence of man and the ineradicable pathos of his fate are not affected by human energy and endeavour Meredith replies that man supplies intelligence and will to matter Let us trust to intelligence he says fundamental brain work may yet serve to repulse the brute nature and plant us in the right path of progress Hardy is interested far less in social improvement, he takes little stock of civilised man He probes like a metaphysician into the inherited nature and inflexible limitations of Man Meredith, practical utilitarian, teaches by satire, example the method of comedy good sense and good feeling Hardy seeks to enlighten us by an interior view of man's cruel legacy of suffering wrong and immemorial infirmity of steady will and deliberate purpose Great story-teller first, with a rare view of underlying philosophy second, Thomas Hardy is thirdly, lastly, and perhaps pre-eminently poet Here is the true architect, who never ornaments structure, but constructs poetically from the inner core of language and rises into the upper air, serene, where future ages may look back with veneration to a monument that will through many periods of the history of Wessex (which is the history of England) beckon, arrest, exalt, and encourage the weary and wandering footsteps of our poor humanity.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

NEW POEMS.

There is peculiar aptness in the title of Mr. Visiak's new book, "Flints and Flashes,"* the latest addition to that Satchel Series in which Mr. Elkin Mathews has already presented much work marked by individuality and giving promise subsequently fulfilled. For there seems to be in Mr. Visiak's intellect and temperament something metallic against which, suddenly striking, an object is shocked into fire and produces on our imagination an effect fairly comparable to that of the spark which is struck from flint by steel. "The Murderer" may serve as an instance:

> "I've tricked them! At dawn another dies,
> Caught in the net of liars' lies.
> But the black night is shot with bars;
> And, through the murk, two stony stars
> Peer forth like gaolers' eyes."

In those five lines there is a five-act tragedy, ending, as real tragedy does, on the big note of infinite suggestion. There is nothing bitter there, nor savage, but that murderer's success hit steel when it hit Mr. Visiak's mind, and the resultant quick flash is as wide an illuminant as the lightning. An equal hardness can be perceived in several other poems, in "The Enemy," "A Ballad," and in the two brief addresses "To the Tsar" and "To Leopold." Mr. Visiak is an implacable foe of tyranny.

Every one has his favourite word, and it is not wholly fantastic to imagine some significance in the fact that Mr. Visiak has a predilection for the epithet "grim." Grimness is certainly the chief characteristic of the poems which are the best in this slender collection, the most original in conception, that is to say, and the best regarded from the point of view of technique. "The Wolf" is an almost perfect example of poetry of its class, very closely condensed and highly charged with meaning. "A Moonlight Comedy" is less successful, but only because of a too large admixture of the grotesque, but both poems are notable and as original and effective as anything that Heine accomplished of the same order. One other poem, "The Smoker of the Mist," we quote in full:

> "Under the moon,
> The grey goblin
> Smokes his white pipe
> Long and thin.
>
> "His gleaming eyes
> Glint and roll
> Or is't the sparks
> From his pipe-bowl?
>
> "The bright stars blink,
> The moon grows dim
> Over the goblin
> Smoking grim.
>
> "He puffs the reek
> In reel and rout,
> Till the sun puts
> His pipe out."

There is only one other man now writing to whom we should have ascribed those verses if they had been shown to us with no author's name attached: to W. H. Davies, as to whose claim to the high title of poet there is very little controversy to-day. And so we arrive at the question whether on the strength of the few short poems just mentioned, and perhaps one or two more in this volume, following upon the "Buccaneer Ballads" published a little while ago, Mr. Visiak too may be said to have established his claims to the same high title. Merely to ask the question is to answer it in part, when such a slight quantity of verse is under consideration. Mr. Visiak has made his mark, and the permanence of the impression he makes upon modern English literature will be determined largely by the use he may choose to make of his power. So far he appears to have disregarded the chief use of poetry, which is to delight. He makes an immediate impression by the strength, the hardness, the condensation, the significance, the grimness, the originality of his poetical conceptions; but the lasting impression has generally been made by other qualities of the poetical temperament, and his friends, Mr. Lilley among them, will not do him any remarkable kindness by talking about a "new Amphion" just yet. Of all men, poets need most to pray to be delivered from their friends. But there is no doubt that in Mr. E. H. Visiak there is a vein of genius. How far it goes we do not claim to be expert enough to estimate, nor how much pure ore to the ton it will yield. Even this small volume ought to have been smaller.

Mr. Emery Pottle's gift of song is of a wholly different order, and the verse published in this very well produced volume* is all quiet, meditative, gentle. While his mind is locked in the fierce strife of the street, his heart dwells in the "far forest's lane, learning the silence the trees impart," and it is in the open that he finds his happiest inspiration.

> "Pan plucked a rose all dripping sweet
> With sunny dawn; all frail and cool
> With evening, as a new made moon
> Asleep within a forest pool
> He laid the rose at Nature's feet
> And some one called it June."

If one poem is to be picked from the many in this volume, Mr. Pottle need not fear to be measured by that one. Among his sonnets, nearly all good, "The Pool" is easily the best, and deserves to be noted by anthologists, while "Oh, ye of the little loves," shows the white purity and the delicate grace of the author's mind. These poems interest us, and not the less so because of the contrast they present to Mr. Visiak's. Mr. Visiak arrests the attention; Mr. Pottle woos it. Only time can decide which will hold it the longer.

CRANSTOUN METCALFE.

* "Flints and Flashes." By E. H. Visiak. 1s. net (Elkin Mathews.)

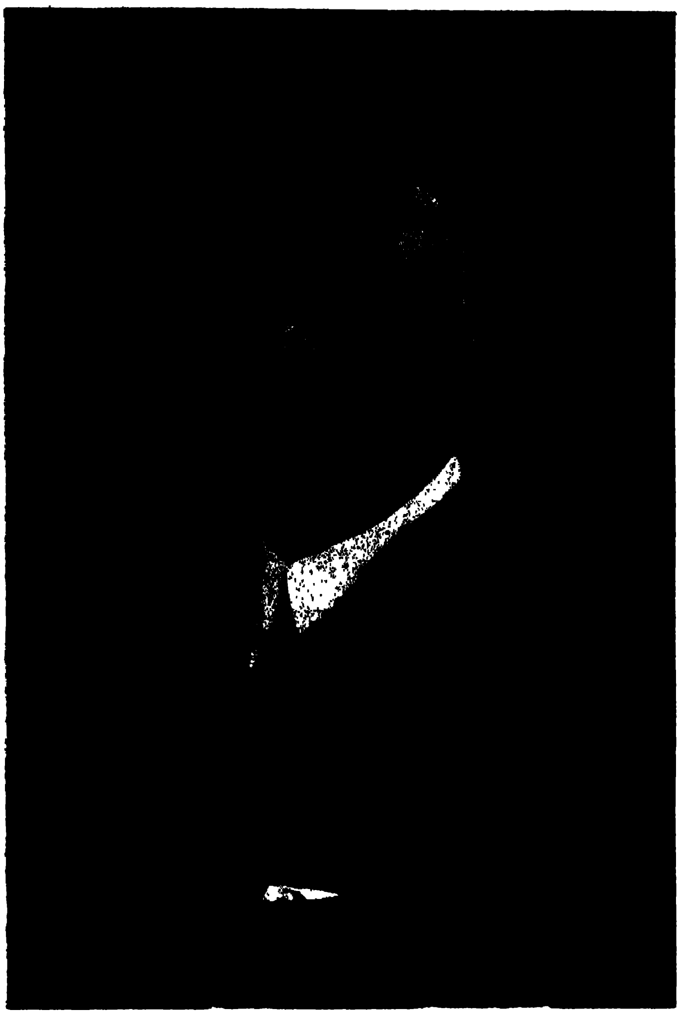
* "Poems." By Emery Pottle. 5s. net. (Methuen.)

THE REAL GILBERT.†

When Mr. Rutland Barrington issued his first book of reminiscences at the price of three half-crowns, Mr. George Grossmith sent him a congratulatory telegram. "But," asked Mr. George Grossmith, "why seven-and-six when Ellen Terry, Dan Leno, and George Grossmith are only a bob?" In his reply, Mr. Barrington explained that his own idea had been a more modest one, namely, that he should write a sixpenny volume of recollections. His publisher, however, "refused sternly to consider" so absurdly low a figure for such invaluable material; he said the public preferred to pay more for wares of this quality. No doubt he was right; and anyway, the public had no cause to complain that it did not get its money's worth. Nor will it have any cause so to complain with respect to "More Rutland Barrington," at the same price.

Naturally two hundred and fifty pages or thereabout of gossip by a man of the wide experience and broad sympathies, the artistic gifts and social charm of Mr. Barrington cover much ground and many topics besides Savoy opera and the stage generally, with which, of course, he is associated primarily in the popular mind; there are good hunt stories and good golf and bridge stories, for example, in

† "More Rutland Barrington." By Himself. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)



Rutland Barrington.

From "More Rutland Barrington," by Himself. (Grant Richards.)

this book. But the special interest of the volume nevertheless lies in the two main directions already mentioned: in the sidelights it throws on the character of the late Sir William Gilbert, both as dramatic author and as friend, and in its observations concerning the present position of the theatre in England and especially of the playwright and would-be writer of plays.

We have heard so often of the short way that Gilbert had with impertinent comic men and other outrageous persons that some of us may have been in danger of concluding that the most genuinely humorous writer for the English stage in the nineteenth century was in private life a little bearish and behind the scenes an ill-tempered martinet. The present picture of Gilbert made up from numerous incidental allusions by Mr. Barrington is far from resembling either the one or the other. Always witty (when he wanted to be), Gilbert was never needlessly cruel, although he did not pretend to suffer fools gladly; even at the Savoy he was not for ever quarrelling about carpets and sitting upon inspired comedians.

Mr. Barrington places it on record that Gilbert was very willing to accept shrewd suggestions as to how his own works should be rendered; that not only did he allow new readings at revivals of the same but complimented the players on their originality and laughed heartily when they were amusing in a novel fashion. Indeed, the Gilbert we see here was a man of really genial soul, although he refused to allow any passing ignoramus to maltreat his work, and happily was in the position to demand the fullest consideration alike from managers and players.

Sir William, as most people doubtless are aware, was a stickler for excellence of detail in all the productions in which he had a hand, and he attached great importance to the appropriate dressing of the members of the companies. When he was rehearsing "H.M.S. *Pinafore*" in the last series of revivals at the Savoy, he "expressed great dissatisfaction" with the costumes of the ladies of the chorus. Mr. Barrington thought them "adequate if not imposing"; admittedly they were not "made by Paquin." Gilbert insisted that they ought to be of the same beauty as those used in the original production and refused to accept Mr. Barrington's dictum that no revival (even a Savoy revival) could possibly pay if the expenses were more than half those undertaken in connection with the première. So unconvinced was Gilbert of the truth of this theory that he harboured to the end a scheme for reviving certain of the Gilbert and Sullivan pieces "on the original basis of unstinted production." Curiously enough, at a rehearsal of one of the revived operas that followed upon the "Pinafore" revival, Gilbert was warm in his approval of the dressing of the piece; whereas a feminine verdict was that it was "worse than 'Pinafore'!"

During this series of revivals Mr. Barrington was cast again for the "rather unimportant" part of Lord Tolloller, and wishing to "get a little more out of it than he formerly had," he suggested to Gilbert that a different make-up and manner might be tried. He proposed by letter to Gilbert that his lordship should figure as "a kind of brainless person with reddish hair, parted in the centre and smoothed down on either side." The author replied that he would consent to the change "subject to the wig not being 'too scarlet' and the absence of brain not 'too conspicuous.'" When Henry Lytton in "The Pirates of Penzance" greatly "elaborated the melodramatic side of the character of the Pirate King," Gilbert was "immensely pleased" at the rehearsal; and he endorsed Mr. Barrington's proposal to play Don Alhambra in "The Gondoliers" as a bland light-hearted old nobleman instead of the dour villain of the first reading.

Mr. Lytton, the Giuseppe in the latter revival, was much upset by Gilbert's declaration that, owing to the way in which the rôle had been played at a previous revival, all the "gags" introduced by Mr. Barrington in the original run and "legalised" by the author must be omitted in the up-to-date version. Mr. Barrington was asked to plead with Gilbert for mercy; and he did so. Thereupon, Sir William "kindly sanctioned" the use of all the gags, "except one." Mr. Barrington reminded Gilbert that formerly he had not made this exception. "Ah," replied the author, "I was afraid of you, then." And in due course he surrendered this final objection also.

Presumably Mr. Barrington must have a supernormal influence over successful dramatists, however; for he tells us that Mr. Alfred Sutro altered the last act of "The Walls of Jericho," whilst it was on tour, merely to enable Mr. Barrington as Lord Steventon to figure in every act of the play. But even Mr. Barrington dared not ask Gilbert to reduce "The Mikado" to the time limit for sketches at the music-halls, despite a belief that such an attraction (including Mr. Barrington) would have money in it. Which assuredly it would.

WILLIAM PURVIS.

COLERIDGE'S BIOGRAPHY IN LETTERS.*

The biographical value of the letters in which Samuel Taylor Coleridge poured forth truth and poerty as to his physical life and his mental and spiritual development was early recognised. When the second edition of the "Biographia Literaria" came out in 1847, there was added to it a biographical supplement prepared by Henry Nelson Coleridge and, after his death, completed by his widow

* "Biographia Epistolaria," being the biographical supplement of Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria." With additional letters, etc., edited by A. Turnbull. 2 Vols. 3s. 6d. each. (G. Bell & Sons.)

Sara Coleridge, the daughter of the poet This supplement of 136 pages has now been extended to more than six hundred pages, and forms a very welcome addition to Coleridge literature It will be seen that there is a large increase of the material offered to the reader, and Mr. Turnbull has not spared labour in order to make it really serve its purpose Many letters are now available that were not open to Henry Coleridge

Mr Turnbull's work does not supersede Mr Ernest Hartley Coleridge's edition of his grandfather's "Letters," but is limited to biographical data which are gathered from that and various other sources In the preface, Mr Turnbull states that the total number of letters *known* to have been written by Coleridge is between 1,100 and 1,200 Of these 219 are given wholly or partially in this work Many of Coleridge's letters may have perished, others we may hope will yet be recovered and made public. In Coleridge's unprinted letters to young Pryce he has an interesting reference to the future editor of the *British Magazine*

"I cannot imagine the cause of Mr Hugh Rose's silence on the receipt of a copy of my *Friend* So strange and portentous is the spirit of Slander, at present that sometimes I have fancied it possible that he may have heard some diabolical lie or other concerning me yet I think he would have had the kindness to have informed me of it If your friend keep up any correspondence with Mr Rose I should be glad if he would insert these lines in any letter he may have occasion to write I felt extremely interested in Mr H Rose from the style and spirit of his letters to me

This was written in 1816 at the critical period of his transfer to the Gillmans and is illuminating as to his feelings at the time This brief extract shows the existence of two of Coleridge's correspondents who have remained unknown in that capacity His letters to Pryce are devoted to high arguments as to 'Socinianism" and his own method of philosophising Christianity The letters to Hugh John Rose if they are still extant ought to be of great interest Moreover, a diligent search among the public libraries and private collections of Great Britain and the United States would, it may be hoped, bring forth a goodly number of these now hidden treasures In the appendix Mr Turnbull gives details as to many that are in print What we ought to have is a complete collection of the epistles of S T C He stands in the front rank of English letter writers, in his occasional whimsical charm he is not easily surpassed, whilst in range of knowledge, of sympathy, of philosophic insight and of self revelation he is in the very forefront Nor is the value of his letters for his disciples only, for those who differ most profoundly from the results proclaimed in his speculations will find them stimulating and suggestive even when they entirely fail to convince For it must be remembered that Coleridge, whatever his frailties or failings—and these have not always been construed in a generous spirit—was one of the most wonderfully endowed of all the sons of men a poet, a philosopher, a fountain of eloquence that flashed in beauty alike in the spoken and in the written word We have indeed been told, and in no unfriendly spirit, that "Coleridge's letters lack style" and in the sense that they are spontaneoulsy written letters, and not carefully polished essays, this may be true, but they are frankly self-revealing, and the *obiter dicta* with which they are studded are all worthy of attention and patient study

Perhaps a suggestion may be hazarded The Royal Society of Literature produced in 1907 a remarkable edition of "Christabel" under the care of Mr E H. Coleridge It would be a worthy deed if under the same guidance the Society would publish an edition of all the poet's known letters, with suitable commentary Samuel Taylor Coleridge was one of the Royal Associates appointed on the foundation of the Royal Society of Literature, and the greatest genius whose name can be found on its roll of members

William E. A Axon.

STEVENSON.*

If style could do it, Stevenson would be a greater novelist than Scott, a great essayist than Hazlitt a greater letter-writer than Cowper, for in sheer beauty and magic of style there is no doubt he passes all three of them As a personality, too, he was more alive and alert than Cowper, far more winning than Hazlitt, and more original than Scott So when one comes under his spell and grows to love him it seems an ungracious thing to be talking of whether he goes into the first rank or the second you even resent a little the complacency of those who say he is not to count among the great but may be reckoned as one of the greatest of the Little Masters" it is enough that when you have read his letters you put them on the shelf next to Lamb's and if you enjoy his exquisite art as novelist or essayist you are not disposed to concern yourself about the precise degree of his greatness—time will settle such points without your assistance or in spite of you

One thing is sure this new edition of the Letters is a thing for every lover of literature to possess It is as near perfection as anything in this world can be In size and binding it is good to see and to handle its clear print makes for comfortable reading it has a portrait of Stevenson prefacing each of the four volumes an admirable introduction by Sir Sidney Colvin and the letters are linked up with concise explanatory notes by the same hand so that as the editor says in his preface the present edition will be found to constitute in effect a nearly complete epistolary autobiography" any gap being amply supplied by the preface and the incidental notes In the four volumes are included the Vailima Letters the Letters to his Family and Friends' and a hundred and fifty letters that are added in their due order of date and now published for the first time And it is sufficient to say that the new letters are a valuable addition both as literature and as autobiography

Here in these four delightful volumes you have the real Stevenson in all his varying moods There are those wonderfully vivid pictures of his own daily life particularly of his life in Samoa and hints and underlying suggestions everywhere of the courage and gay humour with which he faced the difficulties of delicate health and frequent illnesses that kept him continually in the shadow of death you see him sometimes working easily and hopefully sometimes toiling at his writing and re writing and haunted by fears that his powers are waning though the novel he was busy upon when the end came bade fair to be the greatest of his works Many of the letters are essays in little on manners, morals literature and the miscellaneous affairs of humanity he discusses the arts that he practises, tells of new novels that he starts upon with enthusiasm and presently grows cool over or lays aside whilst he is working eagerly at some new idea and always it is the frankness the humour and pathos of his memories and hopes, and his careless revelation of himself that give these volumes their chief and enthralling interest

Three of the novels he started upon and left little more than begun are gathered into the Lay Morals and Other Papers" that have just been issued by Messrs Chatto & Windus Other papers in this book are Father Damien," 'The Pentland Rising,' College Papers," and various sketches and criticisms, none of which have hitherto been collected except in the expensive Edinburgh" and 'Pentland" editions Some of these miscellanies are as characteristic of Stevenson as anything he wrote and, with the light that is thrown upon many of them by the Letters, add appreciably to our knowledge and to our admiration of him

A St J. A.

* "The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson' Edited by Sidney Colvin. 5s. net each (Methuen)—"Lay Morals and Other Papers" By Robert Louis Stevenson 6s (Chatto & Windus)



From "Some Eccentrics and a Woman," by Lewis Melville (Martin Secker.)

GEORGIAN CHARACTERS.*

Most of it coarse and not a little scurrilous indeed but much of it readable and amusing, is Mr Lewis Melville's apposite description of the mass of literature belonging to Georgian history. The words quoted might well be applied to the greater part of that history as it is retold for modern readers by Thackeray and his successors and in the diaries and memoirs of the time. It is something of a pity that the brighter side of Georgian life to which belongs the birth of many a noble philanthropic movement is not more adaptable for light reading, for truth to tell one is getting rather bored by the growing volume of literature devoted to the beaux and dandies and the "light women" who lived in or about the Court during the eighteenth and the earlier part of the nineteenth centuries. Which reflection is none on Mr Lewis Melville who writes out of the fulness of sound knowledge and good sense (including a sense of humour) flavours his studies with a nice literary allusiveness says all that can be said for his eccentric subjects and (in the cases of Beau Brummell, William Beckford, Sterne and Mrs Draper for example) supplies authoritative and agreeably corrective footnotes to more than one commonly accepted piece of scurrility. Of the eight papers of which the present book is composed seven have appeared previously in reviews or magazines: "Some Eighteenth Century Men about Town", "Peter Pindar", "Sterne's Eliza (Mrs Draper)", "William Beckford", "Charles James Fox", "Exquisites of the Regency" and "The Demoniacs" (Hall-Stevenson and his boon companions). The eighth and concluding essay is devoted to "Philip Duke of Wharton," Pope's portrait of whom is accepted as "all too true." Of Beckford, Mr Melville tells us "there has been no biography worthy of the name," a remark due to a qualm of quite unnecessary misgiving as to his own work, or unwillingness for some other reason to alter the text of the article as it appeared in the *Fortnightly*. There are eight illustrations from well known paintings and a frontispiece in colours "A View from the Pump Room, Bath" from a drawing by Richard Deighton.

* "Some Eccentrics and a Woman." By Lewis Melville. 10s 6d net. (Martin Secker.)

ASIA, PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

Three books lying before us * all deal with the East of the great continent of Asia, with that portion of it which may be called Asiatic Asia—at some period in its long history. And there is one point common to the three that they all devote attention (one of them exclusive attention) to the nation at the easternmost confines of this part of the world the Empire of Japan. It may also be said that the authors of all three books have a strong belief in the importance of Japan's destiny in moulding the future of Asia. Mr Lloyd, who avowedly comes forward to praise Japan wherever she deserves praise, foretells her ability to consolidate herself in the passage of time into a great and not merely a great military nation. Mr Hannah deduces from the story of recent events in Asia the virtual establishment of a Monroe Doctrine in the Far East under the shield of Japan. The Earl of Ronaldshay sees her legitimately turning her triumph over the forces of Russia to her own profit in the first instance. For he says (pp 346 7)

> Any one who is foolish enough to imagine that she spent millions of money and thousands of lives in Manchuria, that she staked in fact her very existence upon the fall of the dice of war for the sole benefit of others who were unwilling to put up the stakes, is likely to meet with a rude disenchantment. It would be strange indeed were she to seek no recompense for her vast sacrifice, and it is absurd to suppose that she will not, so far as she is permitted to do so, take every advantage of her position to forward the interests of her own people in Manchuria.

And he hails what has happened in Korea as simply the inevitable.

Mr Hannah's work is ambitious in its scope. It endeavours to cover in the course of 300 pages the whole history of Asia outside Persia, Mesopotamia, Arabia, Syria and Asia Minor, for he recognises the distinction which we have made above between Asiatic Asia and the Asia which is involved closely in the history of Europe and the Mediterranean Sea. "Eastern Asia" is not altogether a new work. It bears as a sub-title "the second edition of A Brief History of Eastern Asia, entirely rewritten," the earlier book having appeared some ten years ago soon after the time when the author was master of the English School at Tientsin. Mr Hannah says that the criticism of his first edition which impressed him most was to the effect that it contained too many facts to the square inch, wherefore he has tried in this second edition to leave out what ever was neither of interest in itself nor of importance to the story. It may be still urged that the multitude of facts makes "Eastern Asia" rather breathless history if the reader sets out to run through it as a whole. This was unavoidable no doubt in the presentation of the story of a vast section of the world in so few pages. The volume is by no means uninteresting, but it is likely rather to be kept as a handy book of reference than to be read for pleasure. Its value as a book of reference cannot be questioned though on a few points it does not seem to have been brought quite up to date. It is excusable perhaps, that Chinese events of the past two years should be dismissed in half a dozen rather vague lines when is it so difficult at present to arrive at the real meaning of those

* "Eastern Asia: A History." By Ian C. Hannah, M.A. 7s 6d net. (Fisher Unwin.)—"An Eastern Miscellany." By the Earl of Ronaldshay, M.P. 10s 6d net. (Blackwood.)—"Every Day Japan." By Arthur Lloyd, M.A. 6s net. (Cassell.)

events. But the annexation of Korea by Japan, which took effect last August, is not mentioned; and is it correct any longer to talk of France's "position of protectress of Latin Christians"?

Mr. Hannah has a gift of expressing important facts in a few words. Three sentences may be quoted from his last chapter. "Asia is only in a state of decay because of European interference. . . . A relaxation of Western pressure would bring automatic reform. . . . It is a weak China, not a strong China, that really menaces the peace of the world." That it is the European Powers who have kept China's present dynasty on the Dragon Throne and so hindered the process of reform is clear from all truthful histories of China, including Mr. Hannah's.

Lord Ronaldshay's book is partly composed of speeches delivered by the author on various occasions: one to the Scottish Geographical Society as long as nine years ago, one in the House of Commons, one at an Authors' Club dinner, and so on. In addition, there are reprints of articles which have appeared in different magazines. There is apt to be something rather unsatisfactory about a book of this nature, if only because, while words remain the same, circumstances change; and to meet the change of circumstances by the insertion of footnotes does not add to the reader's pleasure. Yet Lord Ronaldshay was justified, we think, in collecting these scattered speeches and writings in a volume. He is a clear-sighted observer, and events have had a way of confirming rather than upsetting the views he ventured to express in the past few years. He does well to call his work "An Eastern Miscellany," since this title indicates at once his wide range of subjects and the somewhat disjointed nature of the book. He divides the contents into four parts: "General," "The Middle East," "India," and "The Far East." The two latter sections are the most interesting. On Indian affairs Lord Ronaldshay has decided ideas, which are well known to those who have followed the Parliamentary discussions upon those affairs. To such the two opening chapters of his third section may be commended. In dealing with the Far East, he devotes most of his space to Japan. We have already quoted a passage in which he gives some views about Japan's development. It is worth while to add another sentence from the same passage: "Should a reaction of public opinion in England set in to the detriment of the good relations between the two peoples, . . . the enthusiasts [about all things Japanese] will have no one but themselves to thank for the plain results of their own unreasoning and extravagant praise." In a footnote he says that the reaction unquestionably did set in. He might, however, have added that this reaction was to a large extent organised by certain Japanophobe journalists, some of them influenced by the ideas of the "White Australians" and the like.

Mr. Lloyd has certainly produced a book calculated to attract the general reader, unless the latter happens to be satiated by the writings of the enthusiasts mentioned by Lord Ronaldshay. He has also produced one well worthy of the attention of those who take special interest in the affairs of Japan. He knows his subject well, having had, as he says, "twenty-three years of happy activity as instructor in the Naval Academy, Medical and Paymaster Colleges" at Tokyo. Baron Hayashi, former Japanese Ambassador in this country, vouches for the volume, in an introduction which he contributes, as "one of the most useful contributions we have had to our stock of information." There are, indeed, few departments of the life of the country of which Mr. Lloyd has not something worth hearing to say, in a manner which blends the good friend and kind critic. He is by no means blind to the very grave dangers attending Japan's development in the immediate future. He notes that, while a dozen years ago it was a common ambition of young Japanese students to become a Cabinet Minister, six years ago to be a sailor or a soldier, "to-day they say that their country demands of them that they shall make themselves rich, and they take most kindly to the sacrifice"—a necessary sacrifice, after all, he adds, for Japan will never maintain her present position unless she becomes a wealthy nation. The risks of devotion to money-making are not likely to be minimised by a teacher like Mr. Lloyd. But he is confident. "Japan has in her elements of moral greatness, which will in the end triumph over the frankly materialistic—I had almost said sordidly materialistic—ideas which are now predominant. She counts among her sons many who are, honestly and honourably, seekers after truth and righteousness, and it is to these that I look as the ultimate preservers of the old wine in the new bottles."

Philip W. Sergeant.

MR. BELLOC'S NEW NOVEL.*

Mr. Belloc's Girondin, despite the dictionary definition given on the title-page of his book and the expectations raised thereby, is not one of the famous band of deputies "of that Gironde or Bourdeaux region: men of fervid Constitutional logic, of quick talent, irrefragable logic, clear respectability," whose story runs like fire through Carlyle's epic of the Revolution; no impetuous Vergniaud, no sharp-bustling Guadet, no Captain Hippolyte Carnot with cold mathematical head: nor is the end of him, expectations and hopes maybe notwithstanding, though in its way pitiful enough, the end of any among the eloquent twenty-one of France who, "bemurmured and beshouted," went down under Samson's rapid axe "one head per minute or a little less" on the 31st October, 1793. Rather does the character and career of Mr. Belloc's hero recall that Louvet who "bilks Revolutionary Committees, rides in carriers' carts . . . has hair-breadth escapes that would fill three romances, finally. . . ." No. Boutroux never gets to Paris to his fair Helpmate, or to Switzerland and better days. His escapes are sometimes less than hair-breadth. Like Louvet, he is often flying desperate, splashing the mud on each side of him, and has great experience of pouring rain; but "Is it still raining?" he asked at last, lying in a convent somewhere near that "Silent Windmill" from which "the Miller of Valmy had fled dusty underground," on the splashy height of La Lune in that campaign of Kellermanns in September 1792, and then "'What weather!' sank the voice. And after that it spoke no more."

At the first, and afterwards too when his adventures were far through, one hoped other and better of Boutroux. Foppish, flippant, with his brown Gascon face and crisped black hair, suave in manner, given to epigram, bearing his twenty years lightly and yet with a certain preciosity, Boutroux when we meet him at his uncle's table in Bordeaux wins at least our interest. He is of the hero type. We feel that Mr. Belloc has got hold of something promising for this his first venture as a romantic novelist. We watch him pleasurably as, "with his little toy dress-sword at his side, in the full finery of his wealth, walking high in his dark silk and his gold chain at the pocket and his shoe-buckles of silver," he moves out on that stirring eve of revolution to dare fate in the streets of Bordeaux. Besides, all that early record of his doings is excellently done. It is Mr. Belloc at his best.

But, as fate would have it, Boutroux must kill his patriot: and thereafter for long enough, perhaps too long, his fine mien of heroism wears dim somewhat. He is a hunted man. All France seems on his track. Those hair-breadth escapes follow thick and fast and none too convincingly. It seems another Boutroux somehow who lurks in inns, drives in carts, feigns madness in his postillion disguise and drives the lawyer towards the Land of the Blessed. He communes much with the changed Boutroux.

* "The Girondin." By Hilaire Belloc. 2s. net. (Thomas Nelson & Sons.)

He develops an unconscionable habit of lying. Even when the sack of charcoal is left and the girl is taken, and there is a deal of pretty talk and pretty sentiment, and hidden in good straw "he wanders confusedly among the inward parts of his soul," and presently love visits him in the dark; not even then does his story move us as it should. We read but are not with him. We want Mr. Belloc to hurry Boutroux out of the straw and the moonshine into the daylight of the real world he knows so well.

Well, he does, and splendidly too. Midway through the book, thanks to the old widow upon whom afterwards he wreaks a Gascon's revenge, he is pressed into the ragged army of the Republic, and thenceforward there is for Mr. Belloc or Boutroux no sign of faltering. For Boutroux grows suddenly to manhood—though still hunted and still a liar and still a bit of a philanderer and moreover a strange amalgam now, as befits a Girondist maybe, of tenderness and cruelty, simplicity and cunning, impulse and restraint—and mile after mile as he goes, he and his noble beast Pascal, our love grows for the fellow. He emerges a true hero. All the rains of untoward heaven through all that long ghastly march eastward to Valmy, cannot wash the man out of him. Never a complaint. No flinching from the worst horrors. Of all his finery of wealth, loves, friends, nothing now but rags, starvation, weariness, mud and rain, tramp, tramp, and still rain, and himself taking everything with a smile, and Pascal plodding under him through mud and rain to inglorious death.

Perhaps Mr. Belloc has never written anything so good as his account of that terrible march. It is narrative of the best kind, simple, direct, swift, vivid, and every word of it actual. There is nothing secondhand here. In spirit Mr. Belloc goes marching with Boutroux. He knows every mile of the way. He sees everything. From his great knowledge not only of soldiering but of France and its history he selects just the right details to make of his story a masterpiece of realism. Not the grim ugly realism of "Le Débâcle," nor the minute searching realism of "Peace and War," but a realism of Mr. Belloc's own, restrained, full of beauty, irony—something after the model, say, of Anatole France. And under it all the heart of *la belle France* throbbing in mad turmoil of revolution.

One thing however. It was a blunder to kill Boutroux. He deserved to live longer. And there are other marches he might have made. Presently, with more experience of novel writing, Mr. Belloc will come to husband his riches.

SHAN F. BULLOCK.

ITALY AND THE CAR.*

The literature of the motor has now taken a definite place among the other branches of the profession. From the point of view of the tourist who tours with a volume at the back of his mind the advantages of travel in a car are obvious. One or two books of the kind that have recently appeared savour of genuine pioneering, while others deal effectively with fields that have lain fallow for generations. Much of the matter in Mr. P. G. Konody's book may be said to fall within the latter category, although in the course of his travels numerous centres were visited as well with which the world in general has always remained more familiar.

It is all the same whether the car be travelling through solitary or populous neighbourhoods. A certain wealth of incident may invariably be relied on, even if it be provided by nothing beyond the vicissitudes due to punctures in odd places and by the occasional drought in the petrol tank at some critical moment. As was only to be anticipated, all these minor catastrophes entered into the author's itinerary, and together with the major experiences of the routes they are related in pleasant and fluent fashion.

Once across the Channel Mr. Konody set out in his car from Boulogne and passed southwards on the accepted routes through Amiens, Dijon, Nantua and Moutiers, entering Italy by way of Ivrea. The main goal of the author's journey was Italy, and once on the soil of that sunny land the pages of his book blossom out into descriptive passages in all earnest. Needless to say that the architecture and art of which he was principally in search claim the chief interest, and the reader cannot but welcome the fact that many of the buildings and treasures that have been so ably described are situated far from the beaten track, and until now have met with comparatively scant recognition.

Indeed one of the most attractive features of Mr. Konody's work is his conscientious avoidance of the well beaten paths of the tourist. The author evinces a not unnatural

* Through the Alps to the Apennines. By P. G. Konody. 12s. 6d. net. (Kegan Paul.)



"Ponteculi, the quaintest of compact, flat-roofed mediaeval towns."

From "Through the Alps to the Apennines," by P. G. Konody. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

distaste for these, and for the human parasites that abound in the more noted spots. Here, for instance, is his account of the arrival at Pisa: "No sooner had we stopped than we were surrounded by the swarm of beggars, cripples, and hawkers who invariably infest the precincts of Pisa Cathedral. Picture post-cards, abominable alabaster models of the freakish Campanile, and other souvenirs were thrust under our noses, accompanied by maimed limbs and noisome diseases of various description."

The picture is familiar enough to one who has visited the show-places of Italy. Indeed, this inevitable assemblage of the halt, maim, and blind, as importunate in their methods as the poor creatures are repulsive in appearance, constitutes a serious drawback to the romantic peninsula as a pleasure resort. It is one, moreover, that the student of architecture feels most acutely of all. There are buildings that demand a silent and reverent gaze: a feat that the clamouring and jostling crowd takes care to render quite impossible. But the author does not dilate unduly on the subject of these genuine grievances, for one reason, it is to be supposed, since he escaped the infliction of so many of them.

The story of the byways that is told here is far more fascinating from the mere force of its novelty than that of the route studded with world famed edifices, picture-galleries and museums that have been plastered about with an almost nauseating superfluity of description and photography. Mr. Konody struck boldly out into the country itself and witnessed the life of the Italian peasant. There are, of course, some purely material drawbacks that are inseparable from the process of drinking from the cup of an unsophisticated and rather crude existence. There are questions of bed and food that it is best not to attempt to solve, but rather to take all that comes with an easy mind and an eye that has been purposely deprived of its discernment. Under such circumstances true local colour is to be enjoyed, and the trip may be relied on to be prolific in happenings.

The author relates an incident at one of the smaller towns that is quite typical of the country. It happened that an opera company of the genuine local type was performing at Volterra, and, seizing the opportunity, the visitors attended the theatre, and found it impossible to restrain their amusement. This aroused the wrath of a neighbouring person "whose dirty and disreputable appearance made his presence in the stalls a mystery, even though the price of a stall at the Persio Flacco is the Italian equivalent of half-a-crown." On the next morning the author and his party again met the patron of the opera who had shot such indignant glances in their direction the previous evening. On this occasion "he showed no trace of resentment at our unseemly behaviour at the theatre. In fact he was humility personified. He sat at the gate of the Baptistery and held out his hat to us for a *piccola carità*!"

When he forsook Italy to turn the front of his car northwards, Mr. Konody's journey lost little in interest. The journey through the Austrian Alps was productive not only of magnificent scenery, but of hotels of a type that compared favourably with the caravanserais of the more southern land. From Austria the route is continued through the sombre glades of the Black Forest, and then across Germany into France, until the car is well upon its homeward way. Illustrated as it is by photographs, pencil sketches, and a frontispiece in colour, the volume is a welcome addition to the travel literature of lesser-known Europe.

W. H. Koebel.

ANTARCTIC HEROES.*

Enthusiasm! What would the world have done without it? There are chill-bloods by the thousands—the sad truth to tell, humanity is mostly made up of them—who, even with all evidences against them, will still sit quietly in their chairs and grumble stolidly against the upheavals of enthusiasm. Yet, again, where should we be without its stirring power? The plodder—in his secret heart possibly envying the enthusiast—says it brings trouble by the way of change and a re-settling of things, and that many who have followed the flaming objects of their hearts' desires have heaped death, terror, and general stagnancy on the world's progress. True; but the bitterness of the olive must be taken with its digestive qualities, as the heat of summer must be borne along with its productive powers.

So it is that enthusiasm keeps us moving towards a great goal that still lies far ahead of mankind. And one of the soldiers of the legion of warm-hearts is Dr. Charcot. Genial, of surpassing kindness, stalwart in figure, gently persistent in purpose and winning in narration, his is no blatant, praise-forcing record of conquest over icy fastnesses and age-frozen secrets. No, but how it wins upon us by its manly, quietly told story, its full allowance of credit to all who were in the venture actually or in France, its cordial indomitableness, its tip-top sort of humanity. The doctor did not go down south for the purpose of making any wild, death-or-glory "dashes" for the Pole, nor in any other direction to cover the utmost space in the least amount of time. His aim was to resume his former labours of exploration generally where Nordenskjold, Gerlache, others and our own Captain Cook had worked—or, in other words, to run straight down from Cape Horn to the South Shetlands, then along Graham's Land to where the 80th degree of western longitude (Paris) crosses the 70th parallel of southern latitude and work from there to 120 west, then back to Punta Arenas. The craft, a barque with auxiliary engines, was specially built at St. Malo, for her work, and, apparently, she could hardly have been better fitted for the purpose.

Dr. Charcot's narrative is in simple diary form, and, after the general Introduction, he gets straight to work, starting with the passage from Punta Arenas to the Shetlands. As to its winning personality and humaneness, pleasantly reflective at times but not too frequently so the doctor writes:

> So here I am again at Wandel Island, where for nine months [on his previous expedition] we lived, worked, hoped, sometimes almost despaired and often sorrowed. I am back again under much better conditions, with a ship, equipment and means which are out of all comparison with those of the former expedition.

Thus he comments on the Then and the Now and remarks how little changed are a boat, an observation hut, etc., which they had to abandon some years before. In another place, when penguins have had to be killed for soup, he exclaims: "Why is man bound to do evil as soon as he visits any place?" Again, when one of these human sort of birds pops up suddenly by the side of the boat, on a particularly difficult, exasperating, and dangerous journey, a hand goes out for the neck of that timely intruder between them and the closing in ice; but, no, the commander says, let the poor thing go—we still have some food left. It is in the same vein that he writes:

> "Almost every time we land we have to put up with the attacks of the megalestris, and its sharp beak and strong flight justify fear. As a rule every one detests them, but I confess that I have nothing but admiration for these courageous creatures."

And there were other "courageous creatures" there, out on an exploring venture, in a picket-boat which was having to be abandoned, in a desperate effort to get back to the barque. Witness:

> "We make up our very light bundles and then, to put strength into ourselves, we open our tin of preserve and eat a little chocolate. I pencil an account of our adventures to leave in the boat, and we wait for the appointed hour [of leaving the boat], while the snow continues to fall in big, thick flakes. Under the tent on board we look like smugglers preparing to

* "The Voyage of the *Why Not?* in the Antarctic: the Journal of the Second French South Polar Expedition, 1908–10." By Dr. Jean Charcot. English Version by Philip Walsh. With numerous Illustrations from Photographs. 20s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

carry out a raid. We joke away, as we have done from the start; but our faces are worn and look serious whenever conversation drops. We are unwilling to confess that we are hungry, and we are even astonished at having been able to do with so little without suffering; but my clothes have become so loose that I tighten my belt in vain, and my two comrades have since admitted that they were in the same plight. In a few minutes, despite the bad weather, despite the snow falling more heavily than ever, we shall be off to try our last chance. We have a last look at what we are taking away, and a sad glance at what we are leaving. We have our bundles in our hands, when suddenly from the direction of Cape Tuxen there comes to us, distinctly and beyond all possibility of doubt, the prolonged whistle of our ship's familiar siren."

Yes, the second in command was searching for them. So it is all the way through the story, in humorous times—and they were as many as might be, including mid-Lent carnivals—and alike in great dangers, when thoughts of home and loved ones welled up warm from the heart and the chances were a hundred to one against their ever seeing them again. There is no strain, no seeking to create effect; all is quietly real, yet intensely and vividly true in presentment. Dr. Charcot went out "to do what he could for his country and for science"; and what he has done in both ways cannot, naturally, be set down here—there is too much of it. But we may say that he has proved himself and most of his comrades to be genial, modest heroes. The book appears to be well translated and is fully indexed; it is also excellently produced, in size and binding a companion volume to Captain Peary's recent North Pole book, and the illustrations are excellence itself.

J. E. PATTERSON.

MANY INVENTIONS.*

Of these four books, all of them dealing in some measure with the occult, the new edition of "The Golden Bough" (or rather of a part of it) is the most commanding in importance. It would be difficult to overpraise Dr. Frazer's achievements either as a man of science or as a man of letters. Not that his book is likely to appeal to any one on its literary merits alone, but it is written in a style at once so dignified, so warm, and so simple that it deserves to be appreciated as good literature as well as great anthropology. In its new form, "The Golden Bough" will no longer be a single book, but a collection of books a sort of anthropologist's Bible. Here in the first part we have a practically independent treatise on magic and the development of the primitive magician into the king who claims to rule by divine right. If Dr. Frazer only lives long enough, the present division is likely to be further subdivided into several independent treatises; and sympathetic magic, magicians as kings, the worship of trees, the influences of sexes on vegetation, and the magical control of the weather, will all expand from single chapters into double volumes. For nothing less than a universe of facts will ever satisfy Dr. Frazer's appetite for evidence. One cannot but be amazed that an author who pauses to investigate such a multitude of facts by the way should find time to reach so many original and luminous conclusions.

Dr. Frazer takes us a good deal further back in his study of magic than Mr. Waite. Mr. Waite is only interested in magic as a kind of cesspool in a world that knows religion. In "The Golden Bough," however, we begin with the savage who knows neither gods nor devils, and who, instead of praying or mumbling spells for rain, thinks that he can compel rain to fall by going out and pouring water on the ground. The idea that "like produces like"—that sprinkling water produces rain, for instance—is at the root of a great deal of primitive magic. It is of the essence of magic, too, to behave as though the performance of a certain ceremonial, like the sprinkling of water already mentioned, must inevitably produce certain consequences, and, even when men begin to worship spirits, magic survives in all places where they coerce the spirits by their ceremonies instead of conciliating or propitiating them. Here, according to Dr. Frazer, we see the vital difference between magic and religion: it is the difference between a spell and a prayer. Thus even the rituals of Christianity can be perverted to magical uses, as in the case of the Mass of St. Sécaire, which is intended to overcome the divine will and the efficacy of which in withering up an enemy is said still to be a popular superstition in Gascony:

"None but wicked priests dare to perform the gruesome ceremony. . . . The Mass of St. Sécaire may be said only in a ruined or deserted church, where owls mope and hoot. . . Thither the bad priest comes with his light-o'-love, and at the first stroke of eleven he begins to mumble the mass backwards, and ends just as the clocks are knelling the midnight hour. His leman acts as clerk. The host he blesses is black and has three points; he consecrates no wine, but instead he drinks the water of a well into which the body of an unbaptized infant has been flung. He makes the sign of the cross, but it is on the ground and with his left foot."

This, with more of the same sort of mummery, is supposed to enable you to put your victim beyond the scope of the wisest doctor. The medieval Mass of the Holy Spirit was, of course, of a more innocent sort, but it, too, was magical, being founded upon the belief that "God was forced to grant whatever was asked of Him in this form, however rash and importunate might be the petition."

Mr. Waite's "Book of Ceremonial Magic" is concerned entirely with magic which uses the agency of spirits, and it is a remarkable account of the rituals of magic, the names and offices of the demons, the mysteries of infernal evocation, and infernal necromancy. It is a book of wonder and horror as well as learning, for Mr. Waite has brought to it a burning imagination which sees as the motive of Black Magic "the hunger and thirst of the soul seeking to satisfy its craving in the ash-pits of uncleanness, greed, hatred, and malice." "Those who are seeking," he says, "to exercise the powers of the soul apart from its graces are treading the downward path": magical science, he tells us, is one of the "sciences of the abyss." Thus, he writes with an almost medieval horror of witchcraft. Dr. Frazer enables us to examine the most evil beliefs and practices like specimens in a museum: Mr. Waite wishes to make us shudder at them as sins in the human soul. In the result, if we desire an account of the superstitions of the Middle Ages, we could not do better than turn to Mr. Waite's book. He has dredged the sinister manuals and spell-books of the magicians—the "Grimoires" and the "Keys of Solomon"—for his facts. On the other hand, those who wish to understand the psychology of magic and to relate the superstitions of medieval Europe to the customs and beliefs of savages all the world over will find it more profitable to study the pages of "The Golden Bough."

The differences between the methods and purposes of Mr. Waite and Dr. Frazer may be explained by a comparison of the treatment given to the Hand of Glory superstition in their two books. Mr. Waite is concerned to tell us only the details of the preparation of the hand—the somniferous hand known to all readers of "The Ingoldsby Legends." It must be the hand of a criminal who has been gibbeted. Wrapped in a piece of winding-sheet, it "must be well squeezed so as to force out any blood which may possibly remain in the member, after which it must be placed in an earthen vessel, together with some zimort, saltpetre, common salt and peppercorns—all pounded. It should remain in this vessel for fifteen days and when extracted should be exposed to the heat of the sun during the time of the dog-star until it is extremely desiccated." And then we have a similar description of the ingredients of the

* "The Golden Bough: A Study in Magic and Religion." By J. G. Frazer. Third Edition. Pt. I. "The Magic Art and the Evolution of Kings." 2 Vols. 20s. net. (Macmillan.)—"The Book of Ceremonial Magic." By Arthur Edward Waite. Illustrated. 15s. net. (Rider.)—"The World of Dreams." By Havelock Ellis. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)—"Death: Its Causes and Phenomena." By Hereward Carrington and John R. Meader. 8s. 6d. net. (Rider.)

candle which "must be held in this frightful hand in order to infect all spectators with the motionlessness and powerlessness of death." Dr. Frazer goes into less detail in his description of this appliance of the medieval burglar. But he suggests the psychological explanation of the dead hand: it is an outcome of the belief that like produces like—that dead things can cast death-like spells:

" Just as the dead can neither see nor hear nor speak, so you may on homœopathic principles render people blind, deaf, and dumb by the use of dead men's bones or anything else that is tainted by the infection of death. Thus among the Galelareese, when a young man goes a-wooing at night, he takes a little earth from a grave and strews it on the roof of his sweetheart's house, just above the place where her parents sleep. This, he fancies, will prevent them from waking while he converses with his beloved, since the earth from the grave will make them sleep as sound as the dead."

And there are twenty other apposite illustrations. It is its merciless array of evidence that makes "The Golden Bough" one of the great books of modern science.

"The World of Dreams" will be a disappointment to those who expect to find in it a history of dreams in their religious and occult significance or supposed significance. It is a fascinating study, however, from a personal point of view, of dream experiences and their causes. Mr. Ellis discusses incidentally such questions as whether we dream all the time during sleep, and whether the ordinary dream of flying is anything else but the objectivation of the rhythmic rising and falling of one's respiratory muscles, or of the systole and diastole of the heart's muscles, or a result of anæsthesia of the soles of the feet. He seems to attribute the levitations of St. Theresa in ecstasy to this last cause. It will be seen that Mr. Ellis is inclined to be physiological in his explanations. His discussion of necromancy and symbolism in dreams will shock the romantic. Admitting the symbolic significance of dreams, he quotes as an example the assertion of a doctor that "many people when threatened by a gastric or intestinal attack dream of seeing fish." Coming to the question of the influence of dreams on religious belief, he holds that "it is difficult to dispute the statement of Lucretius that the gods first appeared to men in dreams," and he reminds us that in many primitive tribes the sorcerer and medicine man "cultivates solitude, fasting, and all manner of ascetic practices, thereby acquiring an unusual aptitude to dream, to see visions, to experience hallucinations, and, it may well be, to acquire abnormally clairvoyant powers."

To turn from "The World of Dreams" to Messrs. Hereward Carrington and John R. Meader's "Death: its Causes and Phenomena," is to pass from the calm of scepticism to the moving and mysterious seas of belief. The authors deal with the subject of death from both a physiological and psychological standpoint, and they call up the phenomena of Spiritualism as evidence of the immortality of the soul. They have not that mastery of scientific method which makes the work of Dr. Frazer and Mr. Havelock Ellis such a delight to read. In their inquiry both into the nature of death and into the evidence for the soul's survival, however, they are doing what may be regarded as pioneer work, and doing it in an earnest and interesting, if rather unwieldy, manner. Their chapter on "Visions of the Dying," mainly quoted from Dr. Hyslop, affords a curious contrast to Mr. Ellis's book on dreams. One only wishes they could digest and arrange their facts like Mr. Ellis, for then they might be persuasive. And one wants them to be persuasive.

ROBERT LYND.

MUSCULAR CHRISTIANITY.*

Certain epochs in our history lend themselves naturally to the novelist. Among these periods one would have been inclined to reckon the reign of King John as being full of dramatic incident and notable national events, and yet we do not call to mind any novel of first-rate importance which deals with precisely this age. Having ascertained, therefore, by a preliminary glance, that Mr. Warwick Deeping had laid his story in these times, we approached his book with more than ordinary expectations. Our hopes, we regret to say, have not been wholly fulfilled. With a few trifling alterations "Joan of the Tower" might refer to almost any period of the Middle Ages. But if we have been disappointed in the hope of finding a novel which should make the age of King John live again for us much as the reign of Anne, for example, lives in the pages of "Esmond," we have, none the less, had the pleasure of reading a very bright and vigorous romance.

Pelleas, the gigantic young monk who revolts against his life at Roding Abbey, with "its grim silences, its grey and half-starved sanctity, its labour in the fields," is the very embodiment of a hero of romance. He goes forth into the world with a burning desire to challenge the Devil in his own strong places, to play the part of God's knight, to right wrongs, slay dragons, and, above all, keep himself pure and clean. Dragons, indeed, do not happen to cross his path, but in all other respects his wishes are abundantly gratified, and Pelleas more than deserves the prosperity and power in the midst of which we finally take our leave of him. Dangerous adventures crowd upon the young man from the outset. He falls in with Lady Isabeau of the Red Tower, the mistress of King John, and she persuades him to go to Birchhanger, and to slay the old knight who lived there and his daughter Joan, averring that they are sorcerers. Pelleas, never doubting of her sincerity, is within an ace of committing this crime, and is only checked at the last moment by remorse and by a feeling that he has been deceived. Upon his return to the Red Tower he incurs Lady Isabeau's resentment owing to his refusal of her favours, and he is providentially saved from her men and dogs when he is at the last gasp by Joan herself. From this moment one can have no doubt as to the ultimate issue of the story, although Joan and Pelleas are slow to find out that they love one another. Pelleas sets forth again upon his wanderings, and serves for a time as a man about a wayside inn. Here he learns that Goliath, King John's bully and procurer, is preparing to slay Joan's father and to hand the girl over to the King's pleasure. Pelleas hastens to Birchhanger, which he reaches in time to save Joan from her fate, and the two escape together into the depths of the Great Wold. But Pelleas's happiness is still far off. Ignorant of her father's death, and believing him to be in the power of Madame Isabeau and King John, Joan deliberately surrenders herself to her enemies. Once again she is rescued by Pelleas, who slays Goliath in single combat. But Joan has wearied of the horrors of the world, and desires only to end her days as a recluse in the rich town of Roymer. This town was, at that season, the centre of the war which was being carried on between the forces of the King and of those who held out for the Great Charter. Amongst these latter Pelleas was a prominent figure, and not unnaturally he was in Roymer upon the day when it was surprised and burnt by the King's army. For the last time Pelleas plays his customary rôle as a *deus ex machina*. He carries off Joan from the midst of her enemies, and brings her in safety to her own stronghold at Birchhanger. Joan at length has the good sense to realise (if the colloquialism may be permitted) when she is well off, and the fidelity of Pelleas receives its appropriate reward.

Except in the case of Joan and Pelleas there is little attempt at characterisation, but the story moves with a swiftness and vigour which lead us to hope that Mr. Deeping may achieve something more ambitious in the future.

M. H. H. M.

* "Joan of the Tower." By Warwick Deeping. 6s. (Cassell.)

THE POET IN MOTLEY.*

In the narrower field of light and comic verse as in the wider one of serious poetry the rule holds good that some great writers influence their contemporaries and successors, while others do not. The recent death of Sir W. S. Gilbert removed from among us not only a man supreme in his particular department of literature, but one of those men who establish eras in that all writers who follow on are more or less sensibly affected by them. Thomas Hood and the author of "The Ingoldsby Legends" still hold their sway in the same field, though the former may be regarded as having exhausted the use of the pun as a literary vehicle. Gilbert struck out for himself a line as individual as that of either of those of his predecessors, and he bids fair, like them, to leave his mark upon his successors. There are distinctly Gilbertian touches - the author of the "Bab Ballads" has, sure sign of influence, added an adjective to literary criticism—in both of the volumes under notice, more especially, perhaps, in that of Mr. Richardson, who has the uncommon knack of fooling without any *arrière pensée* of meaning. Such stanzas as those of "The Persevering Playwright" have quite a "Bab"-like lilt:

"He had, with quite consummate tact,
Elaborated, act by act,
With problems, sin and wholesome mirth,
A play of great dramatic worth.

"Upon a squalid murder he,
Had built a fane of chivalry,
'Mid clash of steel and roar of guns,
Relieved with admirable puns"

And again in "A Bright Boy":

"I never met an infant more
Intelligent than Theodore
The day he reached the age of one
He made an admirable pun."

(Mr. Richardson seems fond of the phrase "admirable puns" - but refrains from giving us such.) The piece of verse from which the last extract is made is even Gilbertian in its theme; going on to say of little Mr. Precocity:

"When he was scarcely more than two
He gave up visiting the Zoo
'Wagner,' he said, when he was three,
'Is far too sugary for *me*
In first-class music there should be
No trace at all of melody.
The greatest Fugues are those which are
Suggestive of a motor-car'"

Here we have a close parallel to the hero of one of the "Bab Ballads" who died "an old dotard of five." Mr. Richardson is best when he most suggests the influence of the master of fun just passed away. On the whole "Shavings" is a volume of farce, drollery, and foolery; it lacks any hint of the tenderness which is necessary to convert such into humour. In this small volume the author is personal, flippant, impertinent—and those who can enjoy personalities, flippancies, and impertinencies will find occasion for some laughter in his pages. To each piece of verse is appended the supposed comment of some notable man and the (equally supposititious) amount received by the author for serial publication—amounts ranging from "nuppence" for forty lines to twenty guineas for six! It has been said that if a man chooses to harp long enough on one string he cannot fail to win fame--or that more profitable approximation towards it which is implied in notoriety. Needless to say that Mr. Richardson does not neglect whiskers among his "Shavings"! Here for instance is a quotation the title of and comment on which are not necessary to a recognition of its astounding excellence, its wonderful wit, its amazing neatness—in a word, its fitness to stand as representative of its author's work as writer of verse:

"There's many an unknown hero
Who lies in a pauper's grave,
And many a man wears whiskers
Who *must* have the means to shave."

* "This Funny World." By F. Raymond Coulson. 2s. net. (Stanley Paul.)—"Shavings." By Frank Richardson. 3s. 6d. (Eveleigh Nash.)

If, to employ an old illustration, Mr. Richardson reminds us at times somewhat of the yokel at a fair who has no objection to grinning through a horse-collar so long as it makes his fellows laugh, Mr. Raymond Coulson now and again strikes us rather as one of those people who, as it has been happily put, laugh that they may not weep. Mr. Coulson is a jester, but he is a jester with a sense of the irony, the tragedy of things; he always writes to amuse—as though remembering Lamb's wise saying that a laugh is worth a hundred groans in any state of the market—but there is most often a purpose, satiric, scornful, or ironic, in his verse; only occasionally is unqualified amusement his object, and only occasionally is the purpose so strong as to overshadow the fun. "This Funny World" is to Mr. Coulson a puppet-show, even as it was to the author of "Vanity Fair." Closing that novel, Thackeray wrote the memorable words, which have, as it were, a wistful echo in so much of his work: "Ah! *Vanitas Vanitatum!* which of us is happy in this world? Which of us has his desire? or, having it, is satisfied? -Come, children, let us shut up the box and the puppets, for our play is played out." Says Mr. Coulson:

"This is the Theatre Come, let us look in,
The Marionettes are about to begin.
Here Comedy dovetails
With Tragedy's rage
And lyrical love tales •
Are played on the stage -
Are played by the puppets—those whimsical things,
But nobody knows who is pulling the strings."

In Gilbertian vein Mr. Coulson gives us the irritating comfort of the "Humanitarian" who insists on seeing the good where his fellows see the reverse:

"When—crash! Jemima drops the tray
And breaks your dinner-set, be gay;
There's comfort in that crash conveyed -
It benefits the china trade."

He sings ingeniously of the "August Bank Holiday" in the measure of Calverley's "Ode to Tobacco," with the happy ease of his model:

"Some will, with one eye shut,
Shy at the cocoanut
('Three shies a penny!') but
Miss it. I had one
Once; 'twas a boyish shot;
But I, alas, was not
Pleased with the nut I got:
It was a bad one."

Mr. Coulson sings of the Average Man as "Our Ruler"; he sees "The Imperialist" as one who, boasting of all that is his as citizen of a great Empire, journeys through a dismal slum to seek "his home—an attic"; he makes fun of all faddists in a vision of "The World Reformed"; he shows how the careful "Mr. Brown of Turnham Green" would not endanger his life on a bicycle, by playing dangerous games, or by riding in a motor—and was blown up by a gas escape at home; he versifies "The Convenient Creed" according to which, however bad a man may be, he can always lay the flattering unction to his soul that some one else is worse. In humorous ghostly narratives—which should delight the souls of the race of reciters —Mr. Coulson gives us some "Ingoldsby"-like entertainment. As writer of light, humorous verse he is master of his instrument, and his new book should find ready appreciation with all who can delight in fun, not the less because it is now and again charged with serious significance.

WALTER JERROLD.

A GRAND-DUCAL LAND.*

The name of Teck has become so familiar to English ears that the majority of the public merely accepts the word, and never gives a thought to its derivation. We are

* "The Land of Teck." By S. Baring Gould. 10s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

interested in the personalities of the members of the Teck family—we have the best of reasons for admiring them, and we should resent any attempt to prove that they did not belong now to our own nation—but the dukedom itself seems a nebulous thing, with which we have little or no concern.

Mr. Baring Gould has done his best to present the Land of Teck to us as a concrete fact. He must have put a vast amount of work into his volume. The ghosts of hundreds of long-forgotten—one might almost say justly forgotten—Teutonic princelings, and the men who, in one way or another affected the early history of the Land of Teck, flit across his pages. As a whole, they are typical of their kind, or rather, of what their kind was before Napoleon smashed up the whole rotten system—ambitious in a petty way, cruel in a petty way, ever ready to change either their allegiance or their faith when it paid them so to do. It cannot be said that their story makes fascinating matter. There are too many of them for it to be possible for the author to give many details, yet details alone could make these people interesting to the average reader. We have a rapid sketch, or a series of sketches, of the transition from robber barons living in castles perched on mountain tops to grand dukes trying to live in grand style in sleepy little cities which lacked all the elements of grandeur.

Here and there are brief descriptions of the natural features of the country—in some cases the change from history to geology is startlingly sudden—but the volume has no great value from this point of view. Strictly speaking, Mr Baring Gould's work is nondescript. There is too much history—the dry bones of history—for a descriptive book, too little description to give it a literary and artistic interest. Really there is the material for two books compressed into three hundred pages and the whole effect is marred by the compression.

The last portion, that dealing with the present house of Teck, has, of course, a vivid topical interest and there will be a large public eager to read about the pedigree of our Queen. The author has not had an easy task but, considering his difficulties he has done well. Even if his volume does not become a standard work at least it will be of considerable value to future historians.

STANLEY PORTAL HYATT.

THE NEWEST SPIRIT OF THE AGE.*

Mr Holbrook Jackson's new book is a slight one if measured by mere words, but it is so full in other respects that many of its chapters would bear expansion to the length of a volume. In something under two hundred pages the author of "Romance and Reality" among other subjects gossips of Utopia, Peterpantheism, Hedgerows, Hunger, tameness and Pavlova. Although an avowed idler, like other self-confessed idlers—Dr Johnson and Stevenson, for instance—he manages to use his intervals of work to some advantage. He tells us that he loves "to do nothing. To sit by a fire in winter or in a garden in summer; to loaf on a sea beach with the sun on me, to hang over the wall of a pier-head and watch the waves," and so forth. Of course the love of loafing is a common habit enough and Mr Jackson need have no fear of it becoming a lost art. But we are not sure that all idlers know the secret which makes it worth while. "Walt Whitman knew it" says Mr Jackson, "when he loafed on fish-shaped Paumanok, observing a spear of summer grass; Thoreau knew it in his hut by Walden Pond; William Blake knew it when he saw the angels on Peckham Rye"—they knew that doing nothing fosters meditation, and to some of those who meditate comes inspiration.

In the chapter entitled "Going Nowhere" Mr Jackson elaborates his philosophy and condemns the "usual practice" by which "you merely push a little money through a pigeon hole in a railway station, and utter the name of the desired Somewhere, when lo! like the result of an occult incantation, a slip of pasteboard will drop into your hand which in turn, by the simple process of showing it to a number of uniformed men, will be the means of translating you to a place where you would be. I have invariably found" he continues "that in persistently going to Nowhere you not only ignore the object of travel, which is to get Somewhere, but you actually accomplish the fact by reversing the process. In going to Nowhere, Somewhere, let me repeat, indeed Everywhere comes to you." There is no better course for the holiday wayfarer or for those who like tramping about London and other big cities; one rarely goes unrewarded if one travels through the by ways and side streets.

"The genius of every age is different" says Dryden, and every generation has its own band of prophets. Mr Jackson belongs to the new order of things, and if he is not himself a prophet he is a disciple of the prophets. His romantic stories and his essays all breathe a love of the beauty of this old world and of the joy of living. But he wants others to share his enjoyment of idling, dreaming, and feeding. It goes to his heart to see a *queue* of hungry out of workers waiting in stolid patience for their dole of charity soup, or the miserable crew of failures in their torpid slumbers on the benches in St Giles's Churchyard. Perhaps it is the commercialism which Mr Jackson so whole heartedly abhors that is mainly responsible for the condition of these outcasts. "Deserts of noise" is a timely protest against the "monstrous huddle of noisesome traffic"—the "roaring canyons of commerce" of London. One can of course escape from the noise of the great main thoroughfares, but if one lives in town one must come in for a good deal of torture by the legioned devils of noise who clamour indecently in the public places for your soul. Every time you give way to them, every time you live them down, they conquer you. There is no escape save flight.

Mr Holbrook Jackson's "Introductions" are essays on some of his chosen prophets—Maurice Maeterlinck, G. K. Chesterton, H. G. Wells and Robert Blatchford are all worth studying. The short papers on Chesterton and Blatchford are perhaps the best things in the whole volume. If a more characteristic sketch of G. K. C. has been written we should like to know of it. As for "Nunquam," "The Well-beloved," there is a picture of him on the platform of a great hall during a big "demonstration" while "all around is a dense mass of people, tier upon tier, six thousand strong, like a mountain terraced with human faces until they fade into the dim heights and mingle with the rococo cherubs in the canvas sky." This description of the editor of the *Clarion* is followed by a graphic sketch of his life history, which like his other "Introductions," is condensed and full of well arranged information.

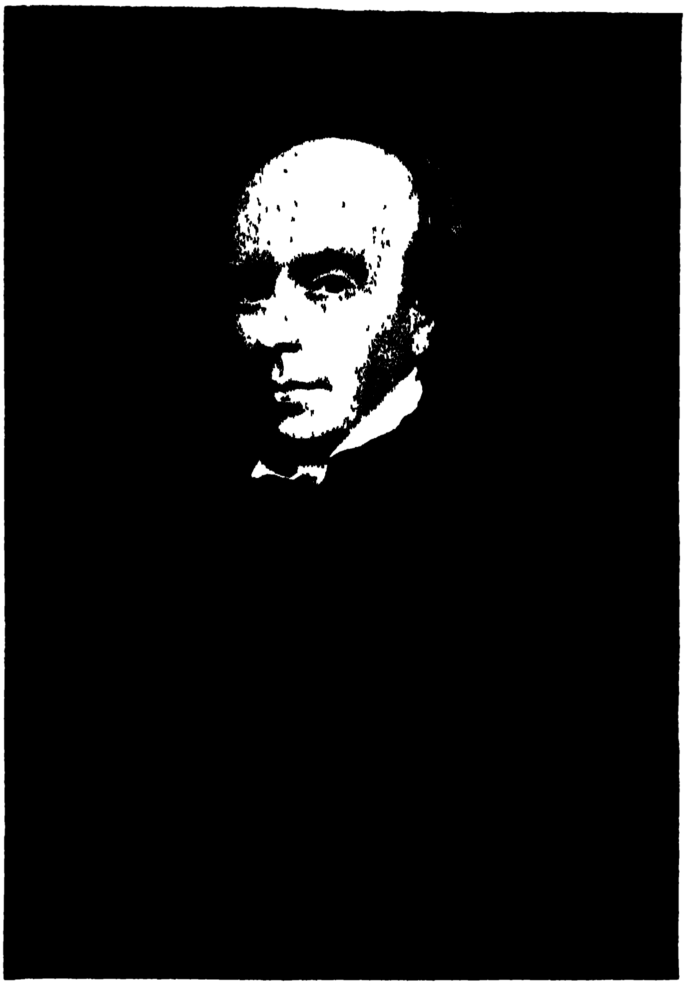
ROGER INGPEN.

* "Romance and Reality." By Holbrook Jackson. 3s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

BRITISH SCULPTORS.*

Their names although for the most part lost to us, no doubt were many in those earliest days, the so called Ages of Faith, and native names albeit to a "Roman Citizen" hight Peter, in the thirteenth century, and to the great Torrigiano himself in the fifteenth, is to be accredited much of the noblest work done on the noblest of our monuments, the Abbey. But all the immensity of fine carving wrought in the churches of these islands could not have been, as some will have it, the work only of foreigners. Indeed, we have word to the contrary. Michael of Canterbury, Richard of Reading, William of Ireland, such are

* "The Lives of the British Sculptors, and those who have worked in England from the earliest days to Sir Francis Chantrey." By E. Beresford Chancellor. 12s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)



John Flaxman.
(After Jackson.)

From "Lives of the British Sculptors," by E. Beresford Chancellor.
(Chapman & Hall.)

the titles left us of some few of that race of home-born carvers who seemingly cared only for their craft, and nothing for their fame. Who was that Thomas Porchalion according to whose "design and model" the Countess Isabel of Warwick in the days of Henry VI. directed in her will that a statue of herself should be made "all naked with her hair cast backward"? Of what quality was that Master Cummings at St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, who made a sepulchre with an image of God Almighty rising thereout, attended by Knights and Angels? These men, and all their congeners, were the modest children of their era, that which conceived sculpture to be but part and parcel of something vaster wherein it fitted. As humble contributors thereto they were paid their wages and forgotten. And yet, perhaps, by reason of this very modesty, their work acquired a charm which endures far beyond what followed.

For what was it which befell us when that age had passed? The post-Renaissance carving, in this country at any rate—apart from the respectable monumental work of the Stones, father and sons, and the stolid portraiture of Nollekens—is summed up in the decorated woodwork of Grinling Gibbons, the pompous and florid productions of such men as Bird and Banks, Rysbrack, Roubillac, Scheemakers, and Cibber. And why? Most probably because there was no passion, no belief behind them, but only their own ambition. Because this was their main *raison d'être*. The world could have got on well enough without them, and they knew it. There was no actual need for the things they did, apart from the vanity of those whom they flattered. There was certainly no need for images of English generals in full-bottomed wigs, and wearing the scanty accoutrements of Roman imperators; there was very little need of the Venuses and Mercurys with which were filled the pleasances of the great. These things were but the artificialities of vogue and fashion, and have ended rightly. Only that, alas, in the case of the former, we have yet to gaze at them!

Nevertheless, sincerity was still sought for by some honest minds. And such imagined that they had found in allegory and personified abstractions a fitting substitute for the concrete realities of the Old Faith. Hence ensued such work as was done by that most prosperous of sculptors, Bacon, who moralised in stone with all applause, and was thereby, good man, a mere past-master of claptrap—a misdirection of the means of art which, however, mattered not much with him whose mediocre skill had little to lose. But it is sad to think how that allegoric boulder first set a-rolling downhill by the great Michael Angelo continued on its way distracting the vision of fine minds from the only true subject-matter of the carver's art, things seen. Even the sincere Flaxman, who, had he been born in the days of Myron and Praxiteles, could not have felt the realities of Myth more keenly, even he, when he turned to portray the dignitaries of his own time, must surround his Judge Mansfield, for instance, with the emblematic forms of Wisdom, Justice, and Suffering, and thus help to swell the monumental outrages committed on London's one great Gothic fane. It is a relief to be reminded that Chantrey, the last and greatest of those of whom this volume gives a most useful acount, was delivered by the clear sanity of his aims, and the practical desires of his clients, from such imaginings. He brought the carver's art, in England at any rate, back to the visible earth, from which—though by no means with the smug complacency of his complacent age—may it never again stray!

It is well to read in pages such as these of errors and divagations escaped at last, lest some pernicious vogue, like a bad fashion in dress, recall them. A great and warning reminder is this history of what bad stuff good men can do when they cease to be natural and sincere. Mr. Chancellor is to be thanked for dealing so lucidly and patiently with what is for the most part an unsympathetic and pitiful theme. One hopes that he will reward himself, and us, by a further volume showing forth the good things that have followed Chantrey.

Arthur Lewis.

Novel Notes.

MRS. ELMSLEY. By Hector Munro. 6s. (Constable & Co.)

We do not know if we are confessing to deplorable ignorance in saying that for us Mr. Hector Munro is a new author and this his first novel. What we do know is that it is a novel well above the average, one which arrests attention for itself, and assures a reader of the author's inherent power, before many chapters have been read (and there are close on eighty of them). "Mrs. Elmsley" is a book packed with good stuff. Here and there the reader will notice a certain old-fashioned formality of style which, far from dulling the interest, seems to increase one's affection for the story and belief in the writer of it. Mr. Munro has chosen no beautiful and picturesque surroundings to set off his theme. He places his characters in a manufacturing city in the North of England, and the fortunes of his hero and heroine, and many another, are intertwined with the fortunes of the Hanover Oil Mill. Colin Liddel is a general manager in the mill, George Elmsley is his chief, and Mrs. Elmsley the chief's wife. This full story with its numerous threads is a chronicle of love and of business, both love and business being handled with

the facility of a man who is recounting in a quiet, unstudied fashion the doings and circumstances of people he has known for years and meets every day. High praise is due to an author who lays open for us so relentlessly and so humanly the weakness of the strong and the strength of the weak. The book is a long one, running to over four hundred pages; but it is a book of quiet power and simple telling, and we have not wished it a page less than it is.

A SHIP OF SOLACE. By Eleanor Mordaunt. 2s. net. (Heinemann.)

It appears that nine years ago Miss Mordaunt wrote a story entitled "The Garden of Contentment" which is selling even to-day. We do not know the book, to our loss apparently; but we feel that it must be one with her new book. Here there is nothing very exciting; the story has no purple passages or mighty moments. But how life-like it is, though it wanders whimsically at times! How deeply interesting it is, despite its simplicity! And how unhackneyed it all is! Briefly, it is the story of how two women—an invalid widow and her nurse-companion—make a sailing-ship voyage from the Clyde to Australia. The nurse tells the story, in the present tense and somewhat in the form of a diary; into it she deftly weaves two pretty love-tales, one for each of them. But the charm of the book is its fresh, in a marked degree virile, handling of old things, whereby they come to us as things so new as to be wholly interesting. To all who can appreciate a quiet tale told with considerable art we strongly recommend "A Ship of Solace."

THE GARDEN OF RESURRECTION. By E. Temple Thurston. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

The refreshing feature of Mr. Temple Thurston's work is its individuality. What he writes is emphatically his own and could not possibly be mistaken for any one else's work. An anonymous "Temple Thurston" would be detected at once, and though his popularity is a strong incentive to imitation, no counterfeit has yet been produced which would deceive the experienced novel reader for a single chapter. In a word, Mr. Temple Thurston has a style. He has created a new *genre*, and for all that it appears so easy to copy, he has somehow contrived to keep his formula secret. As to the merits of the Thurstonesque manner there may be two opinions, but there can be no question of its popularity. Mr. Thurston has invented a new form of entertainment, and his circulation proves that the public appreciates it. His books are so easy to read that they produce an illusion of being easy to write. But in reality the art of being sentimental without being sickly is not so simple as it looks, and Mr. Thurston adds to his gift of sentiment a keen eye for beauty in everyday scenes and an untiring capacity for enjoying life. Everything that is beautiful appeals to him and he can find beauty in much that to most people appears trivial or commonplace. The sub-title of Mr. Thurston's new book, "the love story of an ugly man," is characteristic of his method. For really there is no reason why the hero should have been more than ordinarily plain, except to excite the reader's sentimental pity. Indeed Mr. Thurston makes an unnecessary demand on the reader's credulity when he suggests that the wealthy Mr. Bellairs was so ugly that his ugliness made him repellent to women, especially when the course of the story makes it clear that all the nice women in the book were not repelled by it at all. If we were disposed to be critical we might complain that Mr. Thurston begins by claiming our sympathy for his hero under false pretences. But Mr. Thurston never gives the reader time to be critical. He sweeps on with such buoyant good spirits and frank enjoyment of natural beauty that we are hypnotised into accepting his premisses without demur. "The Garden of Resurrection" has not the charm of "The City of Beautiful Nonsense," and it contains one needlessly painful incident, but it is very good Thurston for all that.

THE CASE OF LETITIA. By Alexander Watson. 6s (Smith, Elder.)

Letitia's case was not uncommon, but her solution was remarkable enough. She married the wrong man, and, after his death, found that her true lover would not take her on account of her child. Whereupon she gives up her child to some wealthy relatives of her late husband, and in the glory of this sacrifice persuades Rob Armitage to accept her. The ethical value of this conclusion is disputable, and the authoress must be prepared to find some of her feminine readers hotly opposed to her. But as a story "The Case of Letitia" is undoubtedly readable. There are evidences of considerable penetration, for example, in the description of Dr. Marcel, the chivalrous physician, and of Rob Armitage not only as a boy but as a vehement man. The authoress has also put plenty of variety into the setting of the tale. Where she has failed is in the delineation of Rob Armitage's conduct after he had tried in a fit of mad jealousy to drown his rival's child and then rescued it. It would have been psychologically finer to follow this up with a reaction in favour of Letty and her boy, rather than to make the episode stiffen the lover into an attitude which required such a sacrifice from the girl-widow. Apart from this weakness, however, the story is undeniably strong.

THE BEWILDERED BRIDE. By Randal Charlton. 6s. (Nash.)

We are informed that "The Bewildered Bride" has been placed upon the libraries' "black list." This is, upon the whole, rather a bewildering state of affairs. The book is certainly not one which could be placed with safety in the hands of the traditional young girl, but that is the worst that can be said against it. Mr. Randal Charlton's main "situation" is delicate, but his handling of it is in no way objectionable, and he may, in fact, be congratulated upon the skill and restraint of his treatment. Harry Monteith has, in extreme youth, sown a solitary wild oat, and soon afterwards he has fallen romantically in love with Amy. The latter's mother unfortunately is poor, and she has an eye upon the main chance, in the person of the vicious, but wealthy, Sir Lucius Meyer. Amy is being cajoled into a marriage in which every one knows she will be miserable. In the nick of time, however, Harry abducts her, marries her, and, by an unfortunate chance, is compelled to take her to a small country inn, the barmaid of which constitutes his past. Amy is informed of this by the lady in question—and the way out must be left to those readers who are sufficiently curious to buy the book. Although Mr. Charlton's story is not sufficiently strong to warrant the length of his book, and he has in consequence felt it incumbent upon him to give us an overdose of an epigrammatic gentleman named Hillary St. Ann, his treatment of his big scene is highly effective and in no way laboured, while the barmaid is a very skilfully drawn and well-realised character. Her figure is indeed an achievement in its way, and it gives a note of distinction to an adroitly contrived, but somewhat ordinary, novel.

THE HAPPY VANNERS. By Keble Howard. 6s. (Cassell.)

There is a flavour of Jerome K. Jerome's "Three Men in a Boat" about the story of "The Happy Vanners," only in this case there are two women included and the boat is a caravan. From the beginning we anticipate that humorous adventures will overtake the five hopeful people who have decided to spend a novel week's holiday travelling through Shakespeare's country; and we are not disap-

pointed. Into those seven days Mr. Keble Howard crowds a wealth of incidents that can never fail to amuse even the most sober and exacting of readers. The scene in the village inn, where Catchside, one of the party, endeavours to entertain the yokels with a little ventriloquism, the scene at the railway station when the holiday has barely commenced, and where much difficulty is encountered in buying a horse and getting it to move—these and a score of other laughable interludes will remain in the reader's mind long after the story is read, and even the memory of them will cause him to smile. It is an ideal book for holiday reading, for it does not contain a dull page, and the humour of it is spontaneous and irresistible.

THE ONE WAY TRAIL. By Ridgwell Cullum. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

"It's no use, Peter, I can't and won't listen to reason on this matter. Eve is before all things in my life. I can't help loving her, even if she is another's wife, and I wouldn't if I could. See here, if Eve's unhappy there must be some way of helping her. If he's ruining her life he must be dealt with. If he's brutal to her, if he's hurting her, I mean knocking her about, by God, Peter, I'll—I'll—smash him, if I swing for it! She's all the world to me, and by Heavens I'll rid her of him." Eve, the heroine of this story, was unhappy, for exactly the reasons which Jim Thorpe supposed. Her drunken husband was ill-treating her, and Mr. Cullum describes with his wonted vigour the wild life of the Western village where the outcome of her unfortunate marriage takes place. It is a tale of rough loyalties and strong passions, which lose none of their vitality in the author's pages. Jim Thorpe behaves heroically, for love of Eve, and Eve carries through her difficult rôle, till the reader's sympathy and admiration are won for her. The story is decidedly wholesome and realistic. It is in no way below the level which the previous tales of the author have led readers to expect in any romance from his fluent pen.

MRS. THOMPSON. By W. B. Maxwell. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

This is an exhilarating and often a distinctly clever story, but it is not in Mr. Maxwell's usual vein. The plot opens well with the rivalry between two large provincial shops, one of which is managed by Mrs. Thompson, a capable and attractive widow. Under a sudden access of passion, due to her pretty daughter's obstinacy, she marries one of her young shopmen, and the reader prepares for the inevitable disillusionment. But Mr. Maxwell, after describing his heroine as a feminine Cheeryble, works out her career with a subtlety which becomes almost farcical. Marsden, the husband, is drawn with characteristically realistic power, and the minor figures are all alive, even Enid and her scapegrace of a husband. Mr. Maxwell has also got inside the shop. He has caught the atmosphere and spirit of the big establishment, with its little rivalries and trade outlook. But there is something inconclusive in the dramatic close of the story, which is happy—or as happy as it could be under the circumstances—without satisfying the reader's sense of probability. It looks as if Mr. Maxwell had turned aside from the sombre issue of his plot in order to please the majority of his tender-hearted readers by making his heroine come out with flying colours.

INGRAM. By R. H. Gretton. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

Mr. Gretton describes this book as "an exercise in the Disraelian manner," and explains that his aim is to arouse curiosity upon the present political situation. In this most people will admit that he has been very successful. The whole foreword is to the point and clearly explains the aim and "content" of the volume. The manner is very unlike Disraeli, and it is perhaps a pity to have suggested a comparison (which we fancy would have occurred to very few), for Disraeli, though rather grandiose and not quite sincere, is undoubtedly the greater artist. Ingram, the hero of the novel, is a young Liberal M.P.; though not an aristocrat he belongs to the governing classes, he enters the Liberal Government, and we are led to suppose will soon reach Cabinet rank. The power of the book is that it makes the reader feel himself in the midst of affairs which are "thrilling" and important, the existing element of which arises from the fact that no one fully understands the full significance of the present situation. The book is very modern in its way of asking many questions and giving no answers, but there is a marked absence of the terrible insistence of personal and moral problems. It is practically without plot, there is very little development of character, the individuals are certainly more than mere puppets, yet one must admit a certain absence of actual humanity. The love story is so slight as almost to escape notice, feminine atmosphere and influence is scarcely felt throughout the volume. Both Lord Morton, the cultured aristocrat always sympathetically watching modern tendencies, and the intelligent plutocrat, Mr. Richardson, are well drawn. The author leaves alone the Labour members, because he does not really know them, though he fully realises their importance. There are many discriminating though sympathetic sketches of well-known politicians (sometimes the actual names are given) without any attempt at disguise. The author can both think and write; the book is distinctly out of the ordinary line, and should be read by every student of modern fiction as well as those who desire to exercise their curiosity "upon a situation fully as pregnant as that of eighty years ago."

WHEN WE ARE RICH. By Ward Muir. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

The ideal book for a leisure hour or so is the book that makes us laugh and at the same time contains a good story. Such a volume Mr. Ward Muir has succeeded in writing. He introduces us to a delightful collection of characters—art students and artists of both sexes, who have formed themselves into an equally delightful coterie called the Grinling Club. The members of this club consist of Leslie Clay, who tells the story; Dolly, who is the heroine; Rebecca of the sweet nature and the wonderful hair; a young Austrian baron, who forgets his wealth and his shyness in the society of the club; and Eustace Corder. They are all admirable in their respective ways, but Corder is Mr. Muir's great creation. His irresponsibility, his love of the bizarre, his unquenchable youthfulness, his charming impudence, all make him a character which it is a rare pleasure to meet with in the pages of a book. I have read nothing for a long time quite as amusing as the scene in which Corder takes Dolly and Clay to the Hotel Monopole because he is wearing dress clothes, and asks for Lord Robinson, whom he has discovered through the newspapers is staying there. He does not know Lord Robinson, but this makes no difference to Corder. Then he discovers Miss Todd—a fat old lady who lives in Camden Town. He helps her out of a tram and insists on seeing her home. Subsequently all the Grinling Club meet at Miss Todd's, and their relations with this dear old lady and her Scotch servant are one of the great features of the book. Mr. Muir also succeeds in painting a very truthful picture of Fleet Street, and essays a portrait of a certain famous establishment which he calls Carthew House—a huge newspaper organisation which has appeared under different names in quite a number of novels during recent years. The story the author has to tell is excellent, and contains that touch of tragedy without which no comedy is complete. "When We Are Rich" is a book to be read by all who want to laugh.

The Bookman's Table.

AN HISTORICAL GUIDE TO LONDON. By G. R. Stirling Taylor. Illustrated with 56 Photographs. 6s. net. (Dent.)

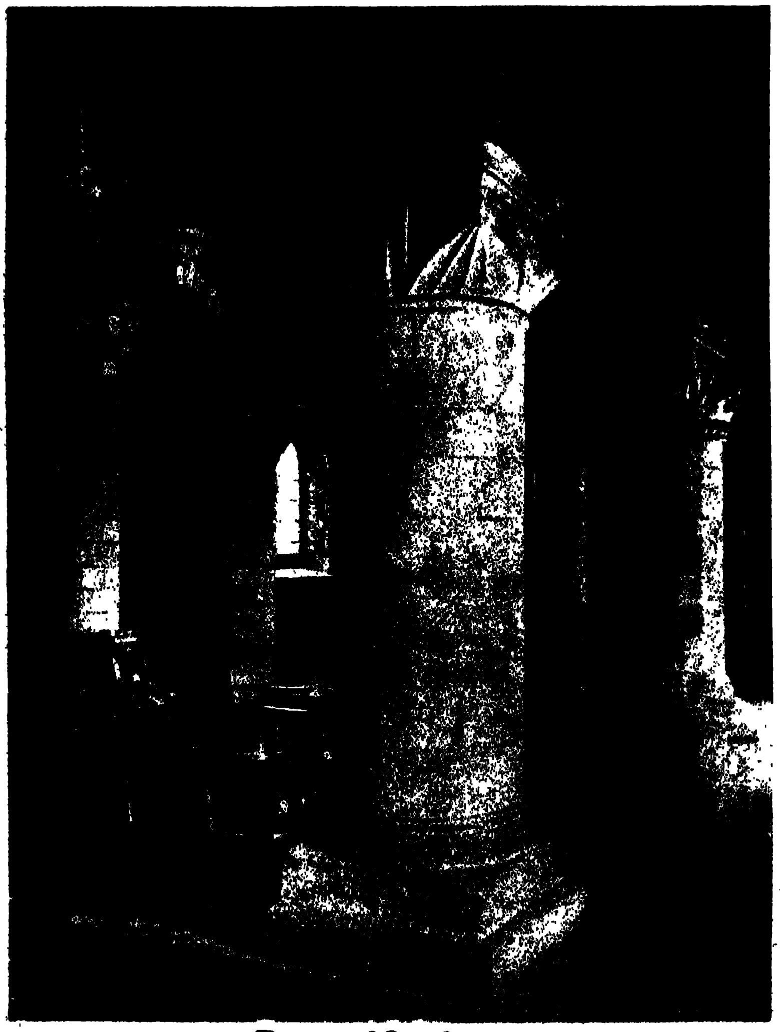
This is a full book of some three hundred and fifty pages, but Mr. Stirling Taylor realises that no one volume, however close-packed it might be, could tell us all that is to be told about London; he therefore wisely limits the scope of his work, and within that scope he has done it carefully and well. His book has been written, he says, "for the sightseer to use in the streets," and with that end in view he has concentrated his attention on "vital points" round which the reader can group the details later at his leisure. The arrangement is admirably lucid and concise. First there is a survey of the history of London and its environment; then follow itineraries that divide London into districts which have some common distinctive feature, and these districts are grouped in historical order; then comes a third part consisting of a gazetteer, giving the main details about each house or site that is included in the itinerary. We congratulate Mr. Taylor on having produced what is at once a thoroughly serviceable guide-book and an interesting and ably written history of London.

THE REAL CAPTAIN KIDD. By Sir C. N. Dalton, K.C.M.G. 5s. net. (Heinemann.)

Whitewashing the most notorious black sheep of history has been, in recent years, so much in vogue that one is inclined now to regard all such books *prima facie* as the ingenious literary gambols of the paradoxist. No such charge can be brought against Sir C. N. Dalton. Setting out his facts upon the principle of allowing the personages who took part in "this melancholy business" to speak for themselves, so far as the extant records permit, Sir C. N. Dalton makes out what seems a clear case for regarding Macaulay's picture of Captain Kidd as an "indefensible and inexcusable travesty" surpassed only in its untruthfulness by the narrative of Lord Campbell. That Captain Kidd did, upon one occasion, probably commit an act of piracy against a Portuguese vessel is admitted, but the action was, it seems, committed in extenuating circumstances. It is clear, we think, to anybody reading this narrative with an unprejudiced mind that Captain Kidd was a man infinitely more sinned against than sinning, and that his memory as the arch-pirate has been held up to wholly undeserved obloquy owing to his having been made the scapegoat for personages of the highest rank and official position in this country. We congratulate Sir C. N Dalton upon a book which is not only valuable from the historical standpoint, but which is in itself interesting to read.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF A DON. By G. F. Abbott. 5s. net. (Stephen Swift.)

Mr. Abbott possesses some of the gifts of the novelist. He is able, for instance, to write racy and effective dialogue, and he has a good deal of skill in characterisation. Certainly he has set himself a novelist's, rather than an essayist's, task. His purpose is not so much to give vent to his own opinions as to voice those of his three imaginary characters—the don, Shav, and Chestnuton. (From the names of the two latter, the reader will be able to gauge the particular varieties of "heresy"—as the don names it—to which each gives his support). Of their kinds, the three may be taken as typical—the don aristocratic, Shav anarchic, and Chestnuton very like his prototype, whatever that may be. Thus we find the last inveighing against present-day degeneracy and mourning the fact that mankind has lost its faith even in those things which are admittedly frauds. Later on, Shav gives us a closely reasoned, and apparently sincere, plea for polygamy—to mention but one of the many topics upon which he sparkles. The remarkable point about the book is that the author has managed to sink his own individuality; he presents his various cases with unruffled composure and effective satire. In a word, "The Philosophy of a Don" is bewildering. We do not know exactly what to think of it—except that it is well worth reading.

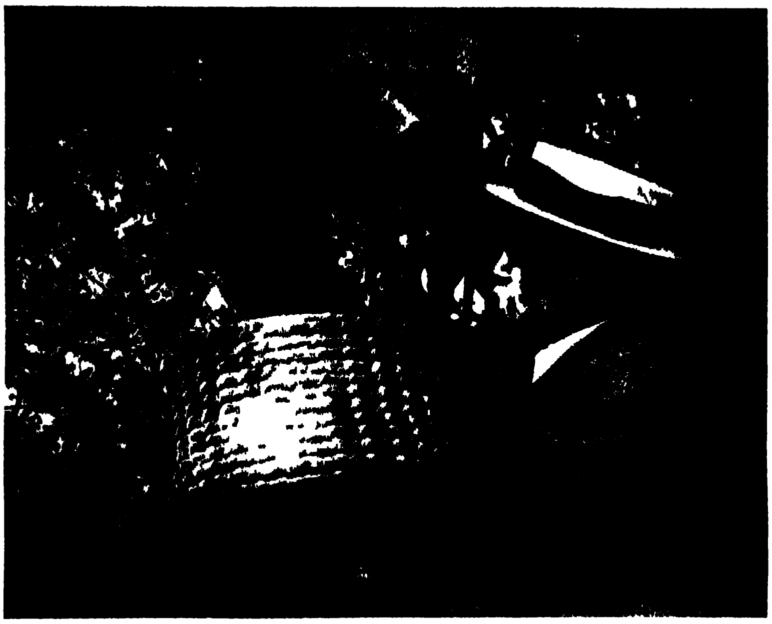


Tower of London: Chapel of St. John in the White Tower.
From "An Historical Guide to London," by G. R. Stirling Taylor. (Dent.)

THACKERAY'S WORKS: Centenary Biographical Edition. Vols. XIV. and XV. **Christmas Books and Ballads and The Rose and the Ring.** 6s. net each. (Smith, Elder.)

An excellent portrait of Thackeray taken in America forms the frontispiece of one of these volumes, and a portrait that is not so good but has never before been published is frontispiece to the other; both volumes contain some "new" drawings by Thackeray himself, and two or three newly discovered poems are included among the "Ballads." "When my father wrote a poem," says Lady Ritchie, in her delightful biographical preface to the second of these latest volumes, "he used to be more agitated than when he wrote in prose. He would come into the room worried and excited, saying, 'Here are two more days wasted. I have done nothing at all. It has taken me four mornings' work to produce six lines.' Then after further struggle all would go well. There is some such account given in the life of Lady Blessington concerning the little poem called 'Piscator

and Piscatrix' He nearly gave it up in despair, but finally the pretty verses came to him I have still some of his poems torn down the centre They are as often as not in pencil" The Christmas Books' include the whimsical Mrs Perkins's Ball' Our Street Dr Birch and His Young Friends Rebecca and Rowena" and The Kickleburys on the Rhine" with Doyle's and Thackeray's illustrations We are grateful to Lady Ritchie for the intimately personal prefaces that give such unique interest and value to this admirable edition of her father's works



Mr. F E. Green taking a swarm of bees on his own holding.

A FEW ACRES AND A COTTAGE. By F E Green 3s 6d net (Melrose)

Mr F E Green's diary covers a typical year at his homestead and it is we are assured a record of actual experiences Born with the earth hunger and tortured by city life it had long been an ambition of the author to gain a living from the soil Accordingly he made weekly excursions into the country in search of a likely spot It was a long time before he found one and even then his first experiment in Essex was a failure He returned to London for a further seven years and then at last he hit upon a rentable holding of sixteen acres it is now twenty within sight of Leith Hill Here he built a cottage completely burned his boats and settled down to make a living which should support himself his wife and child That he has succeeded is at once a testimonial to his courage and a recommendation to his book Mr Green does not make the mistake of exaggerating the pleasantness of the farmer's life but he does very conclusively show the charm which it has for him and in a delightful series of essays he would almost persuade the reader to follow his example Twenty or so pleasant illustrations add to the attractions of the volume

THE TREASURY OF ANCIENT EGYPT By Arthur E P B Weigall 7s 6d net (Blackwood)

So many people still consider that the study of ancient Egypt is a dull and musty subject that Mr Weigall's book may come as a surprise to them He is certainly one of the most readable Egyptologists and his charming style is equalled by his knowledge The author himself strongly resents the implication that archæology should appeal only to the weak-kneed pedant and the lady with hair scragged back More than any other science archæology might be expected to supply its exponents with stuff that like old wine would fire the blood and stimulate the senses To the archæologist perhaps it has been given to listen to the voice of the ancient poet heard as a far off whisper to breathe in forgotten gardens the perfume of long dead flowers to contemplate the love of women whose beauty is all perished in the dust to hearken to the sound of the harp and the sistra to be the possessor of the riches of historical romance In these miscellaneous chapters Mr Weigall shows the reader that he at any rate knows the ancient poets song the romance of lives lived long ago His brilliant and we are assured faithful study of the temperament of the ancient Egyptians which forms Chapter IV of this book will undoubtedly come as a surprise to many of its readers His other chapters reach a level of interest equally high as that of the two we have taken at random and we can only hope that The Treasury of Ancient Egypt will open the door of romance to some fresh readers

THE MINERAL INDUSTRY OF RHODESIA. By J P Johnson 8s 6d net (Longmans, Green & Co)

This work introduces one to perhaps the most fascinating of all occupations—prospecting and mining for the rarer minerals Apart from this most of us are always willing to spare some time in increasing our knowledge of the progress of the remoter parts of our Empire and after reading this work we should have a very exact knowledge of the mining industry of Rhodesia It will be of great interest to those directly interested in mineralogy and there can be few who could not gain some most useful knowledge by a careful study of this work written as it is by one who possesses wide practical experience in the subject It deals particularly with the geological conditions under which each mineral is found as revealed by present workings but it also touches the type of plant and amount of capital necessary to start a small undertaking The full details of the mines now in operation their working expenses and profits should be of great value in estimating the possible results of an expedition One can imagine this book fulfilling a wider service than perhaps the author purposed for at the present time there must be many leaving this country for South Africa who have no fixed plan of campaign to follow when they find themselves at their destination certainly there are few who have not only decided but have studied at home the line in which their future energies shall be directed It should increase the number of this latter class for it awakens one's interest in prospecting and makes clear the knowledge that is required before success in the field can be assured

CARGOES AND CRUISERS: Britain's Rights at Sea. By Civis With an Introduction by Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge G C B 2s net (Hodder & Stoughton)

The actuating principle in Civis's timely book was to put before the general reader a clear straightforward answer to Mr Gibson Bowles's recently published Sea Law and Sea Power In this he has been successful and there we can leave the matter But he has gone further. As Admiral Bridge so ably points out in his capital sailor like Introduction the author has presented us with a sufficiently close analysis of what may be termed the naval side of the Declaration of London From jurists and journalists we have heard much of the legal and general aspects of the Declaration but very little of that equally important one how it affects our Navy in war time Thanks however to 'Civis" here we have the case so well put for the Declaration, therefore so telling a reply to Mr Gibson Bowles, that with what has previously been said in other ways we now have the subject complete One thing Civis' does that certainly

strengthens his case and clears the matter for the reader: he gives us the Declaration in full; which is a much fairer procedure than making extracts and commenting on them as if they were the whole thing. In fact, every good citizen who desires to understand the matter thoroughly —and every good citizen should do so—must read and digest this book.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS WARD, LOCK & CO.

Miss L. G. Moberly tells a very good story in **Phyllis** (6s.), and tells it quietly and well. Her heroine is the daughter of a lady who has been so strongly suspected of the murder of her husband (of which, indeed, she was guilty) that she received a sentence of twenty years' penal servitude. Phyllis believes in her mother's innocence, and the author shows a good deal of skill in her treatment of the heroine's realisation of her mother's guilt. There are some dramatic moments in the story, which is none the less effective by reason of the restraint with which it is written.

MESSRS. GREENING & CO.

Mr. William Caine has made a considerable reputation as a satirist, and in **The Devil in Solution** (6s.) he finds ample scope for his humour in the modern craze for athletics. How Lord Mark Mucklethew, Britain's Greatest Athlete, Decuple Blue, and youngest President of the Board of Agriculture the world has ever seen, carried on his feud with Bilson Venner, his athletic and political rival, and how nearly he was ruined by Ath-Cocoa, we will leave Mr. Caine's readers to find out for themselves. They will be more than amused.

The Ninth Duchess (6s.), by Gurner Gillman, is a curious mixture of Zenda story and problem novel. It is cleverly written, and the author has a considerable gift of characterisation.

MESSRS. FREDERICK WARNE & CO.

In the Universal Edition of **The Works of William Shakespeare** Messrs. Frederick Warne give the public remarkably good value for their money. For the small sum of 2s. the entire works are presented in a single volume, very clearly and accurately printed, well bound, with a portrait, a brief life, and an adequate glossary. The publishers may be warmly congratulated upon the result of their enterprise.

MR. T. WERNER LAURIE.

Mr. Claude Grahame-White, unquestionably the best-known British airman, adds to his laurels by the production, in conjunction with Mr. Harry Harper, of **The Aeroplane: Past, Present, and Future** (15s. net), a most handsome and elaborately illustrated volume which is sure to meet with very general approval. The collaborators have been assisted by a number of experts, among whom may be mentioned Colonel J. E. Capper, Messrs. Louis Bleriot, Louis Paulhan, Henry Farman, and the late Mr. Cecil Grace, who each contribute sections on various aspects of flying. The book also contains a most useful list of over 700 of the world's airmen.

MESSRS. JOHN LONG.

Three "first" novels are among the latest books sent to us by Messrs. John Long. All are well up to the average, and in Mr. J. Evans Williams, the author of **Aberaion** (6s.), more especially, the publishers seem to us to have made a discovery which may be of considerable importance to the literary world. Mr. Williams makes a very close and detailed study of life in a small Welsh village, he tells a good story, and his characterisation is particularly effective.

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MR. ANDREW MELROSE.

M. Nicolas Soyer—a grandson of "the great Soyer," and late chef at Brooks's Club—in his little book, **Paper Bag Cookery** (1s.), explains the system of cooking that is being so widely discussed at the present moment. In his introduction he tells of his many early attempts to cook successfully in paper, and how at length he invented the "Soyer Bag." The advantages of this new method are considerable, and M. Soyer thinks that it is clearly "calculated to effect a decided improvement in the health of the nation," and should, therefore, be seriously considered by the community. Besides general directions for cooking, and some useful recipes, the book contains articles (reprinted from the *Daily Chronicle*) by Mr. G. R. Sims, Dr. Charles Reinhardt, and Mrs. Alfred Praga, the well-known cookery expert and writer.

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A book that "contains everything a woman ought to know," in 719 pages, sounds decidedly attractive, and would no doubt make an epoch in history if it could ever be written. In the meantime the stupendous task of compiling this huge work of reference has been attacked in the right spirit, and Florence B. Jack and Rita Strauss, the editors of **The Woman's Book** (3s. 6d. net), are to be warmly complimented on the result. "It is a matter for congratulation," they say in their preface, "that so many new spheres of usefulness have been opened for women within recent years; but we look forward to the time when capacity for work will be the only test of competence to undertake it. To have the work well done—that is the end to be aimed at, whether it be done by men or by women. . . . While, however, we cannot appreciate too highly the value of the work done by the domestic woman, it is absurd to regard that as woman's only sphere. Many have not the opportunity of such a life: many have not the aptitude for it. We have therefore endeavoured to take the widest possible view of woman's sphere. Everything she can do well, *that* she is entitled to have the opportunity of doing." A glance at the contents will show the wide range of subjects covered—each one dealt with by an expert—and every woman who buys the book is sure to find it a very useful addition to her library.

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General Wolfe and his great opponent, Montcalm, figure prominently in the excellent historical novel from the pen of Paul Leland Haworth, **The Path of Glory** (6s.), with which Mr. Ham-Smith makes an auspicious start on his career as a publisher. The book is one which will be especially attractive to those interested in Canadian history, of which the author shows a considerable grasp.

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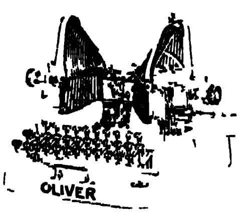
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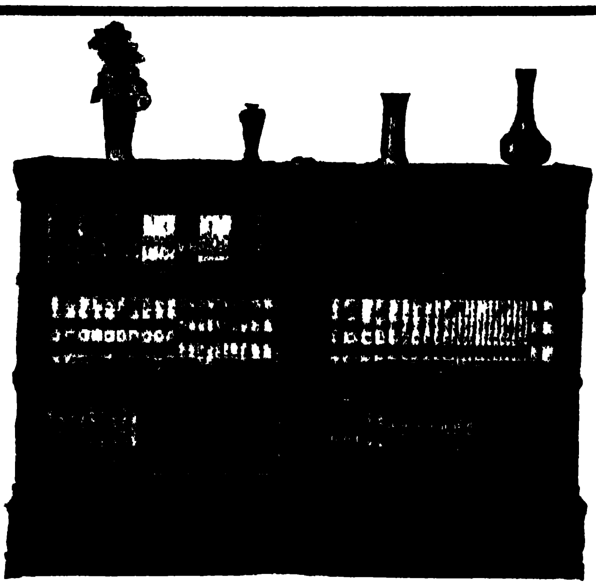
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The Bookman.

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No. 239. Vol. XL. AUGUST, 1911. Price Sixpence.
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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

The September Bookman will contain a fully illustrated centenary article on Mrs Harriet Beecher Stowe by Walter Jerrold. Among other important articles in this number will be "The Comic Spirit in George Meredith," by Dr James Moffatt, "Ruskin," by Arthur Waugh, "Shakespeariana," by Darrell Figgis, "Friendly Faces of Three Nationalities," by Roger Ingpen, and "Fournier's 'Napoleon,'" by Dr William Barry.

In view of the commemoration of Mrs Harriet Beecher Stowe's centenary, it is interesting to note that, according to the classified list of current reprints in "The Literary Year-Book," no fewer than eleven different editions of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" are, as the phrase has it, "on the market" to-day. It is obtainable for example, in Blackie's Standard Library and Library of Famous Books, in Cassell's People's Library, in Dent's Everyman's Library, in Nelson's Sixpenny Classics, in Pitman's Anglo-Saxon Library, in Walter Scott's Emerald and Million Series, in Ward Lock's Favourite Classics, and in Warne's Chandos Classics and Cabinet Classics. If such continuing republication means anything, it means that Uncle Tom has secured his place among the immortals.

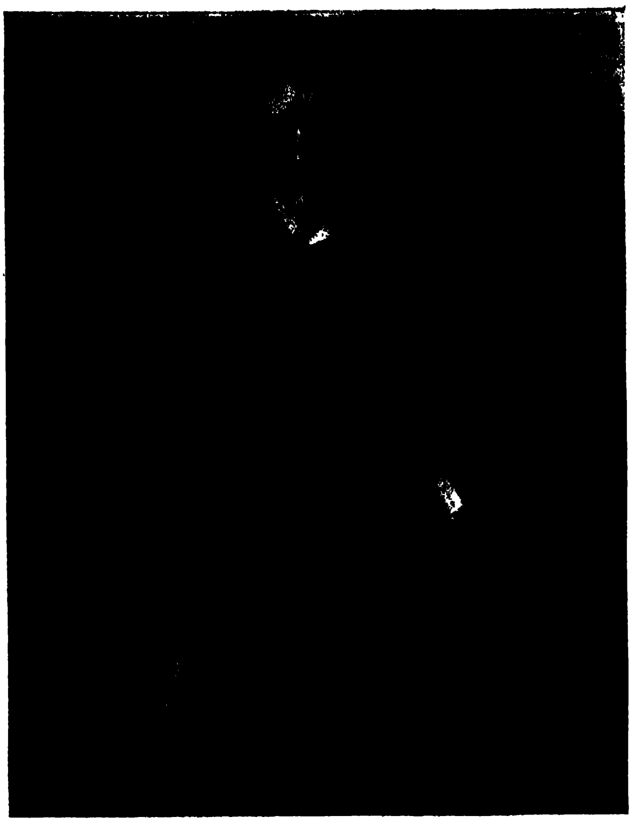
Mr Max Beerbohm has written a novel, a sort of travesty or parody, which he is calling "Zuleika Dobson," and that is said to be as unlike the novels of contemporary novelists as his caricatures are unlike the drawings of other contemporary caricaturists. The book will be published by Mr Heinemann next month.

Miss Marie Corelli's world-wide circle of admirers will be pleased to hear that she has completed a new romance, "Life Everlasting," which Messrs Methuen will publish early in the autumn. In this story Miss Corelli returns to something of the manner and the atmosphere of her first and one of her most successful books, "A Romance of Two Worlds"; it is a story of the passionate love of a mortal for an immortal, dealing imaginatively with the mysteries of the unseen, and propounding some startling suggestions on the causes of life and of death.

Miss Clara E. Laughlin, who is very well known in America and winning an increasing reputation in this country, has finished a new novel, "Every-

body's Lonesome," that Messrs. Putnam's are publishing in September. Just now Miss Laughlin is in Europe on a three months' holiday tour, and is dividing her time mainly between Italy, Switzerland, and England.

Mrs. Lilian Arnold, whose "Also Joan" was published the other day by Mr. John Long, is a journalist of considerable experience, and her first novel, "Liege Lady," which embodied many recollections of her early life in Germany, met with a very favourable reception some five or six years ago. Mrs. Arnold's first published story was one that was accepted by Mr. Jerome for the pages of *To-Day*. Soon afterwards she joined the staffs of *St. Paul's* and *Madame*, and in 1907 succeeded Lady Colin Campbell as editor of the *Ladies' Field*. At the outset of her journalistic career, when she was on the way to the office of a certain journal, she happened to lose her purse, and to pay her way home again succeeded in borrowing half a crown from a sympathetic sub-editor who had never seen her before; and yet we are sometimes told that the age of chivalry is dead.



Max Beerbohm.
From a painting by W. W. Russell.
(By permission of the Artist.)

Among the most memorable celebrations of the Thackeray Centenary last month were the dinner given to the brothers of the Charterhouse by the members of the Titmarsh Club, the exhibition of Thackeray relics that was opened with an eloquent address by Lord Rosebery, and the reception held by Lady Ritchie and the editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* in the Middle Temple Garden. At the dinner, which took place in the Charterhouse, the Master, who was in the chair, Sir Algernon West, and Mr. J. A. Foote, K.C., told some interesting personal recollections of Thackeray, and Mr. Anthony Hope, replying to the toast of the Titmarsh Club, paid a high tribute to the character and the work of the great novelist. The reception on July 18 was attended by a large and distinguished company. Mr. Cyril Maude gave readings, in the Middle Temple Hall, from "The Newcomes" and "Pendennis," and a charming selection of songs, including three of Thackeray's, was sung by the choristers and ex-choristers of the Temple Church under the direction of Dr. Walford Davies. Among the guests were Sir. F. C. Gould, Sir Sidney Lee, Mr. Austin Dobson, Mrs. Meynell, Mr. and Mrs. Hinkson, Judge Parry and his daughter, Mr. Bram Stoker, and Mr. William de Morgan.

The current *Pall Mall Magazine* contains an attractive article on "Thackeray and My Father," by Mrs. Kate Perugini, the younger daughter of Charles Dickens. It gives very pleasant glimpses of the kindlier, homelier side of Thackeray's character, and tells again, but from personal knowledge, of the quarrel that estranged him and Dickens for a time, with Thackeray's version of how they were reconciled.

We congratulate our contemporary, the *Press*, of Christchurch, New Zealand, on the achievement of its jubilee, and its present editor, Mr. W. H. Triggs, on the excellent Jubilee Number he has issued in honour of the occasion. To us, one of the most interesting facts in connection with the paper is that Samuel Butler was at one time on its staff, and the Jubilee Number reproduces two articles that he originally wrote for the *Press*, and afterwards expanded into his famous satire, "Erewhon." Other interesting features of this number are the long biographical sketch of the founder of the *Press*, James Edward Fitzgerald, a history of the paper's progress, and the reminiscences of Professor Sale, its first editor, who is now living in retirement in England.

Mr. Walter Emanuel has written and Mr. John Hassall illustrated a delightfully humorous extravaganza called "A Hundred Years Hence: Being Some Extracts from the *Hourly Mail* of A.D. 2009."

(Eveleigh Nash). The satire of pictures and letterpress alike is so joyously frivolous and entirely good-natured that we can recommend the book as a shilling's worth of the best of good fun that will rouse nothing but laughter even in its victims.

Messrs. Cassell have just added Mr. J. M. Barrie's famous novel "The Little Minister" to their shilling cloth-bound series.

Mr. A. M. S. Methuen has issued as a timely twopenny booklet "A Simple Plan for a New House of Lords" (Methuen), discussing concisely and lucidly the present deadlock between the two Houses, and making some practical suggestions for reform that are well worth the consideration of both political parties. Here we have no politics, and shall say no more than that Mr. Methuen's plan is an eminently sound and reasonable one.



By permission of the proprietor of "Vanity Fair." **Max Beerbohm.**
From a caricature by "Sic."

On July 5, under the auspices of the Poetry Society, a meeting was held at Wimborne House, by permission of Lord and Lady Ashby-St. Ledgers, and Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves delivered an address on Welsh Poetry and gave readings from his own translations of Welsh poetry past and present. Other readings were admirably rendered by Lady St. Davids, and Welsh songs were sung, in Welsh and English, by Miss Dilys Jones, Mrs. Harry Bedford, and Mr. Powell Edwards. In the unavoidable absence of Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Aberdare took the chair. Mr. Graves's address was of exceptional interest, but we are bound to say his assertions that a certain early Welsh poet rivalled Chaucer, and that Wales had produced poetry as great as any that had been produced by England, were not borne out by any of the poems he quoted, good as many of them were. They were pretty, tender, imaginative, warlike, but in none of them was there that largeness of thought and greatness of idea that make the great poem.

Messrs. Greening are publishing this autumn a new novel by Mr. Rathmell Wilson, which he is calling "Crimson Wings."

On its appearance, a little while back, Mrs. George Cran's travel-book, "A Woman in Canada," met with notable success both in this country and in the Dominion. A cheap reissue of the work is now in preparation and Mr. Ham Smith will publish it.

Mr. Heinemann announces for the 1st of this month a first novel of more than common interest. Its title is "A Portentous History"; it tells the story of the inner and outer life of a Scotch boy who becomes a giant marvel in a circus, and its author, Mr. Alfred Tennyson, is a grandson of the great Poet Laureate—surely the grandson "Alfred" whom Tennyson referred to, in the charming dedicatory lines of "The First Quarrel," as a child—

> "Crazy with laughter and babble and earth's new wine. . . .
> Glorious poet who never hast written a line."

Mr. Storer Clouston has written a new humorous novel, "The Mystery of No. 47," which will be published in book form in the autumn, after it has finished its serial appearance in *London Opinion.*

"The Altar of Moloch" is the title of a new novel by Mr. Kineton Parkes that Mr. John Ouseley is publishing shortly.

Sir Isaac Pitman & Son are publishing next month a critical and historical study of Modern Italian Literature by Mr. Lacy Collison-Morley.

Some few years ago Miss Nora Vynne was well known as a frequent contributor of short stories to the magazines and as the author of several successful novels, one of which, "The Priest's Marriage," has recently been issued in a cheap edition. But, making acquaintance with the late Miss Helen Blackburn (with whom she wrote an admirable book on "Women under the Factory Acts"), she was drawn from literature into politics, and made a new reputation for herself as a brilliant lecturer and debater much in demand at clubs and women's political societies, and for many a month was left with no time to write more than an occasional short story and one or two serials. With her novel "The Pieces of Silver," that Mr. Melrose has just published, Miss Vynne resumes her literary career, and has gathered up into this book much of her ten years of personal experience among the working-classes. She has already made considerable progress with another novel, dealing partly with English and partly with American life, and hopes to have it ready for publication this autumn.



Photo by Wills, Wadebridge. **Mr. Austin Philips.**

Mr. Austin Philips, whose second book of short stories, "A Budget of Tares" (Smith, Elder), we review on another page, has nearly completed a long novel on which he has been engaged for over twelve months. It is, he says, a serious attempt to show "the harm that is being done to the race by pretentious intellectual antinomianism and miscalled 'modernity,' to prove the sanity of the provinces (the sole of the national boot), and generally to reveal, in a romance full of drama and action, what the decent, clean-living, industrious, game-playing professional man who gets on with his job thinks of Socialism—not the honest Socialism of the under-dog, but the artificial Socialism of the literary person who has no broad, first-hand knowledge of life." He is busy, as always, with the writing of short stories, and at present has a one-act play touring with one of Mr. Lyn Harding's companies.



Photo by Kate Pragnell. **Miss Nora Vynne.**

Leaving Malvern College in 1892, Mr. Austin Philips entered the Post Office, which has been the incubator of several successful authors, including Anthony Trollope and Mr. W. W. Jacobs. Mr. Philips started in 1893 as a sorting clerk and telegraphist, but presently obtained an appointment in the Confidential Enquiry Branch of that Department and spent several years in travelling about the United Kingdom investigating all manner of Post Office crime, unmasking and locking up dishonest postmen by means of test-letters, and so forth, until the work becoming more and more odious to him,

and no prospect of advancement appearing, he applied five years ago for the postmastership of Droitwich, at a loss of income, secured it, and then started to write. From the first his idea was to write clean but realistic drama for the better class of fiction magazines, and the results have certainly justified him in his belief that he could do so with success. His output in these last five years has, apart from a good deal of verse contributed to the *Westminster*, *Pall Mall*, *Evening Standard*, etc., comprised about a hundred short stories which have appeared in the *Cornhill*, *Strand*, *Windsor*, *Nash's*, and other magazines. He collected certain of his service stories into "Red Tape," which Messrs. Smith, Elder published last year, and has now made a further collection, in "A Budget of Tares," this time of romantically realistic stories dealing with middle-middle-class life. Last month he resigned from the Post Office, realising, he says, "that it is no place for any one outside the thirty or forty 'Higher Division' examination-recruited class. In the writing-world nothing could possibly have exceeded the extraordinary kindness, encouragement, and help which editors have given me from the start, but in the Civil Service the door is banged in the face of the industrious, and locked tightly, and ambition—quite modest ambition—appears to be looked upon as bad form."



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Beckles Willson,

Whose "Nova Scotia" (Constable) is reviewed on page 221.

As hon. secretary of the Dickens Centenary Commitee, Mr. Beckles Willson has been doing much useful work in connection with the Testimonial Scheme and the sale of the Dickens Stamp. He is busily engaged at present in endeavouring to ascertain, with the assistance of librarians, booksellers, and others, how many copies of Dickens's works are in existence in the United Kingdom. It is estimated, averaging by three or four typical parishes, that there are over two million volumes in Yorkshire alone. Mr. Willson believes there are Dickens lovers, especially clergymen and physicians, who could from personal knowledge give an estimate of the average number of copies there are per house or family in their own districts, and he will be grateful to any helpers who will communicate such information to him.



Mrs. Horlick (Jittie Horlick),

A new novelist whose book, "A String of Beads," has just been published by Messrs. Duckworth.

The portrait of Mr. Max Beerbohm that is given as our presentation plate and also reproduced on the cover of this number is from a drawing by Mr. William Rothenstein. We are greatly indebted to Mr. Rothenstein, Mr. William Nicholson, and Mr. W. W. Russell, who have kindly permitted us to reproduce their portraits of Mr. Beerbohm; to Mr. Walter Jerrold for the loan of the caricature by Mr. Will Owen; to the proprietor of *Vanity Fair* for the use of "Sic's" caricature; to the proprietors of the *Daily News*, the *Tatler*, and the *Graphic* for lending us photographs of certain of Mr. Beerbohm's caricatures; to Messrs. Ernest Brown & Phillips, of the Leicester Galleries, for lending the original drawings of seven others; and to Mr. Heinemann for allowing the reproduction of two of the caricatures from "Poets' Corner."

For much assistance with the general illustrations our thanks are due to Messrs. Duckworth, Messrs. Constable, Messrs. Longmans, Mr. Grant Richards, and Mr. Fisher Unwin.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS. *August 1 to September 1, 1911.*

Mr. B. T. Batsford.

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DURING, STELLA M. Love's Privilege. 6s.
HOCKING, JOSEPH. Romance of Michael Trevail. 1s. net.
MARCHMONT, A. W. My Lost Self. 6d.
PHILLPOTTS, EDEN. A Fight to a Finish. 6d.
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G. F. Watts Booklet. 6d. net.
G. F. Watts Postcards. 2 packets, 6 in each, 6d.

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WEEKES, A. R., M.A. Macaulay: Essay on Addison.

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LANG, COSMO GORDON. The Summons of the Coronation: Speeches delivered at a Meeting of Men in the Queen's Hall. 6d. net.
MAITLAND, ALFRED L. I Lived and I Listed. 1s. net.

Messrs. G. G. Harrap & Co.

COTTERILL, H. B., M.A. Homer's Odyssey. Rendered into English in the original metre. With 24 Plates by Patten Wilson. 21s. net.
PLATT, WM. and S. Stories of the Scottish Borders. With 16 Plates by M. M. Williams. 3s. 6d. net.
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WRIGHT, ELLEN A. Sweet Songs of Many Voices. 3s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Headley Bros.

CARNIE, ETHEL. Songs of a Factory Girl. New Edition. 1s. net.
LAMPEN, C. DUDLEY. Spiritual Power. With Introduction by Bishop of Croydon. 2s. net.
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"THE BOOKMAN" GALLERY.

MR. A. NEIL LYONS.

THREE years ago Mr. John Lane published a book called "Arthur's." No one seemed to know anything about the author, but the fame of his book increased as the snowball. Having read it we were constrained to recommend it to all our friends who, in their turn, spread wider still the tidings of its many excellences. Not satisfied with writing reviews of "Arthur's," the critics talked about it. Here was that rare bird, a new humorist of outstanding merit, with, moreover, something really serious at the back of his work. Wise people have called that something a social conscience. I do not think that is a very pretty name for it; it smacks overmuch of Movements and Politics and Professional Reformers, all which things have as a rule very little to do with real art or even with real humour. One can find a better. Why not call it the Spirit of Tolerance? The temperamental inclination to live and let live is after all, the most admirable attitude for an artist.



Mr. A. Neil Lyons.

With all his Socialism Mr. Lyons is first and foremost an artist, and here is matter for rejoicing in that it is an infectious disease this that he has escaped, and prejudicial to art, and all the new gods of English literature have caught it more or less badly. I was reminded of the fact recently in the Leicester Galleries. "Max" has seen it too. R. L. Stevenson, "revisiting the Glimpses" under the guidance of Mr. Gosse, has discovered Messrs. Wells, Bennett, Shaw, Galsworthy, Chesterton and Cunninghame-Graham, posed together on a platform in attitudes of declamation. "Now that you have shown me the new preachers and politicians," says R. L. S., "show me some of the men of letters." "My dear Louis," answers Mr. Gosse, "these *are* the men of letters."

The author of "Arthur's," and after that of "Sixpenny Pieces," and thereafter of "Cottage Pie," was born thirty-one years ago at Kimberley, South Africa. He was brought to England for the sake of the education implanted in him by the authorities of Bedford Grammar School. When he was seventeen he went South again to rejoin his relations in Johannesburg. Now the guardians of Mr. Lyons's youth had ideas on the subject of his career, ideas that were excellent enough in their way but which failed in their appeal to Mr. Lyons himself by reason of his having already developed certain critical qualities. At eighteen he did not know at all what he wanted to be, so they articled him to a solicitor and he realised that anyway he did not want to be a solicitor. Then his family came home and he with them to his next adventure in a London accountant's office. Accountancy amused him even less than soliciting, so Mr. Lyons joined the Volunteers for the sake of gaining a little occasional relief from office routine, which action was to prove of much more importance than might have been expected.

The Volunteer force became for Mr. Lyons the gateway to Literature, and it happened after this fashion. A friend on the staff of the *Critic* suggested that an occasional paragraph on volunteering matters would be of interest to the readers of that journal, and that the corresponding emoluments, however slender, might prove a useful addition to the relatively exiguous stipend attached to his young friend's position as "something in the City." Mr. Lyons was in cordial agreement and forthwith thumped out a bright little effort on his employer's typewriter. "Young man," said his friend, "this is excessively well written. We should like a lot of this. Suppose you come here and do it." So Mr. Lyons became a journalist, and we find him, at eighteen, treading the stones of the Street of Adventure with an air of "I belong here" not surpassed by the oldest inhabitant.

A few months, and Mr. Lyons, along with his journalistic godfather, was translated to the staff of the *Topical*

Times, now defunct. Fortune continued to smile. At twenty he was earning nearly four pounds a week, and was grown, he confesses, altogether too big for his boots. His sketches of the low life of London were a feature of his paper. Its front page scintillated with his wit and wisdom. Weekly, at his bidding, ten thousand happy families gathered round as many comfortable hearths and laughed till the family welkin rang again. He was a genius. He was indispensable. Happy thought, he would resign. Deaf to the tearful protestations of his employers, and spurning proffered "rises," however enormous, he would look around him for fresh worlds to conquer. He would, if it were tactfully offered him, accept a position as special writer on one of the great dailies. He resigned. In three months it had been very firmly brought home to him that editors were a boorish and uncultivated race, without discrimination or manners.

I believe I am right in saying that Mr. Lyons's next few years were lean years. True, he had published two books, but the start thus apparently afforded was a false start, properly regarded. "Hookey" and "Matilda's Mabel" were good as 'prentice work goes. But their author was still a boy, a precocious boy if you will, yet not quite having grasped the perspective of things, lacking almost completely in experience, and having had as yet no worries. His friends had flattered him, and he had thought seriously of adopting a larger size in hats. Time cured all that. Simultaneously Mr. Lyons became hard up and industrious. And we arrive at the period when Providence, in the person of Mr. Robert Blatchford, was to extend a timely helping hand. Would Mr. Lyons write for the *Clarion*? He would, did, and has continued so to do. He is now a very earnest Socialist; but his Socialism, like Mr. Blatchford's, has its roots in idealism and patriotism. His efforts in this direction are to a certain extent a labour of love, and there are incidental drawbacks. More than once some derelict enthusiast, seeming to have drawn information concerning Mr. Lyons's place of abode from an occult source, has strayed down the winding Sussex lane that takes one to his cottage, and there insisted upon entertaining the chaffinches to loud orations upon such themes as Marx's "Theory of Values."

That cottage, where he has lived and worked, single and married, for the last five years, is an integral part of Mr. Lyons's life and being. It is a boon to his friends and a wonder to the countryside. Girt with rose-bushes and shaven lawns edged with aromatic box, it is an Arcadian hermitage. From one point of view, that is to say. From another it is an outpost in a new country—a country presenting many points of difference from the district round the "Obelix" where Arthur had his stand, or that corner of East London wherein Dr. Brink mended broken bodies for sixpences, but a country in which men and women have the same habits of being born, falling in love—they call it being "lamb-struck" in Sussex—marrying, and ultimately dying. And Mr. Lyons has emphatically not shown his whole hand while giving us the inimitable portraits of London types that besprinkle the pages of "Arthur's" and "Sixpenny Pieces." Kitty and Mr. Walpole, young Alf and Miss Primrose Hopper, are of another world than that in which Mr. Tracey, Jack o' Clubs, and Tommy Snooks and Bessy Brooks have their being. And "Cottage Pie," I think, is the best book its author has written. There is still humour on every page, but there is more irony. Mr. Lyons strikes the note of pathos as often as before, and no more, but there is a new feeling in his work, a feeling of deeper subtlety. He amuses us just as much, but he makes us *think* more. His view of life has grown, like a picture on a screen, steadily clearer and more definite. And his craftsmanship is better than ever. Mr. Lyons is more than ever sparing of his material; he reduces the ordinary five thousand words story to a quarter of that length. He has discovered, as comparatively few other artists have discovered, that to spare the pen is not necessarily to spoil the picture. He has a passionate hatred of the diffuse in any form, and always he will rather make a suggestion than a statement.

This talk of "Cottage Pie" reminds me that there seems in some quarters to be a misconception concerning that work. Shortly after its appearance it was apparent that difficulties were being met with in procuring it at some of the circulating libraries. There was outspoken comment in several literary journals, comment which elicited a circular from the council of the libraries' association declaring that the circulation of the book had in no way been interfered with by that body. Whereupon the editor of at least one weekly periodical commented on the successful advertising scheme initiated by the author of "Cottage Pie," or his friends. This suggestion was both unjust and ungenerous. It is proved that one well-known firm at least, acting very probably on its private initiative, placed the book in Class B, which was tantamount to banning it effectually so far as the ordinary circulation was concerned. Class B books are all kept in London, and can only be borrowed by country subscribers after special correspondence and much circumlocution. It is profitless to speculate here as to the motives for such action. That side of the matter has been ventilated enough already. My present endeavour is solely to represent the facts of an occurrence that has led indirectly to a worthy and admirable artist's being charged with sharp practice, or its equivalent.

ASHLEY GIBSON.

THE READER.

MAX BEERBOHM; OR, ART AND SEMOLINA.

By George Somes Layard.

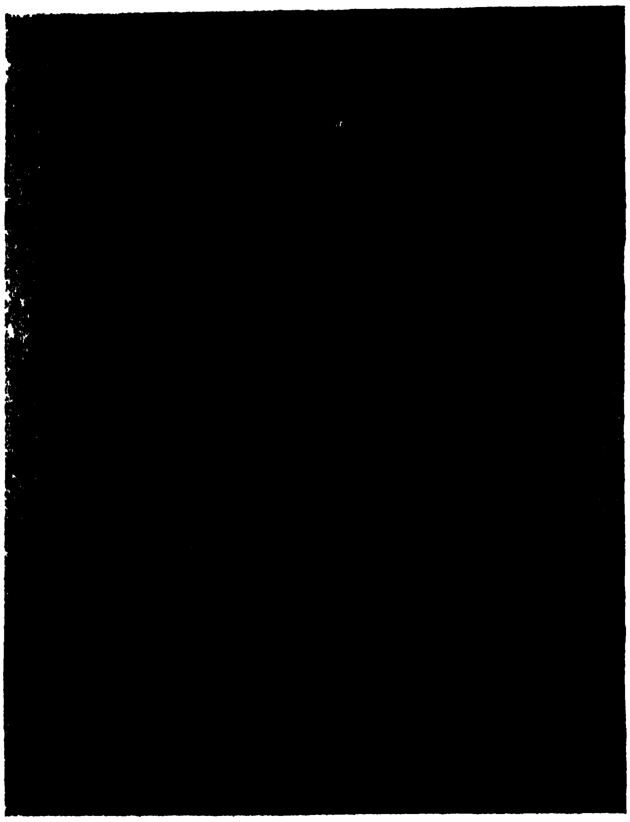
IT has been said that "in human history waves of intellectual activity concur with other dynamic movements." Equally true is it that these waves, this rhythm, this periodicity is to be found in every art, as in every custom, every passion, every necessity of the human race. There is ebb and flow, flow and ebb. Don't you remember what James Thomson said in "Sunday on Hampstead Heath":

> "The ring is round, Life nought, the world an O;
> This night is fifty thousand years ago"?

In dress the older ones among us recall the pious memory of Mrs. Bloomer of New York in the late 'forties as the apostle of trousers for women; then, after an interval of thirty or forty years, Lady Harberton in the same rôle; again, but a year ago, the dressmakers of Paris. So indeed with rouge, as Mr. Beerbohm himself points out in one of his charming essays of which I shall speak later. So, too, with Semolina (by the way, what a pretty name it is!), who nourished our forebears and has now, after too long a period of divorce, been re-married to her lawful mate, the Standard Loaf, and once again entered upon her functions. These are manifestations of one and the same law.

Thus it is with Caricature. For the fifty years preceding the eighteen-eighties, England was starved of the overloaded, overcharged portraits of public persons with which Gillray, Rowlandson, and Bunbury had delighted our grandfathers. There was plenty of semolina in the dishes *they* served up, indeed, there was too much, and the public digestion called aloud for something more delicate. The demand created the supply, and forthwith the three great Johns of comic art, John Doyle, John Leech, and John Tenniel, responded to it, refining the caricature into the cartoon, charging their pencils with sweetness in place of acid, with honey in place of gall, refining, that is to say, so far as *chic* draughtsmen could refine. But that was only the beginning. There was a trace of semolina still. Then came along South Kensington and its schools of art all over the country, and the ukase went forth that no *chic* drawing was tolerable. The emasculated public taste could put up with nothing that was not drawn from the model, and so we got Du Maurier, Sambourne, Charles Keene, and Phil May, great artists, but not caricaturists, who gave us quite white bread with no vestige of semolina. The trail of South Kensington was over everything. Laughter was heard no more. Well-bred smiles alone demonstrated that we had risible muscles at all.

At last, towards the end of the nineteenth century, signs of a revulsion to primitive taste manifested themselves. The old craving for something robust, strong, brutal, reasserted itself, something that would nourish the spirit of fun. But the strong meat did not come all at once. Very tentatively at first the *chic* draughtsmen began to pop up their heads again. Mr. E. T. Reed put in an appearance in the pages of *Punch*. Contemporaneously Carruthers Gould, now Sir Francis, was providing semolina for private consumption on the Stock Exchange only, just as another Sir Francis, Lockwood to boot, was doing amidst roars of laughter in the strict privacy of the Law Courts and the House of Commons. Then the *Westminster Gazette* discovered Mr. Gould, and "F. C. G." boldly faced the limelight in the green pages of the great evening journal, rather shamefacedly at first because of the anatomical deficiencies of his puppets, but winning the battle against South Kensington all along the line. Here was the beginning of the school of *chic* draughtsmen which had responded to the demand. Certainly the queasy public stomach at first turned at the coarse and ugly drawing, for its digestion had been weakened by the vapidity into which comic drawing had sunk, but suddenly they found how nice it was to be tickled again, to laugh loud like children, as they had not now laughed for years. That was pleasant enough. But still there was more to come. There had not been very much of semolina yet. The world was looking for a great caricaturist who would go the whole hog. And it did not look in



Max Beerbohm.
From a painting by William Nicholson.
(By permission of the Artist.)

vain. At last Caricature in its fullest meaning was with us again and Mr. Max Beerbohm was its prophet. At last unrestrained laughter was again the fashion, and as Mr. Beerbohm himself has said in "Poor Romeo," "It is no trifle to set Englishmen laughing, for, once you have done it, you can hardly stop them." Just so, doggrel seemed to have been dead and buried long years ago, until Mr. Kipling revived it and raised it into a fine art.

Thus we return to our text, and find the wave of intellectual activity (Caricature) concurring with that other dynamic movement (the return to matrimony of the Lady Semolina). And what a feast we now look forward to year by year! I suppose that since Voltaire there has been no such apotheosis of irreverence as Mr. Max Beerbohm has given us, no such dazzling and irresistible extravagance. "Down go my Lord Bishop's apron, and his Grace's blue riband and my Lady's brocade petticoat in the mud!" at the bidding of his mordant wit, for Mr. Beerbohm is no respecter of persons.

And there is another thing that is interesting. At the back of Mr. Beerbohm's post-impressionism, for post-impressionist he is, is the knowledge lacking to most of this so-called school. He knows his grammar so well that he can with impunity resort to primitive methods and break its rules. He is the heir of all that has gone before him in the world of art. Not that



Max Beerbohm.
From a painting by the late Charles Condor.



Max Beerbohm (1906).
From a caricature by Will Owen. (Lent by Mr. Walter Jerrold.)

necessarily he could compete in their own field with the best of the academics. Indeed, it seems to me that by so much as he approaches the academic, by so much he loses power. But that is another story. The point here is that he seems to be the forerunner of the precocious child of a thousand years hence, who will go from pulling off the legs of a fly, or decapitating his sister's best doll, to the pillorying of his elders with a slate pencil on a slate, to the reduction to absurdity of their assumption of greatness and superiority. The child of to-day draws as well as the R.A. of the Stone Age. So it may well be that the year A.D. 2911 will produce babies with the skill of a Beerbohm and the mordant wit of a Max.

With the ethics of the thing I have nothing to do. It may be that whipping is cruel. On the other hand whipping is a very good thing in its place. And perhaps the world needs a whipper-in-chief just as it needs a public executioner. But the whipping must not be savage. Certainly the poets got it sharp and strong in "The Poets' Corner." What price Omar Khayyam and "Thou" and the loaf in the wilderness? There's no lack of semolina in *that* bread. And the nightmare-penance of Robert Browning! And Lili's shadow on the blind. It's enough to make Goethe turn in his grave. Then just look at Ibsen with Mr. William Archer down on his knees to the sacred toe, with that very snuffy-looking old gentleman's startled hairs reflected in the wallpaper *ad infinitum*. Look at Tennyson reading "In Memoriam" to his sovereign, in a seven-acre drawing-room covered with a seven-acre carpet. Look at Bacon as Shakespeare's ghost, Coleridge table-talking to the ten sleepers. Look at Mr. George Moore—but don't, it's wicked to laugh at



Sir Sidney Colvin.

a fellow-creature being flagellated, though, upon my soul, I think the victim himself must be laughing, for the whipper is not whipping as hard as he might. Look at Dante being proctorised; those naughty boys, Dobson and Gosse, being caught by Mr. Chamberlain wasting the public's time. And last but not least, laugh your eyes out at Rossetti in his back garden, if indeed you can laugh at all, can forget the tragedy that lies at the back of it. It really is too bad of Mr. Beerbohm to shatter our idols like this, to reduce them to their common human denominator. And yet Dagon had to come tumbling down from his pedestal at the appointed time, and I suppose all the good people laughed then. Of course those who worshipped his fishy godship in the five cities of the Philistines were weeping, but then they shouldn't have worshipped him, so it served them right.

Looking through these entrancing pages once again, I am reminded of a story of the greatest of our British satirists, Swift, who, writing to Stella, describes with horrid gusto how he had been "helping to hinder a man of his pardon who had been condemned to death." He had insisted to the Home Secretary of the day that he could not pardon him without a favourable report from the judge, adding, "besides, he was a fiddler, and consequently a rogue and doubtless deserved hanging for something else, so he shall swing." So I seem to hear Mr. Max Beerbohm, "He's a poet, consequently a madman, therefore a rogue, and deserves whipping for something, so into my pillory he goes, and may the Lord have mercy on his soul!"

And this brings me to a matter for which Mr. Beerbohm deserves our best thanks. The politicians who have been ever considered fair game for the caricaturist have grown callous. Like carted deer, they take their punishment all in the day's work and the sport is a make-believe. We don't even have the pleasure of seeing them wince. We have to thank Mr. Beerbohm for not confining his delicate attentions to these; for hunting the animal that has never been, or at least has not been in the habit of being, hunted before; for constituting himself the horse-breaker who tackles the wild stallion before our eyes, which has till now known no touch of whip or spur. He gives us real sport, with danger in it, and he rides like an artist.

And what an admirable thrift and economy he has! Take, for example, the "Lord Haldane" here reproduced, an anticlimax of the simplest and most telling sort if ever there was one, under which should be written

> "Next comes Lord Haldane, the great god of war,
> Lieutenant-Colonel to the Earl of Mar";

or the inimitable "Mr. W. L. Courtney." There is no needless extravagance. He knows by instinct the tender spot where his pen-pointed spur will tell best. He gets the stinging tip of it just under the fifth rib. Exactly there! And we, the lookers-on, find wicked and exquisite pleasure in this dexterous torturing of our friends, and thank heaven that we are not important enough to receive the horse-tamer's attentions ourselves. For myself, I think for the caricaturist to fulfil his duties,



By courtesy of the proprietors of the "Daily News." G. K. Chesterton.



By courtesy of the "Tatler

The Resident Physician Owen Seaman considering whether any one who has not actually lived with *Punch*, year in, year out, can realise the horror of that existence.

he must be cruel to be kind but he must draw the line at savagery There can be no excuse, for example, for such a performance as the great Dean of St Patrick's "Modest Proposal" for eating children in which this great pillar of the Church discusses the young healthy child at a year old, as food for Christian people in the greatest possible detail whether stewed baked, or boiled turning and twisting his subject, as Thackeray says in a score of different ways hashing it serving it up cold garnishing it and cruelly relishing it always There can be no excuse for that and of that ogreish sort of cruelty at any rate Mr Beerbohm is guiltless If he is cruel at all, his cruelty is that cruelty of which every one of us is guilty when we are tempted to humiliate some one who seems to us to be too big for his boots The laugh is momentarily turned against the victim and that is all To do him any real injury is the farthest thing from our thoughts

It is impossible in the space at my command to refer to more than a few of Mr Beerbohm's later caricatures many of which you can see for yourselves in these pages, but I should like to draw particular attention to "Mr G K Chesterton," to "Mr H G Wells and his Patent Mechanical New Republic" to "Lord Rosebery" face to face "with the Spectre of the End of All Things" and to "Lord Lansdowne" wondering what on earth Mr H G Wells is talking about I suppose that the whole world has lately been to the Leicester Galleries If not they can take it from me that the present selection gives but a taste of Mr. Beerbohm's versatile cleverness They have missed a feast which they will do well not to miss again if ever another such chance presents itself They have not seen the lily-like 'Mr Lewis Harcourt" "Lord Hugh Cecil hurling at the Labour Party the last enchantments of the Middle Ages", that biting but deserved satire on the Royal Academy the almost too cruel parody of Rossetti's "Found", "The New English Art Club",



By courtesy of the proprietors of the "Daily News"

H. G. Wells and his Patent Mechanical New Republic and the Spirit of Pure Reason crowning him President. (View of Presidential Palace in background.)



[illegible] of the proprietors of the [illegible]

Mr. Winston Churchill offering to toss Mr. Lloyd George for the prospective leadership of the Liberal party.



[illegible] of the proprietors of the [illegible]

Lord Lansdowne and H. G. Wells.

[illegible] with all the amenity of [illegible] just what Mr. Wells [illegible] by the barrenness [illegible] politics.



By courtesy of the proprietors of the 'Tatler'

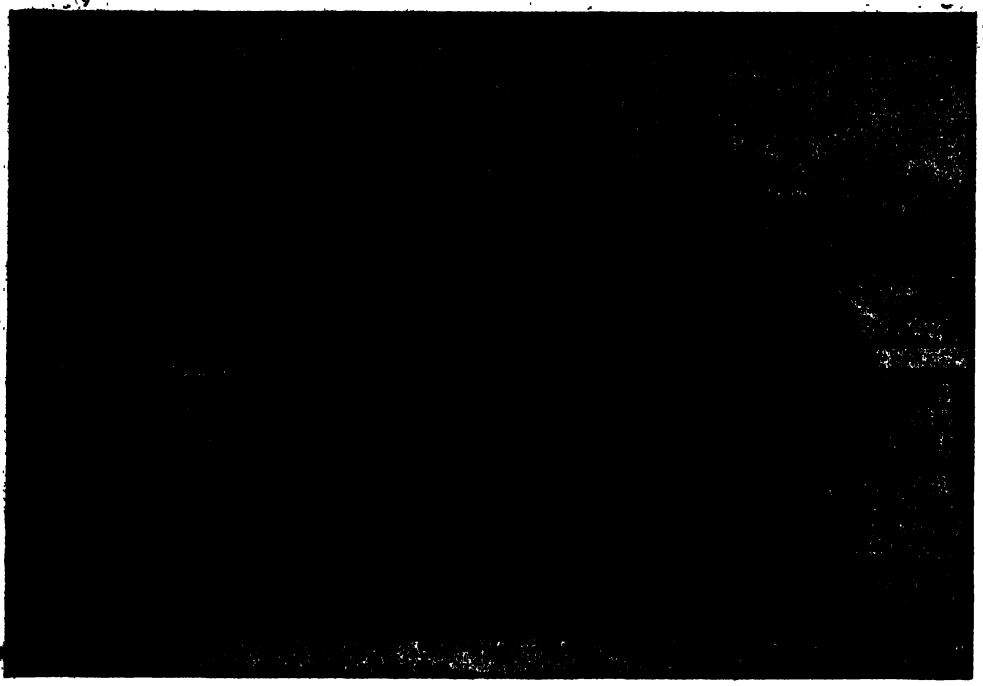
J. S. Sargent, R.A., in Venice.

SHADE OF NAPOLEON: "Bon! Il n'a pas plus peur de Venise que moi."



A. B. Walkley, Pomologist

SOME LEADERS IN POLITICS, LITERATURE, ART, AND JOURNALISM AS MAX BEERBOHM SEES THEM.



By courtesy of the proprietors of the "Tatler."

Lord Rosebery visited by the Spectre of the End of all Things.

and that by so much as we elevate him, by just so much do we condemn ourselves.

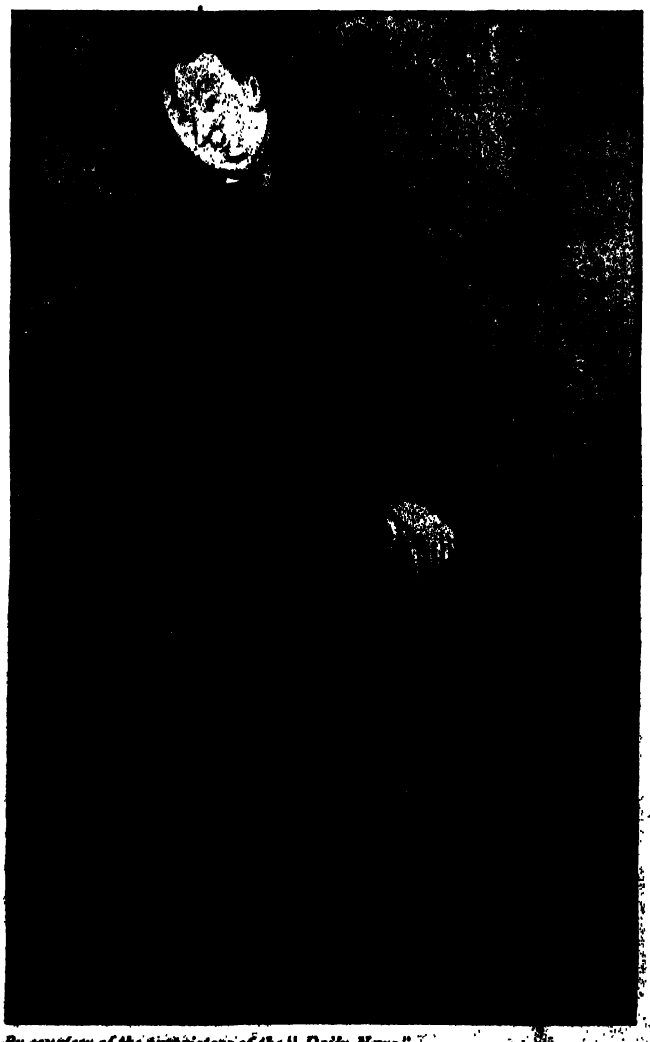
I have left but too little space in which to consider Mr. Beerbohm as author, for, to mangle Kipling,

> "'E's a kind of a giddy harum-frodite—artist and author too."

He is in the select succession of Blake, Rossetti, Thackeray, Whistler, Du Maurier, and the lately lamented Sir W. S. Gilbert. And in his two manifestations we find almost as marked a dissimilarity as we find in William Sharp and his *alter ego* "Fiona Macleod." As artist he is the philistine, as author the æsthete, the idealist. In "The Happy Hypocrite" he gives us a fairy tale worthy of Oscar Wilde, and it only costs a shilling. In "Dandies and Dandies," "1880," and "King George the Fourth," he gives us essays almost worthy of La Bruyère. In "Yet Again" he gives us essays quite worthy of—Himself!

and last, but perhaps greatest of all, the prophetic "In case I am not there to see them," in which the artist projects himself into the future and shows us the great men of to-day grown old. Now and then, I hold it, Mr. Beerbohm passes the bounds. I should like to constitute myself public hangman for the nonce and burn the drawing entitled "Are we as welcome as ever?"—that and another. But then that is a matter of opinion and perhaps Mr. Beerbohm will be of opinion that, in saying this, I myself have passed the bounds of criticism. However, it is the critic's duty "non seulement couronner la mérite, mais le faire germer."

And in quoting one great Frenchman I am reminded of the dictum of another, which came into my mind after a visit to the Leicester Galleries. There is always danger, in the limited space put at one's disposal for a short treatise on any given subject, of giving an impression of that subject's too great importance in the order of things. Now, caricature is not a cardinal matter. It is only relative. It holds the rather low place that the corrective holds in physical matters. He that is whole needs not a physician. *Quâ* caricaturist and *quâ* doctor, there is no place for either in the Kingdom of Heaven, just as there is no place for the priest. Their bread-and-butter depends on corruption in the body politic, material or spiritual. They are not good things in themselves. Rather are they evils rendered necessary by the ills that soul and body are heir to. Hence the call for caricature is in itself a bad sign. Had we no insincerity, no abnormality, no humbug, no shams, no "organised hypocrisy," the caricaturist must starve, as the maker of birches must starve when no one has to be whipped. And this is surely what was in Vauvenergue's mind when he wrote, "Les beaux esprits ont une place dans la bonne compagnie, mais la dernière" ("Wits have a place in good society, but it is the lowest"). Let us remember that the proper place for the jester is below the salt.



By courtesy of the proprietors of the "Daily News."

C. F. Masterman preserving his ideals.



By courtesy of the proprietors of the "Graphic."

Robert Hichens dictating a Novel.

"Dawn (and Mr. Robert Hichens not less punctual) in the desert"



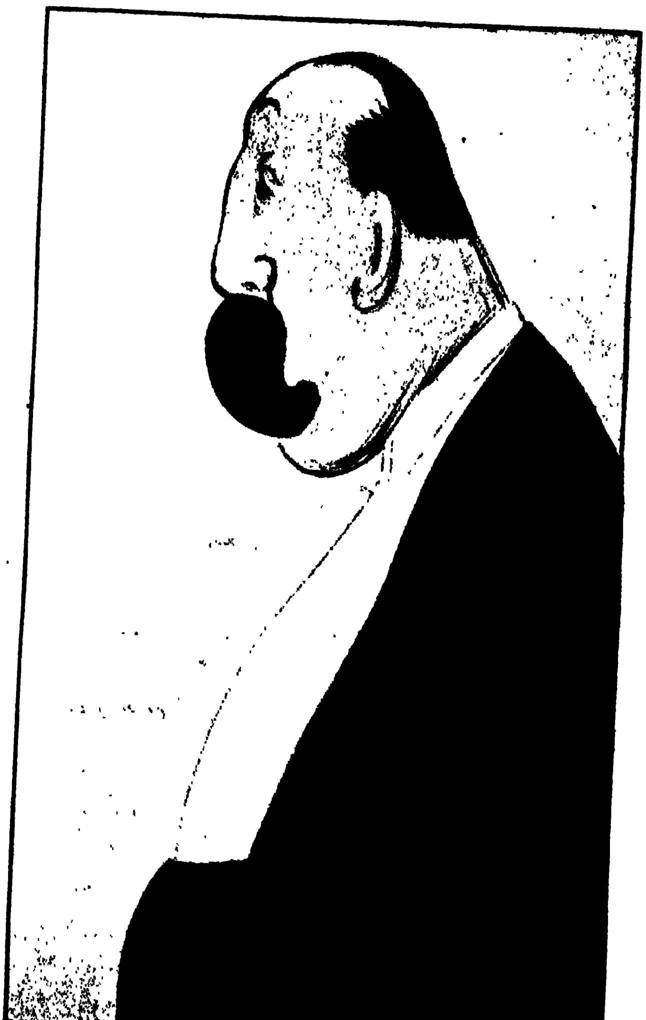
By courtesy of the proprietors of the "Graphic."

Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree.

Who is Max Beerbohm's half brother.



Joseph Conrad



W. L. Courtney.

FAMILIAR FIGURES IN LITERATURE AND THE DRAMA, CARICATURED BY MAX BEERBOHM.

True, in his earlier articles contributed to the *Yellow Book*, and the *Savoy*, he was too essentially the literary dandy, overdoing it a little because he was young, rather affected, rather foppish, rather precious, rather impertinent, rather a d'Orsay of the pen than a Brummell, but on the whole steering clear of the ridiculous. Always sedulously searching for the *mot juste*, not rarely, indeed, overdoing it, even finding too difficult the spelling of the exotic words that he dug out of his dictionary or "thesaurus," showing, indeed, the cultivation too plainly, yet always manifesting triumphantly at back of it the true temperament. "Secernment," "implected," "inverideed," "apolaustic," are dreadful, but "hygeine," "impenuous" and the like are worse. Then there are puerile asides like that in "King George the Fourth" on the Duke of Wellington never having been at Waterloo, and cheap funniments like that on the verso of the title-page to the 1910 edition of "Yet Again," unworthy of so clever a man, but forgivable, indeed *only* forgivable, because of the general superexcellence. The great humorists do not laugh at their own jokes, do not stick their tongues in their cheeks. A background of seriousness is necessary to the highest expression of wit. But, as I say, the blemishes were the blemishes of youth, and though even now, judging from his later essays, Mr. Beerbohm in his thirty-ninth year has not yet quite grown up, there is a growing restraint that augurs well for the future. Happily for us there seems little fear of his being "too old at forty."



Ideal: Mr. Henry James making a match between Mona Lisa and the Man in the Iron Mask.

Let me in conclusion say that I always have had a sincere admiration for Mr. Beerbohm's work, and that, after a reperusal of many of his essays and a renewed acquaintanceship with his caricatures, I am still uncertain whether I most admire him as writer or artist. *Unquestionably he is great as both.*

I realise that this is a big thing to say, but I say it deliberately, and lest I should be suspected of partisanship, of log-rolling, let me add that the editor of The Bookman has given me an absolutely free hand. I have never seen Mr. Beerbohm. I know little, and that by hearsay only, of his personality. I have heard, and that at second hand, but one single sentence that he ever spoke. It was this. As I was engaged upon this article a dear friend came to see me and said, "Max Beerbohm! Oh, I met him not long ago just when his big brother's knighthood had been announced. I wished to write to Lady Tree, and said, 'By the way, *is* your sister-in-law Lady Tree until Sir Herbert has received the accolade?'

"'I know nothing of these things,' said Mr. Beerbohm without a shade of a smile, 'but I have no doubt that in the sight of Heaven my brother is already a knight.'" That sounds typical, but may amount to nothing.

I myself have had no intercourse with Mr. Beerbohm. True! I once wrote him a letter. But he never answered it!

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

AUGUST, 1911.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," The Bookman, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A Prize of Half a Guinea is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of The Bookman. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A Prize of Three New Books is offered for the best motto for the holiday-maker in not more than four lines of original verse.

III.—A Prize of Half a Guinea is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors

should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews

IV.– A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JULY.

I. A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to the REV. F BALCH, of Wesleyan Manse Montrose, N B, for the following

PAPER BAG COOKERY By M NICHOLAS SOYER (Andrew Melrose)

> The Lord knows what we shall find dear lass
> And the deuce knows what we may do
> RUDYARD KIPLING *The Long Trail*

We also select for printing

TALES OF THE UNEASY By VIOLET HUNT (Heinemann)

> That old man I used to know
> Who seemed distracted with his woe
> Who rocked his body to and fro
> And muttered mumblingly and low
> As if his mouth were full of dough
> LEWIS CARROLL *Through the Looking Glass*

(Beryl Scott 2 High Street, Launceston Tasmania Australia)

TRIUMPHANT VULGARITY By J C WHITBY M D (Stephen Swift)

> "Bein' never too tight of a Saturday night but what I kin wallop the wife
> F ANSTEY *A Coster's Confession*

(Charles Powell 37, Egerton Road, Withington, Manchester)

IN AND OUT OF PARLIAMENT By THE RIGHT HON ROBERT FARQUHARSON P C M D LL D (Williams & Norgate)

> Some lie beneath the churchyard stone
> And some before the Speaker
> W M PRAED

(W F Wright, Barclay's Bank Robertson Street, Hastings)

THE WINE DRINKER By W J BATCHELDER (Smith, Elder)

> A cellar if I had the key
> Would be a Paradise to me
> HARRY GRAHAM

(Myra MacKenzie, Korumburra Victoria, Australia)

A WOMAN WITH A PURPOSE By ANNA CHAPIN RAY (Stanley Paul)

> Old Mother Hubbard
> Went to the cupboard
> To get her poor dog a bone
> *Nursery Rhyme*

(Elsie S Price Southbank, Swanley)

II.–We have divided this Prize, for the best imaginary question by Boswell and reply by Dr. Johnson on the subject of Woman Suffrage in not more than a hundred and fifty words, and are sending Two Books to Mr. R. G WYATT, of 336, Old Ford Road, Victoria Park, E. (who has ingeniously adapted some of Dr. Johnson's own utterances to the occasion), and Two BOOKS to MISS E. A. PEARSON, of Heath House, Fleet, Hants, for the following

Boswell — Then you think women should not have votes?"

Johnson —' Sir nature has given women so much power that the law has very wisely given them little On most subjects the greatest part of womankind have no reason for their opinions than that they are in fashion But they have a perpetual envy of our vices and so would emulate us in the political, as in other spheres of activity

' These rampant females sir forget that to be out of place is not necessarily to be out of power Most women's speech making is like a dog's walking on his hinder legs It is not well done but you are surprised to find it done at all So would it be with their law making for they would not be content, mark you with votes merely but would desire ere long to fill Parliament House with their fads foibles and gossip

(R G Wyatt)

Boswell Pray sir do you consider the Fair Sex are entitled to equal rights with men in regard to Parliamentary representation?

Johnson I do not sir Nature has given women already so much power it is our place to see she has no more or men will be placed at a disadvantage If two people live in a house one must be the head and who sir should it be but the man with his larger experience and greater understanding? Women have all the liberty we wish them to have give them more and England will go to the dogs Women here there and anywhere



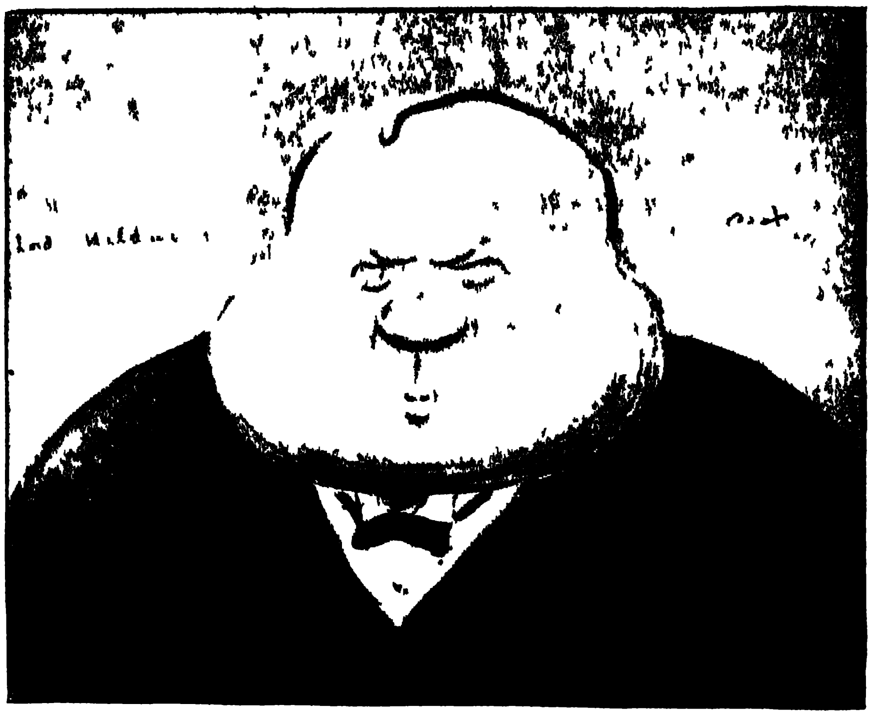
Rudyard Kipling takes a bloomin' day aht on the blasted 'eath with Britannia, his gurl.

From "Poets' Corner" by Max Beerbohm (Heinemann)

but attending to our comforts and supplying that touch of grace and elegance which we have a right to expect. Woman, sir, should be an ornament to gladden our eyes and repose on our hearts: she becomes a monstrosity if she enters into open competition with men."

(Miss E. A. Pearson.)

We should have awarded the prize to Miss Wright of Newcastle, but unfortunately her paper went well beyond the length prescribed. Of the many other entries several are rather poor, some very good, but with only two or three exceptions all competitors of both sexes represent the Doctor as sturdily opposed to the idea of votes for women. We specially commend papers received from Gerald W. Menter (Worthing), Rev. F. Hern (Rowland's Castle), Richard P. McCoy (Gillingham), Thomas Lanfear (London, S.E.), Florence L. Briggs (Crown Hill, Devon), Miss B. O. Anderson (Scarborough), William Morriss (Sheffield), D. Whitelaw (Paisley), Miss I. I. Court (Halifax), Arnold S. Walton (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Emily Hunt (Llanfairfechan), Mary C. Jobson (Middleton-one-Row), and Emily Kington (Blairgowrie).



Lord Haldane.

III.—The Prize of Half a Guinea for the best review in not more than one hundred words is awarded to Miss Irene Pollock Lalonde, of 11, Forester Road, Bath, for the following:

JOHN VERNEY. By H. A. Vachell. (John Murray.)

John Verney is not a hero of whom many besides Mr. Vachell could have made a success. Thin, stooping, lame, humble, yet he soon wins our hearts as he won the girlish heart of Sheila. His peculiar qualities show up brilliantly in the field of politics, where with a quixotism belonging to few who enter there, he scorns to use the base methods employed by his rival to gain his seat. Incidentally Mr. Vachell gives us good political reading, and with consummate skill he exposes some of the dirty weapons used by candidates to win constituencies, Government posts and peerages.



Henry Chaplin, M.P.

Other good reviews received are:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. By John Masefield. (Williams & Norgate.)

John Masefield wields an angel's pen. His are no mundane effects capable of being resolved into their elements. Above and beyond his salient qualities you feel that inspiration holds the field. On him has fallen the mantle of Stevenson; he is the one legitimate successor of that great Romantic; he stands for the same immortal verities. His Shakespeare has the fine intuitive appreciation that can only spring from a distinguished mind; it is highly subtilised and executed with the utmost care. Also in writing of Shakespeare he illuminates the whole of life, thus showing the wide compass of his mind.

(Beatrix Terry, 374, Brixton Road, London, S.W.)

THE SPELL OF EGYPT. By Robert Hichens. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"How can one disentangle from their tapestry web the different threads of a spell?" asks the author. Yet surely this is the peculiar triumph of his book. If an analysis can be musical, poetical, full to the brim of atmosphere, behold it here! This is no tale of strong deep passion like its brother book, "The Garden of Allah," but a series of poem pictures forming a volume which would be an ideal companion for a hammock in an English garden some still summer afternoon, converted by Mr. Hichens's magic into "Life on the Nile," a long dream golden and sweet as the honey of Hymettus.

(S. A. Doody, Westover, Harvey Road, Boscombe.)

PERPETUA. By Dion Clayton Calthrop. (Alston Rivers.)

This is a charming story of two delightful people, and though there are many interesting characters in the book, they serve but as an adjunct to the central figures, Perpetua and her adopted artist father. The racy humour which abounds adds much to the enjoyment of reading the history of these two child-like individuals who, though they eventually grow up, never lose the essence of child nature which makes them such fascinating beings. There is a darker side to the story, but the sunlight prevails, and the hero and heroine live happy ever after.

(Miss J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)

MYSTICISM. By Evelyn Underhill. (Methuen.)

Mysticism is anathema to many. It is confused with magic and other phenomena. To Miss Underhill it is the soul's sense of the source of its being, its longing for union with it, and the

means it takes to attain that end Miss Underhill generalises in an eloquent and interesting way on the whole subject, which is both a pregnant and comprehensive one, and she traces with sympathy and understanding the evolution of some of the great mystics of both early and modern times We are all, it seems, if we have any spiritual sense at all, mystics in embryo.

(Kate Lee, 29, Butler Avenue, Harrow, Middlesex)

Reviews of equal merit with some of those printed have been received from A M Gibbs (Wooburn Green), Miss L Mugford (Sutton-at-Hone), Mrs E C Atkinson, Mrs Harvie Anderson (Glasgow), William Morriss (Sheffield), E Rippon (Hull), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), X.Y.Z (Cambridge), L H Cooke (Stockport), C. E. Muirhead (Stoke Newington), Irene Harrison (Bristol), Helen MacLeod Scott (Edinburgh), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn, N.W), Ernest Holmwood (Holloway, N), A. S. Walton (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Miss Van der Pant (Ashford), G M Elwood (Grimsby), W. M. Lodge (Norwood), E C Lum (Stamford Hill, N.), Mary Cleland (Ellesmere), Kathleen White (Ravenscourt Park, W.), Miss B O Anderson (Scarborough), Florence L. Stephens (Bodmin), Stanley V Keeling (Hadleigh), Barbara K Webber (Plymouth), J Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), Miss S Stirling (Glenlaig), and Ronald H. Kidd (Hampstead, N W)

IV The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to Mrs PROTHERO, Brittle Lodge Isle of Skye

THE ENGLISH NOVEL.

BY LAURIE MAGNUS

MR WILLIAMS has written an attractive book on a very attractive subject * Most of us read novels, and many of us write them, "the time has long since gone by," as Mr Williams remarks on his last page, "when a plea for the habit of reading novels need be entered" A far more difficult plea, which it is far more urgent to enter, is for the formation of a habit of reading good novels and of rejecting the bad, and Mr Williams's book, which is at once catholic and discriminating, should help many young readers, and some older ones too, to develop the faculties out of which that habit will grow Mr Walker the late great Highmaster of St Paul's School, used to relate with glee the story of a father and a son The boy could not be dragged away from the Waverley Novels, "Esmond," and Charles Kingsley, and the father was always scolding him for giving to English fiction the time that was due to Latin grammar And then he won his scholarship at St Paul's by his answer to the question "Describe the plot and characters of 'Ivanhoe'"

Mr Williams's book has one negative merit which is equal to several positive virtues It will be of no use to boy or man as a substitute for the novels themselves What he does is to take the leading novelists from Defoe to Thomas Hardy, and to mark the features of their art, and the stages in the art itself, how character study was added to adventure, and psychology to emotion, and the personal to the narrative note. If, in the course of this survey, Mr Williams manages to convince himself that he has traced evolutionary links, or has built a ladder, or a spiral staircase- to quote three metaphors which he employs—we are far from grudging him his pleasure He is so modest an advocate that he comes near to persuading us that he has done it; and, certainly, he is wholly free from the dogmatism which starts with a preconceived theory "The mould of modern art and thought is the life of former generations" So much we gladly grant.

By an effort which we cannot but admire, the more



W. B. Yeats presenting George Moore to the Queen of the Fairies.

From 'Poets' Corner,' by Max Beerbohm (Heinemann)

* "Two Centuries of the English Novel" By Harold Williams, M A, late Scholar of Christ's College, Cambridge. 7s. 6d net (Smith, Elder)

because it is unobtrusive, Mr. Williams almost succeeds in concealing his personal preferences. That any one man can be equally appreciative, say, in his own arm-chair and with a pipe, of Tobias Smollett and the author of "Cranford," we shall not affect to believe; but this critic, with Cambridge on his title-page, seeks always the *ab extra* point of view. Still, we seem to gather that his tobacco is likely to taste sweetest when Laurence Sterne is at his elbow. There is nothing lyrical in his eulogy; there is no excess in all the book; but while Mr. Williams pronounces, with strict judicial impartiality, that, "considered as a novelist, Sterne fails. He is too inconsequent, irrelevant, and discursive," still, the "delicate vignettes," "the refining grace of his sentiment," his "note of joy in the life of vagabondage," and his "atmosphere of a moment" are generously carried to Sterne's credit. "Pierre Loti, Lafcadio Hearn, and Robert Louis Stevenson" on one page, "Borrow, Stevenson, and a host of others" on another, and, yet again, Sterne's influence or method seen in "Goethe, Dickens, Thackeray, and Meredith," are surely sufficient compensation for the denial of the title of novelist.

If Sterne is the unconfessed favourite of our strictly impersonal author, the Brontë sisters are, perhaps, most hardly treated. "On the whole, 'Jane Eyre' is an unreal book, and the character of Jane Eyre who, however, will go far - alone redeems it." Well, little Jane has gone far, in Mr. Williams's not too happy phrase, and it seems less than just to Charlotte Brontë to call "Jane Eyre" redeemed from unreality by the character of the heroine herself. It is very negative praise to accord to superlative merit. And "unreal" is an unfortunate word, when the critic states a few pages later, "Miss Brontë [why not Mrs. Nicholls, if we are to be so formal ?] finds a kinship with the method we have come to know distinctively by the name of 'realism.'"

The greater novelists are well chosen, and have plainly been well read, though we find, especially in the chapter on George Meredith, some distinct failures in expression. "'Beauchamp's Career' is the best of all political novels, a difficult form which Disraeli was fond of handling, which Turgenieff used with fine artistic skill," is one; "Of the literary form and style of Meredith, with its highly-wrought intellectualisms, we can only say that he stands for a beacon-light rather than for an example," is another of the sentences which leave us sadder than they found us. And, while at this aspect, may we be allowed to urge that, whatever degree of fatness is due from the driver of fat oxen, the writer of a book about books should at least be literate? "Nobody need recognise their self-centred selves"; "neither are wholly free"; "every one should interest themselves"; "the style and manner has"; "'The Egoist' evidences," are among the examples of slipshod writing; and we must point out the careless repetitions on pages 72 and 108, on pages 98 and 102, and on pages 175 and 181.

But it is in Chapter XVII., on "Other Names in the Nineteenth Century," that Mr. Williams is least successful. Gyas and Thoas are always rather troublesome, and Mr. Williams has added to his perplexity by attempting to bring his survey down to "the present day," while excluding all living writers, with the honourable exception of Mr. Thomas Hardy. The aim is incompatible with the condition. We suggest that it is not reasonable to discuss the evolution of the novel in "Jude the Obscure" and "Weir of Hermiston," and to ignore (because their authors are alive) "Life's Handicap" and "Esther Waters." Mr. George Moore, Mr. Kipling, Mrs. Humphry Ward are never mentioned in this volume, which is still at liberty to discuss R. L. Stevenson.

Even within the limits set between the quick and the dead, we are not satisfied that Mr. Williams is quite logical. Walter Besant wrote at least one novel important to the development of the art, considered in its social bearing; and if William Black is admitted, why must good James Payn be passed by? If Mrs. Henry Wood, why no word for Mrs. Craik, whose "John Halifax, Gentleman," was really something like a landmark?

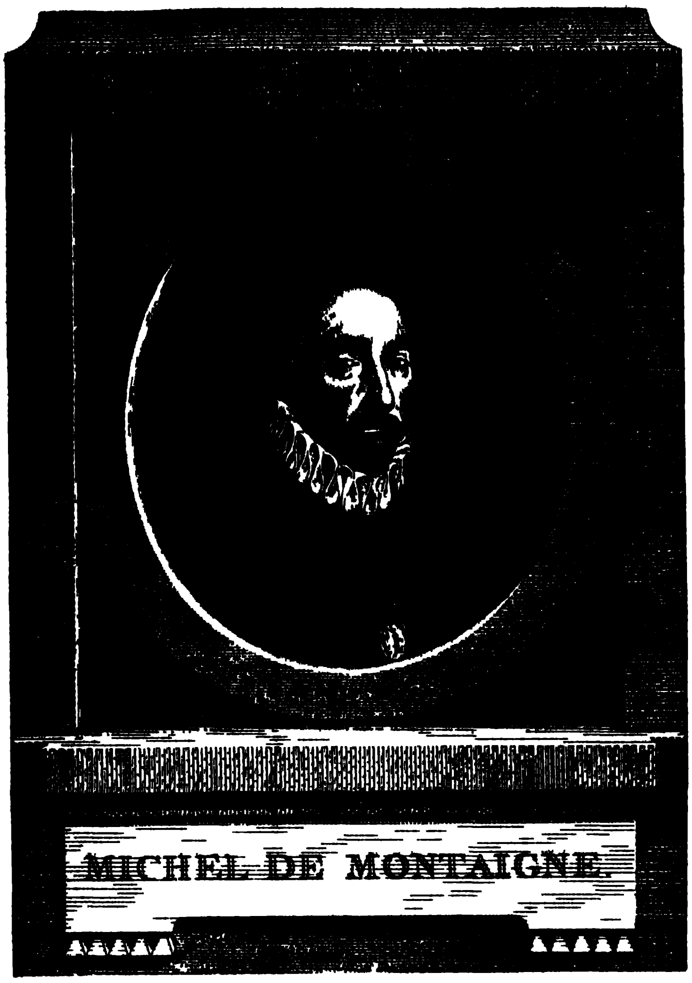
But we do not wish to labour details when the general impression is so fair. Mr. Williams is to be congratulated on his essay, which is at once useful and pleasant.

New Books.

MONTAIGNE THE ESSAYIST.*

"There existeth," wrote Montaigne, "as great a difference between us and ourselves as between us and others" No one ever afforded a more striking illustration of the statement than the man who made it. Montaigne, says Miss Sichel, "was indeed a dozen Montaignes"; and again, with reference to the "thousand facets" of his practical philosophy, "Men have felt and written more differently about him, perhaps, than about any other author, according as one facet pleased them more than another." Such frank admission of the many-sidedness of her subject suffices to show that Miss Sichel has approached it in the only proper spirit. She sees in Montaigne all sorts of "baffling contradictions, which run like multi-coloured threads" through his character, and—since all he wrote was, in his own phrase, "consubstantial with its author"—confront us everywhere as we turn the pages of that "encyclopædic note-book" of his, the "Essays", and she is wise enough not to attempt the hopeless task of reducing these contradictions to formal unity. Such fault as I have to find with her own character-study will, therefore, be readily understood; it is not that I do not recognise the general truth of her carefully drawn portrait, it is simply that she does not happen to give me, out of the one dozen possibilities, the particular Montaigne who is most in my mind when I think of my personal indebtedness to "the wisest Frenchman who ever lived." She has written a most interesting and well-considered book; yet for this one reason it leaves me just a little dissatisfied. In a case of this sort, everything depends upon relative emphasis; and she has dwelt so much upon the limitations and weaknesses of Montaigne that the real strength and greatness of the man amid them all are somewhat obscured. For her, Mon-

* "Michel de Montaigne." By Edith Sichel. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable & Co)



Frontispiece of Montaigne's "Voyage en Italie."
Engraved by [illegible]
From "Michel de Montaigne," by Edith Sichel (Constable).

taigne is essentially the hedonist and opportunist who in actual life sought his own comfort and shirked disagreeable duties, and as a moral teacher raised self-indulgence to the dignity of a fine art. This view of him is just enough so far as it goes. His egotism was patent and unabashed. His selfishness stands confessed. In his planning of life he held steadily to what was pleasant, and did his best to avoid what was unpleasant. There was no heroic strain in his nature; he had little sense of public duty; he was wholly wanting in moral earnestness. And as the man was so was his philosophy. There is that in his teaching which may well help men to be stoics; there is nothing in it to make them saints or martyrs. He "sat loose to life," as Miss Sichel admirably says, and he taught others to do the same. There is an obvious laxity in his treatment of certain aspects of conduct, and the indifference in which he schooled himself might almost qualify him for the presidency of Carlyle's "Heaven and Hell Amalgamation Society." I acknowledge then the soundness of Miss Sichel's judgment. But I do so with qualifications and riders. I repeat that her view is just so far as it goes. But there is much else in Montaigne which has not indeed escaped her attention, but has certainly been so inadequately treated as to mar the total effect. Montaigne's "Essays" have been rightly described as the most vital book in the European literature of their time; his influence on readers of all ages and types of mind, from Pascal at one pole to Pater at the other, has been immense and enduring; as Miss Sichel herself remarks, "he who has read Montaigne is, if he be candid, never quite the same man again . . . he has had his outlook changed." The secret of this far-reaching dynamic power is surely not to be found in any merely negative qualities of his personality or thought—in his want of moral fibre, his studied aloofness, his indolence and indifference. It is to be found rather in his firm grasp of reality, his steady and courageous attitude to the plain facts of life, his absolute sincerity and fearlessness in the treatment of every question that came before him, his supreme sanity, his marvellous wisdom.

For after all, when every deduction has been made, does not Montaigne hold his place among the very wisest and most useful of all practical moral teachers? as one of the most stimulating as well as genial of companions and friends? In an interesting passage comparing Montaigne and Goethe, Miss Sichel observes: "Both were dominated by good taste and good sense, which with Montaigne sometimes, with Goethe often, rose to wisdom." The "sometimes" is unfair to Montaigne, but otherwise the comparison is suggestive, because three centuries before Goethe Montaigne had already laid down the great principle of *Gedenke zu leben*, and has any one ever discoursed, did Goethe himself ever discourse, upon that fruitful topic with more frankness, insight, sagacity? Admit that his mind habitually moved upon the plane of the obvious and was most at home among commonplace things; that his chief concern was with the problem of how to use these things to best advantage, and to live, as he puts it, *à propos*. Well, the plane of the obvious is our ordinary plane too, and a great part of our happiness or unhappiness ultimately depends upon our proper use or abuse of just these commonplace things. For rarer moments and greater crises we need teachers of different temper; but so far as life in its average phases is in question, where shall we find a text-book more illuminating and more helpful than the "Essays"? Nor while emphasising to the full the prudential side of his philosophy must we forget that in his absolute truthfulness, in his thoroughly inward view of conduct, in his splendid humanity, as shown for instance in everything that he says about animals, education, the criminal code, judicial torture, and witchcraft (to some of which matters Miss Sichel gives far too small a space), Montaigne makes higher claims upon our admiration.

While, as I have said, judiciously declining the task of formulating Montaigne's thought, Miss Sichel seeks a central principle in it. This she finds in his hatred of that *pedanterie* which for him included most offences against naturalness. The point is well made. Yet I am inclined to think that we get nearest to what is essential, and has proved to be most influential, in Montaigne's teaching by fixing our attention upon his profound and comprehensive scepticism. In an age which was crushed down by dogma he was the very incarnation of the anti-dogmatic principle; in an age which rested upon authority and was hampered by tradition he showed how the mind should play freely and directly upon all experience. The new spirit of emancipation which thus passed into the world through his writings was bound in the long run to be fatal not only to the old order of ideas but also to the old habits of thought, and thus without extravagance we may describe Montaigne as the first interpreter of the genius of the modern world.

WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON.

OUR ISLAND STORY.*

Many histories of England have been written for children, but their fault has generally been that they were too obviously designed to be educative; the trail of the schoolmaster lies over nearly all of them, and when a youngster suspects a book of being a lesson book he rarely reads it willingly. Mr. Fletcher and Mr. Rudyard Kipling set themselves to write a book "for all boys and girls who are interested in the story of Great Britain and her Empire," and they have so written the history of the nation that younger readers shall enjoy it as a tale that is told and be fascinated by the stirring romance of it all. Nothing

* "A History of England." By C. R. L. Fletcher and Rudyard Kipling. Pictures by Henry Ford, and a cover design by J. Leslie Brooke. 7s. 6d. net. (Clarendon Press, and Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

could be more charming than some of the twenty-three poems that illustrate and emphasise various stages in the progress of the story; they have the sinewy metrical swing, the vigour and picturesque vividness, the terse and cunningly happy turns of phrase that are among Mr. Kipling's most characteristic gifts as a poet. But to these poems we can do nothing like justice here, for we are precluded from quoting more than one verse from any one of them.

The first chapter relates the story of England from the earliest times to the departure of the Romans, and opens with "The River's Tale," in verse—the Thames going over its memories of far-back years when mammoth herds and huge tigers prowled along its shores, and Phœnician ships and the war-boats of the Norsemen sailed up its stream:

"And I remember like yesterday
The earliest Cockney who came my way,
When he pushed through the forest that lines the Strand,
With paint on his face and a club in his hand."

In the same chapter is a finely imagined lyrical monologue in which a Roman centurion, who has married and long made his home in England, pleads to be allowed to remain behind here when his legion is ordered back to Rome:

"Legate, I come to you in tears—My cohort ordered home!
I've served in Britain forty years. What should I do in Rome?
Here is my heart, my soul, my mind—the only life I know
I cannot leave it all behind. Command me not to go!"

One test of the book's breadth of vision is that, again unlike most histories for children, it does glowing and fairly equal justice to both Cromwell and Charles I.; it traces the growth of the nation, the awakening of the people, the evolution of popular government, and recounts the revolutions and wars that accompanied these developments, deftly, swiftly, attractively. To say that, especially in the later chapters, there are touches of social and political bias, is to say nothing worse than that the authors are human, and have coloured their narrative with their own strong personal opinions. One is tempted in every chapter to quote from the poems, from "William the Conqueror's Work"; from "My Father's Chair"; from "Before Edgehill"; from the haunting lyric of "The Dawn Wind," but these and the rest are things to be read in their entirety. It is sufficient that it is good history, all the better for being delightfully readable, and the tone and character of its teaching, the ultimate moral it is calculated to leave sown in the mind of a youthful reader (safely sure to cut the politics and get to the tale), are put into definite shape in the last stanza of "Together" that closes the chapter on Queen Elizabeth:

"It is not wealth nor talk nor trade nor schools nor even the Vote,
Will save your land when the enemy's hand is tightening round your throat.
But a King and a People who thoroughly trust each other in all that is done
Can sleep on their bed without any dread—for the world will leave 'em alone!"

POLIDORI AND "THE VAMPYRE."*

Mr. William Rossetti places on his title-page this motto:

"Mi fur mostrati gli spiriti magni
Che del vederlo in me stesso n' esalto."

These are the words with which Dante prefaces his list of Hector, Æneas, Homer, Horace, Socrates, Plato, Empedocles, Saladin, Galen, Seneca and the other non-Christian worthies whom he saw in the verdant meadow of the first circle of the Inferno.

The quotation is appropriate, for undoubtedly Polidori owes all the fame he has to his association with the "mighty spirits" of Byron and Shelley. He was born in 1795, and took his degree of medicine at Edinburgh when he was only nineteen. He was a man of ability, who with a little more ballast need not have made shipwreck of his life. He was but twenty years of age when Sir Henry Halford recommended him to Byron for the position of travelling physician, but his temperament did not lead to harmony either with his employer or with Shelley—whom on one occasion he threatened to shoot. After the termination of the engagement with Byron he went to Milan, where he had a foolish altercation with an Austrian officer in the theatre which led to his expulsion from the city, and might have had still more unpleasant consequences but for the intervention of Byron, Hobhouse, and Mgr. de Brême. He returned to England, practised a little in Norwich, and in 1821 committed suicide at his father's house in London because of a gambling debt he was unable to pay.

The "Diary" now printed evidently had its origin in a sort of commission from Murray to write an account of the tour for publication, but much of it is fragmentary, though not too fragmentary to have been of use. The writer is self-revealed as impetuous, not to say quarrelsome, with a capacity for getting into scrapes, and with little—too little—of the Puritan in his composition. He is observant, interested in art, and has a keen eye both for men and things. He had also a passion for book-hunting, as appears by this item: "When at Milan, I spent almost all my money in books, buying nearly 300 volumes, not being able to resist that thirst for printed sheets, many of which I shall never read." He was the author of several forgotten books, and of one remembered, even if unread; of two tragedies, some poems, an essay on the source of positive pleasure, a dissertation on the punishment of death, the story of "Ernestus Berchtold," and a medical thesis on oneirodynia, which surprised one of his Swiss friends by the absence of paradox. He also, as we learn from Mr. Rossetti, wrote the text for Bridgens's "Sketches Illustrative of the Manners and Costumes of France, Switzerland, and Italy." The literary interest, however, of Polidori centres in "The Vampyre," which was printed in the *New Monthly Magazine* of April, 1819, with a statement that it was sent by a Genevan correspondent as the work of Lord Byron—who promptly denied the authorship. It was reprinted in a pamphlet which is stated on the title-page to have been "entered at Stationers' Hall, March 27, 1819," and was not issued by the publisher of the magazine. This pamphlet is made up of the letter from Geneva, the story, and a detailed "account of Lord Byron's residence on the island of Mitylene"—on whose shore Byron tells us he had never set foot! Mr. Rossetti prints from Polidori's drafts the letters written by him both to Colbourn and to the *Morning Chronicle* in contradiction of Byron's authorship of the tale. Yet an illustrated edition of "The Vampyre, by Lord Byron," was to be had half a century later—for a penny—in spite of the several disclaimers of Byron and Polidori. But Byron had in reality some responsibility for "The Vampyre." When at Cologny, Byron, Polidori, Shelley, Mary Shelley, and Clare Clairmont each agreed to write a story containing some supernatural element. (It was at this time that Byron's recital of the description of the witch woman from "Christabel" proved too much for Shelley's excited imagination.) The greatest result of this plan was Mary Shelley's wonderful romance of "Frankenstein." Polidori states that he wrote "Ernestus Berchtold" under this agreement, though it does not correspond to Mrs. Shelley's account of his story; Shelley and Clare presumably evaded their responsibility, as nothing of theirs is known to have appeared. Byron wrote a fragment which was printed with the first edition of "Mazeppa." Polidori in conversation with the Countess Breuss mentioned the theme of Byron's unfinished and abandoned story. She did not think anything could be made of it, whereupon, in order to demonstrate its literary possibilities, the doctor, at her request, wrote "The Vampyre," using Byron's groundwork, but of course his

* "The Diary of Dr. John William Polidori, 1816, relating to Byron, Shelley, etc." Edited and elucidated by William Michael Rossetti. 4s. 6d. (Elkin Mathews.)

own phraseology. Such is Polidori's statement, which there seems no good reason to doubt. The MS. apparently was not sent for publication by him, and the unknown "Genevan correspondent," whom Mr. Rossetti suggests may have been Madame Gatelier, claims to be possessed of the outline of each of the three stories. Polidori demanded from the publishers his share of the profits of "The Vampyre," and thought they ought to have been nearly £300 instead of the £30 which was offered him. As "The Vampyre" contains only about 4,000 words, and did not come to a second edition, the author probably exaggerated the pecuniary results of his labours. The Genevan letter and the fabulous Mitylene chronicle—which absorb fifty-four of the pamphlet's eighty-four pages—he did not claim, nor does it clearly appear how they came into the hands of the publisher.

The Vampyre story, however unpleasant, is effective. The vampyre supersition was familiar to Byron, as we know from the passage in the "Giaour." The belief is common in Greece, Russia, and the Slavonic lands generally; the vampyre of folk-lore has some relation both to the ghoul and the werewolf. Those who are interested in this gruesome myth may usefully consult the studies of Mannhardt and Hock. As material for literature the fable has attracted Goethe and Turgeniev, as well as Byron and Southey. But no writer has made better use of it than Polidori. It is lamentable that a lack of self-discipline and ethical control should have brought him in his prime to a suicide's grave.

Mr. Rossetti has rightly printed this diary for the sake of its notices of the great spirits with whom Polidori associated, but it has an independent value as a record of impressions of continental travel at a period of exceptional interest. William E. A. Axon.

BRIEUX.*

Brieux, it is to be feared, is little more than a name to ordinary English playgoers, and this though he belongs to the older generation of French dramatists, and may be classed, along with Paul Hervieu, as the leader of that generation. Our ignorance is, no doubt, shockingly insular, but then Paris herself is not so proud of him as perhaps she ought to be, and he has never been very popular with the critics of his own country, because he constantly commits what is, to their way of thinking, the cardinal offence of subordinating art to moral purposes. In pursuit of such aims he has handled very delicate and sometimes very ugly problems; he has, too, an uncomfortable habit of calling a spade a spade. The result has been that he has had his troubles with the censorship—even in France, while that institution still existed under the Republic, and over here—through his would-be interpreters—he has come into conflict again and again with our Licenser of Plays. English folk in the mass, when all is said, are not very inquisitive about banned fiction or drama, and since the two best-known works of Brieux, "Maternité" and "Les Trois Filles du M. Dupont," have never obtained the censor's licence, our public has scarcely had a chance of seeing this author at his best or getting used to his methods. It was able, of course, at the Garrick Theatre to study a representative play of his in "La Robe Rouge," but that might almost be spoken of as a solitary production—the only other examples of his art to be staged in London being "La Foi," otherwise "False Gods," a spectacular and pretentious drama not at all in his usual vein, and "Les Hannetons," which, I fancy, did not travel far beyond the suburbs. That ironic comedy, which illustrates so amusingly how a liaison may impose more binding fetters on a man than the least happy of marriages, shows Brieux in his brightest and least-mannered vein, but it deals too realistically with its problem to please our stage-sentimentalists. Indeed it is unlikely, were the most unexpected relaxations of our censorship's rigours to take place, that the author of "M. Dupont's Three Daughters" would ever be able to number a large English following—he will insist on writing so-called "unpleasant" plays. But there must be a considerable reading public among us which would gladly make his acquaintance, and so there should be a welcome for the volume in which are now published for the first time in English form "Maternité" and the companion-piece we are not permitted to see in a London playhouse, as well as a third play, "Les Avariés," which, did it ever come his way, would shock our licenser even more than did Ibsen's "Ghosts." Two of these three dramas are issued in the texts prepared for and used at the Stage Society's private performances; "Les Avariés" has been translated by Mr. John Pollock, who also gives us in English M. Brieux's revised version of "Maternité." The book thus constituted should enjoy all the *réclame* which a preface from the pen of Mr. Bernard Shaw and his enthusiastic championship of his French colleague may be counted upon to secure. For "G. B. S." has come gallantly to the rescue in true "entente cordiale" spirit and could hardly have displayed more earnestness and enthusiasm in their support had the plays been his own.

We can easily understand why M. Brieux appeals to the author of "Candida." To Mr. Bernard Shaw the Frenchman must seem a brother in arms, because both of them are propagandists. Brieux, to be sure, adheres much more faithfully than does the Irish playwright to the older technique of the drama. But both men in their different ways want to use the stage as a pulpit for the enunciation of unconventional ideas; they are both men with a mission, social reformers, satirists of the evils and the lethargy of their time. But there are always pitfalls lurking in the path of the doctrinaire, and never more so than where the footlights cast their shadows. To wish to preach in the playhouse is inevitably to run the risk of being tediously didactic, and whereas Mr. Bernard Shaw's nimble wit generally enables him to skirt this danger, because even in his most outrageous defiances of respectability he contrives to provoke laughter, M. Brieux is only saved, and not always saved, by his sense of character and of dramatic situation. There are times when the Frenchman's thesis-plays degenerate into tracts. "Les Avariés" is a case in point. The subject of this piece is likely to prevent it from ever obtaining a public performance, and it is not the sort of subject that I should care to particularise, though it is treated, I must say, conscientiously, and up to a certain point artistically. The first act shows you a patient who is on the eve of marriage consulting a physician in order to be cured of a disease, and being warned by that physician that he ought not to marry for years. In the second act you see that he has defied his doctor's instructions and you watch all the evil consequences which were predicted accumulating upon him with tragic completeness. But the closing act is virtually a monologue of the doctor's in which, addressing the rebellious husband's father-in-law, who happens to be a deputy, he enlarges on the ignorance wherein the public is kept as to this special disease, and illustrates the fatal effects of such ignorance by calling into consultation one or another of his hospital patients. Here, surely, we have didacticism running riot.

It should be noted, too, that M. Brieux's love of ramming home his moral seriously affects the construction of his plays; he has a weakness for the set scene, because that enables him to dramatise his theme on a big spectacular scale. Mr. Shaw talks of him as cutting off for us slices of life in his plays and of his bringing order and connection into the chaos of every-day experience, as the artist should, by his arrangement and selection of events. But really M. Brieux's methods of selection are extremely arbitrary and sacrifice plausibility only too often to the desire for

* "Three Plays by Brieux." With a Preface by Bernard Shaw. 5s. net. (Fifield.)

effect. He is too fond of piecing together the abnormal and the unusual, and offering this as a representation of ordinary life; he is too ready to confine the range of his characters so that they are all made to personify, as it were, some conceivable phase of his thesis. Thus in "Maternity" you are introduced to an official who addresses local mayors and provincials on the necessity of repopulating the country, and yet he turns out of doors his wife's young sister because she is about to become the mother of an illegitimate child. His wife, again, is shown as being forced to bear him offspring that inherit from him an alcoholic taint. Four women are presented in one room together, weeping in different corners over the lot of motherhood, while into the last act are crowded a number of persons concerned in a series of illegal operations. A similar artificiality of grouping is to be found, though to a less degree, in "Mr. Dupont's Three Daughters." The truth of the matter is, M. Brieux looks at life too much from the medical point of view. Alcohol, sex-disorders, the marriage of convenience, are to him the curses of our civilisation, and he sees them everywhere. Of the amenities of existence, of normal folk, of their natural yearnings for romance and beauty, he takes too little account. So feeling keenly about what he conceives as amiss among us, he turns his dramatis personæ, just as does Mr. Shaw, into marionettes, twists them this way and that to suit his own scheme or theories, and puts into their mouths inappropriate lengths of rhetoric - with the consequence that his "realism" proves to be little less mechanical than the sentimental drama it is intended to replace. Both "Maternité" and "Les Trois Filles" are strong and moving dramas, their shortcomings notwithstanding, and I fail to see how public performances of either could have any but the most severely moral influence on audiences. On the other hand I feel bound to regard Mr. Shaw's critical judgment as going sadly astray when he exalts Brieux to the level of Molière, and tells us the former is the greatest writer in tragi-comedy France has produced since the author of "Tartuffe." If that were true, how happy we ought to feel in this country, for we have one playwright to-day– Mr. Galsworthy, I mean– who can beat M. Brieux at his own game. But in this connection Mr. Shaw is blinded by his intellectual sympathies.

F. G. BETTANY.

THE FANTASTIC MR. LOCKE.*

Mr. Locke enjoys the rare and peculiar power of being consistently fantastic. He does not, as many novelists do, project a few fantastic figures against a normal and realistic background. The world he creates is complete to the last detail with every line so subtilely distorted that we fail to detect any conspicuous departure from the normal. In Mr. Locke's novels the unexpected is always happening in the most natural way. All his characters are a little mad, but they are so nicely adjusted to one another that we scarcely notice it. This nice adjustment is Mr. Locke's secret, and to attempt to summarise one of his stories is unfair, except on the understanding that the summary is only intended for the guidance of the devout Lockian anxious to know how the latest book compares with "The Belovèd Vagabond," which for all true Lockians remains the touchstone and the norm. On this point let us say at once that if we are to assign what economists call an "index number" to "The Glory of Clementina Wing," in our judgment that number would be somewhere about ten per cent. below the index number of "The Belovèd Vagabond."

The early part of the book is more concerned with Ephraim Quixtus than with Clementina. Ephraim was necessary to Clementina. He was, in fact, destined to be her raw material. Mr. Locke knew it, but Clementina did not, and consequently she was very rude to Ephraim, as indeed she was to most other people. A mocking destiny had made Ephraim Quixtus a solicitor, probably the worst ever admitted to a much-maligned and honourable profession. By temperament he was an antiquarian. "His mind attributed far greater importance to the sharp flint instruments wherewith primitive men settled their quarrels by whanging each other over the head than to the miserable instruments on parchment which adjusted the sordid wrangles of the present generation." So he left the sordid wrangles to be adjusted by his partner and devoted his energies to presiding over the Anthropological Society. Unhappily the temptation offered by the innocence of Quixtus, an innocence sufficiently remarkable in an ordinary man, but stupendous in a solicitor, was too much for his partner's honesty. The old-established firm of Quixtus & Son came to a terrific smash, and the judge was, to put it mildly, most unsympathetic. But worse was to follow. Like Job, Ephraim was overwhelmed by an avalanche of disasters. He lost an inheritance to which he had looked forward from boyhood: he found in his dead wife's desk a letter which seemed to leave no doubt that she had betrayed him with his dearest friend, and lastly, a little coterie of wastrels whom he had befriended in his prosperity proved false to him in his hour of need. The bottom was knocked out of his world. Something snapped in his brain, and convinced that there was no good anywhere, he determined to become desperately wicked. Fortunately, or unfortunately, he found that wickedness was not so easily accomplished as he imagined. Ephraim was a gentleman, and to any one handicapped by a scholarly temperament and a horror of vulgarity, a career of vice presents grave difficulties. Crime in the vulgar police-court sense was out of the question, apart from the unpleasantness of its consequences. The turf proved monotonously and disappointingly honest. With an ignorance of horses only equalled by his ignorance of law, Ephraim found himself winning money which he did not want from coarse Hebrews whom he intensely disliked. So, as a last resort, he determined on the desperate expedient of breaking a woman's heart, with only the dimmest notion of how that object was to be achieved: and that was where Clementina came in.

Clementina, too, had seen the bottom knocked out of her world. But she had fought her way through and emerged at thirty-five hard and battered, a portrait-painter famous for the brilliance of her technique and the sharpness of her tongue. How Clementina rescued Quixtus, and found her real self in the process, we leave Mr. Locke's readers to find out for themselves. Suffice it to say that the chapters describing Clementina's motor tour through France with Tommy Burgrave, the delightful and entirely natural *jeune premier* of the story, are in Mr. Locke's best manner. He has done nothing better than the simple, unstrained pathos of the chapter in which Clementina, realising that Tommy's love is hers if she will, gently surrenders him to the charming *ingenue* Etta Concannon, without his ever suspecting the sacrifice she has made. Finally, she emerges a brilliant butterfly from her chrysalis of Bohemianism, and after defeating the professional siren, an unconvincing and conventional character, with her own weapons, she finds in the arms of the transformed Quixtus the happiness which she had supposed irrevocably lost. "Woman," according to Mr. Locke, "has always her sex hanging round the neck of her spirit." The thesis is disputable, and Mr. Locke is clearly not one of the heroes of Caxton Hall and Clement's Inn. But true or not as a general proposition, it is certainly true of Clementina; and Clementina is one of the most fascinating of Mr. Locke's creations, which is all that matters. The dialogue is as a whole less prodigally witty than in "The Belovèd Vagabond," but it is always easy and often brilliant, and the descriptive passages are tantalisingly short.

* "The Glory of Clementina Wing." By W. J. Locke. 6s. (John Lane.)

SIR JOHN HALL.*



After Waterloo: the Wounded in Brussels.

From "The Life and Letters of Sir John Hall," by S. M. Mitra. (Longmans.)

A new era of literature opens when a Hindu gentleman compiles the biography of a distinguished Englishman. We are accustomed to see Egyptian problems discussed in excellent idiomatic English by a native Egyptian, and Mr. Mitra himself, after spending only four or five years in this country, gave us a most creditable disquisition on the problems to be solved in India.

But in this volume he breaks new ground, for Sir John Hall's connection with India was of the slightest. His life work was done in the West Indies, Spain, South America, and above all in the Crimea, yet his Hindu biographer shows himself perfectly at home with the history and atmosphere of each of these countries, and Sir John Hall's greatest admirer cannot complain that injustice has been done to the merits of the man or the interest of his life. If anything, the biographer is a little too conscientious. The copious letters written from the Cape will be skipped by the judicious reader, for the Kaffir wars in which the surgeon bore a part present no features of permanent interest, unless we make an exception in favour of the description of Sir Harry Smith and his masterly dealings with the natives. His manner of bringing a war to an end should stand as a classic example of how to deal with tribes in this stage of civilisation. His two great weapons were, first, great rapidity and resolution in his movements: he once rode six hundred miles in six days; and secondly, a dictatorial manner of addressing the Kaffirs; he never stooped to argue: he simply announced his will. The natives recognised a strong man and humbly did his bidding, while they mocked at the kindly philanthropists who treated them as brothers. The prolonged travels and experiences in Spain might also have been much condensed, although Sir John came across some startling instances of highway robbery and blackmail.

More interesting is the surgeon's connection with the historical flogging of White the Hussar, whose subsequent death set the heather on fire in England and kept it burning until flogging was abolished in the army. Sir John himself absolutely refused to see any cause and effect in the matter. The 150 lashes, he notes, "merely abraded the skin; the true skin was not cut through by the flogging." The real value of the book lies in the testimony of the principal medical officer in the Crimea to the woeful bungling that disgraced that war. Mr. Mitra deals in masterly fashion with this all-important subject. He shows us the wretched soldiers harassed with excessively long hours of work, debilitated by constant exposure to wet, wearing their sodden clothes for weeks at a time, deprived of the proper means of cooking their food—but there is no need to recapitulate the horrors. The rate of mortality exceeded that of the great plague in the population of London. The all-important question of the responsibility for these tragedies is admirably handled by the biographer, who quotes from all the leading authorities. At the same time the exaggerations of Dr. W. H. Russell are exposed, and due stress is laid on the effect of the long train of mischances, such as the loss of the *Prince* with stores on board, the destruction by fire of the commissariat at Varna, and so forth. A somewhat novel light is also thrown on Miss Nightingale's work, with which Sir John was evidently not in absolute sympathy. The book, in fact, is a valuable addition to the literature of the war.

* "Life and Letters of Sir John Hall." By S. M. Mitra. 16s. net. (Longmans.)

THE POET LAUREATE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

"The pitfall of autobiographies," as Mr. Alfred Austin says in his first chapter, "is egotism"; but no man ever believes himself to be an egotist, and if Mr. Austin has fallen into that pit we are not going to cast the first stone. The mere fact that a man sits down to write his autobiography indicates that he is so far satisfied of his importance that he considers the world will be pleased to know all about him, and since the nation has officially crowned Mr. Austin as its representative poet he has more reason than have many autobiographers for the faith that is in him. If he failed to take himself seriously, indeed, he would put a slight upon our rulers who showed him how to do so.

The most interesting, and perhaps the most important, passages in these two handsome volumes are those that relate their author's experiences as a journalist and as a politician. He was for a long time chief leader-writer for the *Standard*; the late Lord Salisbury respected his judgment, and he was in the confidence of Bismarck; he was a war-correspondent through the Franco-German War, and gives some vivid accounts of the campaigning; but when he comes to the story of his literary life, the record loses colour and much of it is superficial and too complacent in tone. He quotes largely from poems written at various periods and gives rather too much space to telling how they came to be written and the pleasant things that personal friends have said of them. He knew Trollope and Lord Lytton, but does not attempt any live

* "The Autobiography of Alfred Austin." 2 Vols. Illustrated. 24s. net. (Macmillan.)

sketch of the men and adds nothing to our knowledge of them. The only one of his contemporary authors of whom he really supplies any information is Tennyson. There was a time when Mr. Austin wrote very disparagingly of Tennyson, and probably there were and are others besides Matthew Arnold who more or less shared his views; but he came to recognise his errors and largely recanted them, and later he met Tennyson, who condoned the past and in his closing years counted him among his friends.

Fortune has been so kind to Mr. Austin all along that he can afford to laugh at the unkindnesses of some of his critics. He knows nothing of the garret; he never served that apprenticeship to poverty which is supposed to do so much in the making of poets, and if his poetry has lost anything on that score his life has gained so considerably that he need not regret it. His father was a Leeds wool-stapler, and Mr. Austin was so happily circumstanced that he was able to abandon a career at the Bar in order to follow the way of life that appealed to him more strongly. He has written many books in prose and verse; has given and received a goodly share of hard knocks in print; has run a long and successful course and enjoyed it, and it is good to find him writing of it all at length with so little bitterness, so much urbanity and contentment. His remarks on latter-day politics are sometimes unfortunate, but they are the natural views of one who has travelled an easy road and cannot realise that in other paths are travellers who bruise their feet against many stones, and in this perhaps lies the main value and interest of Mr. Austin's autobiography, that it is the frank itinerary of a lucky poet who has learned in comfort what he has taught in song.

A.

THE CELTIC SPIRIT.*

Most if not all of Dr. Meyer's translations have appeared before in journals and books not seen by the general reader. To him, therefore, they will be new, and if he wants to meet the Celtic spirit in its intensity and greatest beauty he should look here. The translations are admirable, being in unaffected prose that is always intelligible and suggests the beauty which it cannot wholly express far better than any verse but a great poet's or any other prose whatever could do. Once only Dr. Meyer uses verse, and though it is hard to point to the fault, it is very much inferior. The pieces range from four lines to about fifty in length; they number about fifty and are divided chiefly under the headings of "Myth and Saga," "Religious Poetry," "Songs of Nature," "Love Poetry" and "Bardic Poetry." To enjoy some of them at once it is perhaps necessary to have some slight prejudice in their favour. The strange names and the references to an unfamiliar mythology may be an obstacle; on the other hand, they can be a positive advantage. But a large proportion of them are of a clear if unusual beauty. There are, for example, the farewell of Deirdre to Alba, her lament over Noisi and his brothers, the sons of Usnagh. There are no more beautiful elegies. They combine in an extraordinary way a dramatic natural poignancy with a rich beauty of art. The most immediately attractive class is that of "Songs of Nature." The natural element pervades every class, notably the religious—the hermit's song, *e.g.*, is one of longing for "a little hidden hut in the wilderness," and for leeks, hens, salmon, trout, and bees. When Carbery asked King Cormac his habits as a lad he began by saying:

"I was a listener in woods,
I was a gazer at stars."

Then he went on with "I was mild in the mead-hall," etc. And this must have been exactly true of many in that civilisation. Many are the poems in Irish and Welsh of which the following is only a very brief and refined example. It is called "The Scribe:"

"A hedge of trees surrounds me,
A blackbird's lay sings to me:
Above my lined booklet
The trilling birds chant to me.

"In a grey mantle from the top of bushes
The cuckoo sings:
Verily—may the Lord shield me!—
Well do I write under the greenwood."

The finest poem of this kind in the book is a dialogue between a seventh-century king and his hermit brother, ending with the king's wish to give up his kingdom for the hermitage. This had possibly become a convention, but only because the truth was so familiar; and whether kings or their brothers did so or not, the writer of the poem loved the wild and the wild life with a robustness and also a delicacy that it would be hard to parallel in modern writing. He loved not only the trees and singing birds and the flowers, but the badger's brood that came to his haunts, and the "goodly sweet tangle." This combination of robustness and delicacy is characteristic. When the delicacy has the upper hand it transmutes everything out of this world into another—into the Celtic world. For me one of the most attractive poems in the book is "The Hosts of Faery," where this delicacy has the upper hand. It is composed of nothing but solid, tangible things, and yet the effect is something lighter than Botticelli's "Spring." It ends:

"No wonder though their strength be great:
Sons of queens and kings are one and all;
On their heads are
Beautiful golden-yellow manes.

"With smooth comely bodies,
With bright blue-starred eyes,
With pure crystal teeth,
With thin red lips.

"Good they are at man-slaying,
Melodious in the ale-house,
Masterly at making songs,
Skilled at playing *fidchell*."

(Fidchell is a game like draughts or chess.) I have not space to analyse the charm, but I know that the antiquity of the piece is a great part of it: so much of the beliefs and ideas of the composer have faded away and have left a skeleton to be clothed by some mysterious process of the reader's mind, where those beliefs and ideas are not dead but metamorphosed. See also Colum Cille's "Greeting to Ireland": his angels are like those seen by Blake as a child.

Something of the same charm of clear strangeness may be traced in Miss Ella Young's retellings of old Irish tales, of which the only fault is that the faeriness of the original has been supplemented by something a little too delicate in the re-teller. Lady Gregory's tales have not the same fault. They have the same charm, but in a higher degree. They have mystery without any mist whatever, but on the contrary great clearness and vivacity. Chiefly astonishing things happen but as if nothing were so natural. Miss Gonne's illustrations are very slender and exquisite. Miss Gregory's are deliberately naïve.

EDWARD THOMAS.

* "Ancient Irish Poetry." Selected and Translated by Kuno Meyer. 3s. 6d. net. (Constable.)—"Celtic Wonder Tales." Retold by Ella Young. Illustrated and Decorated by Maud Gonne. "The Kiltartan Wonder Book." By Lady Gregory. Illustrated by Margaret Gregory. 3s. 6d. net each. (Dublin: Maunsel.)

OF MANY COUNTRIES.*

Let us not be accused of insularity. Here are seven books of fiction, and of these one and one only is a story of English people in England. This cosmopolitanism is admirable in the abstract; in the concrete it has given us some excellent reading. Whatever mood it was that inspired Mr. de Vere Stacpoole to write "The Ship of Coral," we may be thankful for it. A fine dramatic unity governs this thrilling story. The end of Simon Serpente, the most evil of the old-time pirates who infested the Caribbean sea, had been long a mystery, and its discovery was destined to set in train another tragedy of cupidity and destiny. Serpente's vessel had undergone a sea-change into a "ship of coral" when it was found by Yves and Gaspard, the sole survivors of the *Rhone*, and arresting is the author's description of it. The tragedy quickly develops. Yves is murdered by his foolish companion, who is presently in the blackmailing grasp of his rescuer, the sinister Captain Sagesse. The return of these two to the scene of the wreck is followed by the nemesis of the blackmailer, and at last Gaspard, with his sins purged somewhat by the terrors he has endured, returns with the ill-starred wealth to his true love in St. Pierre, only to find the town buried in the dust and ashes of Pelée. The tragedy is lightened at the end, but without diminution of its impressiveness. Of the plot it may be true to say that it is only familiar material brilliantly rehandled. But the writing of the book sets it far above the common. The scenery is touched in with remarkable skill, and unfolds a series of word-pictures of noticeable force and beauty. The description of the ruined city of St. Pierre is a bit of highly finished craftsmanship, and it is only one of many pages that add to a substantial feast of romantic adventure the relish of a finely-wrought style.

"Marrying Money," by Louis Vance, gains strength as it advances. From a slightly unsure, amateurish beginning in New York, the story travels with its hero to Radville, Pennsylvania, and emerges as a racy chronicle of homely doings in the small country town. Nathaniel Duncan, who, in spite of the help of friends, has proved himself a most unbusiness-like failure times without number, sets out, as a forlorn hope, to "marry money," and in the attempt proves himself to be a business man of no mean order; and his way of making money instead of marrying it, and his way of making love instead of taking it, are diverting methods, showing, too, an America very different from the America of New York.

Out of his detestation of the America which had hustled the life out of him, old Richard Marlowe, in the first chapters of Priscilla Craven's novel, "The School of Love," leaves his hardly won fortune to his little grand-daughter Verity, on condition that she shall in due time marry an Englishman. Verity, on the verge of womanhood, is brought to England, and meets the sort of Englishman who is so often the "type" in twentieth-century novels; "no plaster saint," but "a good sort." Needless to say there are rocks ahead for poor Verity—also for the "type." Miss Craven's Englishman had a past, but we are glad that she allows him a future. The more American portions of the story are the best; the more tragic English chapters have an undesirable hint of "propaganda" about them.

In "Lilamani," Maud Diver deals with the matter of marriage between an Englishman and an Indian girl. She calls her story "a study in possibilities," and presents an interesting single case, from which it is impossible to generalise. Her heroine is a high caste Indian girl who is married for love by a baronet's son There are many difficulties to be overcome before the idyllic courtship and marriage is allowed; but the greater difficulties are, in truth, the deeper ones of race which time reveals. Mrs. Diver's clever handling of this "possibility" does not take us far towards the overthrow of racial barriers. The problem is a difficult one to deal with in fiction as in ethnology, and it is no small praise to Mrs. Diver that in her hands the theme is treated with undoubted romantic charm.

"The Heath Hover Mystery," by Bertram Mitford, is frankly a tale of secret and unexplained evil happenings, touched with the glamour of Eastern romance. The important thing in the story is a star with deadly points, and its fateful influence on an otherwise normal English household is told of with a skilful prolonging of the mystery.

The moral—if the old-fashioned term be still pardonable—of Mr. Jack London's new novel, "Burning Daylight," is identical with that of "The Ship of Coral." Elam Harnish, who owed his sobriquet, Burning Daylight, to his aggressive insistence on early rising, made fame and fortune as a Klondike pioneer, and repeated his success as a financial magnate in the States. Morally and physically this lovable giant wilted in the artificial atmosphere of American finance, and late in the day Love opened his eyes to the vanity of it all. In the first half of the novel, Burning Daylight abundantly proves his claim to the enviable reputation of being "nervy, straight, and white," and the story ends by picturing him a poor but happy Benedick, holding his happiness cheaply won at the sacrifice of thirty million dollars. Burning Daylight is a gallant hero of a fine story. He had a rare skill in dancing, and it would not be surprising if he were to be seen before very long "shaking a leg" beyond the footlights.

In drawing the character of Oliver Lumley in "Oliver's Kind Women," the satirical powers of Mr. Philip Gibbs are seen to excellent advantage. Though tempered with humour the satire is sharp, and it bears unmistakable proof of its sincerity and first hand origin. Oliver is the good-looking son of a poor City clerk, and his good looks win him the partiality of most of the women who touch his life - the only note of criticism coming from his sister, whose life is likely to be crushed under the exacting selfishness of Oliver's artistic development. Oliver is a sorry figure in comparison with every other character in the story, and it is a kindly fate that leads him at last to mediocre affluence by writing serials for the kitchen. The shoddy side of Soho literary Bohemianism is mercilessly exposed, and there is a fine Thackerayan flavour in the description of the Wastrels' Club. Oliver's "head was in a whirl. . . . This was Life! This was the folly of youth! . . . It was magnificent anyhow, although as regards youthfulness he was surprised at the numbers of middle-aged men who took part in the mad merriment." The most important member of the club was Mr. Burden, who paid for all the drinks, and who kept "a hat-shop in the City, 303 Cheapside. Home Address, 22 Primrose Villas, Dulwich."

L. Q. C.

* "The Ship of Coral." By H. de Vere Stacpoole. 6s. (Hutchinson.) - "Marrying Money." By Louis J. Vance. 6s. (Grant Richards.) - "Lilamani: A Study in Possibilities." By Maud Diver. 6s. (Hutchinson.) - "Burning Daylight." By Jack London. 6s. (Heinemann.) "The School of Love." By Priscilla Craven. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)—"The Heath Hover Mystery." By Bertram Mitford. 6s (Ward, Lock.) - "Oliver's Kind Women." By Philip Gibbs. 6s. (Herbert & Daniel.)

WEST MEETS EAST.*

We may have our suspicions of a book which in about 100,000 words will undertake to give a picture of the gorgeous East. Perhaps the countrymen of Mr. Collier have alone compiled 100,000 of such breathless books, and though these are not wholly without value, they are tedious. Why should we wade through such another, when we probably shall be confronted with the same impressions, practically, of the self-same objects? And Mr. Collier is a hustler, even if, like Mr. Pierpont Morgan, he be given to the arts. We jump about from one thing to another, now appreciating, now rebuking, always—so it seems—with

* "The West in the East." By Price Collier. 7s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

eyes wide open; and he would persuade us that the Japanese will like his book far better than the work of Loti. "More than half the distrust between one another, of the nations of the earth," he says, "is due to nothing more mysterious than just plain, complete and indifferent ignorance." He is severe upon the amateur who has been usually sent to fill a diplomatic post of Uncle Sam's, and probably he would himself be far too independent for the diplomatic service in a day when Foreign Secretaries have you at a cable's length. It may not have been wise for the United States to send as far as San Francisco Mr. Crane, a gentleman with whom I travelled in the mountains of Bulgaria when he was far from thinking, I believe, that he would ever be appointed Minister to China, which is the most trying diplomatic post, says Mr. Taft, which he can offer. Mr. Crane unbent himself unfortunately in an interview, and had to go from San Francisco back to Washington. The beau ideal of a modern diplomat would seem to be the difference between Mr. Collier and Mr. Crane. As for Mr. Collier and his interesting book, his strong opinions well expressed we feel that we are sitting in the splendid library of the Union League Club in Fifth Avenue, while this most firm and strenuous Republican is entertaining us—it may be said at once that like all men of strong opinions he attracts us and repels. But, after all, we need not dwell upon the little frailties, the somewhat too insistent information that he had good introductions. This is merely personal, and makes us turn with some relief to Borrow, who did not go out with introductions to Galicia and the inns thereof. Mr. Collier openly confesses—only he does not appear to think it matters—that the Japanese were looking after him when he was in Korea. They would certainly take most elaborate precautions with a man so hard to please as Mr. Collier, and it is sincerely to be hoped that when he goeth out again into the glamorous East he will rely upon his own resources, which are doubtless more than adequate. His attitude throughout is that of an Imperialist, the newest product of the States; and I am very much intrigued to know what his opinions are about the future of the Mexican Republic and of those which intervene between it and the so-called Republic of Panama.



Mr. Price Collier.

The greatest portion of this book deals with the Indian Empire. "Many Englishmen," he says, "whose fate and fortune and empire are dependent upon the success of their rule in India, seem to be interested in India as sympathetically and as intelligently as the Irishmen in the funeral procession. The long line of carriages was obliged to halt at a certain street-crossing. A passer-by near one of the carriages asked an Irishman sitting inside whose funeral it was. 'Shure an' I dunno,' was the reply, 'I'm only in for the roide.'" This American critic in his searching, rather disconnected, sometimes disconcerting book, is well worth reading, and will more especially appeal to those whose Toryness approaches his in crustiness.

Henry Baerlein.

"POOR RACHEL!"*

Mr. Gribble's realistic method is seen to great advantage in this candid study of Rachel, the actress and the woman, and a few lines may be borrowed from the preface to give the reader his point of view:

"There have been a few actors and actresses (actresses more particularly) . . . great enough to be classed, not with public entertainers, but with public institutions; their personalities as well as their performances having counted in the social life of their times. Rachel's personality counted, beyond question, in that way. If she had not the whole world for her stage, she had the greater portion of the civilised world for her audience; and she held her audience, not merely as an artist, but as an individual. . . . Her biographer, therefore, has no right to flatter himself that he has finished his task when he has compiled a list of her professional engagements and buried her beneath a tumulus of adulatory press notices. The case is one of the few in which it is worth while to try to go further, drawing the portrait of an actress, and composing a picture of the social medium in which she moved."

The portrait that Mr. Gribble draws with signal skill is neither a flattering nor a contemptuous one. It is lifelike, omitting no needful shadows. Rachel the artist (and, within a somewhat narrow compass, probably the greatest in tragedy whom the world has seen) is indeed above all flattery. Her genius commanded, and homage—even of the extravagant sort—was her due portion. Of Rachel the woman it would be not impossible to write with some measure of contempt; but this would be worse than harsh, it would be unfair. For as Mr. Gribble himself says, the most faithful book about Rachel is chiefly a book of pity. What was best, and of course greatest, in her was beheld upon the stage. Away from it, she lived the fevered life of a much-courted woman who on the affective side was as really arid as Napoleon. There was no power of love in her, and the amours of a naturally loveless woman are tragical to contemplate. Rachel, moreover, at the very height of her career, was crucified in her soul by an unforgiving sickness: she felt herself to be—as in truth she was—mated with death. Consumption carried her off at thirty-eight.

She never lost, and was yet not much embittered by, certain hard and stinging memories of childhood. Out of the gutter veritably this Jew girl rose, if ever genius did. It may be no more than a legend that she remembered the little travelling cart of her father the Hebrew pedlar, out of which once (fortunately swathed in blankets) she rolled on to the road, and was temporarily lost. But she certainly remembered her cold and hungry days in Paris, when she roamed the streets and penetrated with her shy fierce look into cafés, singing to an old guitar songs that were not always very nice. At a supper-party in her grand days, when with a laughing ostentation she would trail her rich sleeves in the sauces—

"she confided to the company that she could not remember a time when she had been what the world calls 'innocent.' That, one may justly say, supposing it to be true (which is uncertain), was rather her misfortune than her fault; for respect for the innocence of young women is not numbered among the traditions of the gutter."

But from the penurious, precarious, and sorry situation of an Esmeralda of the boulevards and the cheaper cafés, Rachel ascended almost at one spring to the pedestal from which thenceforward she held her world in fee. She was at the fervour of eighteen, a-tremble with interpretative passion, when (in 1838) Jules Janin in the *Débats* and Mme. de Girardin in the *Presse* gave Paris to know that a new classic had come upon the boards of the Théâtre Français. Paris, so quick at taking in ideas, concurred with the critics. Here was something rather different from the talent (the very high and fine talent) of Mlle. Georges—Napoleon's "dear, kind Georgette." Naturally we are no longer able to say what was precisely the power, what precisely were the graces, that Rachel snatched upon the stage. If the genius of a player

* "Rachel: Her Stage and her Real Life." By Francis Gribble. With 6 Photogravures. 15s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)



From "Nova Scotia," by Beckles Willson (Constable.)

The High Street, Antigonish.

confounds, as it usually does, contemporary criticism, posterity is needs at a hard pass to realise it truly. Whether, for instance, Rachel was as sheer or pure in her histrionic art as she seems beyond question to have been supreme in the qualities of will and intellect, who at this day shall venture to assert? In fifty years these not very profitable questions will be puzzling, as it is about Irving. She was originally at odds with her voice, as Irving was with his. An organ in none too flexible, as she received it from nature, none too melodious, she brought it into harmony with her tragic needs, and the low and curiously muffled notes of it at her ripest period possessed, says a critic of the last century, a thrilling and penetrating quality that was irresistible.

Again, it is very worthy of note, as an index of the dynamic power of Rachel's genius, that she not only lifted the fortunes of the Français at their very ebb or reflux, but that she did this by compelling Paris to interest itself anew in a form of drama that had very nearly passed into disdain. She created a fresh and sincere taste for the classical; and she did this at the era when the latest and most victorious of the champions of romanticism might be said to constitute the steel battalion of the footlights. The classical was all but routed when Rachel rallied and led it back for another hour's triumph.

Off the stage, too, the magnetic Jewess renewed her empire. In the Faubourg St. Germain, where, it is said, that her manner was always charming and refined, she was a frequent guest, until a somewhat too well advertised liaison occasioned her discomfiture. This was the affair with Prince Walewski (son of Napoleon and his devoted Polish countess), through which, as Mr. Gribble informs us, "the blood if not the genius of Napoleon has been transmitted to an esteemed contemporary manufacturer." Already, however, Rachel had felt the chill hand upon her, had glimpsed with inner sight that "silent shore" whither she was being relentlessly impelled. In revolt against the cruelty of the fate that claimed her, the frail, intoxicated genius flung herself into the whirl of life, pitting herself frantically against time. This fact, says Mr. Gribble—

> "is the clue to a great deal in Rachel's character and career. She was famous when she was young, and was exalted to a very delirium of delight; but the clouds were already stealing up, foreshadowing the night. . . . Her chilling instinct of their advent grew gradually to a certain knowledge, and there were times when she spoke of her terror. Once, at a rehearsal of 'Adrienne Lecouvreur,' she burst without apparent reason into a flood of tears. Asked why she wept, she replied that it was because of her premonition that she, too, like the actress whom she was impersonating, was destined to die young and see the cup of rapture snatched from her lips almost before she had tasted it."

Hence she seizes upon life with both hands, calls upon the gods to send her in unstinted abundance glory and praise and love and gold and diamonds. Well, she got all of these; yet in respect of love there is no single great romance in all her splendid chapter, for love was a thing that she herself had not to give. Nevertheless love she still pursued, as well as riches and renown, speeding from Paris to London, to St. Petersburg, to New York, to Cairo; and having earned one fortune by her talents, acquired a second by spoiling the Egyptians.

A good deal of this is, of course, not very sympathetic; but this was Rachel's life, a strange mingling of the great and brilliant with the avaricious and ignoble. Let us remember the supreme tragedienne, and remember also the lament that was often on her lips: "Poor Rachel! Poor Rachel!"

TIGHE HOPKINS.

NOVA SCOTIA.*

It will be with a feeling of the most unfeigned surprise that most readers will turn over these pages. They are a revelation. Our attention has been so much focussed on the north-west of Canada, its harvests and its orchards, that we have forgotten the old colony of New Scotland. Truth to tell, we never did know very much about it. The garbled story of "Evangeline," and Mr. Rudyard Kipling's allusion to the mists concealing the "guardian prows" of Halifax, make up the sum total of the knowledge of most of us. All the greater is the delight when Mr. Willson turns the key and opens the door—not to a museum of lifeless antiquities, but to a little living world with a heroic and romantic past. What can be more stirring than the capture of Louisbourg from the French? A fortress built by the most celebrated engineers of France is attacked by a merchant at the head of a body of artisans and labourers. The initial step is taken while the officers are at a ball. It is Port Arthur over again, only the attack is pushed home and Louisbourg falls in forty-nine days, as Port Arthur ought to have done. What can be more dramatic than the landing of the American loyalists at Port Roseway? Fleeing from the ferocity and fury of the Republicans, they kiss the beach and thank God that the flag of England floats there. Laughter and tears intermingle, and they find an outlet for their tumultuous thoughts in dancing a quadrille. This is genuine history. "Evangeline" is garbled history. The poet omitted to state that the primitively virtuous neighbours of that heroine had assisted French and American Indians in making a murderous assault on the British living in their midst. The incorporation of such a detail would have spoilt the poem. Yes, Nova Scotia is full of the storied past. Here is the bay where the pirates loved to congregate; here the creek where the inhabitants launched their cruisers and paid them back in their own coin. From this port forty years ago sailing vessels were launched which visited every harbour in the globe, so great was then number. In this village lived Judge Haliburton.

But Nova Scotia is alive, not dead; it has its future as well as its past, a great future if Englishmen can be

* Nova Scotia. By Beckles Willson. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

induced to take an interest in it. Those "hundred miles of apple blossom" round Annapolis with their million barrels of apples! "Glorious!" you will say, but much more capital is wanted to keep those vast orchards in good bearing order. And the land requires a great addition to its live stock if its fertility is not to be exhausted. Capitalists might also find a good investment in developing the mineral resources of a country which is "as carboniferous as Wales." It has had its fill of fraudulent company promoters from the United States, and wants honest British gold. On these and many other topics Mr. Willson enlightens us, and he speaks in good time, before the Canadian Pacific Railway has begun, as shortly it will, its policy of exploitation.

AN IRISH BEAUTY.*

The critics have for a long time been complaining with ever-increasing vigour of the continual flow of biographies which are simply books culled from other books. The result is that publishers cry aloud for works containing unprinted diaries and correspondence, and that every one who has family papers, or who is so fortunate as to have access to the family papers of others, is encouraged to print them. The Georgian era is fashionable to-day, and volumes of memoirs of this period pour from the press with such amazing rapidity that it seems that soon every scrap of paper covered with writing during the eighteenth century and the first three decades of the nineteenth century will soon have been printed. The task that awaits the future historian of this period is one that may well make the most indefatigable and enthusiastic writer of to-day turn grey with awe. Yet it is right and fitting that all these documents should be accessible; and when they are well edited and admirably annotated, as is the volume under consideration, we owe a debt of gratitude to those responsible for the production. Yet when we open this book and come upon three consecutive entries such as the following, it must be confessed our feeling of gratitude receives a momentary check:

"*September* 20 (1808) – Covent Garden is burnt down and many lives lost"

"*September* 25, *Hunsdon* - We left Town on Thursday to my great joy Isabella, Mary, Felicia and I We found Mr C and the children in perfect health, and delighted to see us"

"*September* 28 —Isabella and Lavinia read Homer's Odyssey."

Such entries as these cannot possibly be of the slightest interest or value to either general readers or students, and to reprint them after the lapse of more than a century argues a strange want of judgment. Let us hasten to add that this, of course, is an extreme example; but there are a good many other passages that might well have been blue-pencilled. And the blue pencil requires handling firmly in such volumes as this, because the journals as a whole are rather small beer.

The writer of these journals, which she styled "Mes Souvenirs," was the Hon. Frances Pery, the younger daughter of Edmond Sexton Pery, who, on the resignation of John Ponsonby in 1771, was elected Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, which position he occupied with credit for fourteen years, when age and ill-health compelled his retirement. He was then raised to the peerage by the title of Viscount Pery of Newtoun-Pery in the county of Limerick, when, in spite of the onslaughts he had made in earlier years on the pension system and of his own ample means, he consented to accept (what may be admitted to have been a well-earned) pension of £3,000 a year. Frances, who was born in Sackville Street, Dublin, on February 4, 1767, married twenty years later an English country gentleman, Nicholas Calvert, of Hunsdon in Hertfordshire.

* "An Irish Beauty of the Regency: Compiled from 'Mes Souvenirs,' the unpublished journals of the Hon. Mrs. Calvert, 1789-1882." By Mrs Warrenne Blake. With Frontispiece in Photogravure and 32 other Illustrations. 16s. net. (John Lane.)

Thenceforth Mrs. Calvert mixed much in the society of the metropolis, and until her death in 1859, at the age of ninety-two, took an active interest in the social world, so that she was, indeed, a link between the mid-Georgian and mid-Victorian eras.

"Those dim eyes of hers (says Mrs. Warrenne Blake, who saw her at the age of ninety) had wept over the murder of Louis XVI. and the death of Nelson, and her trembling fingers had clasped those of many a bygone celebrity and hero In 1814 she took part in the splendid festivities given in honour of the Allied Sovereigns, when all London—rather prematurely as it turned out went mad with joy over the downfall of the tyrant Bonaparte. And after the battle of Waterloo, she lay awake in an agony of never-to-be forgotten fear, wondering if her dear son Felix were alive or dead.

"She was on visiting terms with the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, immortalised by Gainsborough; with troublesome, clever Lady Caroline Lamb and her husband, afterwards Lord Melbourne; and the great Duke of Wellington was her friend and kinsman She knew the Prince Regent and Mrs Fitzherbert well, and in days when the relations between Court and Society were of a simple and friendly description, she had been honoured by the kindly notice of Queen Caroline and of the six blooming Princesses of whom Hoppner has left us such delightful portraits."

Mrs. Calvert knew all these people, and many other interesting folk. She went to the opera and heard Catalani, who left her cold; and to the theatre, where she was moved to enthusiasm by the acting of Mrs Siddons, Kean, Macready, and the Kembles; she played cards, and bitterly resented losing, as others have done before and since. "I lost £7," she noted in her diary. "If I go on in this way, I shall soon cut cards, for I don't choose to lose my money." She also witnessed the intrusion of a *parvenue* into polite society, in a day when such intrusion was most difficult; but as she went to the assembly of this Mrs. Thompson, she thereby condoned the lady's offence "She is a good-humoured, vulgar woman of low extraction, but has wound herself into the first company by balls, concerts, suppers, etc," so runs an entry in the diary, "and nobody's house is more fashionably attended."

Mrs. Calvert was naturally much interested in all the affairs of the royalty of the day and a supporter of the Prince of Wales in his quarrel with the Princess of Wales. She gives a pen-portrait of her Royal Highness:

"The Princess has certainly a handsome face, but she wears too much rouge Her person is bad, being short and fat, and she had on a quantity of lace, ill put on, and some looking not too clean She wore silver tipped boots, and was altogether rather a singular figure She has no dignity of manner, and lets herself down very much by her giggling ways, dancing about whenever she is asked"

On another occasion Mrs. Calvert remarks that the Princess of Wales "looked like a bundle of dirty clothes," and it must be confessed that not even those most kindly disposed towards this royal lady ever ventured to say that she dressed well. Nowhere has Mrs. Calvert a word to say in praise of the wonderful way in which the Princess bore up against the persecution of one of the worst husbands who figures in English history, but when the Princess was dead, "She was, I believe," Mrs. Calvert wrote, "a good-for-nothing, but certainly a deeply injured woman." Opinions are still divided as to the virtues of her Royal Highness; as to her injuries, no one has any doubt.

Lewis Melville.

PER MARE, PER TERRAM.*

Of these five volumes only the first is new, the other four are reprints, but taken together they afford a comprehensive set of examples of this gallant officer's literary work. Perhaps it would have been as well had he omitted the poem, "The Sign of the Clustered Crosses," from the last-issued book, if only because of its inevitable suggestion of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's work, both in style and matter;

* "Long Bow and Broad Arrow." 3s. 6d. "The Shadow on the Quarter-Deck," "The Peradventures of Private Pagett," "Bearers of the Burden," "Men at Arms." 2s. each. By Major W. P. Drury, Royal Marine Light Infantry (Retired). (Chapman & Hall.)

indeed, in many respects it seems almost a paraphrase of "The Islanders." A recollection of the reception accorded to that stirring poem, even by some of Mr. Kipling's warmest admirers, might have given the Major pause, but perhaps the risk was deliberately taken with full intent and disregard of consequences. Which would only be in accord with the traditions of the noble body of men whom Major Drury so worthily represents.

Coming to a consideration of the books themselves, readers are greatly indebted to Major Drury for the rich and genuine humour of most of his tales, although it is to be feared that their perfect technique and dialect will hide much of their sparkling fun from the ordinary reader. A very great pity, for our genuine humorists are so few and the purveyors of gloom so many that we cannot afford to waste one line of mirth-provoking literature. It should not, however, be supposed for one instant that Major Drury's fun is dependent upon quaint spelling and service slang—in all fairness it must be said that his humour is unforced, real; albeit very often surcharged with suggestion of awful peril, taken, as the men of the Navy are in the habit of taking their tremendous duties, with a gaiety of heart and lightness of bearing that are almost stupefying to the onlooker witnessing it for the first time.

The gallant author deserves all the more credit also for preserving his humorous vein, since it is abundantly evident that his real bent is towards tragedy of the grimmest: its cold shadow will creep over some of his funniest stories although it be but for a moment, as in "Polyacoustic," a story of a submarine which in its suggestion of the weird service rendered by those who really go down to the sea in ships and do business in, not on, the great waters, causes the flesh to roughen by the cosy fireside.

There is too in Major Drury's work a very fine attempt to rise superior to what must be for a great number of marine officers a very trying position. For some deep-seated reason or instinct having its origin in the long distant past there is an antagonism between the bluejacket and the marine which is far more accentuated in the ward-room than on the lower deck. In fact, in some ships it would almost seem as if there were a malignant demon at work condemning the marine officer to the position of the fifth wheel, to a life of utter ennui, his duties being so few and so easily performed that he has an enormous amount of time on his hands. This does not apply in anything like the same measure to the Royal Marine Artillery, who serve the big guns and whose pride it is to excel in the efficiency of their work even that wonderful man the bluejacket. It would be most ungrateful to draw invidious comparisons between the men of the two great branches of the Marines, but just as the Artillery and the Royal Engineers on shore strike a seaman as being much nearer his ideal of a "handyman" than the ordinary soldier, so does the difference between the Blue Marine and the Red strike every sailor, and, often unjustly, to the great disadvantage of the Red.

In one of the books under consideration, "The Shadow on the Quarter-Deck," there is brought before the reader in no dim or indefinite manner the terrible power which is possessed by the captain of a man-of-war to render a marine officer's life a burden to him. Of course it is in the power of a naval captain to do that for anybody on board who happens to fall under his displeasure, and few people ashore realise how great must be the temptation to some men in such a position to use the strength they wield like a giant without restraint. To the honour of the service it must be said that instances of such abuse of power are few and far between, but they do exist, and the careful reader of "The Shadow on the Quarter-Deck," especially if he knows the service, will feel the blood rushing to his face and his hands clenching themselves involuntarily as he realises the possibilities of shameful tyranny which lie in the grasp of that unspeakable villain and complete seaman, Captain St. Artin Leroy, C.M.G., R.N.

One cannot evade the idea that in this book Major Drury is, to be slangy, getting a little of his own back, for although the story which is here incorporated with a wonderful series of pictures of life afloat in the modern Navy is so strange as to be almost incredible, it is nevertheless splendidly told, and its interest never flags; but there is a reality about it which is painful. The long arm of coincidence is certainly stretched enormously, but the story grips and the reader finds himself hurried from one real incident to another with almost breathless speed, learning a great deal on the journey of the Way they have in the Navy to-day.

And Major Drury never allows any prejudice to blind him to the virtues of his friends of the Executive. Critical he is and often sub-acid, but only by accident as it were. His lay figure, Private Pagett, is of course a Marine and his "Peradventures" are just those which a Marine would have, but somehow, in spite of the Major's admiration for him, he does not succeed in making him lovable or rise to the height that it seems certain would have been attained by a bluejacket under similar circumstances.

Perhaps it would be unfair to say that these two books, "The Peradventures of Private Pagett" and "Bearers of the Burden," seem considerably superior to the Major's last published work. That is so easy and obvious a criticism, besides being one that is nearly always made. Perhaps a reader feels a little resentful of the short allowance given in the later book after the plentiful feast provided in the other volumes, and that is certainly no small compliment to pay an author. In conclusion it must be said that for a combination of horror with fun the last story in the "Peradventures" may be profitably compared with "Polyacoustic," and there is little doubt that whatever may be the result as to the relative merits of the two stories, the verdict of the reader will be that Major Drury is nothing less than a master in the line which he has made peculiarly his own.

FRANK T. BULLEN.

REPUBLICANISM ON ITS TRIAL.*

Mr. Fisher has here adopted a very useful but a very difficult form of exposition. In his two hundred and fifty-eight pages he passes in review something like five centuries of European history. He does not, however, fall into the error that led Freeman to perpetrate the nightmare he published under the title of a "General Sketch of European History." He does not try to tell his readers everything. He assumes on their part the possession of quite an extensive background of historical information. Still, his work is in no sense a mere recapitulation, though it does supply an excellent means of revising and improving the reader's historical stock-in-trade. There is no better way of organising a great mass of acquired knowledge than by selecting some important element or aspect of it, and reviewing the whole with respect to the matter chosen. Reviewing European history in the light of the Republican Tradition, Mr. Fisher is able to bring out many important points that might readily escape the ordinary straightforward reader of history. His work, indeed, exemplifies on the highest level that form of revising by application that is now generally recognised with approval in the theory of teaching.

The difficulties of the method are easily realised. The writer has to deal with matters that his readers are assumed to know, so that he has to go on telling them things with which they are familiar. Here Mr. Fisher is very skilful. The reader who has a very limited acquaintance with European history will find in the text just that amount of

* "The Republican Tradition in Europe." By H. A. L. Fisher. 6s. net. (Methuen.)

categorical statement of facts that provides the minimum background necessary to follow the writer's argument; while the well-informed reader will find enough of new matter to reinforce the interest aroused by the striking presentation of well-known facts. By the skilful selection and the dramatic treatment of his matter Mr. Fisher gives a freshness and an attraction to his pages which clear the way for the most favourable reception of his own generalisations. Yet he does not fall into another danger incident to the method he has adopted. This is the tendency to select a definite point of view, and to constrain the whole presentation to the maintaining of a thesis. Though they were originally delivered in the culture centre of the greatest modern republic, the lectures that have gone to form this book cannot be said to have a republican bias. Mr. Fisher sees both sides of the question too clearly to become a partisan. Into his praises of monarchism may be read the qualification that all successful monarchies have embodied the republican spirit, while even a rabid republican cannot read these pages without having the weaknesses of the republican scheme very clearly impressed upon him. The lesson of the book is that progress implies a continual action and reaction among different ideals. Nowhere could the theory of progress by the reconciliation of opposites be better studied than in this volume. The brilliant passage from Castellar with which the book closes might well be used by a professor of philosophy to illustrate the thesis, antithesis, and synthesis of the Hegelian dialectic.

The great advantage of the historian is that not only is he an outsider, and therefore likely to see more of the game than do the actual players, but that he has time to consider his verdicts. That will o' the wisp, *l'esprit de l'escalier*, is only an irritation to the actor in the historical drama, but forms the main asset of the historian. Thus it is that the writer of history can, without sin, tell us what nations and historical persons have done "unconsciously." Few writers are so successful as is Mr. Fisher in utilising this method of explaining historical developments. Sometimes, as on page 119, he deliberately uses the word "unconsciously," but generally speaking he merely implies the principle, and thus avoids a certain element of opposition that the practical English mind always harbours against a theory that raises the thinker above the doer. Mr. Fisher further conciliates his readers by making no parade of psychology, always an unpopular subject with the ordinary English public. He does refer to the Psychology of Crowds —where, by the way, he introduces a sentence that will cause much questioning and headshaking among the psycho-physicists: "the nerve counts for more, the brain for less"—but as a rule his psychology is of that practical kind to which every intelligent observer of human beings is given, not excluding those who heartily deny the existence of psychology. Mr. Fisher's use of the plural of this subject on page 158 can hardly be justified. "In the republican movement in France there were two psychologies, one exuberant, sanguine, reckless, abounding in joyous energies, the other Spartan, austere and self-controlled." The point is excellent, and one feels disinclined to interfere with a picturesque style in the interests of what may be called pedantry. But as "psychology" is after all a technical term, and as the psychological vocabulary itself provides another term that exactly meets Mr. Fisher's needs, he cannot be held guiltless. With an uncommon use of a common word there need be no complaint. It is piquant and permissible to use "affront" in the literal way that pleases Mr. Fisher: but he ought not, for the sake of rhetorical effect, to attack the solidarity of a subject that has trouble enough already to maintain its unity.

Mr. Fisher may indeed well concede the point, since the attraction of his style is in no need of buttressing. His use of antithesis is very effective. He contrives very often to say the unexpected thing, but he does not sacrifice solid sense to the requirements of style. Many of his comparisons are very enlightening, as for instance the "Poles of the Dispersion." The little biographies that form such an important element in the book are admirably done. The way in which the reader is introduced to Jeremy Bentham, to Karl Schurz, and to Charles Bradlaugh gives a new attraction to these interesting persons. The author is very happy in gathering up a movement into a personality, and sometimes into a word. Thus the policy of Austria in the early part of the nineteenth century is crystallised in the description of Metternich, and expressed in one word - "Austria's mission was to be *stationary*." Occasionally Mr. Fisher rouses an interest that he does not satisfy, an excellent thing in a teacher, since it sends pupils to other sources to complete their information. But from the point of view of artistic exposition the immediate interest should be satisfied on the spot, so as to prevent it from derailing the reader's interest from the author's main line of argument.

When students fight among themselves for the privilege of being attached to a certain college tutor, one wants to know why. After reading this volume no one need be at a loss to understand the competition to secure the instruction given by its author as a university teacher.

JOHN ADAMS.

Novel Notes.

HER HUSBAND'S COUNTRY. By Sybil Spottiswoode. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The author of "Marcia in Germany" and "Hedwig in England" has now abandoned her anonymity, and in her latest—and also her best—book we may welcome her under her real name. Mrs. Spottiswoode has already made a reputation for her wit and her insight, and in these qualities "Her Husband's Country" is no whit inferior to its predecessors. To them must be added a surer touch, higher constructive ability, and some very careful character-drawing. It is its characters which make the present book notable. There are not more than four or five of them, certainly, and of these only the heroine and her German husband are of the first importance. But the author has unquestionably carried out the task she has set herself with brilliant ability. Patience—the heroine's inappropriate name—has escaped from her dull and miserable English home to Germany. Here she stays with the family of an army officer on the active list, and she has the best time of her life. She diagnoses as love the attraction which a young and good-humoured *Leutnant* has for her, and, in spite of her parents' opposition, she marries him. This is the beginning of unhappiness for them both. It is not so much their characters as their national characteristics and prejudices that clash. Neither of them is really blameworthy, as Mrs. Spottiswoode, with all her dislike of German manners and customs, is careful to point out. The intimacies of their married life are a perpetual trial to the wife and an eternal puzzle to the husband. Is it only that "mixed" marriages are always unsatisfactory, or that the English and German characters are fundamentally antagonistic? You must read the book to decide for yourself, and you will be alternately amused and edified in the process.

PHYLLIS IN MIDDLEWYCH. By Margaret Westrup. 6s. (John Lane.)

Phyllis is not the only entertaining child in this series of sketches, but she is the central figure of the little comedies which Mrs. Stacey has cleverly constructed. Those who were caught by "Elizabeth's Children" will be ready for this book. They will understand the deftness with which

the authoress brings out the mischief and gaiety and good-nature of boys and girls. Phyllis forms the more or less unconscious pivot of some pretty stories in Middlewych, and the book is one which lovers of children who are good but not "goody" will welcome with real pleasure. Round the small character of the heroine the grown-up characters revolve. Their joys and troubles are seen through the movements of Phyllis. It is not so easy as it looks to work out this sort of story successfully, but the authoress manages to make the series of episodes convincing, and she rarely fails to present an amusing bit of action when little Phyllis is on the stage. "Phyllis in Middlewych" is a handful of delightful cameos, with a natural child's face in every one of them.

A BUDGET OF TARES. By Austin Philips. 6s. (Smith Elder & Co.)

Clear-cut, vigorous characterisation and genuinely dramatic situations abound in this collection of Mr. Austin Philips's short stories, which has a much wider range than its successful predecessor, "Red Tape." The Civil Service does indeed provide the setting for the story which gives the book its title, but for the rest the characters are drawn from such varied sources as the public school and the provincial bank, the brine baths and the Magians—a thinly disguised cloak for the Fabians, for which body, by the way, the author is at no pains to conceal his contempt. "A Budget of Tares" tells of a domestic catastrophe in the life of Trevannion of the Treasury, the "strong, silent permanent official who for twenty years had been at the back of the Budget, for all that the man in the street had hardly heard his name." We meet Trevannion fortifying himself against the vacuity of his approaching retirement by the prospect of his daughter Cicily marrying the governor designate of a British colony, whither he hopes to accompany them and "be the helper of their inexperience, the strong, resolute, hidden power behind their little throne." Cicily, however, after the manner of high-spirited daughters, has set her heart on quite another type of husband, one who unites the attractions of sportsman and stockbroker. The dramatic moment of the story is that in which Trevannion, in order to ruin the undesirable stockbroker, lies to his daughter about a certain tax in the forthcoming Budget. Two of the best stories in this entertaining collection are "Old Sandy" and "The Pillar of Salt." The latter presents a vivid picture of a mother torn by pride and hate and love, while in "Old Sandy" the bustle of speech-day at a public school provides a breezy backing for the tragedy of a lovable old master whose slow but sure methods of teaching do not satisfy the new head, a man of the "rusher" type. Mr. Philips writes the short story deftly and with artistic effectiveness, and this, his second book, will add considerably to his growing reputation.

THE PIECES OF SILVER. By Nora Vynne. 6s. (Andrew Melrose.)

Prefaces to novels, like illustrations to novels, are commonly a mistake, and Miss Vynne's prefatory note is not an exception to the rule. She spends six pages in explaining why her story is political and why she has chosen a jilted woman for her heroine. When the reader further learns that the views of the authoress are anti-Socialist, or rather Individualist, he is scarcely encouraged to wade into the story; yet if he does not he will miss a vivacious and clever piece of fiction, with a note of distinction in its treatment of modern life. Miss Vynne is better than her preface suggests. "A wounded spirit who can bear?" asks the Hebrew proverb. And a wounded spirit in the shape of a jilted anti-Socialist is too much for the ordinary reader of fiction. But better things are in store for any one who will be persuaded to follow the fortunes of Miss Beatrice Stallingway. Her fortunate escape from Giles Brodrick cheers the sympathetic reader, and it is probably superfluous to add that Miss Vynne puts both insight and subtlety into the episodes of her tale. The characterisation is decidedly clever. The book opens briskly—more briskly indeed than it closes, and the incisive sketch of the vulgar, wealthy Ada forms a neat foil to the virtues of the heroine. Every now and then the reader also realises that he is in the company of an authoress with brains. For these and other reasons let no one, unless he is armed with triple courage, read the prefatory note till he has sampled and enjoyed this entertaining and suggestive story of modern life.

THE DOWNFALL OF THE GODS. By Sir Hugh Clifford, K.C.M.G. 6s. (Murray.)

At Phnom Penh, the capital of Kambodia, there still stands the temple where, Sir Hugh Clifford tells us, once in awful veiled seclusion dwelt the most ancient of the gods of the East. The foundation of the Khmer Empire, which existed goodness knows how many years ago—lay in the worship of Brahma. A special class formed the priesthood, and none might aspire to influence in Kambodia save those in whose veins ran the blood of the demigods, the Brahmins. Chun, the hero of this very unusual novel, is a devoted believer in the ancient religion and is of mixed ancestry, his father having been the high priest and his mother of the people. It is in order to prove his godhead that he ventures into the sacred lake whose waters, save for the twice born, were a flaming death. Having passed through his trial, for the lake is in itself innocuous, Chun falls in with one of the temple women who has lost her faith in the Brahman religion. She infects him with her own disbelief, and for love of her Chun puts into execution the revolution which is to be the ending of the Khmer Empire. For the tragedy that ensues it is necessary to refer the reader to the book itself. He will find that Sir Hugh Clifford in this very able piece of work gives a wonderfully vivid picture of the life of the period, while the story is also worth reading for itself.

THE VALLEY OF REGRET. By Adelaide Holt. 6s. (John Lane.)

It is a pleasure to come across a novel like this in the mob of modern romances. Miss Holt has contrived to handle a difficult situation without dropping into mawkish sentiment or crude realism. The pretty heroine marries a wealthy husband who in a drunken mood kills a guest for insulting his wife. During the years of his imprisonment in Dartmoor she meets an embittered doctor who is helping a High Church priest in the slums. The two discover their affinity, but the sheer quality of their love keeps them straight, and when the husband is released, Betty goes to him after a moving scene with Lark. Such is the bare outline of a story which throbs with life and which is told with an artistic mixture of frankness and reserve. The middle part of the book is especially graphic. Miss Holt rarely allows the reader's interest to flag for a page, and she has succeeded in describing a victory over temptation with as much intensity as an inferior writer would have devoted to the opposite issue. The opening of the tale gives no idea of the remarkable sequel, but once Betty is married her character develops in a way which holds the reader's attention to the last page. If this is a first work it contains ample promise. In any case, it is a fine and beautifully conceived novel of modern life.

HE IS RISEN AGAIN. By Charles Morice. 5s. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Books describing the return of Jesus Christ to modern civilisation are either dull or irreverent, and in some cases

they manage to be both. When an author adopts this form he generally desires to point a moral or to propagate some religious opinions of his own, with the result that his story is rarely artistic. M. Morice almost becomes dull—at least, he is as nearly dull as a Frenchman can be—in the sixth chapter, where he makes Jesus address the Parisians at Montmartre, but otherwise his little sketch is admirably conceived. To describe Christ in a modern Parisian café, with a journalist who wishes to interview him, demands an audacity which could easily become nauseous. It must be allowed that M. Morice has contrived to make his "vision" realistic with wonderfully little offence to the religious sense. It is a remarkable production to come from the pen of an author hitherto known as a writer upon the decadents. There are caustic touches in the book as when Barnum, endeavouring to enlist Jesus for Ober-Ammergau ends, remarks, "The first thing to be done is to make up the twelve apostles. Our difficulty will be Judas, for unfortunately Renan is dead," or as when the Prefect of Paris is obliged, owing to the financial panic, to request Christ to leave Paris and France at once, and when Jesus replies with a smile, "I am used to these things. The Gadarenes made a similar request to me." But there is more than satire upon Church and State in these pages. M. Morice has put into it a moral intensity which carries the tale through, and it is scarcely necessary to add that as a piece of literary workmanship his sketch is beyond praise.

BODY AND SOUL. By Lady Troubridge. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

Rosalys is a young lady of seventeen. Her family is middle class, and consists of a father, a mother, and a married half-brother called John, who is on the Stock Exchange. Like all good middle class people who live in West Kensington and have not enough money to break out into the more select areas, they distrust the aristocracy and the Smart Set and believe all the evil they possibly can of them. This is not true of Rosalys, who meets Lord Charlbury in a smash on the Scenic Railway in the White City, wins his heart with her beauty, and in spite of his being a peer marries him, but it is particularly true of her half-brother. Lady Troubridge holds this middle-class attitude of mind up to scorn, and paints John for us as a most tiresome and contemptible creature, who says some very severe things about Lord Charlbury before his sister's marriage. Unfortunately, Lady Troubridge's thesis is spoilt by the fact that however much she may ask us to admire the lord's grand manners, he is everything that John says he is—a man without ideals or morals, and possessed not even of the makeshift virtue of honour. His manners are those of the stage gentleman; he is rude to Rosalys's kindly people; he does not hesitate to leave her with a friend whom he frankly describes as "screwed," and at the birth of his son he takes the opportunity of going away to Monte Carlo with one of his former mistresses. In spite of the authoress's skill in dressing out this character, we can only wonder, with Hamlet, what such persons do crawling betwixt earth and heaven. The story relates how Rosalys with her innocence and her sweetness of mind wins back her unpleasant husband, forgiving him all. It closes with the final reconciliation in which Lord Charlbury announces his intention of leading a new life—a promise which the reader, at any rate, may hesitate to accept. The book is worth reading if only for the charming picture Lady Troubridge has succeeded in giving us of Rosalys and her mother.

The Bookman's Table.

THE IMMORTAL LURE. By Cale Young Rice. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The highest quality of Mr. Cale Young Rice's poems is always their dramatic power. In his latest volume, "The Immortal Lure," he gives us four vivid one-scene dramas, each presenting some hour of tragic passion and emotion. "Giorgione" is an interlude of ancient Venice—a swift, haunting story of misunderstanding, jealousy, revenge, and a too-late realisation that the revenge was a rascally and base one, and that there was no shadow of justification for it. "Arduin" wears an atmosphere of magic and mysticism and has for its scene the laboratory of a fifteenth-century astronomer in Egypt. The sentiment is a little overstrained; the plot turns on certain details that are improbable, though not more so than are the motives and incidents in some of Shakespeare's plays, but the weird horror of it and the force and picturesqueness of the verse capture the reader's interest despite his disbelief. For sustained intensity, perhaps, none of the four in this book surpasses the little drama of "O-Ume's Gods." O-Ume, the Samurai girl, has been converted to Christianity, but her secret is guessed and her lover, the young Samurai, Sanko, has gone to slay the priest of Christ and burn his house. O-Ume in her anger at this treachery starts to cast down the images of her country's gods, and Sanko appears dishevelled and blood-stained and is taunting her and boasting of his vengeance when the priest he had thought slain mounts the steps from the river, tells how he had chanced to escape, and he and Sanko fall to a furious wordy conflict that fills O-Ume with such sudden complete revulsion that she hurls the cross and the image of Buddha into the river together and abjures both religions. Love is "The Immortal Lure" of the fourth play—the love of woman tempting a man from the love of God; the love of the world drawing him aside from the love of heaven. The literary and poetical merit of these dramas is undeniable, and they are charged with the emotional life and human interest that should, but do not, always go along with those other high gifts.

GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE. By George Herbert West, D.D., A.R.I.B.A., 6s. net. (Bell.) **ENGLISH HOUSE DESIGN.** By Ernest Willmott, F.R.I.B.A. 10s 6d net (Batsford.)—**THE ENGLISH STAIRCASE.** By Walter H. Godfrey. 18s. net. (Batsford.) **THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL AND USEFUL.** By J. H. Elder-Duncan. 5s net. (Cassell.)

In its beginnings, Christian architecture confined itself to the building of a house to the glory of God, and it is this spirit which underlies the whole story of Gothic architecture. Mr. West's excellent little book, therefore, deals solely with churches, and very cleverly does he trace the gradual development of the Gothic ideal and the contrast between the architecture of England and France. His is, indeed, an invaluable book, clearly and interestingly written, and well produced by the publishers. Mr. Ernest Willmott aims more at the technically minded, but the general reader will, nevertheless, find in his work much to interest and instruct. The author has made a selection of what he considers some of the best achievements in English domestic architecture from the sixteenth century to the present day, and his range is sufficiently catholic, covering as it does everything between a castle and a tenant's cottage or a house in the Hampstead Garden Suburb. The author of "The English Staircase" confines himself practically to the period between the years 1500 and 1800, and a particular feature are the illustrations, which are nothing less than a delight. As in all Messrs. Batsford's books much care has obviously been bestowed upon them. Mr. Godfrey may be warmly congratulated

upon an exceedingly handsome work on a neglected subject. Mr. J. H. Elder-Duncan, on the contrary, writes with much verve and humour upon a somewhat hackneyed theme, but his suggestions on furnishing and decoration are so eminently practical that we have no doubt whatever there will be a large demand for his book in its new form. It should be mentioned that the author addresses himself more particularly to those whose purses are not of the longest, and that adequate illustration is given—in many cases with a quotation of the price—of the examples recommended.



At the Piano.

From "Whistler" by Frank Rutter. (Grant Richards.)

MODERN TENDENCIES AND OLD STANDARDS IN MUSICAL ART. By J. Alfred Johnstone. 6s. (Reeves.)

Of the ten papers bound up in this volume, only five bear a near relation to the subject suggested in all its comprehensiveness by the title. Out of the remaining five, one is a somewhat sententious review of an old Harpsichord Tutor, another looks down upon the music in London in the time of Pepys from a lofty standpoint, and the other three are centenary estimates of Mendelssohn, Chopin, and Schumann. To have dealt first with these essays gives some indication of the frame of mind in which Mr. Johnstone aims at the target which he has set up in the title "Modern Tendencies and Old Standards in Musical Art," but the truth is that it is impossible to cover such a large subject in a series of detached papers such as these, which were contributed to the pages of the *Musical Standard*. It is not surprising to learn that they provoked somewhat heated rejoinders in some cases (printed in the appendix), for they are strongly tinged with controversial matter, and lose value, as an attempt to sum up the situation, in just a proportionate extent. But putting this flaw aside, Mr. Johnstone reviews with a great deal of commonsense the warfare between absolute and programme music, and many will agree with his condemnation of the last-named from an artistic standpoint. In strict terms, it is not the function of music to present a picture or tell a story, and even the tone-poems of Liszt, who may be termed the father of programme-music, derive such attraction as they hold for the cultivated musician not from their programme, but from the fact that they happen to possess certain of the qualities of absolute music. This may have justified Liszt in adopting his curious method of composing in his own particular case, but there can be no doubt that his example has been deplorable in its influence on many would-be disciples.

JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER. By Frank Rutter. 2s. net. (Grant Richards.)

Mr. Rutter has nothing particularly new to say about Whistler, but he gives us in this concise "estimate and biography" a very vivid and sympathetic picture of the man as he lived and an acute and brilliant analysis of his art. He finds Whistler's antithesis in Mr. Sargent. The latter, he says, "calls us with the trumpet-notes of the great Teutonic thinkers, and we cannot choose but come. There is no denying his vehemence ; we can no more escape looking at his paintings than we can escape hearing of Goethe and Schopenhauer. His art is as militant as Whistler's is mystical, as analytical as Whistler's is intuitive. One does not deny intelligence to Whistler or emotion to Mr. Sargent ; nevertheless one is convinced that Whistler's painting is governed by his heart, Mr. Sargent's by his head. Mr. Sargent knows ; Whistler felt." There is some little exaggeration in this ; one has no doubt that Whistler also knew, and that Mr. Sargent also feels ; but in a certain large and broad sense Mr. Rutter's comparison is true, and serves its immediate purpose of emphasising the different essentials in the art of the two painters. Mr. Rutter has a charming and incisive style ; whether he convinces you or not, he interests you. His biography is careful and adequate, and his criticism piquant and full of suggestiveness. The book is illustrated with twenty-four excellent reproductions of Whistler's paintings.

CIVIL WAR: A Comedy in Four Acts. By Ashley Dukes. 2s. net. (Swift.)

Mr. Ashley Dukes's "Modern Dramatists" showed him a sympathetic and intelligent student of the drama of to-day. This, his first published play, may fairly be described as an old story with a "modern" setting; in it Mr. Dukes proves that he has distinct independence of outlook, and is in no sense an imitator of any present-day popular playwright. He has, fully developed, the instinct for drama, and the play is clearly most fitted for the stage, although it is well enough written to be quite worth reading. Its weakness is that the drama is more interesting than the actual persons, who are types rather than living individuals. The story of the play is very simple. Michael, son of Sir John Latimer, falls in love with and marries Margaret, daughter of James Shannon. Sir John Latimer is a high-minded but intolerant intellectual aristocrat who has sacrified his whole life to the writing of a book, by means of which he hopes to make a complete reconstruction of civilisation. James Shannon is an enthusiast and revolutionary who aims at the same thing by a very different method. These two men naturally hate and oppose each other, they both live in an imaginary world ; but as they each really do love their children, they accept the situation, and possibly may even become friends. The play contains very little discussion of particular theories, just sufficient to contrast the different characters. John Latimer is at times cold, hard, and argumentative, while James Shannon is often passionate and rhetorical, but these two are the most interesting characters, clothed with the pathos that comes from futile and disinterested endeavour. The hero and heroine are little more than puppets in the hands of fate; they care little for theories, but youth is on their side, and we see that they are bound to win. We wish that the author had omitted George Latimer (brother of Sir John), an elderly cynical rake, who is merely "a person of the stage" and quite unnecessary to the story ; but most dramatists appear to think that at least one such character is required in every play.

THE HERKOMERS. Vol. II. By Sir Hubert von Herkomer. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

While less interesting than Vol. I.—success is never so interesting as struggle—this is a very remarkable book.

It is much more than the "unalloyed autobiography" of its author's descriptive epithet. Seldom do we get such a competent piece of self analysis as is here provided. "My so called versatility is the outcome of the necessary remedy which I have had to apply to rectify a mental deficiency," makes one think, and when read in its context supplies a very useful point of view. The book is full of fresh ways of looking at things. Sir Hubert's art of living is summed up in the maxim that he confides to us under the head "confidential": "to do nothing that somebody else can do for you." More original is his treatment of the charms of the medieval period: "I have *not transposed myself back* to that period, but have brought that period *forward to myself*." While the book is full of piquant biographical details that cannot fail to attract the general reader, will probably value most of all the two chapters on Portraiture. It is always a privilege to read the words of a master on his own craft, and most readers would willingly have had more on this subject, even if the two chapters on Enamelling had to be cut out to make the necessary room. The two chapters on Lecturing present Sir Hubert in quite a new light, and other lecturers will be well advised if they adopt his short method of dealing with chairmen. However he has managed to do it, Sir Hubert has certainly acquired the art of writing a charming book. "It may be only a sample of the author's medicine," but no reader would have guessed that without the help of Chapter XIX.

THE SOUTH WALES COAST: From Chepstow to Aberystwyth. By Ernest Rhys. Illustrated. 6s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

Mr. Ernest Rhys had one of the pleasantest of tasks in writing about the coast of Wales from Monmouthshire to Cardiganshire. It is a coast now of sand dunes and now of towering cliffs, the broken bases of mountains. There are castles upon it, and great modern towns like Swansea, great ports like Cardiff, beautiful towns like Laugharne. It is full of history and legend, and of beauty which would be great without either, and having both is incomparable. Mr. Rhys evidently knew this country long before he thought of writing about it or about anything else. His book therefore cannot be compared with the usual product of tired and alien scribes. He writes with enthusiasm and with a familiarity that never spoils the strangeness. His book is substantial and not merely swollen with indigestible quotations; it is lyrical, but not through a vain endeavour to escape from indifferent facts. It can stand plenty of criticism, though there is little which it is necessary to make in a short notice. We should however like to know what was the end of the adventure with the lively Welsh ram in Chepstow. He made a charge at Mr. Rhys, "ending in a leap shoulder high." This seems to us incomplete. One other question. In the story of the shepherd boy who was walking with a hazel stick cut from Craig-y-Dinas when he met an old man who asked him where the stick came from, and so came to guide him to King Arthur sleeping in a cave of that same crag, why does Mr. Rhys place the meeting in Neath instead of on London Bridge? The hazel stick being noticed by the old man on London Bridge is like some of the best things in Borrow, but better. Of things to praise, on the other hand, there is an infinite and embarrassing choice, and we shall not do the book a possible discredit by quoting any single one as representative. We believe that all tastes will be pleased by the book. If such books ever are useful, this is, that is to say it is full of information of all kinds, including the kind which is usually expected, though not in the usual delirious confusion. It gives the reader an entrance to Wales and to Mr. Rhys's world, where the boundaries between Carmarthenshire or Cardiganshire and Loegria or Avalon waver or disappear altogether.

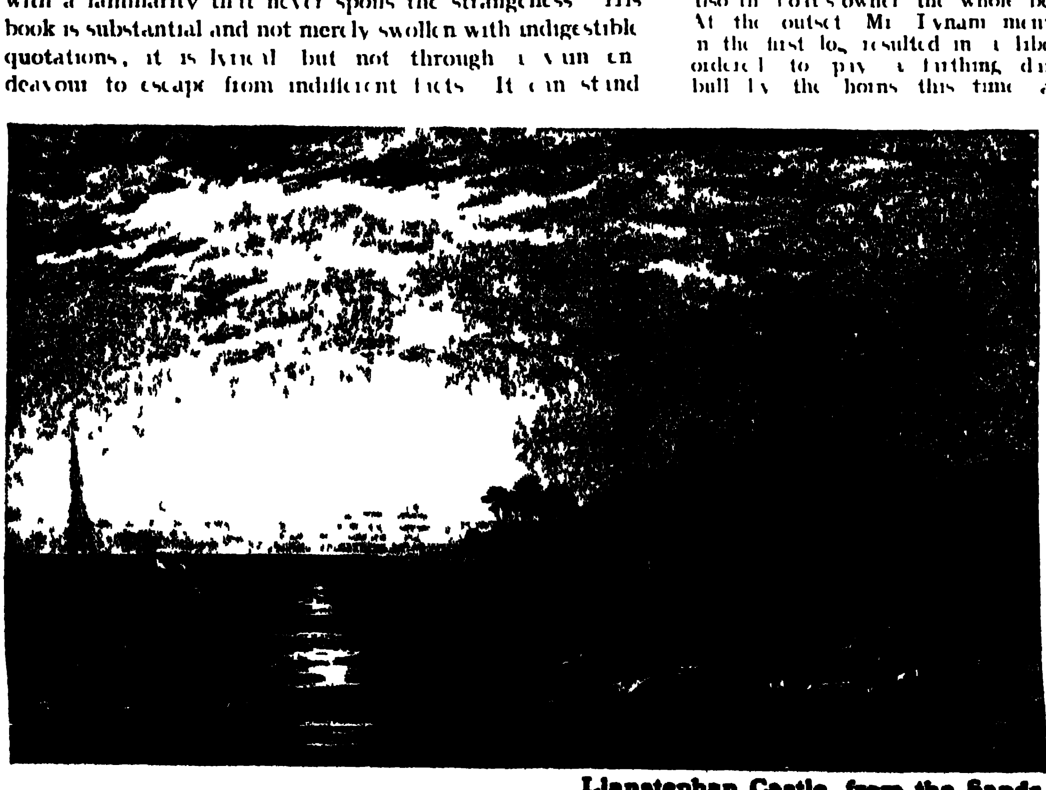
Notes on New Books.

WARD, LOCK & CO., LTD.

Those who enjoy a good stirring story teeming with dramatic incidents cannot do better than read Mr. Marr Connor Leighton's latest novel, **Builders of Ships** (6s.). From beginning to end it is alive with excitement; there is not a dull page to be found in it; those who have read and appreciated Mr. Leighton's previous book will not be disappointed in this one. The love story of Gwendoline Sackett and Neil Hardy threads its way unmingly through many sensational moments to a climax where the mysteries that hovered about it are solved and what was wrong put right.

MESSRS. SIDGWICK & JACKSON.

Everybody who read the log of the first *Blue Dragon* will learn with pleasure that **The Log of the "Blue Dragon II."** (5s. net) has at length made its appearance. It is written by the skipper and various other hands, and is here set forth by the skipper himself, Mr. C. C. Lynam, who is also the boat's owner, the whole being edited by the steward. At the outset Mr. Lynam mentions that certain passages in the first log resulted in a libel action, but he was only ordered to pay a farthing damages, and he takes the bull by the horns this time and apologises beforehand for any accidental libel that may have got into the present volume. Incidentally he pays a charming tribute to the plaintiff in those legal proceedings: it was worth winning no more than a farthing then to win such generous praise from the defendant now. The new log is of a cruise among the Orkney and Shetland Islands in 1909 and 1910, and it is written with all the breezy enjoyment and vivacity, the picturesque descriptive gift and keen eye for everything of interest by the way that made the first log such an immediate success. It simply bubbles over with high spirits and good humour; it tells you all the incidents and events of the voyage, gives you all the information about the country visited that you could wish to find in a guide-book, and tells them and gives it with a gaiety and lightness of style that make capital



Llanstephan Castle, from the Sands.
Drawing by Gastineau.
From "The South Wales Coast," by Ernest Rhys. (Fisher Unwin.)

reading. There are some good maps, four illustrations in colour by W. T. Loveday and about fifty portraits and illustrations from photographs and sketches.

MESSRS. EVERETT & CO.

We do not usually connect trout fishing with Spain, we who have sought the wily fish in Devon waters; but Mr. W. M. Gallichan in his booklet **Where Trout Abound** (1s. net) is generously sharing his fisherman's joy in good sport and a heavy creel by telling of the excellent time he had by the river of Galicia. It is a capital first hand account of Galicia's fishing and Galicia's people, with many a practical hint included and a useful little sketch map.

MESSRS. STANLEY PAUL & CO.

The horrors of the disaster that overtook Messina two years ago are vividly recalled by prose and picture in **Sicily in Shadow and in Sun**, by Maud Howe (12s. 6d. net). The writer took an active part in the gallant work done by Americans in helping the victims of the earthquake, so that her book has the inestimable advantage of being a first hand report, much of it indeed being cast in the form of dialogue. The result is a descriptive book of a very unusual interest and of no little historical value. The beauty of the ravaged country is described with enthusiasm, but it is of Shadow rather than of Sun that we think as we lay the book down. Of the human contributions to the horror of the disaster Miss Howe writes with an almost overwhelming candour. The sunshine of the picture is the record of international devotion and gallantry. The book is splendidly illustrated with a large number of interesting and finely reproduced photographs.

MESSRS. CASSELL & CO.

It has long been a matter of surprise to us that no English version has been forthcoming of Pierre de Coulevain's delightful L'Ile Inconnue. Now, however, that Mr. Alys Hallard and Messrs. Cassell present the book to us in very attractive guise under the title of **The Unknown Isle** (6s. net) there will be no excuse on the part of the English people for further neglect of one of the most remarkable French books of recent years. The Unknown Isle of course is England and English manners and customs are the main theme of the book. Nobody, however, can read it without gaining a large amount of useful information upon the French character.

Mr. J. Alexander supplies in **The Truth about Egypt** (7s. 6d. net) a painstaking and complete, though admittedly partisan study of the Nationalist agitation in that country. Although the author finds very little excuse for the vagaries of the *soi-disant* Egyptian patriot, he contrives to a great extent to free himself from official bias and criticises very freely the method of Lord Cromer's successor. As an account of the present political position in Egypt the work will be found very useful.

New Books of the Month.

FROM JUNE 10 TO JULY 10.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

CARPENTER, J. ESTLIN.—The Historical Jesus and the Theological Christ. 3s. 6d. net (Philip Green)
MARGOLIOUTH, D. S., D.Litt.—Mohammedanism. 1s. net and 2s. 6d. net (Williams & Norgate)
SIATTY, VERNON.—The Seasons, Fasts and Festivals of the Christian Year. 1s. net (Mowbray)
WEBSTER, ALEXANDER.—The Unitarian Movement in Scotland. 1d. (British and Foreign Unitarian Assoc.)
WESTON, W. MORITZ.—How I Became and Why I Ceased to Be a Roman Catholic. 1d. (British and Foreign Unitarian Association)
WILKINSON, THE LATE MOST REV. G. H., D.D.—Practical Counsels to Working Christians and Communicants. 1s. net and 2s. net (Mowbray)

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HAMERTON, P. G.—The Intellectual Life. 1s. net (Macmillan)

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ASKEW, ALICE AND CLAUDE.—Destiny. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett)
BACON, JOSEPHINE DASKAM.—While Caroline was Growing. 6s. (Macmillan)
BARLOW, JANE.—Flaws. 6s. (Hutchinson)
BLUNDELL, MADGE.—Katherine of the Barge. With 4 Illustrations. 1s. 6d. net (Sands)
BRAME, CHARLOTTE.—At the Eleventh Hour. 6d. (Stanley Paul)
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Literary Pageant, The. With 4 Illustrations in colour and 16 in half tone. 1s. net. (Werner Laurie)
Livingstone College Year Book, 1911. With 6 Illustrations and 2 Charts. 6d. (Livingstone College, Leyton, E.)
LUIN, E. C. Modern Corruption, or Plague Spots. 1s. net. (Stockwell)
METHUEN, A. M. S. A Simple Plan for a New House of Lords. 2d. net. (Methuen)
North Walsham and the Norfolk Broads. 2d. net. (Homeland Association, Ltd.)
POTTER, BEATRIX.—Peter Rabbit's Painting Book. With 12 Coloured Plates, 12 Outline Pages, and End Papers. 1s. net. (Warne)
WEBB, MRS. MABEL EDWARDS.—Children's Gardens. With 19 Illustrations. 1d. (Agricultural and Horticultural Association)
Yelverton (South Devon). 3d. net. (Homeland Association, Ltd.)

NEW EDITION

REYNOLDS, STEPHEN.—A Poor Man's House. 1s. net. (Macmillan)

The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 240. Vol. XL **Subscription rate 8s per annum post free** SEPTEMBER, 1911. PRICE SIXPENCE. **Published Monthly.**

CONTENTS.

NOTICES

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned unless stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not; and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

The October BOOKMAN will be an Autumn Double Number and will deal mainly with the new books of the season. It is also a Wagner Number, and will contain special fully illustrated articles on Wagner by Dr. William Barry and on The Bayreuth Festival by Reginald Buckley. Other of the principal contents will be articles on Marcelle Tinayre, by Winifred Stephens; New Poetry, by Edward Thomas; Margaret Harding, by Clementoun Metcalfe; "A Pocketful of France," by Dixon Scott; The History of Painting, by G. S. Layard; "The Secret History of Freemasonry," by W. L. Wilmshurst, etc.

Messrs. James Nisbet & Co. are publishing shortly a biography of Harriet Beecher Stowe by her son, Charles Edward Stowe, and her grandson, Lyman Beecher Stowe. The volume will contain several portraits and sketches, some of which, with Messrs. Nisbet's permission, we reproduce among the illustrations to our article on Mrs. Stowe in this number.

Messrs. Methuen are publishing this month Mr. Arnold Bennett's new novel, "Hilda Lessways."

The same firm are issuing immediately "Under Western Eyes," a new book by Mr. Joseph Conrad.

Miss Clare Jerrold has written a volume on "The Early Court of Queen Victoria," which is to be published shortly by Mr. Eveleigh Nash.

A book that is likely to give rise to some discussion is "The Sense and Nonsense of Christian Science," by Professor Leon C. Prince, which Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. are publishing. It claims to be an impartial study of this large subject and to cover the field of mental therapeutics from the standpoint of philosophy, religion, and experience.

No living writer has worked more practically or more enthusiastically to bring about a revival of poetic stage-craft than has Mr. Sturge Moore, whose new poetic play, "Marianne: A Conflict," we are reviewing next month. We remember wistful, persuasive articles of his on this subject in the *Monthly Review* and the *Speaker*, and to carry his theories into action he founded the Literary Theatre Society. The acting and stage-management necessary to his purpose differ more from those current than

do the acting and producing provided by the genius of Mr. Granville Barker for Bernard Shaw's plays, and the first effort of the Society in 1906, a performance of "Aphrodite Against Artemis," proved abortive. It was then, however, that Mr. C. Ricketts's designs for scenery and costume obtained a first hint of the success which was to greet them as soon as his ideas could be more adequately realised. Later this Society produced Oscar Wilde's "Salome" and the fragment of his "Florentine Tragedy," to which Mr. Sturge Moore supplied an opening scene, which is now incorporated in the popular edition of the play. The tragedy thus completed has been acted in Paris and in several German cities, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell has toured with it in this country. "Mariamne: A Conflict," though only just published, was written before the close of last century, but has been from time to time rehandled. Last year Mr. Herbert Trench had intended producing the play, but was regretfully compelled to postpone it. In addition to some ten volumes of poems, Mr. Sturge Moore has written books on Albert Dürer and Correggio that Messrs. Duckworth have published; he edited the "Vale" Shakespeare and an edition of Wordsworth. Messrs. Hacon & Ricketts recently published his translation from De Guerin and his "Danaë," which first appeared in the *Dial*. Mr. Sturge Moore is a member of the Academic Committee of the Royal Society of Literature and of the Society of Twelve, in whose last exhibition the wood-block used for the cover of "Mariamne" was exhibited.



Photo by Bassano **Mrs. John Lane,**
Whose "Talk of the Town" (Bodley Head) is reviewed on page 51

Mr. Warwick Deeping has been writing a story of modern country life, and the book will make its appearance under the title of "Fox Farm" within the next few weeks.

Messrs. George Allen & Co. are publishing a work on that fascinating and little-known subject, "Bushman Folk-Lore," by W. I. Bleek and L. C. Lloyd, for which Dr. G. McCall Theal has written a preface. The volume will be illustrated with numerous specimens of Bushman drawings.

Several reviewers seem to have been in doubt as to the sex of the author of that very successful novel, "Red of the Rock," published a few weeks ago by Messrs Alston Rivers. Even the publishers had an idea that Eldrid Reynolds was of the sterner sex and corrected one or two reviewers who had referred to "Miss" Reynolds. It turns out, however, that this is the first novel of a young lady who is still only twenty years of age.

Messrs Harrap are publishing this autumn a rendering of the legend of Tannhauser into poetic narrative form by Mr T. W Rolleston The book will be handsomely produced and fully illustrated by Mr Willy Pogány, the illustrations including sixteen plates reproduced by four-colour process A special feature of the book is the colour of the paper on which it is printed a grey, rough-surface paper on which drawings of fine and most delicate line are perfectly and very effectively reproduced

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Mr. Willy Pogány is a Hungarian, and his illustrated edition of "The Ancient Mariner" was not only one of the most popular of last year's colour books, but brought him the unique distinction of a spontaneous recognition by the Government of his own country. To mark its sense of the honour it enjoys in having a man of Mr. Pogány's gifts among its subjects, the Hungarian Government purchased the originals of several of the drawings, and conferred a complimentary grant of eight thousand marks upon the artist. We do not spend public money like that over here—not on English artists, unless they happen to be safely dead.

Mrs. Edith Cuthell has completed a biography of Marie Louise, Empress of the French and Duchess of Parma, which Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co. are issuing this autumn.

"Hurdcott" is the title of Mr. John Ayscough's new novel. It will be published this autumn by Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

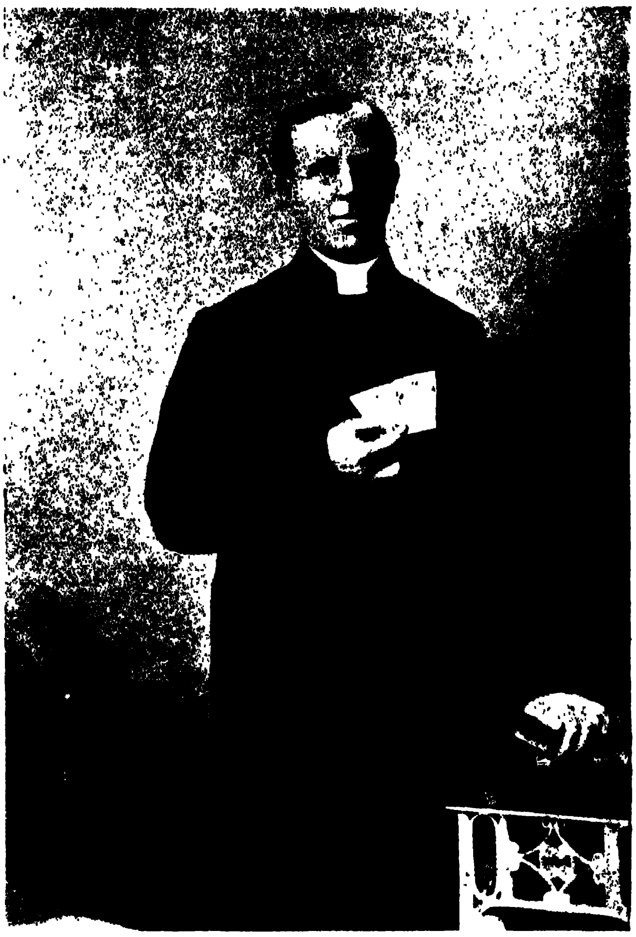


Photo by Guy & Co., Cork. **Canon Sheehan.**

"The Queen's Fillet," Canon Sheehan's new romance of the French Revolution, promises to be one of the most successful as it is certainly one of the ablest of his various books. Canon Sheehan practically commenced his literary career in 1881, when he forwarded to a clerical monthly in Dublin the essays he afterwards incorporated in his volume of "Early Essays and Lectures" (Longmans). His intellectual growth was stimulated in his younger days by a diligent study of Carlyle and Tennyson, then in the zenith of their popularity; and although he has considerably modified his opinions since then, those writers have undoubtedly exercised an important influence on his literary tastes and work. He had published two novels before the appearance of "My New Curate," but it was this story, which ran through twenty editions in America, that first brought him into prominence with the reading public. It was immediately succeeded by that remarkable novel of clerical life, "Luke Delmage," which was promptly translated into all the European languages and ran through four or five editions in Germany alone. Two later novels dealing with Irish peasant life, "Glenanaar" and "Lisheen," have met with almost equal success. The Canon is not, however, to be classed only as a novelist; he has published three volumes of what he calls "desultory conversations" on men and things, a volume of essays, one of poems, a short drama, and a book of sermons. His works cover a very wide range, his essays being of a literary and philosophical cast, and his novels, apart from his latest, dealing with modern clerical, student, and rural life. He has completed two other novels that handle certain social aspects of our own time, and is engaged on a new one that deals with the problem of sectarianism in Ireland and the consequences of traditional intolerance.



Photo by Will Cadby. **Mr. Perceval Gibbon,**
Whose new novel, "Margaret Harding," has just been published by Messrs. Methuen.

With "Hetty," which Mr. Werner Laurie has just published, Mr. Shan Bullock says he has finished writing about Ireland. He has written fourteen books; most of these have been devoted to the intimate portrayal of Irish life and character, and he feels he has said all he has to say on those subjects. But Mr. Bullock has been living for many years now in London, and a year or two ago he gathered his experience of London life into "Robert Thorne," which to our thinking is the finest and most realistic of his stories. Mr. Shan

Bullock takes a very pessimistic view of the novelist's calling. Writing on the subject recently in a contemporary, he remarks that the great majority of living novelists "make a bare living, or make part of a living, or less than any part of a living." He goes on to tell of novelists whose books have yielded them no monetary return at all, and says "a novelist who has been writing for eleven years, a poet too, and a fine critic, told me that £60 was the utmost he ever received in royalties on a novel, and for all save the lucky one, his remuneration has varied from £5 to £45." The fact is that the element of chance counts for much in the publishing as in most other worlds; good books do not always fail, and bad ones do not always succeed. Taken in the bulk, our public is not a literary public, and all things considered perhaps it is not to be expected that it should be. Hence a tenth-rate novel that tells a catchy story may easily have a huge success, and one that tells a finer story and has real value as a piece of literature may fail to tickle the palate of the general reader. The moral is obvious, but it is not one that is going to be preached in these pages, and Mr. Shan Bullock is one of those conscientious artists in fiction who would not try to practise it if it were.

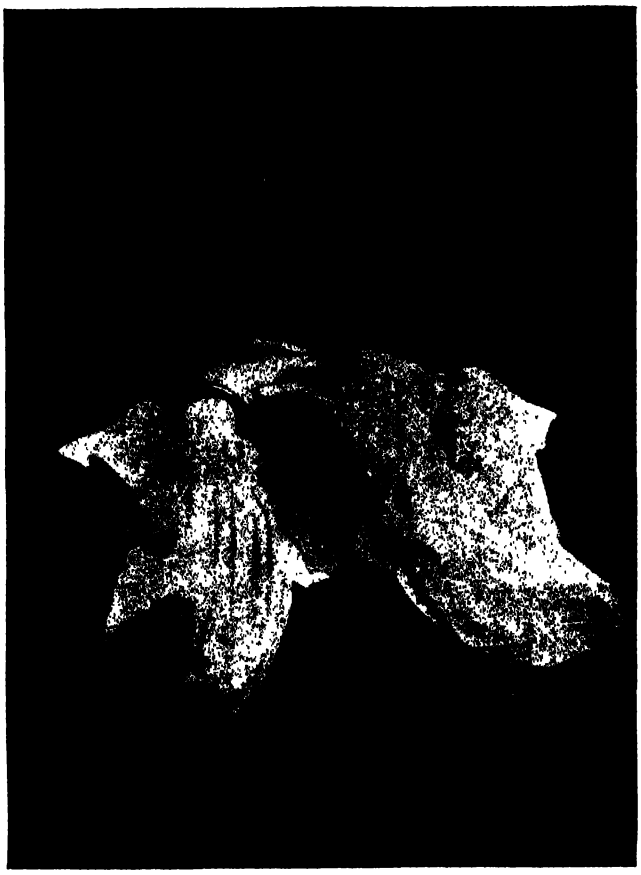


Photo by J. Russell & Sons.

Miss Agnes Grozier Herbertson.

It is estimated that the Theatrical Garden Party held at the Botanic Gardens on the 11th of last July will yield between £2,900 and £3,000 for the benefit of the Actors' Orphanage Fund. Moreover, a lady who wishes to remain anonymous has presented through Mrs. Fred Wright a freehold property in Hampshire of the value of nearly £4,000, and in recognition of this munificent gift Mr. Cyril Maude has given a hundred guineas to the Fund, to assist in furnishing the Hampshire house as a convalescent home, and it is hoped that other members of his profession and the general public will associate themselves with the anonymous benefactor by contributing to the endowment of certain rooms which would bear the donors' names.

Messrs. Methuen are publishing a new novel by Miss Agnes Grozier Herbertson. Her first book, "Patience Dean," was published by them in 1904, and this new novel, "Deborah," is the only one Miss Herbertson has written since the appearance of "The Summit" two years ago. She intended "Deborah" to be a simple human story, she says—"one that would harmonise with a day in the open air and a desultory mood." During the greater part of her life Miss Herbertson has lived in England, but is proud of the fact that by birth she is almost entirely Scottish.

At present Miss Herbertson is engaged upon a novel in which she is attempting to portray the development of a dreamy, idealistic girl into a practical woman through stress of circumstances and a desire to save a man from ruin. She is also writing a book for children and collecting and preparing for the press a volume of her poems.

Mr. Harold Vallings, whose delightful novel, "Enter Charmian" (Smith, Elder), is meeting with a very gratifying success, has already made considerable progress with another novel that he is calling "An Elysian Combe"—a story of the Omer Moor, but not this time of the light-comedy complexion. He has placed the scene of "Enter Charmian" at Moorside, a hamlet on the fringe of Dartmoor in which he lived for several years. Most of his novels have been of the West Country and have been published by Bentley's, Messrs. Macmillan, Mr. John Long, and Mr. Milne. Mr. Vallings was educated at Tonbridge School and at Sandhurst. He joined the Bedfordshire Regiment at Aldershot, was a keen soldier, and was very soon made acting adjutant. He was reading for the Staff College and seemingly had a successful military career before him when the development of a spinal complaint, that reduced him to invalidism for many years, closed that door against him. But he does not recommend the pursuit of literature

as suitable for delicate persons; "the literary wrestle," in his opinion, "demands the blended equipments of the Rhinoceros and the professional Strong Man," and he has not found it an easy matter to emerge from it triumphantly without these vigorous attributes.



Mr. Keble Howard

[illegible]
From "Chicot in America," by Keble Howard (Hutchinson).

Mr. Keble Howard has been on an extensive holiday tour through Canada and the United States. He enjoyed himself uncommonly and imparts his enjoyment to whoever wishes to share it in "Chicot in America" (Hutchinson). The whole record is written in the lightest and most entertaining vein; a holiday spirit of quaint humour and geniality pervades it throughout. Mr. Keble Howard dissents from all the unkind things that have been said about Chicago; he has nothing but praise for that maligned city and the canned meat industry; but he was disappointed with Niagara. His pictures of railway travelling make one rather contented to stay at home, but when he tells of the delightful comradeship and easy joviality that prevail among the clubmen of New York or describes California or San Francisco and its people, you feel it was worth any sort of travelling to arrive at such ends. This is a capital book for a railway journey or to chuckle over whilst you loll on a beach.

For permission to reproduce some of our Harriet Beecher Stowe illustrations (most of which were supplied by Mr. A. Rischgitz and the Art Illustration and Reproduction Co.) we are indebted to Messrs. A. & C. Black, Messrs. Blackie, Messrs. Sampson Low, and Messrs. Nisbet. For much help with the general illustrations we have to thank Messrs. Constable, Messrs. Cassell, Mr. John Lane, Mr. John Long, Mr. Werner Laurie, and Messrs. Hutchinson.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

September 1 to October 1, 1911.

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CHATER, LUCY. Comus. Adapted for Amateur Performance in Girls' Schools. 1s. 6d. net. Costume Plate Edition, [illegible] net.
ENDENDIJK, J. A Second Dutch Reader and Writer. [illegible]
GIRVIN, BRENDA. Master Peter. With Illustrations and Coloured Frontispiece. 3s. 6d.
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[illegible], REV. R. C. [illegible]
GOLDSMITH, OLIVER. The Vicar of Wakefield. [illegible]
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Mr. J. E. Patterson's strange career of adventure was closed in this manner. He just escaped death, and coming out of hospital, apparently crippled for life, he barely managed to keep body and soul together by hobbling about the docks at Cardiff tallying timber. Lonely, poor, bankrupt in health and hope, he limped back to a garret, after his work was done, and wrote poems and blank-verse plays. Some of his verses first appeared, I believe, in a Cardiff newspaper; and in 1897 the broken sailorman put a selection of them into a book, "The Mermaid, and other Pieces," for which two friends managed to raise a subscription list. Happily, in the autumn of the same year Sir Henry Irving made his first appearance in Cardiff, and a copy of "The Mermaid" fell into his hands. He suggested that the young poet should go to London, where he would "make a name." Poor Patterson, with no money, no friends, and no position, smiled sadly, and explained the situation to Irving. Irving—a kind man if ever there was one—arranged for him to fill a small post at the Lyceum Theatre until he had won a footing in the literary world of London. For some years Mr. Patterson worked at journalism; then, feeling sure of himself as a novelist, he gave over writing for the press and devoted himself entirely to literature.



Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. J. E. Patterson.**

A man of medium height and sturdy build, with an open, weather-beaten face, soft brown eyes and dark-brown hair strangely touched with grey, Mr. Patterson still retains the curious carriage of the sailorman. He has, too, a taking way with him, a comradely sort of openness that is only found in sailors. Yet all this, I fancy, is acquired. At bottom, Mr. Patterson is a poet, rather sad and solitary, with a fierce, hard ruggedness of character. Much suffering has changed some of his strength into sweetness; but the native spirit of this battered Yorkshireman is still unbroken. He is one of the few novelists of our generation who seems as though he may write something with the quality of greatness in it. Greatness, I always think, is, even in literature, a product of character rather than of mind; and what distinguishes Mr. Patterson from an innumerable crowd of novelists of cultivated talent is the fact that he has lived in a hard school of life which has continually elicited from him the virile virtues of human nature.

Brought up in part on a Yorkshire farm, Mr. Patterson ran away to sea at the age of twelve. A dangerous passion for the romance of life had been born in him by the loving study of Marryat and other novelists of the sea. He was drawn to Hull because that was the port from which Robinson Crusoe first shipped! But he was fetched home again, only to break away once more. By boldly overstating his age, he became an apprentice on a deep-sea fishing-smack at Grimsby. The life was rough, but the food good and plentiful; and the five years that Mr. Patterson spent in that 73-ton boat gave him a constitution which has survived a series of attacks under which an ordinary man would have gone down. In "Fishers of the Sea" he describes with gusto this brightly adventurous period of his youth, when he took a merry part in the losing fight which the old-fashioned smacks were then waging against an increasing number of steam trawlers.

About the age of nineteen, Mr. Patterson, then mate of a smack, resolved to go in search of wider adventure. Literary ambition seems to have been the moving force

in him from the very first. His plan was to travel as best he could, and fill in all his time with studious reading. He easily found a berth as able seaman on a steamer bound to the Cape and India. By a stroke of luck the bo'sun was "Old Shells," a man to whom Mr. Patterson had done a kindness some years before. Shells was a middle-aged man who had spent his early life in the South Seas and was profusely tattooed with sea-shell patterns. He was a capable, clean-living man, and he practically adopted the young fisherman as his son. The tale of their wanderings about the world is as strange and pleasant a thing as I have read for some years. It is told by Mr. Patterson in "My Vagabondage," an autobiography which Mr. William Heinemann is publishing during the present month. Old Shells was one of those hard rough nomads of the sea who have an inarticulate passion for the romance and adventure of life. In his young friend, who came aboard with a big trunk full of books, he found at last some one who could talk inexhaustibly about the things on which his own dumb soul was strongly set. The memory of the boy's kindness to him at Hull made him feel towards the lonely, homeless wanderer a manly, fatherly affection; and with a strange, pathetic attachment he followed the youngster over the world, and did much to mould his character.

Knifed by a nigger off Natal, Mr. Patterson recovered by the time he reached Bombay. There he and Shells signed on a brig which a Swede was running to Cochin, and on this voyage young Patterson got more than enough of the excitement in search of which he had left England. At Mangalore the Swede changed some of his native crew. Every man of the newcomers was a pirate. They stole most of the firearms and ammunition, and entrenching themselves in the cabin, began shooting down all the white men on the main deck. But the mate was daring and resourceful. He barricaded the pirates in the cabin with an iron bar and an iron chain, and the skylight was sealed down with a hen coop. Then with two iron pots, sulphur and charcoal, and two large tin funnels the pirates were smoked out. In the end one pirate made a dash for his life and leaped into the sea, another was captured, and the rest were killed by the deadly fumes.

Neither of the two friends was hurt. They drifted about Southern Asia for some time, then went to the Mediterranean, Mr. Patterson having in the course of his reading arrived at that frame of mind in which Byron seems the prince of all poets. They landed at Marseilles. In the absence of fatherly Shells, the younger man entered a dangerous wine-shop in a quarter worse than the Ratcliffe Road in the old days. There was a fight: Mr. Patterson brought down two Frenchmen, but had the rest of the mob trampling upon him when Shells arrived. The old sailor was killed, and instead of his murderers being punished Mr. Patterson was shut up in the military prison for thirty-six hours. Of course, there was no case against him; he was released after the examination.

The story of his adventures then grows wilder. Seven times he knocked loudly at the door of death. Having lost his only friend, he took, it seems to me, to adventure as a man takes to drink. Caring little what became of himself, he drifted from end to end of Europe, risking his life out of a blind passion for excitement. On one voyage he carried, just for the fun of the thing, a parcel of seditious literature to St. Petersburg. Then at Constantinople he fell through the roof of a mosque into a crowd of howling Dervishes. They pursued him; but a fat old Turk lent unexpected help out of the trouble. After an adventure in the great bazaar of Stamboul, and seeing something of the massacre of Armenians, Mr. Patterson got away from Turkey. On another occasion he was shot in Alexandria. For the variety and surprising nature of the adventures related in it, "My Vagabondage" will, I think, rank among the very best books of its kind. It is packed full of wild life, character, and character-sketches.

Mr. Patterson has written four novels. The first was good, honest work, but of no remarkable quality. The second, "Fishers of the Sea," appeared in 1908, and was generally hailed as a work of genius. The next year "Watchers by the Shore" was published, and rapidly went into three editions. In the spring of this year "Tillers of the Soil" was issued, and received a very warm welcome both here and in America. They are three very powerful books. Nearly all the characters are persons who have to battle for their livelihood against the elemental forces of nature—deep-sea fishermen, longshore boatmen, and farmers. In each novel Mr. Patterson writes from a large fund of personal experience; he is both a realist and a poet; he sets down the harshest facts clearly and faithfully, while interpreting them in the light of the spiritual side of life; and touches of pleasant humour lighten and soften his strange, tragic studies of the human soul.

I knew Mr. Patterson some time before I read any of his books, and I must confess I was at first disappointed at not finding in his novels any of his wide and curious knowledge of strange lands and strange peoples. It seemed to me then that, as the romance of the outlands was the latest and most popular kind of novel, Mr. Patterson was entirely wasting the knowledge of a lifetime in confining himself to novels of English life. But having read his works I must admit that he knows more about himself than I know, and that he is right in doing what he does. He went out on a life of adventure to win experience and broaden his own nature. His long exile has made his native country more romantic to him than the Cochin coast or the Bay of Campeachy. In "Fishers of the Sea," for instance, he has made Grimsby almost as wonderful a place as the Casterbridge of Thomas Hardy. In his next novel, "Love Like the Sea," which is also to be published by Mr. Heinemann, the scene is laid at Minehead. He has already won the suffrages of his fellow-workers. Most critics of any standing hail him as one of the very best of the new writers; and I feel sure that the general reading public will soon do the same.

EDWARD WRIGHT.

THE READER.

THE AUTHOR OF "UNCLE TOM": SOME CENTENARY NOTES.

By Walter Jerrold.

"I AM a little bit of a woman, somewhat more than forty, about as thin and dry as a pinch of snuff; never very much to look at in my best days, and looking like a used-up article now." In 1853, the year after "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had been published in book form, Harriet Beecher Stowe thus described herself in a letter to an English correspondent. There could not fail to be something attractive in the woman who could write those words, and it is not surprising to find that George Eliot, on reading the letter in which they occurred, described it as "most fascinating, and makes one love her." At the time Mrs. Stowe was the most talked-about literary woman in the two hemispheres; she might have said with Lord Byron that she woke one morning to find herself famous. That her fame has lasted may best be indicated by the fact that in England to-day her best known book can be purchased in ten or a dozen different current editions. In this year, which by common consent seems to be accepted as that in which to celebrate the centenary of her birth, we may well seek to learn something of the secret of that sustained popularity, to estimate in some degree her "place" in nineteenth-century literature.

Harriet Beecher, the daughter of a celebrated Calvinistic divine, Lyman Beecher, was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, on June 14, 1811 or 1812. The biography written by her son gives the former year (yet records the seventieth anniversary of her birthday as occurring in 1882), but there seems much conflict of testimony on the subject, though whether we are celebrating the centenary of that birth a few weeks after the century is completed, or only during the hundredth year, does not matter. Here it is not necessary to enlarge upon the subject of her life story, except in so far as it belongs to her work as a writer. One of a large family of boys and girls—her youngest brother, Henry Ward Beecher, became a famous preacher and social reformer—Harriet had the distinction at the age of twelve of having, at a school exhibition, her essay selected as one of the two or three best to be read before the assembly of visitors. Her subject was one that needed for its treatment the massed and co-ordinated knowledge of age or the easy cocksureness of youth, being nothing less than a reply to the proposition "Can the Immortality of the Soul be Proved by the Light of Nature?" In 1836 Harriet Beecher married Calvin Stowe, Professor of Languages and Biblical Literature at Lane College, Cincinnati, and for a few years—as is amusingly set forth in her biography—trebled the parts of housekeeper, bringer-up of a family of small children, and writer of stories and sketches for local periodicals. It was a life of great hardship; a professor in those times was not well paid, and literature had in grim earnestness to be cultivated, as Sydney Smith playfully put it, on a little oatmeal, in many of the intellectual homes of the West. The story of the struggle that it meant in Harriet Beecher Stowe's case must be read in her biography.



Harriet Beecher Stowe.

It was the Fugitive Slave Law—an enactment that indirectly did more to bring about emancipation than any other single agency—which stirred the best spirit in America to its depths; and one of the first fruits of that Law was—"Uncle Tom's Cabin." Harriet Beecher Stowe was an ardent abolitionist, eager to do what she could in the cause of the slaves, but, as it must have seemed to her, quite incapable of moving with her pen people who were but half-heartedly listening to Emerson and Thoreau, Lowell and Whittier, Garrison and other of the best men of the time. Her sister-in-law wrote to her: "Now, Hattie, if I could use a pen as you can, I would write something that would make this whole nation feel what an accursed thing slavery is." On receiving that hint the author declared, "I will write something. I will if I live." That was on the passing of the Fugitive Slave Law in 1850—a law so monstrous that it is difficult to read its provisions to-day without a flush of indignation. In the beginning of June of the following year the opening portion of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" appeared in the pages of the Washington *National Era*. It was begun as a story to be completed in a dozen chapters, but the author was building better



Harriet Beecher Stowe.

than she knew. The work grew and expanded, it was, as it were, the whole voice of the abolitionists uttered by one deeply-moved frail woman, and the instant attention which it gained heartened her to further effort. The serial publication for which Mrs. Stowe had received about sixty pounds—ran until April, 1852; and ten days before the final instalment appeared, the story was published in book form.

It is difficult to-day to realise the furore—the much-abused word is admissible here—that was caused by the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; to do so it is necessary to go to contemporary comment, to read in papers and letters of the period the pæan of praise, the torrent of abuse, that was poured forth about the book. That tradition does not exaggerate the instant effect of the story may be gathered from a passage in an article on the subject of Slavery in the United States, published in the staid pages of the *Edinburgh Review* in the spring of 1855:

"The first London edition was published in May, 1852, and was not large; for the European popularity of a picture of negro life was doubted. But in the following September the London publishers furnished to one house 10,000 copies per day for about four weeks, and had to employ 1,000 persons in preparing copies to supply the general demand. We cannot follow it beyond 1852; but at that time more than a million copies had been sold in England, probably ten times as many as have been sold of any other work, except the Bible and Prayer Book. In France 'Uncle Tom' still covers the shop windows of the Boulevards; and one publisher alone, Eustace Barba, has sent out five different editions in different forms. Before the end of 1852 it had been translated into Italian, Spanish, Danish, Swedish, Dutch, Flemish, German, Polish, and Magyar. There are two different Dutch translations and twelve different German ones; and the Italian translation enjoys the honour of the Pope's prohibition. It has been dramatised in twenty different forms, and acted in every capital in Europe and in the free States of America."



Harriet Beecher Stowe.

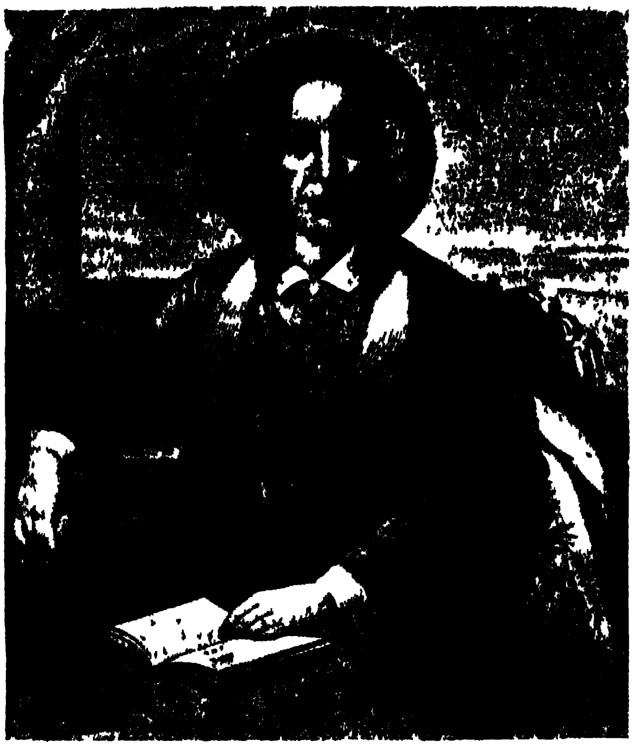
That was in 1855, exactly three years after the book was first published. Later it is said to have been translated into Russian, Welsh, Wendish, Wallachian, Armenian, Arabic, Romaic, and even Chinese and Japanese. It may be doubted whether any other story could show such a record. But this is not a bibliographical article; though it may be suggested that the collector who should specialise in "Uncle Tom" would have a goodly field before him.



Home of Harriet Beecher Stowe, Hartford, Connecticut.

To turn to the book and re-read it after a lapse of many years is to be impressed anew by the simple forcefulness with which the author achieved her great task. It was so easy to wax indignant, to fulminate against the evils of slavery, but indignation and fulmination were more likely to move those who were already

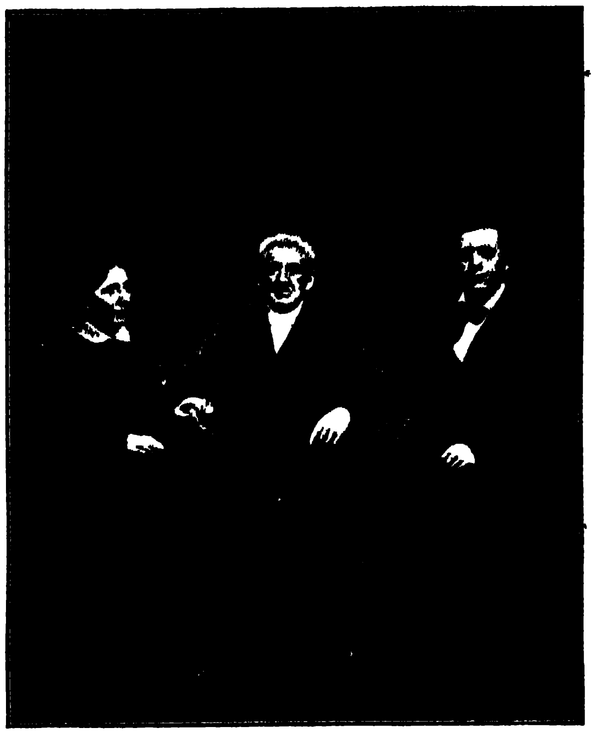
indignant than to win over those who were apathetic or who saw reason for defending the system, and Mrs. Stowe, as though by instinct, chose the seemingly simple but far more effective method of telling a story. A tale will take those who a sermon shun. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is a narrative which primarily interested as a story, and though we may, in our superior manner, smile to-day at some of the sentimentality, it is as a story that



Harriet Beecher Stowe.

From the original drawing by Dennis after a daguerreotype

we read it. I have indeed been asked incredulously, "Does anybody read 'Uncle Tom' now?" If the multiplicity of current editions does not answer that question, then so much the worse for modern readers. The book acted as a stimulant to the drowsy consciences of thousands when it was new but its interest to-day is something more than historical something more than that of a "document" depicting past conditions and



Harriet Beecher Stowe, Henry Ward Beecher, and their father, Dr. Lyman Beecher.

From "Harriet Beecher Stowe: The Story of Her Life," by her son, Charles Edward Stowe, and her grandson, Lyman Beecher Stowe. (England: James Nisbet & Co. America: Houghton Mifflin & Co.)

marking the awakening of a race; it is that of a live story of compelling qualities, one that, strong as is the "purpose," is nevertheless always a story. It was, as at the time a critic acutely recognised, "at once the most powerful of contemporary fiction and the most efficient of anti-slavery tracts," and in this lies the secret of its early success and its lasting charm.

Lowell went so far as to declare that the book succeeded in spite of its purpose rather than because of it; it would perhaps be truer to say that it first achieved success because of, and maintains it in spite of, that purpose. "Works of imagination written with an aim to immediate impression are commonly ephemeral, like Miss Martineau's 'Tales' and Elliott's 'Corn Law Rhymes', but the creative faculty of Mrs. Stowe, like



Hartford, from the East Side of the River.

that of Cervantes in 'Don Quixote,' and of Fielding in 'Joseph Andrews,' overpowered the narrow specialty of her design, and expanded a local and temporary theme with the cosmopolitanism of genius."

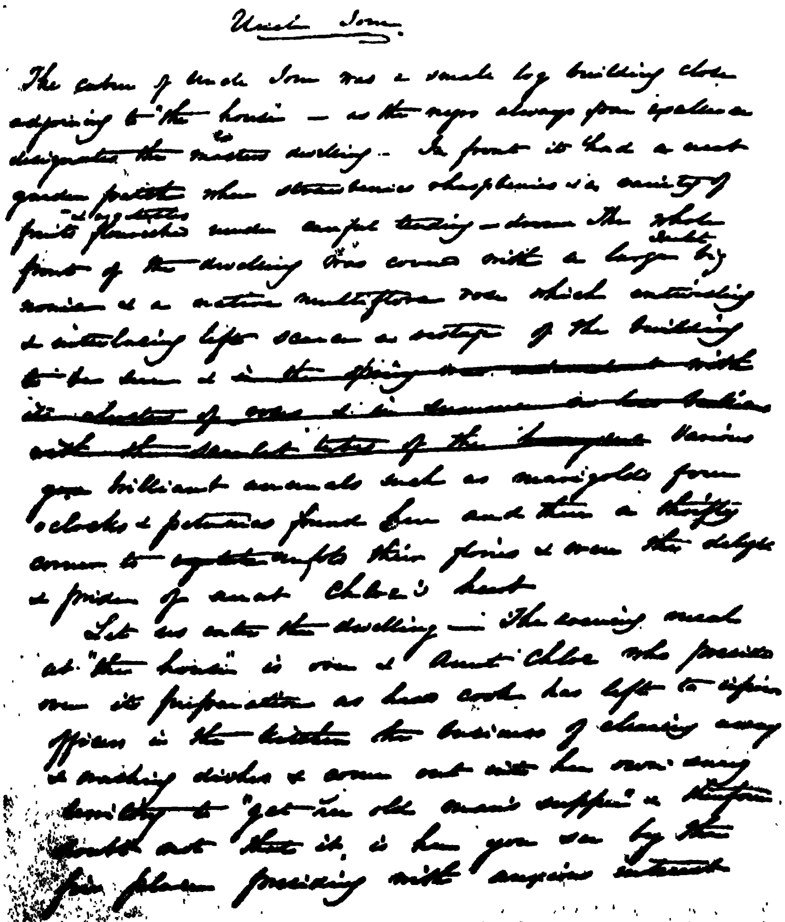
The measure of a book's success—if the subject of it be one on which opinions are sharply divided—may be gauged by the treatment it receives from "the other side," and Mrs. Stowe appears to have been accused with unmeasured vindictiveness of exaggeration and even of wilful misrepresentation of facts for the purpose of carrying on a sentimental propaganda. Indeed pro-slavery journals indulged in flattery by imitation, publishing other "Cabins" in which slave life was presented in more or less idyllic fashion. The year after "Uncle Tom" Mrs. Stowe replied to her critics by publishing a "key" to her story in which she presented "the Original Facts and Documents upon which the Story is founded; together with Corroborative Statements verifying the Truth of the Work." Some years later, she was able to say "to this no answer has ever been returned; a most profound silence has always reigned with regard to that book in quarters where there was the most clamour with regard to the tale," and to add with all the emphasis of italics



Tom is sold by auction and taken off in fetters.
From a drawing by E. F. Skinner.

"the author has never seen or heard of one attempt to disprove or refute a single statement of the key." This supplementary work was of course an emphasising of the purpose which had inspired the tale, and doubtless increased the impetus of the movement by which a decade or so later slavery was relegated to the iniquities abandoned by civilisation on its forward march.

"If nature refuses," runs a line of Juvenal, "indignation will prompt a verse," and there is no doubt that it was the inspiration of indignation which made Mrs. Stowe write with a strength which in the ordinary course her literary nature lacked. It is by "Uncle Tom" that with the widest public she "lives," and by another of her stories inspired by the same indignation, "Dred: a Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp," and though the latter does not seem to have maintained its popularity on this side of the Atlantic, it has much of the same impressive power. It is indeed remarkable that with our present rage for reprinting "classics" there is not a single issue of "Dred" to companion the many editions of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The later story is a vivid and interesting narrative, which has undeservedly become overshadowed by the more famous one. Much of Mrs. Stowe's work in fiction largely owed its temporary success to the position which she took at a bound as the author of the greatest novel with a purpose that was ever written. It is as creator of Uncle Tom, as merciless delineator of the unmerciful monsters into which some men were turned by a vile system, that she became famous, it is as such that she won a position which makes it fitting that the centenary of her birth should not pass unnoticed.



Uncle Tom

The cabin of Uncle Tom was a small log building close adjoining to "the house" — as the negro always par excellence designates the master's dwelling. In front it had a neat garden patch where strawberries raspberries & a variety of fruits flourished under careful tending — Now the whole front of the dwelling was covered with a large bignonia & a native multiflora rose which entwining & interlacing left scarce a vestige of the building to be seen

Facsimile of page of MS. of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Besides the stories named, Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote many tales of varying excellence, verses and essays, pamphlets, articles and accounts of travel. Yet one other story seems to merit fuller mention as being, apart from the anti-slavery tales, her best work of fiction. Indeed Lowell



Eva reads the Bible to Uncle Tom.
From "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (Blackie.)

declared it superior as a work of art to the better known books. This is "The Minister's Wooing" in which Mrs. Stowe delineated the things she saw, the people she knew, in which she showed that "true perception of realities without which the ideality is impossible." She wrote much because she could, and doing so proved a ready means of adding to the scanty income of her early married life. When, after the publication of "Uncle Tom," she visited Europe, it was to have something like a triumphal progress through England, but her account of the trip, in "Sunny Memories," was not worthy of her reputation. On that earliest visit she first met Lady Byron, of whom she became as it were the literary mouthpiece, allowing her warm partisanship to accept uncritically the unreliable



Harriet Beecher Stowe.
From a daguerreotype.

reminiscences of an emotionally unbalanced old woman. It is not necessary to refer at any length to this subject, but it may be said that Mrs. Stowe's attitude in the controversy was more to the credit of her heart than of her head.

In 1889 the biography of Harriet Beecher Stowe, prepared by her son with her assistance, was published, and on July 1, 1896, she died. Her "place" in literature is that of the writer to whom it was given to touch the imagination of her generation in such a way that the downfall of a hateful and degrading system was hastened. The occasion, it has been said, always produces the man. Moralists and idealists, poets and reformers had vigorously assailed the institution of slavery, but something more was needed, and no small portion of that something more was provided by the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."



Eliza's flight over the ice,
which Mrs. Stowe says, in her introduction to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," is the first "salient point" in the tale.
From a drawing by E. F. Skinner.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

SEPTEMBER, 1911.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E C

The date fixed above for sending in answers does not apply to Competitors resident abroad except in the case of competition No 2 answers from foreign or Colonial readers for competitions 1 3 and 4 (the subjects of these being the same each month) will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt

Each competitor may send in any number of attempts, provided each attempt is written on a separate sheet of paper

I —A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature

II A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best serious or satirical comment in not more than twelve lines of original verse on the idea of substituting arbitration for war

III A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews

IV A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST.

I - A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to MR CHARLES POWELL of 37 Egerton Road Withington Manchester for the following

UNCONFESSED By MAXWELL GRAY (John Long)

' The padre said Whatever have you been and gone and done ?

W S GILBERT *Bab Ballads*

We also select for printing

AN IMPOSSIBLE FRIEND By E I HAVERFIELD (Nisbet)

" What will Mrs Grundy say ?

T MORTON *Speed the Plough*

(R G Wyatt, 336, Old Ford Road Victoria Park E)

GOLF FOR THE LATE BEGINNER By HENRY HUGHES (John Long)

" In my youth said the sage as he shook his grey locks,
' I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—
Allow me to sell you a couple ? '

LEWIS CARROLL
Alice in Wonderland

(Miss E M Baker, Lindens, Marlborough Road, St. Albans)

ALL AWRY By MAUDE ANNESLEY (Mills & Boon)

' There was a crooked man and he went a crooked mile
He found a crooked sixpence against a crooked stile
He bought a crooked cat which caught a crooked mouse
And they all lived together in a little crooked house

Nursery Rhyme

(Adelaide A Walkerdine 52 Heathfield Road Handsworth Birmingham)

THE IMMORTAL FUEL By CALE YOUNG RICE (Hodder & Stoughton)

A frog he would a wooing go

Nursery Rhyme

(Irene Pollock Lalonde 14 Forester Road Bath)

By the use of this ointment one shilling the box
Allow me to sell you a couple ?

LEWIS CARROLL *Alice in Wonderland*

(Charles Powell 37 Egerton Road Withington Manchester)

THE SOVEREIGN POWER By MARK LEE LUTHER (Macmillan)

An infant crying in the night
And with no language but a cry

TENNYSON *In Memoriam*

(Ernest F Seymour 32 Priory Park Road Kilburn N W)

THE SIMPLE LIFE LIMITED By DANIEL CHAUCER (John Lane)

In the middle of the woods
Lived the Yonghy Bonghy Bo
Two old chairs and half a candle
One old jug without a handle
These were all his worldly goods

EDWARD LEAR
Nonsense Songs

(Miss Gretta Rutherfurd, Campbell Road Onehunga, Auckland New Zealand)

A SIMPLE PLAN FOR A NEW HOUSE OF LORDS By A M S METHUEN (Methuen)

And now quoth the minister (eased of his panics,
And ripe for each pastime the summer affords),
Having had our full swing at destroying mechanics
By way of *set off*, let us make a few Lords "

THOMAS MOORE,
New Creation of Peers

(E Railton Ward, Chaseley, Altrincham)

' And thick and fast they came at last
And more and more and more '

LEWIS CARROLL,
Alice through the Looking-Glass

(Leila Prentice, Greystoke, Surbiton Hill.)



Harriet Beecher Stowe.

From a photograph taken in 1862

From ' Harriet Beecher Stowe The Story of Her Life "
(England J Nisbet & Co America Houghton, Mifflin & Co)

FOR THE HUMAN MAN. (Title of Review.)
"A rosy cheek or a coral lip."
T. CAREW, *The True Beauty.*

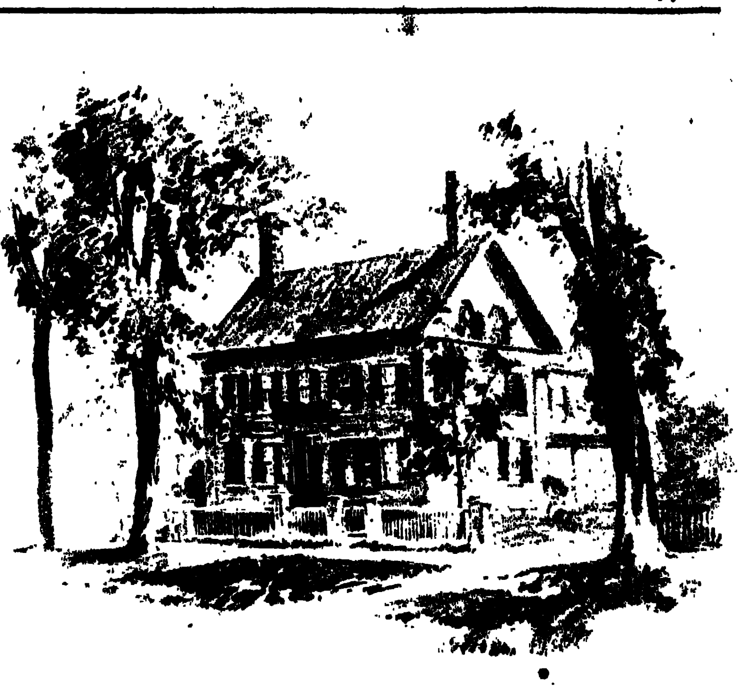
(Walter G. Letham, 729, Arlington Street, Winnipeg, Man., Canada.)

II.—Considering the large number of papers sent in for it, the results in this Competition are a little disappointing. The best four-line motto for the holiday-maker, so far as idea was concerned, came from Miss Alicia Williams, of 1, Camden Crescent, Bath, but unfortunately in the only two lines that were meant to rhyme she attempted to mate "home" with "flown." On the whole, we award the PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS to Miss MARION BURD, of Southend, Solihill, Warwickshire, for the following:

MOTTO FOR THE HOLIDAY-MAKER

"Calmness when you travel, and trains are full and late;
Calmness when the rain falls, and folks get in a state;
Calmness when the plans clash, and people won't agree;
Calmness when the bill comes, and you've spent your £ s. d."

We specially commend the mottoes sent in by the Rev. E. C. Lansdowne (South Woodford), Miss S. Isaacson (Clapham Park, S.W.), Norah E. Goodbody (Clara, King's Co.), W. S. Young (Lee, S.E.), H. W. Cornelius (Wandsworth, S.W.), J. D. Turpin (Portadown), Mary Wilford (Birstall), Miss M. G. D. Beales (Birstall), George Fawcett (Belfast), Janet Jeffrey (Murrayfield), Miss Watson (Newcastle-on-Tyne), R. G. Wyatt (Victoria Park, E.), A. Cameron Shore (Russell Square, W.C.), Chas. Webb (King's Lynn), Chas. Powell (Manchester), Miss A. M. Weir (Arbroath), Maud McDonald (Enfield), Mary L. Sherington (Hornsey), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), E. F. Seymour (Kilburn), Mary C. Jobson (Middleton-one-Row), Iris Rose (Ipswich), Thomas Lanfear (London, S.E.), Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), José Malcom (Bacup), Elinor Moore (Liverpool), A. Clarke (High Wycombe), Gwendoline Chave (Tiverton), Florence H. Ellis (Halifax), Miss Wilkie (Hitchin),



Mrs. Stowe's House, Brunswick, Maine, where "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was written.

From "Harriet Beecher Stowe: The Story of Her Life."
(England: J. Nisbet & Co. America: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)



"There sat the two children on the floor, Topsy with her usual air of careless drollery and unconcern, Eva, her whole face fervent with feeling."

From a water colour drawing by Simon Harmon Vedder in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." (A. & C. Black.



Scene from "Uncle Tom's Cabin."
As performed at the Olympic Theatre in September, 1852.

much charm, of child life, of education, of Romanising influences in the Church, of pageants, of the House of Lords. It is the output of a scholarly mind: the work of Sir Arthur Quiller Couch rather than the "Q" we knew of old.

(G. E. Wakerley, 19, Chaworth Road, West Bridgford, Notts.)

THE INNOCENCE OF FATHER BROWN. By G. K. Chesterton. (Cassell.)

When a great stylist sets himself to write a novel the public expects a good thing, and in this case they are not disappointed. The little priest, Father Brown, is a great character—worthy to go down to posterity with the immortal Sherlock. It is a treat to read sensational tales so well written. Each story grips the reader's attention at once and holds it to the end. "The Hammer of God" is perhaps the best. The plots are most mystifying, but all is clearly explained at the end of the story. Without doubt a book to read.

(James A. Richards, 10, Park Road, Tenby, S. Wales.)

James Smith (Aberdeen), Mrs. Wright (Sutton), Bert Jacka (Pentonville, W.C.), Arthur Blundell (Southport), F. A. Salmon (Penzance), D. Whitelaw (Paisley), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), Arnold S. Walton (Newcastle-on-Tyne), and A. W. W. (Liscard).

III.—The Prize of Half a Guinea for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Mr. R. H. Kidd, of 21, Downside Crescent, Hampstead, N.W., for the following:

LEADERS OF THE PEOPLE. By Joseph Clayton. (Martin Secker.)

At the present time the problems of Democracy almost monopolise our attention. Mr. Clayton's "Leaders of the People" is not only "a book for the times," it is a book of permanent value, for it is a serious and weighty contribution to the history of our nation. With sympathy, but without partisanship, Mr. Clayton gives us clear-cut and lucid pictures of the men who have fought so strenuously, and at such terrible cost, to preserve the liberties of the people. A notable feature of the book is the thoroughness with which each chapter is supplied with references to authorities.

Other good reviews received are:

ACROSS THE FOREST AND FAR AWAY. By Geraldine Hodgson. Illustrated by Gerald Hodgson, M.R.C.S., A.K.C. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

This charming little book is to be recommended to all those parents and guardians who have to do with imaginative children. It is a delightful fantasy of Forest Creatures, beautifully written and expressed, and very pathetic. The three most interesting chapters deal with "The Brown Owl's Story," "The Boggart who lived in the Pool," and "The House Bogle," but all are good. An altogether desirable book for the holidays, a unique blending of natural history and fairy lore.

(Emily Kington, Ardblair Castle, Blairgowrie, Perthshire, N.B.)

BROTHER COPAS. By "Q." (Arrowsmith.)

"Brother Copas" is far removed from the early romances which brought its author fame. Strictly speaking, it is not a novel, but a further instalment of *obiter dicta* from a Cornish window; this time concerning social and religious movements. The Brethren of Noble Poverty, in their picturesque setting of Winchester, form an admirable vehicle for discoursing, with

LADIES WHOSE BRIGHT EYES. By F. Madox Hueffer. (Constable.)

. It comes as somewhat of a "sell" to one when the story suddenly becomes a thrilling romance of the middle ages instead of an entrancing tale of modern life. Mr. Sorrell, an American, because of a cracked skull received in a railway smash, is precipitated into the thirteenth century. An ancient cross received from a lady he had befriended plays an important part in the adventure. The writer is very successful in his efforts to realise the working of the mediæval mind. A happy ending is rendered possible, since "the lady" was also enjoying a subsequent existence, and a return to the twentieth century puts things right.

(H. M. Creswell Payne, Penare, Whitemoor, St. Austell.)

BURNING DAYLIGHT. By Jack London. (Heinemann.)

The virility so characteristic of this writer is to be found pervading this story, and Burning Daylight, as pioneer of the development of Alaska, as gambler on the Stock Exchange, and as the lover of Dede Mason, must perforce arouse interest—if not admiration—in all who read the rousing scenes in which he is the foremost figure. Pathos is not wanting in the story of his career, and his return to the soil in the prime of his days in the company of his comrade and wife makes up for much which demands forgiveness in his city career.

(Miss J. A. Jenkins, 196, Hamstead Road, Handsworth, Birmingham.)

MR. PERRIN AND MR. TRAILL. By Hugh Walpole. (Mills & Boon.)

The value of this book lies in its profundity and truth as a psychological study. The style is somewhat jerky, the writing is occasionally careless, the subject chosen is a dour one, but the writer's grasp of it would atone for more faults than exist in his manipulation; and Mr. Perrin lives; one knows him intimately, and will never forget him. This outcome of absolute sincerity, close observation, understanding, knowledge of human nature, and most tender sympathy with it, is worth all the facile, ephemeral stories of love and adventure that might be collected in a long summer's day.

(Mrs. H. H. Penrose, Deepcut Bungalow, Frimley Green, Surrey.)

IN HIGHLAND HARBOURS WITH PARA HANDY. By Hugh Foulis. (Blackwood.)

The strong air of these "Highland Harbours" seems to have had a baneful effect upon Para Handy's visit, for here it is decidedly weak. The real humour of the book lies not so much in the witticisms of the kind-hearted old skipper himself as in the quaint drollery of his descriptions and the quiet touches of sarcasm with which he hits off the favourite weaknesses of his friends and acquaintances. And here, in truth, he is "[illegible] sublime." But perhaps the best point of the whole book is the



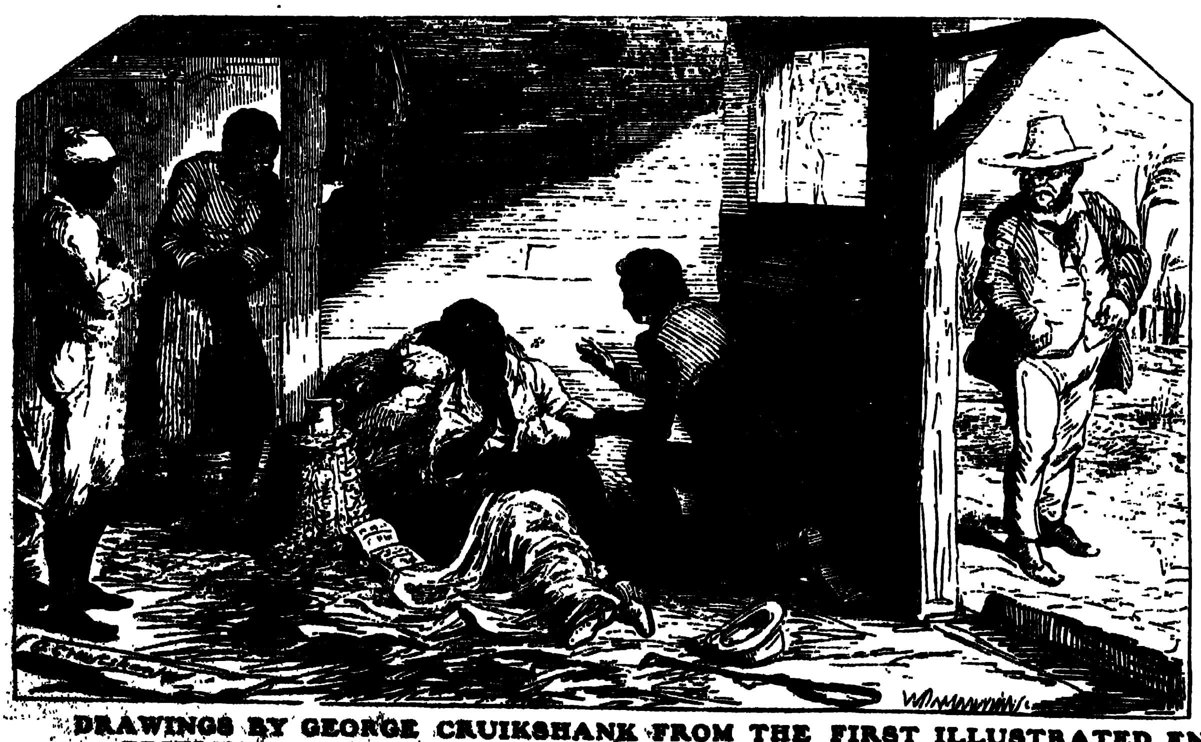
Valuing the Human Article.

"The boy drew his chubby face down to a formidable length and commenced toning a psalm tune through his nose with imperturbable gravity."



The Separation of Mother and Child.

"The old men of the company, partly by persuasion and partly by force, loosed the poor creature's last despairing hold, and as they led her off to her new master's waggon, strove to comfort her."



The Death of Uncle Tom.

"When George entered the shed, he felt his head giddy and his heart sick. 'Is it possible? Is it possible?' said he, kneeling down by him. 'Uncle Tom, my poor old friend!'"

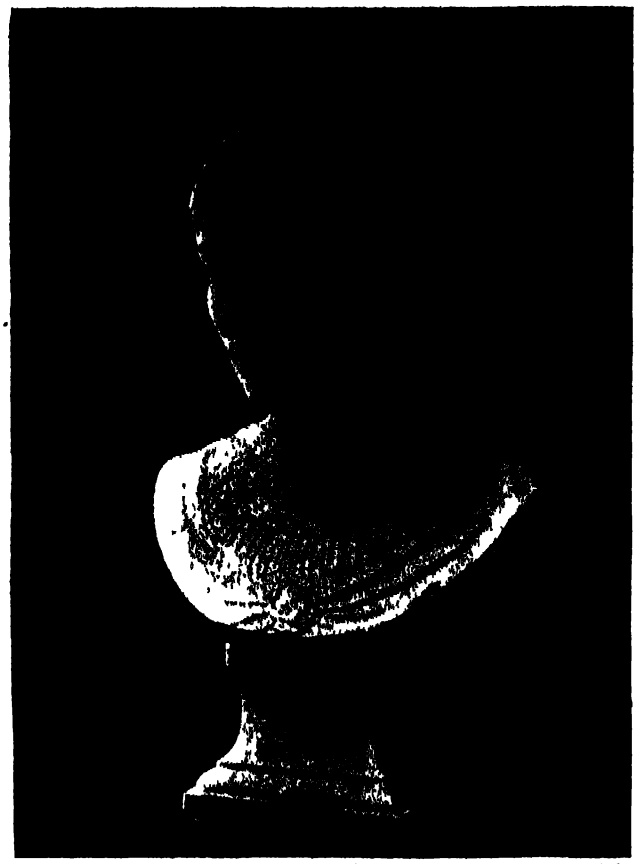
DRAWINGS BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK FROM THE FIRST ILLUSTRATED ENGLISH EDITION OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN," PUBLISHED BY JOHN CASSELL IN 1852.

clever reproduction of the Western Highland dialect, and in this respect it quite equals its predecessor, "The Vital Spark"

(Louisa A. Beveridge, Gordon Villa, Balmoral Avenue, Belfast.)

We also specially commend the reviews sent in by X. Y. Z., Cambridge (who is disqualified for exceeding the hundred-word limit); J. Pringle Thomson (Edinburgh), Kate Lee (Harrow), Florence L. Bate (Folkestone), Lilian C. Young (Grove Park), G. G. G. (Liscard), Helen MacLeod Scott (Edinburgh), Miss M. V. Woodgate (London, S.W.), Mrs. Wright (Sutton), Miss R. M. Paterson (Fleet), G. M. Elmwood (Grimsby), Florence L. Payne (St. Austell), William Morriss (Sheffield), Mary C. Jobson (Middleton-one-Row), Miss Browne (Worcester), Irene Harrison (Bristol), Miss B. O. Anderson (Scarborough), Miss Mackechnie (Stirling), May Coleman (Scarborough), W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood), Miss E. Rippon (Hull), Mrs. Sybilla Stirling (Glentarg), B. Williams (Smethwick), E. F. Seymour (Kilburn), A. Blundell (Southport), M. C. M. Grouther (Glasgow), H. W. Cornelius (Wandsworth), Miss Van der Pant (Ashford), Evelyn Makry (Folkestone), and L. H. Cooke (Stockport).

IV. The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to Mr. K. S. VENKATARAMAIRI, Kavaripatam, Tanjore District, South India.



Harriet Beecher Stowe at 46.

From the bust by Miss G. Durant, exhibited at the Royal Academy of 1857, and now in New York University

From "Life and Letters of Harriet Beecher Stowe" Edited by Annie Fields (Sampson Low & Co.)

FOURNIER'S "NAPOLEON."*

By DR. WILLIAM BARRY.

PROFESSOR FOURNIER published the first edition of this work in 1885 and the second in 1904-6. Twenty years filled with study and research, marked also by ever-growing piles of Napoleonic literature, divide these instances—which show us how history ought to be written—of a scholarship wedded to choice language, free from partisan or national bias, always dignified and aiming at truth. Oxford, in Mr. Fisher's brief commendatory page, sets a seal on original and translation, not undeserved. We have many a "Life" of Napoleon; but the verdict here given, with adequate documents, by an Austrian writing at Vienna, claims a very high place among them. It is eminently sane and well balanced. It does not pretend to be an attorney's instruction to an advocate, or itself a pleading on either side, but a summing-up on the evidence. To Professor Fournier, the Corsican appears as at once "the greatest Parvenu of all time" and as more than any other individual man determining the fortunes of the modern world. From Béranger's "hymns" to Barbier's satires, from Thiers with his Revolutionary Epic to Lanfrey's indictment and Taine's analysis, a strange composite Galton-photograph might be produced; but could we believe it was like any human figure? Legend and triviality mar the proportions or distort the outlines of a character which, by its abnormal energies, its mingling of vast designs with attention to detail, its firmness, concentration of idea, and isolation from humanity, leaves no standard to measure it. Never was there a more striking illustration of the words in Shakespeare, "I am myself alone."

Thus we are baffled for want of comparison, and we fall back on prejudice, making to ourselves a British, German, French Napoleon, at whom the real Bonaparte would smile or frown. The British "eidolon" is familiar to us, especially in school-books—a foil to Nelson's glory and the occasional cause of Wellington's Waterloo. But Napoleon did not exist merely that England might send him to St. Helena. He was a world-portent, a great natural force, in the happy expression of Stendhal or Emerson. And so Professor Fournier is willing to allow the Emperor's own account of himself, for a "child of Destiny" he surely was, "the product and the consummation of the Revolution." Hence in these volumes

* "Napoleon I. A Biography." By August Fournier, Professor of History at the University of Vienna, etc. Translated by Annie Elizabeth Adams. Introduction by H. A. L. Fisher, Fellow and Tutor of New College, Oxford. 2 Vols. With Frontispiece and 7 Maps. 21s. net. (Longmans.)

we view him under two aspects; in one of which he is intent only on his private ambition, but in the other he serves to realise the idea to which he owes his greatness. He serves, I say; and that word "service," making an end of "privilege," tells us why the principles of '89, armed with this incomparable weapon, Bonaparte's genius, overthrew the kings of Europe and shattered their mercenary battalions. Where the soldier conquered, the Code Napoléon followed. We may find in him twenty men or more; but if we cannot refuse Taine's three-quarter portrait of him as Cæsar Borgia, there is a full-length which reveals him to history; in lasting colours he was Alexander of Macedon, who carried Greek civilisation from the Mediterranean to the Indus. Europe, dying on its worn-out system, was unable to give itself a new one. The Revolution had long been inevitable. When it broke out "chaos was come again," with seeds of life but no order in its workings. Carnot has been termed the organiser of victory. Napoleon was the organiser of civilisation, as for a hundred years it has been upheld on the Continent. In law, in administration, in finance, in military, and even in ecclesiastical affairs, he remains the Emperor of the West.

This Napoleon, not the god of battles, nor the vanquished of Moscow and La Belle Alliance, is little known to Englishmen, unless they have done a rare thing and considered Europe from another meridian than that of Greenwich. But Professor Fournier always keeps him in sight. Let me not be misunderstood. The story is told as a story, not in dissertations. It has the due infusion of personalities and discreetly handles gossip when required. It rises at the critical moments to a situation, though on its guard against Victor Hugo strokes and outcries. I believe this middle style superior to the fatiguing monotony of Taine's mosaic (however valuable are Taine's quotations), for it results in a clear page, easy to read and remember. We get our moral problems discussed; and we become acquainted with "Napoléon intime," though not entreated to accept the bourgeois delineation of his good and bad qualities set forth in that well-meaning volume by M. Arthur Lévy. An eagle is a bird of prey, not nice in his habits, but not a barn-door fowl. Tried at Common Law, which is a judgment seat none of us can escape, the modern Alexander would be sentenced to penal servitude, as in fact he underwent it. His faults, nay his crimes, are not to be condoned. On the ethical scale he stands as low as on the scale of permanent public achievement he stands high. Bonaparte could scarcely credit a rumour of unselfish action, and never dreamt man or woman was capable of resisting temptation. It is probably this unbelief that gives to his conversation and his letters a tone we must call (for want of the right word) vulgar, and that leaves us cold before his famous manifestos, too evidently claptrap. The murder of the Duc d'Enghien, the imprisonment of Pius VII., were crimes; but they were also acts of perfidy and meanness which disgust while they provoke resentment, and ever will. Bonaparte, says Emerson, "was a boundless liar." His correspondence and State papers, laid open since Emerson wrote, enlarge our conception of the possibilities of lying. In this feature, most of all, he resembles Cæsar Borgia, and is the beau ideal of Machiavelli's "Prince." Faithful to the end, he sits at St. Helena dictating historic falsehoods to gull posterity. It is to him inconceivable that any man should tell the truth to his own disadvantage. The hero was never to blame; therefore Brueys lost the battle of the Nile by disobeying instructions; the winter and Murat explain the disasters in Russia, which began earlier than the snow, and did not require anything to account for them except Napoleon's failure to cope with so enormous an expedition. In like manner it was Grouchy that blundered in the campaign of Waterloo, yet he did so by the Emperor's written commands. When the Pope timidly whispers that he is only a trustee and cannot give away the Roman States or yield up the Papal powers, he is told by Napoleon-Ahab that he, and not his gaoler, is troubling the Church. Some great men have been magnanimous; Bonaparte always trampled on his victim, and insulted him at the same time. It is extraordinary that Carlyle, or any one well read in history, should imagine there is an essential connection between goodness and genius. Napoleon's life refutes that amiable theory at every point. And of him in the days when he was most triumphant Victor Hugo's saying holds, "Le succès est hideux." The Emperor who made kings come bow to him at Erfurt is hardly more engaging than Attila.

Among the clear issues demonstrated by Professor Fournier, none should be more telling than his proof that the Republic, as far back as 1795, had resolved on closing against England all the ports of Europe. It was the "Continental system," and Napoleon had only



Stained Glass Window recently placed in Old Plymouth Church, Brooklyn.

The central figure is Harriet Beecher Stowe. On the left is Mary Lyon, who was a leading advocate of the higher education of women and founded Mount Holyoke College, at South Hadley, Mass. On the right is Emma Willard, also an advocate of "improvement of female education." The seated figure is Catherine Esther Beecher, Mrs. Stowe's sister.

to put it in practice. So, too, the expedition to Egypt was foreshadowed in 1796. That profound observer, Mallet du Pan, says of the then Directory: "It is rousing Persia, undermining Constantinople, and filling India with its emissaries." The Committee of Public Safety was bent on secularising the ecclesiastical States along the Rhine and confederating its princes, just as Napoleon did in 1806. Writing home from Berlin, Sieyès in 1798 declared the German shores of the North Sea "the most important part of the world for France." These astonishing words are still true, with an addition which may be debated but cannot seriously be denied, that England's fate is now involved in the fortunes of her ancient rival. The mouths of the Weser and the Elbe, of the Rhine and the Scheldt, are mouths of destiny, in which empires could be lost. However, the Republic had neither plan nor method. Its general, when he became its master, supplied both. He was a day-dreamer whose dreams turned out to be true, for he made them so. He dealt with real categories, time, space, numbers, quantities, in a way that Cæsar and Alexander did not surpass and scarcely equalled. His unsleeping memory, his power to seize the centre and co-ordinate particulars beneath a governing idea, his concrete vision—these things intensify life as we read about them; and how could inferior men get the better of one who, as he said to the inane Cardinal Fesch, saw the stars in daytime? It was part of Napoleon's good luck that he never met his match on the battlefield and only once in diplomacy. The Archduke Charles beat him at Aspern; but no military judge would rank the Archduke with Napoleon. In the Russian campaign, very distinctly set before us here, the generals who hung round his steps were feeble and frightened, like dogs attacking a lion. The diplomatist whom he could not intimidate or hoodwink was Consalvi; and this Roman Cardinal happened to be changing horses at Fréjus when the fallen Emperor passed along the road on his journey to Elba—I had almost written Canossa. Why had he fallen? Because he understood only facts and forces, but could never grasp the inward meaning of religion, liberty, national spirit. After all, he was more like Caliban than Prospero, an earthly mind endowed with colossal strength, serving higher purposes than he knew. Professor Fournier has treated the man and his mission with judgment, fairness, competence, and may be read to the end. We cannot ask much more of history except when Thucydides makes it his province.

New Books.

NIETZSCHE'S PLEA FOR AUTHORITY.*

This is a profoundly stimulating and suggestive volume which should be read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested by all those who hold (or do *not* hold) with the gospel (or is it heresy?) of Individualism, that theory of government which favours the utmost social and economic liberty of the human unit, that good (or is it bad?) principle which declares that every man should be his own master, should be a law unto himself. It is an echo of the voice of one of the profoundest thinkers of the day crying in the wilderness for a return to Authority with its connotations, Command, Reverence, Despotism, Obedience, Greatness, and Inequality. It is a powerful plea for the sane authority of the Superman as against the insane authority of committees, assemblies, herds, crowds, and mobs. Professedly Mr. Ludovici deals in this volume with this principle as it affects Art. Practically he does much more than this, contending, and with no little plausibility (I use the word in its *best* sense), that the crying need of the present time is for Leaders, Supermen, in every branch of Life and Thought, who can be trusted to raise the community to its highest power, rather than for the "sort of inverted Midas" (I thank Mr. Ludovici for that word) "at whose touch all gold turns to tinsel, all pearls to beads, and all beauty withers and fades." I am aware that these views will not commend themselves to all, probably indeed not to the large majority, but I beg all thinking men and women to give due consideration to Mr. Ludovici's unfashionable theories.

He contends, amongst other things, that in this critical (I use the word in its *worst* sense) age we are living upon high-sounding phrases rather than upon sound principles. We talk big words, but do mighty little things. Take, for example, the Equality of Man. How splendid that sounds! But who really believes in it, acts upon it? Certainly Jesus Christ did not. He arrogated to Himself the right to teach "as *one* having authority," as a Superman, standing high above His hearers, calling to them to come up to His standard, not flattering them into contentment with a dead level of mediocrity. He commended them to render unto Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's. He no more suggested that they should ransack Cæsar's palaces and divide the proceeds amongst themselves, than the Top-Dogs of to-day, who were amongst the Bottom-Dogs of yesterday, suggest that to-day's Bottom-Dogs shall share alike with them the emoluments of their new-found offices and perquisites. These are not Mr. Ludovici's words, but I take it to be his meaning. Let us read a few of the wise things which he writes in this volume, and which were spoken by him in the lecture room of University College, London, in November and December, 1910. To begin with, it is important to realise that "Nietzsche's artistic standpoint should be regarded as the very basis of all his thought," and that "no better access could be discovered to his spirit than by way of his æsthetic." This being proved, with much illumination, Mr. Ludovici proceeds to discuss the anarchy prevailing in Modern Art, comparing with it the Reverence for Authority that once obtained.

"Probably," he says, "but few men, to-day, could fall on their knees and sob at the death-bed of a great artist, as Pope Leo X. once did. Maybe there are but one or two who, like Taiko's generals, when Teaism was in the ascendant in Japan, would prefer the present of a rare work of art to a large grant of territory as a reward for victory; and there is certainly not one individual in our midst but would curl his lips at the thought of a mere servant sacrificing his life for a precious picture."

Again—

"Not only does every one arrogate to himself the right to utter his word upon Art; but Art's throne itself is now claimed by thousands upon thousands of usurpers—each of whom has a 'free personality,' which he insists upon expressing and to whom severe law and order would be an insuperable barrier. Exaggerated individualism and anarchy are the result."

* "Nietzsche and Art." By Anthony M. Ludovici. Illustrated. 4s. 6d. net. (Constable.)



The Lady Nophret.
(Cairo Museum.)
From "Nietzsche and Art," by Anthony M. Ludovici. (Constable.)

In a word the modern man desires not to learn. He yearns to assert his right to criticise. He has no reverence for nor understanding of the artist, the Superman, as a seer, a prophet, who is there to show him what he can never find out for himself. He conceives that realism, not interpretation, is the thing needful. He forgets that nature was without form and void until the magnificent spirit of God "moved upon the face of the waters."

But it must not be supposed that Mr. Ludovici confines himself to generalities. He backs up his indictment by modern instances both punctual and incisive. To take an example: Dealing with the muddle which now obtains in architecture, he points out the glaring faults observable in our latest and most obvious of modern buildings. In the new War Office in Whitehall "we find structural expedients used as ornaments." In the Local Government Board offices and the Piccadilly Hotel (Regent Street side) "we find the most rigid parts of the buildings, in form (the rectangular parts, etc.), placed near the roof instead of in the basement." In the Piccadilly Hotel (Piccadilly side) and the Sicilian Avenue (Bloomsbury) we find "pillars standing supporting, and supported by, nothing"; in New Scotland Yard, "solids over voids"; in the Gaiety Theatre "mullions supporting arches" and "real windows appearing as mere holes in the wall while the ornamental windows are shams"; in the Local Government Board "keystones introduced into lintels"; in the Marylebone Workhouse "pilasters resting upon keystones."

I quote these things as examples of Mr. Ludovici's admirable methods, aware at the same time how absurdly inadequate they are to give more than an indication of the value of his treatise, to give any full estimate of it being an impossibility in a short review.

He believes, though he does not say it in these words, that the world should be governed by the few Supermen, not by a mob of superficial men, that the vox populi is not the vox Dei, that, in Nietzsche's words, "once Spirit was God, then it became man, and now it becometh mob." He holds with Matthew Arnold that every man may say what he likes but with this proviso, that "the aspirations of culture, which is the study of perfection, are not satisfied, unless what men say, when they say what they like, *is worth saying*. . . . Culture indefatigably tries, not to make what each raw person may like the rule by which he fashions himself; but to draw ever nearer to a sense of what is indeed beautiful, graceful, and becoming, ***and to get the raw person to like that***."

I do not say that Mr. Ludovici has all the truth on his side, but this I do deliberately say, that no one who has not regarded life from his, or perhaps I should say Nietsche's, standpoint is in a position to adjudge what is best for humanity in the body politic, and further that nobody, who wills to know, can rise from the perusal of this book without being conscious of a broadened outlook, a refreshing and heartening vision of something beyond the sordid materialism of our modern conditions. Personally, I have to thank the author for an unusual refreshment.

GEORGE SOMES LAYARD.

THE COMIC SPIRIT IN MEREDITH.*

Mr. Beach justifies the existence of his book by arguing that critics of Meredith have hitherto ignored or undervalued the Comic Spirit for the most part. "They never fail to pay perfunctory tribute to Meredith's wit and humour. But the comedy itself they pass by with grave unconsciousness; or they pause to name it, as in duty bound, only to proceed with nervous haste." This sounds rather a sweeping judgment on his predecessors. From Mr. Le Gallienne to Mrs. Sturge Henderson, the significance of the Comic Spirit has been more or less fully recognised in Meredith's prose and verse. If any critics have been inclined to presuppose their readers' acquaintance with it, this has been due in all likelihood to the fact that Meredith himself wrote a special exposition of what he considered to be the essence and function of comedy in literature. In his own opening chapter Mr. Beach indeed does no more than develop the idea of this essay in connection with Meredith's work. He returns to this in the last two chapters, while the intervening pages are occupied with an able critical analysis of the various stories and poems in which the Comic Spirit is held to be most prominent.

The method of Mr. Beach's inquiry is thorough, but the result is not any specific contribution to the inward significance of the Comic Spirit. He analyses with zest and care the various novels, but his successive chapters seldom amount to much more than an introduction to the leading ideas and the construction of the romance under review. One of the best sections is that devoted to "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel." "My understanding of the great Shaddock Dogma," says Mr. Beach, "is something like this. Shaddock is another name for grape-fruit, which is by some taken to be the apple of Eden, source of all our depravity. Now woman tempted man to eat of the apple. Woman remains our chief tempter, the root of sin. She is indeed the present apple of our temptation. She is the germ of the Apple-Disease." This is well put, and there are plenty of equally good remarks scattered over these chapters. When Mr. Beach fails to convince is in his treatment of a novel like "Diana of

* "The Comic Spirit in George Meredith." By Joseph Warren Beach. 5s. net. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

the Crossways," which he regards as "the most commonplace of Meredith's novels," and as much less characteristic of the Comic Spirit than most of the others. But "Diana" was written upon what was assumed to be the truth about Mrs. Norton's career, and certainly Meredith himself intended to illustrate in it the philosophy of laughter. It is in "Diana" that he expressly put one of his best definitions of that philosophy: "The promptness to laugh is an excellent progenitorial foundation for the wit to come in a people. . . . When a nation has acknowledged that it is as yet but in the fisticuff stage of the art of condensing our purest sense to golden sentences, a readier appreciation will be extended to the gift which is to strike, not the dazzled eyes, the unanticipating nose, the ribs, the sides, and stun us, twirl us, hoodwink, mystify, tickle and twitch, by dexterities of lingual sparring and shuffling, but to strike roots in the mind, the Hesperides of good things." Percy Dacier is surely a type of what Meredith conceived to be the egoist, with his "icy pillar of pride in the background of his nature" and his secret attitude of superior contempt for women. Sentimentalism, too, gets its ugly knocks in "Diana." It is not easy, therefore, to agree with Mr. Beach's depreciatory verdict upon the book, even in connection with the Comic Spirit. Another minor point on which Mr. Beach fails to persuade is his argument that "The House on the Beach" is a tale "laid in a strange unfamiliar world of dreams and consistent unrealities." Where are the unfamiliar dreams? And would it not be at least as accurate to speak of "inconsistent realities" as the scene of poor Tinman's manœuvres? On the other hand, Mr. Beach shows his critical accuracy by the praise he gives to "The Case of General Ople and Lady Camper," and by his conviction that "The Egoist" will become "for English readers, what it is said to be now for the French, the representative novel of Meredith. If it be true that comedy was Meredith's characteristic genre, 'The Egoist' must be his masterpiece." Still, there are reservations to be made. Meredith had gifts which were more than "comic," even in his peculiar definition of the term, and "Beauchamp's Career," together with "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," will always represent a Meredith who could not put himself entirely into even the characters of "The Egoist."

JAMES MOFFATT, D.D., D. LITT.

TALK OF THE TOWN.*

So far as topics are concerned, Mrs. John Lane deals in this new book of her essays with matters that are literally, more or less, talk of the town, but the town does not talk about them half so cleverly as she writes about them. She writes of "The Tyranny of Clothes," "The Plague of Monuments," "The Craze of Collecting," "The Trials of the Celebrated," "The Wrong Sex," "Men's Wrongs," and in general of the manners, morals, follies, pleasure, and business of the everyday modern world, with a freshness of outlook, a playful satire and racy humour that may have characterised social talk in the days before conversation became a lost art, but we have never been lucky enough to sit in a drawing-room or at a dinner-table next to any one who has been able to discourse on any and every subject under the sun with such an easy and sparkling brilliancy.

Nor is it only because of their smartness and their wit that these essays are so thoroughly enjoyable. Mrs. Lane is a shrewd observer; if she has a keen sense of life's absurdities, she has also as keen a sense of its underlying pathos, a hearty contempt for all snobbery and silly pomposity, a broad sympathy with the under-dog and those who play the game well and fairly, but fail to collect their share of the stakes. She has an incisive way, too, of cutting straight through the shows of things, and coming at the honest facts. Touching on "The New Fashion in Heroes," and on how from the beginning the common man as a warrior has invariably got more kicks than glory, she says:

"Not only have the military heroes of all ages had the cream of the glory, but in the tradition of every nation, as if that were not enough, there has been prepared for them when they were so unlucky as to be killed a Valhalla where they could eternally repose after their glorious deeds. Valhalla, also, was a kind of gigantic Trust to which only pedigree heroes were eligible. It might be a queer pedigree: father a god, mother a mere mortal—there are several known instances of such irregular domestic arrangements—but, at any rate, the hero had to be Somebody. . . . Only the socially elect were eligible who had fallen either gloriously killing or been gloriously killed.

"In a way the fashion in glory is dying hard, for the business of what might be called legally killing has ever been considered very noble and exclusive, at least for the men on top, while there has always been an inconsistent prejudice against a gentleman lurking at a street corner on purpose to put a weapon through any one who has aroused his antipathy. . . .

"It must be confessed that our rewards to the rank and file have never been very lavish, and are not even now, for it is still the well born who get the cream and the glory. Even tradition does not bother much about the rank and file, although in all ages they have done the hard work and been killed, and been forgotten after the first effervescence of gratitude was over. And they have always had to be satisfied with a sample man reaping the reward of their heroism. When one sees the tragic relics of war stumping along on one leg or joining the ranks of the unemployed with one arm, or sitting by the roadside with both eyes shot away, and hardly any one pausing to notice, one cannot but be struck by the magnificent temporary nature of gratitude. On one side maimed survivors, and on the other the sample man with reverberating titles, decorations, glory, money, and a mistaken sense of his own importance fostered by a benevolent press. Somehow one can't help wishing, if Valhalla still exists and is so exclusive, that there might be a middle-class Valhalla for middle-class heroes."

This is not the usual view taken of military heroism and glory by women, or by men, but I doubt if there is a Jingo amongst us who will not nowadays feel at the back of his mind that it is the sensible and the true one. Good too is the dissertation on "The Tragedy of the Ex," in which I had marked for quotation several epigrams that I find I have no space for; and for the same reason I am bound to pass over "The Trials of the Celebrated," remarking only, when Mrs. Lane exclaims, "I wonder who edited the first 'Who's Who'? It must have been the serpent in the Garden of Eden," that it is unkind to saddle the Arch Enemy of mankind with a sin that was committed by Mr. Douglas Sladen. "London by the Sea" and "The London Bus" are delightfully humorous sketches; and there is plenty of truth and acute common sense mingled with lively and amusing comment on life as we are living it in "The Tyranny of the Past," "The Minor Crimes," "The Poetry of Sound," and "The Pleasures of Being in the Right." England is, as Churchill has it,

"a land, we know,
Where follies naturally grow,
Where without culture they arise
And tower above the common size,"

and judging by "The American and his Holiday," Mrs. Lane finds her native country has a strong family likeness to it in this respect; circumstances that we are not going to regret at present, since it is these follies, weaknesses, imperfections, and laughable social foibles of the English-speaking peoples that have given occasion for such witty and piquant books as "According to Maria," "The Champagne Standard," and this third and latest and equally entertaining "Talk of the Town." A.

* "Talk of the Town." By Mrs. John Lane. 6s. (The Bodley Head.)

SHAKESPEARIANA.*

While there are wise words yet to be said on Shakespeare, he stands nevertheless in some considerable peril of being buried beneath a mountain of printed matter concerning him. He has been, and will yet be, the text whereby wisdom may perpend on the universe, for at his height of achievemen he came so near the heart of things, and he came with

* "Shakespeare Bibliography: A Dictionary of every Known Issue of the Writings of our National Poet and of Recorded Opinion thereon in the English Language." By Wm. Jaggard. £3 3s. net. (Shakespeare Press.)

so true a spirit and so passionate a heart, that to speak of him is to come very near much that is precious in the earth. His width of vision was like Nature, in that it suggested a synthesis it could not utter. Nor was this width and breadth at the cost of passion, as in the case of the poetry of Morris. He struck the rarer virtue of being passionate with it all; for, while to be passionate with intensity is as rare as Dante, to be passionate with width of vision defies expression. It defies expression because it is something strictly godlike: it knows all things and yet lusts for all things. Therefore the wise turn to him; for however wide he be, he is yet less wide than Nature; and therefore he is easier of approach.

But while the wise turn to him, so do the foolish also, on the principle that there is space in him for antics. But it is rather a revelation to turn the pages of this portly and handsome book, and learn with what abandon wise and foolish have come to him. Over fourteen hundred columns of their labours! Or, as Mr. Jaggard himself puts it, "over thirty-six thousand distinct entries and references, including many hitherto unrecorded editions, with thousands of illustrative notes and extracts." The indefatigable labour this must necessarily have meant compels our profound respect. It is a renewed testimony as to what can be achieved by the human race in the way of perseverance. Mr. Jaggard himself informs us that it has meant twenty-two years of labour: a thing not be coughed at.

Nevertheless (as might have been expected in the frailty of all effort) the task is yet not so complete that the critical knife cannot find insertion between the joints of the pieces. Take, for example, the whole question of the Shakespearian stage! Here, obviously, the only course possible of adoption is to enclose the whole field, even though some of it may not bear directly on Shakespeare. Mr. Jaggard himself acknowledges this in the general method of his procedure. For example, in a different field, he includes some of the Malone Society's publications, that can only be said to cover Shakespeare by implicit reference. Also, in this very field of the Elizabethan stage, he includes Richard Flecknoe's extremely suggestive "Short Treatise of the English Stage" (1664). He also includes all Frederick Gard Fleay, his cousin in the field of indefatigable labour. Yet, despite these indications of the general acceptance of the method, he is far from being inclusive: he stumbles over a very initial and impermissible blunder. For a starting point of examination it would do well to take, say, Victor E. Albright's "The Shakespearian Stage" (June, 1909). It is not mentioned, though his preparatory study for it, "A Typical Shakespearian Stage" (January, 1908), is duly recorded. Inasmuch as the earlier book was explicitly stated to be but a study, and inasmuch as it is only the third chapter in the later book, this is the less easily to be understood. Passing that over, however, Dr. Albright's book received much of its inspiration from, and was written partly in refutation of, the earlier work of G. F. Reynolds in *Modern Philology* for April and June, 1905, and October, 1907, and in his book, "Some Principles of Elizabethan Staging" (Chicago, 1905). From this flowed what is probably one of the most luminous and suggestive of all books and articles on this perplexing and interesting question, Mr. William Archer's article on "The Elizabethan Stage" in the *Quarterly Review* (April, 1908). To this again succeeded Mr. Harold Child's admirable summary of the known facts concerning "The Elizabethan Decade" in Vol. VI. of "The Cambridge History of English Literature"—a summary that is more than a summary in that it discusses the general findings from quite an independent standpoint. Now here is a happy little cluster on a deeply interesting Shakespearian subject. Yet none of them is mentioned. And then it dawns upon one that why Dr. Albright's earlier essay is mentioned, and Messrs. Reynolds, Archer, and Child passed by in silence, is because the first employs the word Shakespearian and the second the word Elizabethan—though even this does not account for the omission of the completer work Dr. Albright promised in his essay. Now that such an artificial distinction should prevail is impermissible. That the mood of a man's method of terminology should decide whether his work is or is not Shakespearian is a rather disastrous aspect of affairs. Messrs. Reynolds, Archer, and Child might well have employed the word Shakespearian, and Dr. Albright might have used the word Elizabethan, for all the difference it would have made to the position of affairs. There are also many articles interspersed in the various magazines on this same question, some of which win their record, but several of which fail to achieve this distinction.

This is only one field: a field that has been examined in a systematic kind of way. There are also other omissions in other fields. For example, Seager's "Natural History in Shakespeare's Time" is not recorded. Turning to the account of Professor C. W. Wallace's work, mention is made of his articles in the *Century Magazine* for August and September, 1910, but his articles in the *Times* for October 2 and 4 of the same year are omitted. It is true they cover much the same ground; but it is to the *Times* articles that the student will turn, not less than to the *Century* articles. Similarly his book published by the Nebraska University on "Newly Discovered Shakespeare Documents" is mentioned, but his important, if stiff and unwieldly, work on "The Children of the Chapel at Blackfriars" fails to find its place. This is all the more remarkable as Mr. Jaggard has taken the trouble to procure advance sheets of the same writer's "Shakespeare, the Globe and Blackfriars," long promised, and long awaited. Moreover, most of the articles in Vols. V. and VI. of "The Cambridge History of English Literature" are unrecorded. And some of them are valuable, notably Professor Saintsbury and Mr. Walder in Vol. V., and Mr. Child (as already mentioned) and Mr. Boas (whose article deals with the important reference to Shakespeare in "The Returne from Parnassus," Part II., and the slighter references in Part I.) in Vol. VI. But it is time to close this noxious business of the censor. Suffice it only to say further that Mr. Jaggard would probably have been better advised had he schemed his book somewhat differently. That so large a portion should have been taken up under "Shakespeare" gives it a lack of balance. And that it is not possible to follow up sections together, such sections as, say, the stage, his legal knowledge, the chronological order of his work, works on his private life, is a serious hindrance in a busy day.

But these are all cavillings. It is a tribute to the book that it is worth criticism, however doubtful such a tribute may seem after twenty-two years of doughty labour. In truth, the book is a compendium on the subject that cannot well be praised too highly. Its value to the lover of Shakespeare, and the student of his work, would be hard to overrate; whereas it serves in no less a degree the more equable and serene delight of the man who despises the irritations of study, and who knows the flicking tender smile and the eager eye of the "browser's" joy. In it learning and study bend to delight.

Darrell Figgis.

SHAN BULLOCK'S NEW NOVEL.*

There seems to be a notion abroad nowadays that a novel, to be a great novel, must needs deal with some moral, sexual, medical, religious or social problem. Writers of such novels stroke the hair back to reveal the size of their brows, and expect to be taken very seriously, and a good many of us, anxious for our reputations as persons of intellect, are afraid to smile at them. You find the people in these novels for ever talking about their inmost souls; for ever thinking and prattling of some unwholesome sexual relationship; for ever mistaking their sores for beauty-spots; all the attention of the reader is con-

* "Hetty." By Shan F. Bullock. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

centrated on a single interest in their lives, until that interest assumes such abnormal importance that their cup seems to have been filled with what was really nothing but a little nasty sediment at the bottom of it. No man's life is absorbed in a single interest, unless he is a freak or a lunatic; and it is essentially a little novel that shows him so narrowly preoccupied. How many men or women do you know who are wholly devoting their thoughts to any one of the problems that serve for motives in such stories? The great novelist sees things in due perspective, and has a proper sense of proportion; he does not imagine that he presents his landscape truthfully by giving you a minute study of one tree out of the half-hundred that grow upon it, and he does not delude himself with a notion that it is clever to paint the background in the foreground.

If Mr. Shan Bullock were less of a conscientious artist, and could only persuade himself that the great novelist does not find the fulness of life out on the world's highways, but lying in backyards waiting to be raked out of the dust-bins, he might have quarrelled with the censorship long before now, and be notorious, if not popular. His "Robert Thorne" is one of the truest and biggest things in recent fiction. If he does not quite reach the high level of that book in his new novel, "Hetty," he gives us a narrative that for its intrinsic interest, its quiet realism and truth to human nature, is incomparably beyond the achievement of the average novelist, and of many of those who are more heard of because, whilst he is intent on making music, they are satisfied to make a noise.

The plot of "Hetty" amounts to little; the lives of most of us are a mingled yarn that is never woven into a plot of any sort; but the characters here are living human creatures, and they talk and act accordingly, and hold your sympathies by virtue of this subtle and powerful lifelikeness. The vivid pictures of modern Irish life in these pages are admirable. Hetty herself is a little masterpiece of characterisation, and her love story wholly charming without being in the least idealised. Her lover is one of the most natural men we have met in fiction. Her sister, Rhona, though she plays a smaller part, is no less finely studied. To summarise the plot, dropping out the many minor threads that count for so much in the total effect, would be to misrepresent the book, and to give an adequate idea of the various men and women who play their parts in it would occupy more space than we can spare. "Hetty" is a novel of character, brightly and vigorously written, the quiet humour of it is delightful and its story interests you throughout for that best of all possible reasons, because its people interest you too.

A NINETEENTH-CENTURY AUBREY.*

Miss Betham-Edwards has had a long and distinguished literary career, and one is accustomed to look for pleasure and profit from her books, but the present volume will come as a delightful surprise to her readers. A medley of reminiscence and biography, this latest sheaf of sketches of her friends and acquaintance should earn for her the name of a nineteenth-century Aubrey. For there is something of the delightful seventeeth-century gossiper in these vignettes. They range from a graphic character-sketch of her cousin, the gifted writer and traveller Amelia Blandford Edwards, of thirty pages, to an anecdote of a few lines—and there is nothing ponderous, nothing inconsequent; Miss Betham-Edwards is too good a craftswoman to spin out her material. The result is that once having opened her book, one will not close it willingly until the last line has been read. Those who are privileged to enjoy Miss Betham-Edwards's friendship are indeed fortunate, for there is a spirit of kindliness and gratitude diffused throughout her pages which is, unhappily, not too common in volumes of reminiscences. She only seems to remember the reputable and pleasant characteristics of her friends. The story of the elder Baron Tauchnitz and the present representative of that famous publishing firm, has been told before, but Miss Betham-Edwards's book opens fittingly with the description of a visit to the Baron's country house, when with pride he showed her his library, namely a bound set of his Continental series of reprints of English books, while he chatted about their authors, many of whom were his personal friends.

Miss Betham-Edwards has much to tell us about her kinswoman Matilda Betham, and others of "the measureless Bethams" of Charles Lamb's correspondence, and in introducing the subject she remarks, "What a link with the past does the name of my aunt and godmother call up! As a child in the nursery, to have been taught to take my thumb out of my mouth and make a curtsey by a friend of Charles and Mary Lamb, by one who had collogued with the great De Staël, whose daily intercourse had been with Coleridge and the great gods of a clear century ago." Although Miss Betham-Edwards was a child when her godmother died, her recollection of the old lady is quite vivid. "She was a ready wit, and nothing—neither narrow means, checks, literary disappointments, nor the infirmities of age—could embitter that smooth temper nor subdue those cheerful spirits. Bless her memory. The heedless child who did not even preserve those letters she was at such pains to write in her old age could, as she reached maturity, realise the service thus rendered to her and the good seed thus sown in her mind." But for a description of her appearance one must turn to Miss Amelia B. Edwards's recollections: "She had a round, jovial face, bright blue eyes, a mobile mouth, and somewhat short grey hair, which strayed from under her cap all round her neck in silvery slips, like a man's." In fact, she was not unlike the portraits of Coleridge. "Her eccentricities of dress were proverbial. My father once met her in a frequented London thoroughfare, serenely walking in crimson velvet slippers, and followed by a train of little ragamuffins, to whose 'chaff' she was good-humouredly indifferent."

Coventry Patmore was one of Miss Betham-Edwards's friends, and the impression of the poet in his house at Hastings, "the very house I have longed for all my life," is very graphic. "In Hastings the townsfolk would turn to gaze on the tall, attenuated, erect figure in black velvet with the striking countenance as he stalked along, holding by the hand a miniature of himself, the little son born of his third marriage." To her, Patmore "seemed a contemporary of Dante, Calderon, even of the Troubadours; little indeed of the Victorian gentleman was there about him but his dress. The Franciscan garb in which he chose to be buried symbolised mediævalism of life and character. With Don Quixote, Coventry Patmore had come into the world three hundred years too late." The author of "The Angel in the House" submitted both to the spiritual and domestic sway of his wife—"the autocratic rule of his household was strictly a feminine one." The autocrat is pictured for us in her drawing-room as "a sumptuous woman standing in the centre of a group; she wore over her black satin dress a gold chain, not round her neck, but, doubtless with some fantastic meaning encircling her waist. But what at once struck observers was her beaming look of triumph. Well indeed, from her own point of view, might she triumph! Had not Dr. Newman's convert been the means of bringing not only her poet, but those belonging to him, within the pale of Rome? That beaming look was always there."

In recalling a tea-party at which Christina Rossetti was present, she appeared to Miss Betham-Edwards as "about forty, a plainly dressed, gaunt, rather jerky woman, shy in manner and very reticent." Madame Bodichon, the founder of Girton, who was their hostess, was a lively talker, and she had been describing a sunset which she had

* "Friendly Faces of Three Nationalities." By Miss M. Betham-Edwards. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

lately seen. "Then the poetess by her side broke silence. 'I have never seen the sun rise in my life,' she observed quietly." Strange as this may appear, it was not really extraordinary, for Miss Rossetti "was town bred, an invalid and untravelled, her opportunities of seeing the sun rise had perhaps been few."

It was in the spring of 1873 that Miss Betham-Edwards met Herbert Spencer. She admits that her first impression of him was somewhat incongruous, as she happened to be a fellow guest with him at an evening party in Hyde Park Square.

"Standing in the middle of the room were two guests engaged in conversation, the one a fair, slender type of the Anglo Saxon *ingénue*. She wore a simple white muslin dress, as fashion then ordained, displaying pretty shoulders and arms. By her side stood a man whom at first sight one would have pronounced of quite commonplace appearance.

"The founder of Synthetic Philosophy was just fifty-three. Solidly built, of average proportions, whiskered after mid-Victorian fashion, his figure could be called typically English. Only physiognomists would have at once characterised the head as that of a profound thinker. But, indeed, for the fact of recognition, I might have passed him by as a very ordinary person, one of those numerous men of leisure who divide the day between clubs and society. Or I might have set him down as an elderly flirt for whom the *persiflage* with a pretty girl of eighteen was here the supreme attraction."

Of George Macdonald, Miss Betham-Edwards writes: "I remember one of his daughters telling me with happy unconcern about 1872, when the family, adopted children and guests, about twenty in all, were packed into two small houses in Halloway Place, Hastings: 'Papa is writing two novels at a time (each a three-volume one); he gets through one volume a month, but he uses a different pen for each.' Just think of it! Two three-volumes at a time—the mental stress, to say nothing of the physical labour thereby entailed." No wonder that he made the pathetic utterance to his friend, "'I have never been able to do my best.' How, indeed, could it be otherwise? Eleven children to rear and educate, adopted waifs and strays to do the same by, perpetual exercise of the most generous hospitality, and last, but not least, poor health."

ROGER INGPEN.

OFF THE MAIN TRACK.*

"Off the Main Track" is the second volume of personal reminiscences which Mr. Hyatt has given us, and admirers of "The Diary of a Soldier of Fortune" will find it a worthy companion to its predecessor. The author is mainly concerned with his experiences in Rhodesia, a country on which he holds very mixed but very decided opinions. Perhaps Mr. Hyatt is a little fond of tilting at windmills—he says he is, in one place—and it is hardly likely that the whole book will prove entirely pleasant reading to anybody. But his outspokenness can be forgiven for the interest that he raises and the readableness of his literary style. Much of the book is devoted to the author's sporting experiences, and a few of his remarks may be quoted: "I should have liked to shoot a lion, but I would much rather have shot a buffalo. To do that is to put your nerve to the highest possible test outside actual warfare, for the buffalo is the King of Beasts, the most formidable, the most cunning, the most vindictive of all the animals of the veld. The more you get to know a lion, the more you learn to despise him. . . . There is a regular scale with lions. They will take a horse first, then a donkey, then a bullock, then a sheep or a goat. If they cannot get these, and they are very, very hungry, they may take a native, but they will never touch a white man whilst there is a black man left." Its readers will find, however, that "Off the Main Track" is not primarily a work of sport; it is, rather, a series of random reminiscences. But nobody can fail to be impressed by the author's honesty and the suggestiveness and deep interest of his book.

* "Off the Main Track." By Stanley Portal Hyatt. 12s. 6d. net. (Werner Laurie.)



Filipino Village.

From "Off the Main Track," by Stanley Portal Hyatt. (Werner Laurie.)

GILBERT-CONAN-CHESTERTON-DOYLE.*

It is not likely that this volume will either add much to or detract much from the reputation of its author. It cannot enhance his fame, inasmuch as everybody knows that he has done infinitely better work aforetime; it cannot hurt his reputation very gravely because everybody knows of what better work he is capable. It is a quite negligible affair, a chip in porridge, an eloquent sermon on the old text, *ne sutor ultra crepidam*.

It might almost be allowed to go without saying that the book, for what it is worth, is extremely clever—Mr. Chesterton could not for his life produce any literary work which was not. But much of it is the sort of performance which recalls Samuel Johnson's famous epigram about a woman preaching: "It is like a dog walking on his hind legs. It is not well done, but the wonder is that it should be done at all."

Father Brown is a Roman Catholic priest whose cure of souls lies somewhere in Essex, but whose bishop and parishioners set so little store by him—which is strange, considering his preternatural genius—as to allow him to go wandering at large over creation in order to play the amateur detective. Why Mr. Chesterton should have put him into holy orders is something of a mystery; he might just as well, for all the difference it makes, have been a pork-butcher or a telegraph operator. And he is mainly differentiated from his obvious parent, Sherlock Holmes, by his sacred profession, by the circumstances that he is short and stout instead of long and lean, and that he doesn't dose himself with chloral. The parentage comes out very strongly in several places, in none stronger than in the sixth of the stories of which the book is composed, "The Honour of Israel Gow." An old Scottish peer, Lord Glengyle, has disappeared, completely and mysteriously. Father Brown assists Flambeau, a cosmopolitan criminal who has turned detective, to look for him. Scattered about the country house in which the old nobleman had last lived are certain curious oddments, a lot of jewels, piles of loose snuff, little heaps of minute pieces of metal, some like steel springs and some in the form of microscopic wheels, and a lot of wax candles. Says Flambeau:

"'Invent what Wilkie Collins tragedy you like, and you still have not explained a candle without

* "The Innocence of Father Brown." By Gilbert K. Chesterton. 6s. (Cassell & Co.)

a candlestick, or why an elderly gentleman of good family should habitually spill snuff on the piano. The core of the tale we could imagine; it is the fringes that are mysterious. By no stretch of fancy can the human mind connect together snuff and diamonds and wax and loose clockwork.'

"'I think I see the connection,' said the priest. 'This Glengyle was mad against the French Revolution. He was an enthusiast for the *ancien régime*, and was trying to re-enact literally the family life of the last Bourbons. He had snuff because it was the eighteenth-century luxury; wax candles because they were the eighteenth-century lighting; the mechanical bits of iron represent the locksmith hobby of Louis XVI.; the diamonds are for the Diamond Necklace of Marie Antoinette.'

"Both the other men were staring at him with round eyes. 'What a perfectly extraordinary notion!' cried Flambeau. 'Do you really think that is the truth?'

"'I am perfectly sure it isn't,' answered Father Brown, 'only you said that nobody could connect snuff and diamonds and clockwork and candles. I gave you that connection off-hand."

And without a moment's hesitation Father Brown produces two other hypotheses of the same order to account for the miscellaneous trifles which have puzzled the detective. The real explanation is, of course, miles away from any of these solutions, and is, equally of course, very cleverly worked out. All the stories are interesting, for the simple reason that the most experienced reader of the class of fiction to which they belong could not guess the solution of any one of them until its final page is reached. One or two of them, notably "The Invisible Man" and "The Hammer of God," reach a high pitch of technical excellence, and are, regarded merely as bits of carpentry, as good as anything Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has given us in the same kind. It may seem somewhat ungrateful to grumble at work so cleverly done, but the grumble is justified by the memory of the infinitely finer stuff Mr. Chesterton has given us on his own particular lines, and by the reflection that Sherlock Holmes has had so many other imitators who, without a tithe of Mr. Chesterton's ability, have done the trick almost as well as he.

HENRY MURRAY.



"Father Brown bent over the prostrate comic policeman."

From "The Innocence of Father Brown." (Cassell.)

THE PERSONALITY OF RUSKIN.*

The reputation of every great writer suffers from the vacillations of eclipse during the quarter of a century or so that follows upon his death; and it is probable that the popular esteem of Ruskin is now at a lower ebb than it is ever again likely to touch. No class of writer is more subject to these variations than the prophet or the preacher. The occasion for the sermon passes; the event proves the prophecy to be incorrect; and forthwith the eloquence of the leader's voice, and the splendid inspiration of his enthusiasm and example, fade from the public eye. But eloquence and enthusiasm are not things of an hour; their influence is everlasting. And so the time comes when somebody turns up the half-forgotten pages once more, finds himself fired by the clarion voice, and proclaims the faded reputation afresh. No message and no crusade are ever out-of-date, when sincerity inspired them and the tongue of genius gave them utterance.

Mr. Arthur Benson has done good service to the memory of Ruskin by publishing this characteristically sane and sympathetic monograph. It would appear to be just the sort of book that the occasion required. It originated in a series of lectures delivered at Magdalene College, Cambridge, and the direct, personal address of the lecture-room is precisely the form of appeal most likely to gain new readers for Ruskin at the present day. A new biography might have passed disregarded; a critical analysis would be of little use, where the works analysed were already ceasing to be familiar. But a leisurely study in personality, permitting itself sufficient biographical data to illustrate its criticism, and enough of the machinery of criticism to set its subject in the proper relation to his art, is the kind of book calculated to promote a double interest in the man and his work, and to send the reader, as all such books should do, to the fountain-head itself. We shall be surprised if there are not many new converts to Ruskin's golden visions as the result of Mr. Benson's thoughtful and comprehensive introduction.

Ruskin's life, with all its set-backs and disappointments, was singularly consistent. If ever the child was father to the man, it was so with him. As Mr. Benson acutely notes, Ruskin was the child of first cousins, a degree of descent which, while it is apt to induce unfortunate physical defects, concentrates hereditary intellectual qualities and emphasises their activity. In the gloomy house in Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, the child Ruskin began to grow in grace from nursery days, and flourished upon solitude. He preached to his few toys from the back of a chair. "People, be good," was the opening of one remembered sermon. Certainly the germ of "Sesame and Lilies" was there! His father, a successful wine-merchant, was also a man of taste, and began collecting Turner's pictures at a time when that artist, still lacking a sacred bard to proclaim him, was not yet an expensive luxury. These pictures gave the young Ruskin his first impulse towards art, and when Oxford brought him a further opportunity of putting his ideas into practice, he started forthwith upon an elaborate theory of the relation of Art to Nature. No art-critic was ever more slenderly equipped than was Ruskin when he sat down to the composition of "Modern Painters." He knew the English artists—Gainsborough, Cox, Prout, and Constable—but he was

* "Ruskin: A Study in Personality." By Arthur Christopher Benson. 7s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

quite unfamiliar with the art of the Renaissance, and had persuaded himself, with the unrelenting vigour of Victorian Protestantism, that the Catholic faith was bound to produce an art of decadence and degradation. Nevertheless, he had the root of the matter in him. The bacillus of pre-Raphaelitism was in the air, and when Ruskin began to preach the doctrine that art must go straight to nature for inspiration, he was in the direct succession between Wordsworth and Millais. His theories, however, always ran away with him; he was born to be the slave of a dogma. Turner's pictures had been his first inspiration, and they had to be fitted into his scheme; and so, as Mr. Benson neatly puts it, "with matchless rhetoric he persuaded himself and others to believe that Turner, who idealises landscape beyond all power of recognition and identification, was the supreme exponent" of the principle that Art must always copy Nature with unflinching fidelity. A change of judgment was bound to follow. Ruskin went to Italy, and the glories of the Italian school of painting were suddenly revealed to him. He was too sincere to shut his eyes to the fact that the art of the sixteenth century shattered his criticism into fragments; so he had to reconstruct his theory of beauty to fit the facts. The closely argued ingenuity of the second volume of "Modern Painters" is the typical monument to Ruskin's noble and sincere enthusiasm, just as it is a standing example of the dominant influence of a preconceived theory warping the observation, so as to bring facts into line. But its vigour, its intensity, and its abiding sense of beauty are overwhelming. Forthwith Ruskin accepted, as his special mission, the opening of the eyes of his fellow-countrymen to the light and healing spirit of beauty.

The average Englishman, however, is not much concerned with things of the intellect, and his standards of art are easily satisfied by the illustrated papers. Fifty years ago, moreover, things were far worse in this respect than they are now, and Ruskin soon found that he was preaching to deaf ears. His disappointment at once took refuge in the formation of another and a consoling theory. English people did not care for art, he decided, because they were economically and socially hide-bound; they must be shown their own weaknesses; "People, be good!" must once more be the text of the homily. Accordingly, Ruskin began his economic crusade, eloquent upon theories of political economy, thundering in his tirades against war, an organ-voice trumpeting the message of the tenderest and most sensitive temperament—a strange contrast which was nevertheless absolutely consistent with the heart and the inspiration of the man himself. No doubt a sense of disappointment in the popular lack of response gradually drove this noble nature in upon itself. He was so confident of his cause that he could hardly help growing intolerant of its detractors, and to intolerance there came to be added in time the less amiable defects of suspicion and impatience. But these blemishes are fortunately rare in the fabric of his work, and they will be more and more forgotten as the living figure recedes from memory, leaving the work alone to answer for the life. And, as that time approaches, the glowing sincerity and the indomitable love of all things beautiful and of good report, which beats at the heart of every thought of Ruskin's genius, will preserve the best of his work beyond risk of oblivion or of neglect. His splendid prose, irradiated by the inspired phraseology of the English version of the Bible, and imbued with the harmony of some rich cathedral organ, mellowed by time and attuned to every worthy emotion of the heart of man, is in itself a certain preservative of the high and pure ambitions which it enshrines. Noble thought in noble language never dies. Its immediate purposes may be obscured by change and accident; but its feet are upon the rocks and its head is crowned among the stars.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

THE DAWN OF ALL.*

In a characteristic preface Father Benson explains that his latest novel is a supplement to "Lord of the World." The other book was a prophetic sketch of modern Europe if civilisation progressed along its present lines. But "I was informed repeatedly that the effect of the book was exceedingly depressing and discouraging to optimistic Christians." Hence the present volume, a melodramatic vision of things at the end of the present century, with liberty abolished, the Pope arbitrator of the world, Ireland a religious enclosure, the King of Spain Emperor of Mexico, the Orleans family re-established in France, a rump of obstinate Socialists deported to Massachusetts, and the dawn of all appearing in a semi-military, semi-ecclesiastical pageant of the Pope's enthronement in London under the auspices of an international guard of airships. So the kingdom of God comes on earth! And it comes with plenty of observation. Father Benson's predictions of gloom in "Lord of the World" are really more exhilarating than his optimistic forecast in the pages of this book, which is an odd blend of melodrama and mediævalism. The description of how the papal paradise is regained in Europe suffers not only from the crudity of the main idea but from the fact that it is regained too easily. There is not enough fighting to keep up the reader's interest and to lend artistic verve to the tale. It requires a Defoe-like skill to invest such a subject with verisimilitude. Father Benson writes as vividly as ever, when he happens to recollect that he is a novelist. He has the art of the scene-painter, and for a while it is possible to watch his colour-effects without weariness. But, owing to the Roman Catholic propaganda of the tale, there is too little human interest in the main part of the story to retain the reader's attention to the end. It is not only dialectic for the most part, but dialectic based on selections from life. There is not a woman in the plot or in what passes for the plot. There is hardly any scope even for the author's psychological subtlety to display itself. The chief characters are all clericals, and the only priest who ventures to think for himself is put to death for heresy quite in the day's business, as one would stamp on a cockroach with the cockroach's full permission. Literature there is none. Art is in the background. The world in which the clerical puppets of the story flash about in airships has no horizons of hope or effort, and in this vacuum the novelist has not a chance. Father Benson has done "his very best," like the sun in "Alice in Wonderland," "to make the billows calm and bright"; he has succeeded in depicting a calm world, after a futile splutter of the Socialists in Berlin is dismissed, but it is a world from which natural brightness has waned, and this is probably responsible for the languid atmosphere of the book. It is not often that one is inclined to skip whole pages in any of Father Benson's stories. As a rule, his vivacity and human sympathies manage to keep the reader from being bored by the slices of pamphleteering which are found every now and then. Even in "The Dawn of All" there are occasional flashes of dramatic power, as the author dips into the future. But, as a piece of story-telling, it falls below "Lord of the World," and the present reviewer must confess that he laid it down with a sigh of relief that it was not longer. The interminable conversations between Monsignor and Father Jervis lie heavily on page after page. Once or twice the story promises to become a story, as, for example, towards the close when the Socialists turn upon their oppressors. But even here the writer excites hopes which are doomed to disappointment. Instead of a dramatic struggle, with blood and breath in it, the thirsty reader gets a few pages of rhetoric, and the crisis is over. The description of Utopias is rarely an exhilarating performance in literature. Any sketch of an ideal state or society requires a reasonable criticism of contemporary life and a

* "The Dawn of All." By Robert Hugh Benson. 6s. (Hutchinson.)



Sir J. Banks. Mr. Flaxman. Dr. Dibdin. Sir H. Englefield. Lord Aberdeen. Mr. Lysons. Duke of Norfolk. Lord Mulgrave.

From "Sir Joseph Banks," by Edward Smith. (John Lane.)

delicate power of imagination. Father Benson's gifts are so versatile that it would not have been surprising if he had been able to achieve some success along these lines, but "The Dawn of All" is for the most part a depressing piece of work when it is judged in the light either of social or of literary standards.

J. M.

SIR JOSEPH BANKS.*

Mr. Smith admits, curiously enough, that the prime motive responsible for this book's production was a desire of presenting to the world of modern thought an unfamiliar side of the eighteenth century, "in which Science and the Public Spirit would be represented." Looking round for a prominent figure to serve as a common centre, Mr. Smith's eye fell upon Sir Joseph Banks. Hence the interesting biography before us. And Mr. Smith's eulogistic characterisation of his subject as a man of unbounded public spirit is warranted. With Banks, science was undoubtedly a passion; he was peculiarly fortunate in possessing considerable private means, which he spent in a manner that was equally agreeable to himself and conducive to the advancement of knowledge. Brougham, father of the future Chancellor, was one of Banks's schoolfellows at Eton. Of the same age, they were both fond of long walks and were expert in swimming. "My father described him as a remarkably fine-looking, strong, and active boy, whom no fatigue could subdue and no peril daunt; and his whole time out of school was given up to hunting after plants and insects, making a *hortus siccus* of the one, and forming a cabinet of the other. As often as Banks could induce him to quit his task in reading or in verse-making he would take him on his long rambles; and I suppose it was from this early taste that we had at Brougham so many butterflies, beetles, and other insects, as well as a cabinet of shells and fossils." Another distinguished friend of his youth was Lord Sandwich, with whom he fraternised much after leaving Oxford in his twenty-first year. Both had the same tastes. They formed a project for suddenly draining the Serpentine by letting off the water. Their hope was to have thrown much light on the state and habits of the fish, and Banks was wont to lament their scheme being discovered the night before it was to have been executed. One gets a very human picture from Mr. Smith's delineation, Banks was a masterful man, who made many enemies; though of strong character, he was no profound scholar, and his autocratic methods fostered a certain amount of jealousy in the Royal Society, whose chair he occupied for so many years. But he seems to have been the right man in the right place: the Society flourished under his vigorous reign. And his superlative enthusiasm and generosity swamped the few unworthy traits he admittedly possessed. The host of distinguished men who held him in affectionate regard is a testimony to the general excellence of Banks's character. Solander, Herschel, Captain Cook, Fabricius, Blagden, Maskelyne, George III. himself—these are but half a dozen out of a score of scientific men and notabilities who esteemed the autocratic President highly. But with Sir Humphry Davy he was not a favourite: witness such expressions as "tolerable botanist"; "a lover of gross flattery"; "a house like a court."

* "The Life of Sir Joseph Banks." By Edward Smith. 12s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

MEMOIRS AND MEMORIES.*

Punch has rightly paid tribute to the literary art which gives charm to this ostensibly artless record of three generations, but its deepest attraction, lighted here and there by a quite irresistible spirit of gentle humour, lies in its freedom from every kind of cant, whether literary, social, theological, or even political; and in the warm glow of human feeling, the deep and tender affection, in much of the correspondence chosen as family history. Often here the reader feels a throb from the passionate heart-beats of the past, and in the most delightful of the letters there is no trace of that Philistine dread of "giving oneself away" which among people of less real distinction often impoverishes intercourse with an apparent coldness and hardness as unnecessary as they are unreal. The author of "Philip van Artevelde" and Owen Meredith are among the most endearing of the correspondents, and the very names of the Villiers and the Liddells must by many be associated with a host of brilliant and interesting associations. In Watts's beautiful head of Mrs. Edward Villiers, Mrs. Earle's mother (facing p. 184)—and it is not easy to imagine anything lovelier of its kind—the angelic sweetness of the closed lips brings an inevitable reminder of Matthew Arnold's memorable lines in "A Summer Night":

> "A tinge, it may be, of their silent pain
> Who have longed deeply once, and longed in vain."

Her unstudied outpourings in letters to kinsfolk and friends complete the picture of what must have been a very magnetic personality, full of goodness and courage. And in the equally enchanting sketch of her twin-children,

* "Memoirs and Memories." By Mrs. C. W. Earle. 10s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

Mrs. Earle's sisters, the Dowager Countess of Lytton and the Dowager Lady Loch, at the age of nine, the same grace, half human, half ethereal, is strikingly evident. Mrs. Earle's pride in her beautiful sisters is one of the prettiest things in the book, and in deprecating Sir George Cornewall Lewis's compliment to her as a girl, when he remarked that "the twins" were "very pretty, but then Theresa is a gain to humanity," she adds with exquisite candour, "Perhaps it flashed across his mind that I was going to be cut out, in the family estimation, by my pretty younger sisters." Her own early love-story is full of meaning for younger lives, too ready perhaps to doubt their own deepest instincts of affection and of trust. For indeed this fascinating book is not so much a human document as pages out of many human documents, and some are touched with that element of unexpectedness so characteristic of actual life; plots that decline to dovetail neatly, and unpromising tragedies that lead to quiet happiness, or ripe experience. In nothing is the author more admirable than the courage with which she points out that the unforgiving spirit in marriage shields itself behind a conventional "view of the right terms of intercourse between men and women," which "seems superficial, short-sighted, and devoid of the spirit of humanity when compared with the teaching of Christ." The book incidentally contains a very piquant allusion to the heroine of "Diana of the Crossways" and the much-disputed incident on which the novel turns.

ANNIE MATHESON.

A TABLOID CYCLOPÆDIA.*

"The Home University Library of Modern Knowledge" is rather a large mouthful for a diffident bookbuyer. The editors surely are eminent enough to have been satisfied with something a little less complicated and pretentious. The enterprising Sir Home Gordon is sometimes credited with the sponsorship and may have had a voice in the christening. But whoever was responsibe ought to be made to feel how difficult such a title is to remember and to utter in the ordinary give and take of rapid conversation. Many who would have liked to discuss its merits have been deterred by the obscurity of the meaning or the difficulty of remembering at short notice such an unpromising collection of substantives, and such an incongruous collocation of ideas. Was it not Lord Rosebery who said that a library could no more be called a university than a butcher's shop could be called a regiment? It would be possible, we suppose, to compress a university library into a home, but it would have to be a very stately home and a very insignificant library. The metaphor that should have been invoked is not that of a slumbering university-home of lost causes, but of a new militant arm of sharp-shooters and voltigeurs, who will hazard new and dangerous reconnaissances, feel the enemy, and rapidly survey the lie of the land in the perennial warfare against the entrenchments of obscurantism and ignorance.

Apart from nomenclature, the editors seem to have been most fortunate, and it is already a commonplace that the citizens of the new Georgian era ought to think themselves fortunate in possessing such lively instructors as most of these new shilling primers can fairly claim to be. If we had only had such stimulating tonics provided for us when we were in the early 'twenties, what learned and versatile persons we might have become!

They are just the kind of books, it may be said, to put into the hands of young people who are just leaving the beaten highway for some chosen path of education or learning. A quarter of a century since, in history, Maine's "Ancient Law" and the "Cité Antique" of Coulanges were indicated as the two volumes necessary to salvation at this particular juncture. The new series starts with several little volumes so eminently suitable for this purpose that it is a pleasure to be able to recommend them. A small book on "Parliament" has always been a desideratum, the costly works of Anson, Dicey, Hearn, and Lowell being prohibitive to a young student dependent upon his own resources. This requirement has now been satisfied in an ideal way in Sir Courtenay Ilbert's "Parliament," the Op. 1 of the H.U.L. adventure. Written in a little summerhouse under the shadow of Penn Church, and commanding a magnificent view of the Thames Valley and the Surrey watershed on the other side from the Crystal Palace to Hindhead, with Windsor Castle set like some mediæval fortress of romance in the very centre of the picture, this little book has gone forth to India, Australia, Africa, and America to give the clearest and soundest miniature picture possible of machinery which, old-fashioned as it is even in these days of mechanical device, remains without a rival, and which succeeding ages will probably view with increasing veneration, if not for its increasing utility, then all the more for its singular and moss-grown antiquity.

"The French Revolution" and "A Short History of War and Peace" (which were reviewed by Dr. Barry in the May BOOKMAN), "Shakespeare," "Polar Exploration," "Modern Geography," "Mediæval Europe," "Socialism," "Evolution," "Liberalism," "Conservatism": here are a few subjects which, like the poor, are always with us, and each and all of them are treated here in the first score volumes by people who know, and who have been anxious to communicate new links which may serve to simplify, to bridge over gaps, and to consolidate their subjects for newcomers.

The writers vary considerably in their method of approach. Mr. Masefield, for instance, gives us a pattern-book of Shakespeare's models, designs, and materials, but he uses his theme as pretext for a magnificent eulogy, fine and characteristic coming from such an ultra-modern, valuable as testifying to the great gulf which in the writer's perception yawns between Shakespeare and his contemporaries. Another very exceptional volume is that on the almost virgin soil of palæobotany called "The Evolution of Plants" by Dr D. H. Scott, dealing with the ancestry of flowering plants, and tracing their origin in the pages of geology right away back to Palæozoic times; even more praiseworthy, perhaps, because more difficult, is the "Introduction to Mathematics" by Mr. Whitehead, which provides a successful elementary explanation from the most modern point of view of fundamental ideas in mathematics. "Civilisation advances by extending the number of important operations which we can perform without thinking about them": this dictum, so profoundly true of mathematics, is rarely appreciated by the student, who will find here a number of hints of which the ordinary text-book is notoriously guiltless: especially to be noted are the discussions of incommensurable and complex numbers (vi, vii), on the continuity of functions (p. 150), of the notion of a limit (p. 229), and of the uniformity of convergence of series (p. 208).* The idea of "Evolution" is admirably traced in the volume dealing with that subject. Darwin has been accused sometimes of trying to banish mind from the universe in the interests of luck. The part played respectively by Organism, Use and Disuse, Unconscious Memory, and Environment in the work of Natural Selection is clearly indicated here, while due credit for the qualification of crude Darwinism is given not only to Bergson and William James, but even to the "argumentative" Sam Butler.

In his Africa volume on "Britain Across the Seas" and in his "History of the Colonisation of Africa by Alien Races," Sir Harry Johnston has gone over ground with which no one is more familiar than he, and the pathway across the African wilderness has become pretty defined.

* "Home University Library of Modern Knowledge." A series of New Books specially written. Editors: Herbert Fisher, Gilbert Murray, J. Arthur Thomson. Volumes 1–20. Cloth, 1s. net per volume. (Williams & Norgate.)

* The technical appreciation here I owe to my distinguished colleague, Mr. G. S. Le Beau, East London College.

There is a good deal of what Borrow calls business of Egypt here; but Sir Harry goes far beyond the remotest of the dynasties and draws for us a picture of prehistoric Africa which no one can impugn for lack of confidence or decision. As long as twenty thousand years ago, he tells us, Africa (like Greece and the Holy Land) was a more eligible continent than it is under the Leopoldian régime; but even then the white man coveted and was preparing to invade it by four distinct routes, and, even then, the Black Continent was defended by three distinct types of negro: the Central African or Forest negro, the Nilotic negro, and the Bushman. These intermixed, and in course of time produced the medley of races, people, and tribes which we see at the present day. The negro was for the most part in a palæolithic state of culture; he was in the main predatory, thought little of anything but of killing and eating animals, and his god was his belly. Africa obtained neolithic culture through Egypt, which probably derived the stimulus from Syria or Asia Minor. The Egyptian came by way of Arabia (Felix), where the scented gums and resins are, and, when civilisation dawned, he offered this frankincense, so grateful to his own nostrils, to his gods for he had gods, the gods, says Sir Harry, who have ever "been man himself—the man of the period projected large upon the sky or the sea, like a spectre of the Brocken." The Egyptian type which some, especially those who regard good health and good looks as superior to mental and moral qualifications, regard as the finest humanity has yet produced, grew up and became definite in the course of the migration which colonised the Nile. Thenceforth, for nearly two thousand five hundred years Egypt was to be the prey of kings, princes, emperors, tyrants, and military parvenus of foreign birth or extraction—Persians, Greeks, Romans, Arabs, Kurds, Turks, Syrians, Circassians, Albanians, French, Macedonian Turks, and British sirdars. In this she has been the type of Africa Infelix. The Egyptians seem to have been the first great domesticators of animals, sheep, goats, domestic fowls, oxen and asses, but they owed the "ship of the desert" to the genius of the Hittites, and they certainly did little to domesticate the wild and savage *homo sapiens* of the African bush. The Semites played an important part in African development long before they colonised Palestine, and to them are attributed the famous buried cities of Mashonaland. The Greek influence was widely spread in North Africa only. They were attracted by and would have learnt much from the Egyptians but for the objections preferred against them as "foreign devils" by this highly exclusive people. Under Alexander, however, as is the wont of foreign devils, they turned the tables upon the hermits. The Berbers for a time promised to rule Northern Africa as subject-allies of the Herod type, but they found the Romans a little too European for their liking, too dominating, too fond of method, order, tidiness, and fatiguing public works. So we traverse a period from Roman sway through swarms of Vandals and Moslem Arabs until we reach the more familiar modern page that begins with the "opening up" by Portugal which had already been well begun by 1453. By the end of the eighteenth century the struggle for North Africa seemed likely to repeat the lines which that for North America and India had already assumed between French and English. The claims of past and present were happily summed up by the British admiral who addressed a ship's company before Aboukir in 1798, in one of the tersest speeches on record: "See that land, my lads? That's the land of Egypt, and if you don't fight like born devils, you'll damned soon be in the house of bondage." Sir Harry evidently has no faith himself in the theory that Adam and Eve were originally black, and that Cain turned white through "funk" at having killed Abel. He believes in the mission of the strong, silent man and in the unspeakable blessings of machinery and progress. Yet he gives us the other side, too, in depicting the miseries inflicted by the quick-to-be-rich traders and the havoc caused by the appalling growth of germ-diseases which "opening up" has done so much to disseminate.

This volume has served as a good example of the way in which a little book of 248 pages may be made an index to modern study and the most recent conclusions in dealing with an important, and indeed topical, subject; it emanates from a master of exposition, but we can safely say that we have read with almost equal pleasure and profit "Modern Geography," "Polar Exploration" (a delightful study when the thermometer is above 90°), "The Animal World," and several other volumes in this series. It would take too long to tell all the good things that might be told about Mr. Carlos Davis's "Mediæval Europe," and Professor Belloc's "French Revolution" has been very fully dealt with here already. The last volume and "Parliament" are said, we know not with how much truth, to be the two freest sellers in the collection. The motto of the series may well be *E pur si muove*, as Columbus said when he broke the egg—a little too violently.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

AN AMERICAN CRITIC.*

Excepting Mr. Arthur Symons, we have no critic in England with the authority and reputation that Mr. More enjoys in America. And Mr. Symons's early coquetries with France have, perhaps, made it impossible for him to win the confidence that the British public, in gratitude for being called Philistine, once gave to Matthew Arnold. The British public finds it hard to take seriously the champions of what it does not understand and is compelled to respect. Mr. More's position, however, is secure. His work is looked for in the reviews for which he writes, and he occupies in America some such place as was held in France by Sainte-Beuve. "The Shelburne Essays," are his "Portraits Littéraires" and "Causeries du Lundi." Just as Sainte-Beuve is, perhaps, our least inexact among many inexact indications of the better French taste of his time, so, from the pages of Mr. More's books, we may gather hints, to be used with great discretion, as to what the more cultured Americans seek in literature.

In this volume, three of the essays deal with Americans: those on the Pragmatism of the late Professor William James, on Louisa Shore, and on that very gentle writer, Thomas Bailey Aldrich. The remaining essays discuss Shelley, Wordsworth, Hood, Tennyson, Francis Thompson, Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson, Criticism, and Victorian Literature. Mr. More's method in criticism, like Sainte-Beuve's, is very largely biographical. He tries always to co-ordinate the intangible and elusive qualities of a man's work with those more obvious traits of his personality that are to be gleaned from history and anecdote. This is not always so harmful as might be supposed. Though he cannot read Shelley's poetry without remembering his treatment of Harriet Westbrook, he uses that memory to point acutely an observation that has often been made before, of the inhumanity of that poetry. The point is too acute to be quite true, but Mr. More makes it very well. He uses Dorothy Wordsworth's remark—"Is it possible, can that be William? How very mean he looks!"—to illustrate the low vitality that he finds in the bulk of Wordsworth's poetry. I am never quite sure that he does not prefer biographies to all other forms of literature, and that he only reads poetry in order to find illustrations for them. I suppose it is not so; but the fact that it is a sustainable theorem indicates the character of Mr. More's criticism.

He is a man of profound as well as of wide reading, does not willingly take anything for granted, and is a pedestrian and practical critic. He is very swift and sharp upon a contradiction, and, having found one, will not leave it

* "Shelburne Essays." By Paul Elmer More. Seventh Series. 5s. net. (Putnam's.)

in peace, but drags it into the light and worries it. I suspect that his dogged, in some cases rather blind criticism must be very irritating to the more subtle of the living authors on whom he writes. For example, of Mr. Dickinson, who attempted and achieved an artistic triumph in the impartiality of his "Modern Symposium," where the Narcissi of all political types fall in love with their images, he remarks: "How great a service Mr. Dickinson might perform if instead of adding to the confusion of standards he would turn his subtle intellect to discovering and his eloquent pen to describing the true God that many desire and some to-day seek and cannot find!" That must be hard to bear. But it is characteristic of American judgment, which is always teleological rather than æsthetic. Indeed, wherever Mr. More most insists upon his independence, we find that he is most profoundly, if unconsciously, moved by the motives of his race. And this makes him particularly interesting to us in England, and no doubt at once illuminating and inspiriting to many in America.

ARTHUR RANSOME.

Novel Notes.

THE LONG ROLL. By Mary Johnston. (Constable.)

At the outset Miss Johnston had an excellent story to tell of the love of Richard Cleave for Judith Cary, in spite of the fact that the echoes whispered to her hero: "Judith Cary, Judith Cary, there are other things in life than love, other things than love, other things than love." But the time she had chosen was the eve of the outbreak of the Civil War in America, a war was in the air. We get strange fitful flashes of the principal characters in that terrible life and death struggle, and soon we are knee-deep in a thrilling narrative of the war itself, and what the conflict really meant in southern country homes, in beleaguered towns, in camp and on the fields at Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg and other famous war points. If Miss Johnston has had a motive in this book it will be probably found in this statement of old Mrs. Cleave to her children:

"As for you two who've always been sheltered and fed and who've never had a blow struck you, who've grown like tended plants in a garden, you don't know what war is! It is a great and deep Cup of Trembling! It's a scourge that reaches the backs of all! It's universal destruction—and the gift that the world should pray for is to build in peace!"

And Miss Johnston sinks her story in the stern history of the war. She has consulted the works of a large number of historians, memoir and narrative writers, diarists and contributors to the magazines of historical societies to get facts, and she has brought to the task eminent qualities of her own, as witness this description of a scene in a hospital:

> "The Stonewall hospital was poorly lighted. In ward number 23 the oil lamps stuck in brackets along the walls smoked. At one end, where two pine tables were placed, the air from the open window blew the flames distractingly. A surgeon, half dead with fatigue, strained well nigh to the point of tears, exclaimed upon it. 'That damned wind! Shut the window, Miss Cary. Yes, tight! It's hell anyhow, and that's what you do in hell—burn up.'
>
> Judith closed the window. As she did so she looked once at the light on the northern horizon. The firing shook the window pane. The flame of the lamp now stood straight. She turned the wick higher, then lifted a pitcher and poured water into a basin, and when the surgeon had washed his hands took away the reddened stuff. Two negroes laid a man on the table, a gaunt North Carolinian, his hand clutching a shirt all stiffened blood. Between his eyelids showed a gleam of white, his breath came with a whistling sound. Judith bent the rigid fingers open, drew the hand aside and cut away the shirt. The surgeon looked. 'Humph! Well, a body can but try.—Now, my man, you lie right still and I won't hurt you much. Come this side, Miss Cary. No! Wait a moment! It's no use. He's dying!'
>
> "The North Carolinian died. The negroes lifted him from the table and put another in his place. 'Amputation,' said the surgeon. 'Hold it firmly, Miss Cary. Just there!' He turned to the adjoining table where a younger man was sewing up a fore-arm ripped from wrist to elbow by a piece of shell. 'Lend me your saw, will you?'"

Not for its fiction but for its terribly realistic war pictures, "The Long Roll" is a living and powerful piece of work.

MASTER CHRISTOPHER. By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

"Having regard to the facts that she was older than he, and not handicapped by the slightest predilection for him, she thought it probable that his love would survive the trials to which trust and his patience might presently be put. In other words she meant to cage the bird in her hand while she stole forth secretly to enjoy the chase of the other two who might be lurking in the bush." Such is Miss Erica Clow's plan of campaign. But Christopher unfortunately slips out of her hand, and she has to snatch hurriedly at one of the birds in the bush, a bird too good for her. Erica's relation to her mother, whom she bullies unmercifully, is as unpleasant as her attempt to entrap every eligible man within range, and there is a sense of satisfaction in her discomfiture at the hands of the phlegmatic Anthony and of the boorish Christopher. The minor characters in the story are for the most part pleasant figures, especially Lady [illegible] and Lady Denys, but Mrs. de la Pasture has spun out the account of their doings to an inartistic length. She takes too long to reach the problem of the relation between Christopher and his sister, which is one of the main motives of the book, and even the characteristic charm of the writer's treatment hardly atones for the lack of briskness and compactness in the novel. It is only when the young Garveys come on the scene that things begin to move. They and the beautiful unscrupulous Erica contribute liveliness to a plot in which the majority of the other characters are afflicted with a curiously sluggish nature.

THE HAMPDENSHIRE WONDER. By J. D. Beresford. 6s. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Mr. Beresford, we take it, was unknown until six months ago, when he produced "Jacob Stahl." Now "Jacob" was an admirable example of the bioscopic method, but it never could have prepared any of us for the advent of this amazing Wonder child. Figure to yourself a professional cricketer who bowls better than any one else in the world and has suddenly the misfortune to lose a finger. A man of remarkable character in many ways, he concentrates his will on having a son who shall be born without habits. The idea is, you must know, that the son will learn everything that his father can teach him and will furthermore, being born without habits, find himself enabled to start where his father left off and become an even better bowler. Ginger Stott meets the ideal mother for such a child, and Victor arrives. Here we dive into extravagance at once, but of so remarkable a character that it keeps us almost spell-bound. What follows is philosophy, psychology, poetry, allegory, what you will. It is strangely sad; some might find parts of it even repellent. For Ginger's scheme has gone agley, and he has fathered not the bowler that the world has waited for, but a strange creature with a huge head, the habit, its only one, of complete silence (it never cries and never answers questions) and the power of making you feel, when it looks at you, that you are utterly insignificant. To his bitterly disappointed father Victor is a "blasted freak" and no more, but the mother (a wonderfully clever and sympathetic study) knows better. For the Wonder has been born ages before the world was ready for him or his kind. With the realms of imagination, of art, music and poetry dead to him, he yet bears the heavy burden of all knowledge. His lonely childhood and the effect of his extraordinary personality on the various types of humanity that figure in his little

world, are sketched with amazing skill. The parson hates him, his father fears him, Challis, the dilettante squire, is interested in him in a dilettante and scholarly fashion. The village idiot, recognising that here is the only creature he has met having no spiritual kinship with the people about him, tries to make friends with the Wonder, and persecutes him with a kind of loathsome adoration. Only Victor's mother understands. It is difficult to review such a book. Who wants to be referred to the most powerful and moving of its scenes should read, first, the account of the Wonder's birth, where the half-demented father and the crotchety doctor squabble in the cottage parlour the while, upstairs, Intelligence is being born into the world. And there is the scene in the squire's library where the Wonder, having sampled learning as we understand it and known an awful disappointment, tries once, and only once, to tell the two scholars who are questioning him what he is and what is the end of all knowledge. It would, of course, be impossible to let the Wonder grow up. The uncertain manner of his death is finely suggested, and Mr. Beresford is here at his best in the tragic picture of the mother. The book ends, very fittingly, with a remarkable essay on the uses of mystery.

ENTER CHARMIAN. By Harold Vallings. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

In this " Comedy-Idyll of Moorside " Mr. Harold Vallings proves himself possessed of the genuine comic spirit, and his intriguing inventions of the love affairs of the " gentry " of a Devonshire village will undoubtedly be successful in raising many a smile. Charmian is an Anglo-Indian widow of a highly attractive kind—certainly she is very pleasant to read about—and her arrival in the peaceful village of Moorside sets the whole place by the ears. Not that this was exactly Charmian's fault, but the desperate plots in which the inhabitants of the village indulge would not appear to be an ordinary feature of English country life. The comedy resolves itself entirely into a question of marriage—or, rather, marriages—in which the hero's gardener, Jan Stewer, plays no small part. The book contains a number of clever satirical studies of character, and the inherent " niceness " of nearly all its personages is what will appeal most to its readers, of whom it is deserving of a large number.

A PRISONER IN PARADISE. By Herbert L. Vahey. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

Mr. Vahey's name is new to us, but there is some reason for the belief that it will soon become familiar if the promise of the present volume is fulfilled. The author has the advantage of obvious personal acquaintance with a life which is essentially strange to the stay-at-home Englishman His scene is laid in one of the Malay Islands; his hero is a lonely trader who sees a white face only on the arrival of the monthly steamer of the Australian firm which employs him. Jim Goffer is a veritable prisoner in his Paradise (by which the author refers apparently only to the scenic beauties of his hero's surroundings), he has grown completely weary of his position, and has resolved to resign his post as soon as possible. At this moment Lolo appears on the scene—a beautiful half-caste, fleeing with her lover from the clutches of a neighbouring native chief. Goffer falls completely under the spell of her beauty and her innocence, and the drama of the story begins. Mr. Vahey has treated his subject in a very natural and effective manner, and he may be especially commended for the manner in which he retains the sympathies of the reader for a hero who indulges in some very unheroic behaviour. Altogether this is a thoroughly interesting first novel.

IN FANCY'S MIRROR. By Violet A. Simpson. 6s. (Blackwood.)

" In Fancy's Mirror " is emphatically a good book, but we must confess that by reason of its extreme length it is a little exhausting. Miss Simpson has undoubtedly " spread herself " rather too much; you want either a very good plot indeed, or—what is commoner—ubiquitous and attractive powers of digression to exhaust the possibilities of 160,000 words. Miss Simpson's plot is as good as it is unusual, which is saying much, and her digressions are quite pleasant. But for all that, the judicious skipper will enjoy this novel more than the plodder who weighs every sentence. Nevertheless, this study of the strange education of Victorine Carysfort and the highly unsuitable marriage which was arranged between her and a singularly unattractive budding M.P., and of the loss of memory which helped her to assert herself and to choose the right person, presents numerous points of interest. The author's strongest point is her characterisation, which is generally clever and effective, and she has also a keen and curiously unfeminine sense of humour. Miss Simpson is a talented writer and " In Fancy's Mirror " is in many—most—ways unusually attractive.

THE OVERFLOWING SCOURGE. By Stephen Foreman. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

This is a strong, dramatic story, pulsing with human life and emotion; it deals with the terrible consequences of a crime committed by a man in his youth. His one wrong deed is the beginning of everything, the cause of everything; but for that sin he would never have entered the path of dishonour; it is " the cause of his degradation, and, concomitantly, the cause of his tremendous elevation." For he lies and cheats his way to success and fame and becomes a judge on the Irish Judicial Bench; thus, though a thorough rogue, base and brutal, matters of life and death are in his hands. Of course he abuses his power to gain his own ends, wrecking the lives of innocent people and killing the soul of his son. It is not a pleasant story, and the writer's style, though vivid and vigorous, is not always pleasant either, but he shows remarkable skill in plot construction and in character-drawing, and has a keen dramatic sense. " The Overflowing Scourge " is a remarkable first book, and we shall look forward with interest to Mr. Foreman's future work.

THE SUMMER BOOK. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

Mr. Max Pemberton's latest volume is a collection of a dozen short stories which have already seen the light in various magazines. As a rule tales of this kind are hardly worth preservation in the more substantial " book form," but an exception must be made for " The Summer Book." It does not pretend to be very deep, but the present weather is no incentive to exhausting reading. With the exception of the first story, which is not representative of the remainder of the book, the tales are brightly written and very cleverly constructed. All of them begin well, but we must confess that it seems sometimes as if Mr. Pemberton had got a little tired of his subject before the end. However, the reader will find some very effective thrills, a pleasant management of local colour—the scenes of most of the stories are laid in France—and some bizarre situations; and if to such reading he can add a shady spot on a sea-beach, he ought to have a very enjoyable holiday.

THE STORY GIRL. By L. M. Montgomery. 6s. (Pitman.)

Those who have read " Anne of Green Gables " and its sequel, and " Kilmeny of the Orchard," will expect great things of " The Story Girl," Miss L. M. Montgomery's latest book, and they will not be disappointed; it is as fresh and delightful as its predecessors, and possesses the same quiet charm that distinguished them. As usual, the pen pictures of characters and scenery are skilfully and vividly done. The story deals with the visit of two young boys to their father's old home on Prince Edward

Island, where, among aunts and uncles and cousins, they meet the Story Girl, so called on account of her gift for telling stories. She is a fascinating little girl; not pretty, "but you'll think she is while she's talking to you. Everybody does. It's only when you go away from her that you find out she isn't a bit pretty after all." The most wonderful thing about the Story Girl is her voice, which possesses so rare a quality that it can make even the multiplication table sound charming. "If voices had colour, hers would have been like a rainbow. It made words *live*. Whatever she said became a breathing entity, not a mere verbal statement or utterance." At the end of the book one parts from the Story Girl's people with regret, and hopes the warm welcome that will surely be accorded to this book may induce its author to write a sequel to it.

A LADY OF SPAIN. By G. B. Burgin. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Burgin has done better work than "A Lady of Spain," which is nevertheless a good and very entertaining story. Some of the best situations are spoiled by a certain unreality in treatment which is, however, to some extent carried off by the author's briskness and readiness of humour. Mr. Pamphilon has sworn never to have anything more to do with women—such men usually are the most susceptible—but he has rashly gone on a trip to Galicia with a mixed party. It is there that he makes the acquaintance of Nance De Lisle, and it is there also that the Lady of the title is smitten by his *beaux yeux* and proceeds to make the pleasant little story which Mr. Burgin tells. Perhaps the Senorita Rosita Mercedes Maria Teresa Balbina Isabel Carmen Margarita de Leon de Penaflor deserved the rebuke which she got from Miss De Lisle in the following slightly inadequate words: "Can't you see for yourself how unladylike it is to carry daggers about in your garter, to shut men up in dungeons and drive them nearly insane, to stain your face, and, uninvited, perform Salome dances before young English gentlemen?" But at any rate she made very charming amends.

THE RED STAR OF NIGHT. By W. A. Mackenzie. 2s. net. (Constable.)

"The Red Star of Night" is one of the first of a new series of novels that Messrs. Constable are calling "The Railway Library." The books are "particularly suitable for travel reading"; certainly Mr. Mackenzie's story should make the longest journey seem short, for a more exciting and absorbing sensational story it would be difficult to find. The plot tells how Michael Damer, young, wealthy, idle, and suffering from the "nothing-to-do" malady, goes out into the streets of London one evening in search of adventure, walks into a trap, and finds more of it than he was looking for. He becomes mixed up in the Brotherhood of the Red Star, and his malady is quickly and completely cured. It is a frankly sensational tale, full of wholesome excitement and dramatic adventure, altogether a first rate book for those in search of an hour or two's entertainment.

THE WILLOWFORD WOODS. By R. Murray Gilchrist. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

The mystery of the woods surrounding a country-house is bound up with the suicide of a poor girl, whose unworthy lover, Vavasour, nearly succeeds in entrapping the heroine of the story. Vavasour is a good title for a smooth gentlemanly villain. But his old uncle, by a clever and somewhat unscrupulous device, helps to outwit him, and after a melodramatic scene, in which a convenient stroke of lightning saves other people the trouble of murdering him, Vavasour is cleared out of the path of true love. Mr. Gilchrist's story is a straightforward, interesting piece of sensational romance. The servants and country folk are brightly drawn, and there is enough variety of characterisation to make the story quite readable. It is, perhaps, due to the exigencies of the plot that the heroine is less vivid than the hero's mother, a straightforward Yorkshire woman. But Mr. Gilchrist has been successful in catching and keeping the reader's attention, and if the story never rises to any height of thrilling excitement it never relapses into the prosaic manner.

QUEEN OF ALL HEARTS. By Eric Clement Scott. 6s. (Greening.)

Mr. Clement Scott has the art of story-telling to perfection, and here is a "yarn" which will interest and amuse the most blasé reader. The story centres round the daughter of an earl who, leaving her father's mansion and renouncing the life to which she has been accustomed, takes to the stage, and at one bound becomes an immense success. How she falls in love with her manager, only to find that he has a drunken wife living; how a disreputable cousin plots to get the manager out of the way; how the drunken wife is killed on the stage, and her husband arrested for the murder; and how finally the two lovers come together—all this is related with graphic skill in "Queen of all Hearts." When dealing with the life of the theatre Mr. Scott is very much at home, and he gives us an excellent picture of what goes on on the other side of the curtain. The story is admirably constructed, and though the incidents follow one another in graphic succession the skill of the author is shown by the way in which he makes them at once natural and convincing.

RED OF THE ROCK. By Eldred Reynolds. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

The more civilised a nation becomes the more does its literature seem to hark back to the primitive for its themes. It was left for the writers of a degenerate enslaved Rome to sing the glories and virtues of the ancient republic. In our own day, when luxury has reached heights hardly dreamt of before in the history of the world, and each week brings its discovery of some new nervous disease, we delight in singing the glories of savage strength and primitive ways of life. In this book a City man taking a holiday in Cornwall discovers a little fishing village. The life attracts him; something in the rough folk of the cove, and their ceaseless struggle with the sea, appeals to dormant instincts in his nature. He throws up his city existence, even breaks temporarily with the girl he loves, and making his home in the village, has no ambition save to do what the cove dwellers do—to live the life of the boats. The story is well told, and the authoress has caught the spirit of her scene. There is a little too much striving after effect perhaps; the mad girl who roams about the cliffs and makes friends with the adders is rather too melodramatic. In these days of eugenics one feels that it would have been better if she had been put away, though perhaps it is unfair to apply a test which must certainly have eliminated four-fifths of Dickens's characters. In the end the hero achieves a reconciliation with the girl he loves, in the neighbourhood of the cove, and we are left to suppose that the marriage bells eventually rang out to their mutual satisfaction. Some of the sketches of the cove dwellers themselves are extremely well done, and the book is worth reading.

MARRIED WHEN SUITED. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

"Love had been simple for him. The first girl he had lost his heart to at once gave him hers in exchange. All his life he had been holding that heart in his hands, and wondering whether he really wanted it, and whether his particular palm wasn't meant by Providence to remain empty of hearts." So Mrs. Dudeney describes an Eng-



Mrs. Henry Dudeney

[illegible]

lish vicar is perhaps the least uncomfortable of her short tales. The majority describe phases of love which are not simple. In nearly all there is this sub-acid touch which has marked the previous work of the authoress—a predilection for women who love outside their wedding ring or for men who get themselves and others into twisted relations. The ablest of the eleven stories is decidedly "The Root Book," which is carefully written and cleverly constructed. "The Table" and "A Complete Cure" might have been translated from Maupassant, and the influence of Mr. Thomas Hardy is strongly felt in the first and last of the tales. Mrs. Dudeney is no purveyor of sugar and water. She might vary the taste of her stories more, but they represent at any rate a keen mind which is not afraid to present some of the less attractive aspects of human life. And she has learnt the difficult art of the short story as very few women writers in English have been able to do.

HILARY ONSLOW. By Horace Wyndham. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

Mr. Horace Wyndham has succeeded in giving us a thoroughly interesting novel in the form of the autobiography of a young man who, in his own words, "sets forth the various matters dealt with exactly as they really happened," without trying to present himself in a favourable light, or ignoring such incidents as would call for criticism. Perhaps it is because he is so cynically frank in his self-revelations that the reader is somewhat inclined to lose sympathy with him from the beginning; but losing sympathy does not always mean losing interest, and no one who starts it is likely to lay aside this entertaining story till the abrupt and unexpected end is reached. The characters are well drawn, some of them exceedingly amusing. To attempt to outline the plot of "Hilary Onslow" would be a difficult undertaking, such a multitude of small details would have to be taken into account—it drifts through the pages and develops in the course of conversation in such fashion as one can only appreciate by an actual reading of the book for oneself, and it makes such pleasant reading that we recommend all who are looking for light refreshment not to miss it.

MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY. By Owen Wister. 6s. (Macmillan.)

It is always a pleasure to read anything from the pen of Mr. Owen Wister, and we have not been disappointed in the expectations with which we took up his last volume. The short story is confessedly one of the most difficult forms of writing, but that the art has been thoroughly mastered by Mr. Wister will be acknowledged by all who read this collection. He has the essential qualifications of directness and compression, and upon these foundations he can build securely a superstructure of wit, humour, or pathos according to the dictates of his imagination. The series opens splendidly with "Happy Teeth," which tells how one Horacles, who thought to open a cheap store and capture the patronage of all the Indians on the reserve, was utterly undone by his rival Scipio Le Moyne, who egged him on into performing various conjuring tricks, and how all the Indians fled terrified from the sight of Horacles' false teeth coming out of his mouth on his tongue amidst red fire. Very amusing too are the tales of how this same Scipio (a most charming scapegrace) got the better of the wily Uncle Pasco, who came to rob him, and again of how he became a road agent and despoiled the expert at the pea and thimble trick. But if anything, Mr. Wister is better in his pathetic stories, and we would put his "Timberline" and "The Gift Horse" in a category little beneath Kipling at his best. A word of special mention must also be given to the preface, in which Mr. Wister recalls his first attempts in writing and gives also a picture of the "West," which materially helps the uninitiated to understand and appreciate the tales that follow.

THE QUEEN'S FILLET. By the Very Rev. P. A. Canon Sheehan, D.D. 6s. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

Once more has the Revolutionary epoch in France inspired a living, vital piece of literature. In his new volume Canon Sheehan takes us on from the eve of the social conflagration through the inferno of the Terror, to the only less nauseating exhibition of the Bourbons. His chief character, Maurice de Brignon, disinherited by his father and forced into St. Sulpice, refuses the vows, flees to Paris with a passion for the people and a special hatred of "the Austrian," marries the daughter of a Revolutionary, secures the friendship of Talleyrand, becomes an adherent of Marie Antoinette, is shamed into pusillanimity by the covert sneers of the *haute noblesse*, is overwhelmed by remorse, fights with the Vendeans, is discouraged by their lack of discipline, enters the Church, is appointed Abbot of St. Marcellin, and is indebted to the Duchess of Angoulême and the fillet which bound Marie Antoinette's hair on the scaffold for—well, though the plot is really of secondary interest, the sequel need not be spoilt for the reader, who certainly will follow it with keen interest. Here is something more than a novel, and as we write, with this England of ours in the throes of unprecendented social warfare, the book makes a deeper impression that it might in other circumstances. Perhaps it could only have been written by a Roman Catholic man of letters, but there is in it no special pleading for Roman Catholicism. It is rather an acute study of human nature as exemplified in the pride of the *noblesse*, their pitilessness, especially the pitilessness of their women, and the wild beast that fear lets loose on the one hand in men who stake all in their ambition for personal power, and on the other hand in the ignorant masses. Nothing

like this book has been published since Carlyle set his burning pen to paper; and it may have an even greater appeal for many, because its style, dramatic to a degree, possesses the twin charm of culture and scholarly finish. And this book will attract both those who can sit out performance after performance of such plays as "The Scarlet Pimpernel" and those who are serious students of the period about which it is concerned. All the chief actors in the awful drama are limned in unforgettable language; and, like the men of old to whom hell was such a reality that they could all but see the flames of it issuing from the fissures in the crust of the earth and smell the sulphurous fumes, we can almost see the scenes that the Canon re-creates rather than describes. Talleyrand is presented in an exceptionally favourable light; but he is still a puzzle to most people. The moral of "The Queen's Fillet" is not emphasised; but it is plain enough for the most casual reader: it is the highest that can be drawn for suffering humanity.

A PORTENTOUS HISTORY. By Alfred Tennyson. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Everything was against James Macdonald from the first in that outlandish village of Tuchan on the west coast of Scotland. His father resented the monstrous size of the child, and prophesied trouble. And trouble there was for this hapless, shambling, "tattered, hulking, red-haired Gigantulus," until in early manhood, having reached the appalling height of eight feet, he comes under the notice of Ambrose Mandeville, the great "Tickler" of the British Public, and we leave the unhappy youth on the threshold of a glorious career as "The Scotch Giant"! The misery of Jim's school-days is excellently done, and we rejoice whole-heartedly when the boy, driven to madness by the torment of his impish, malevolent school-fellows and the brutal jokes of Dominie Maitland, turns on his foes, flings a stone at Johnny Findlater—meanest of all "good" boys—defies the Rev. Simon McManus, and draws blood from his preceptor's nose. "He dunted ye on the neb," shrieked Angus to the outraged Dominie. "It's swelled up like a tomaty, sure as death." From that hour the legend of Jim Macdonald's worthlessness, the Jim-myth of the incredible wickedness of the lad, grew apace with the boy's unnatural growth. Disliked by his father, misunderstood by his mother, hated and slandered by the schoolmaster and the minister, no one had a good word for Jim, and the horrible loneliness of his boyhood is a nightmare from which there is no awaking. Things were worse when the minister denounced Jim from the pulpit and expelled him from the church—in savage vengeance for Jim's earlier contempt for the Rev. Simon's authority. Jim's only offence was that one Sunday in kirk he overcame his accustomed shyness about singing, and, heedless of the power of his great bawling voice, "with the sound of a bull's bellow, out-bellowing all, suddenly he let forth," to his own consternation. The immediate result of this daring was that "the kirk was filled with tittering, whispering, giggling, and hushing," and the Rev. Simon's sentence of expulsion for irreverence in the House of God was approved without question. The final stroke was the treatment Jim received from Jessie McLure. The gigantic youth dislocated the shoulder of a prize bull in saving the life of this young woman, and she hated him for it. Jim had loved her from childhood, and when he told her so, Jessie, with hideous and uncompromising frankness, merely revealed her extreme dislike for him, for her thoughts were with the accomplished Johnny Findlater. Ater this Jim was only saved from a premature death by Dr. Spens—to accept service with Mandeville. It is a remarkable piece of work, strong, observant, and sympathetic, this study of a poor freak of a giant, and when Mr. Alfred Tennyson has restrained his exuberant pen a little and brought it under control, we confidently predict that there will be still finer work to come from him.

OUR LADY OF THE LEOPARDS. By Albert Dorrington. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

This is an Indian adventure-story which begins with a touch of farce and deepens into tragedy. When Captain Hayes undertakes to kidnap a monkey-girl, and discovers that he has netted, or rather bagged, Larry Delaney, a sort of Mulvaney, Mr. Dorrington's plot really begins. It develops into a series of grim and humorous escapades by this pair of dare-devil adventurers, and, although things end successfully for them, in different ways, the princess who possesses the divine monkey perishes with it. There is plenty of realistic writing in the story. Mr. Dorrington threads in a love-interest by Delaney, and he is skilful enough to develop the characters of both men in relation to the titular heroine. The effect of her strange but devoted personality upon both blackguards is deftly described, and this prevents the story from being a mere chronicle of rough-and-tumble incidents. As a matter of fact, it has not only thrills, but genuinely human interest.

The Bookman's Table.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PARISIAN. By Dr. Poumiès de la Siboutie. Translated by Lady Theodora Davidson. 10s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)

Born at Périgord in 1789, this genial and chatty doctor lived through stirring times, of which he has left a most interesting record. The student of political history, the student of manners, the collector of anecdotes, will find themselves equally indebted to that broken step on the ill-lighted staircase which dealt the good doctor, as he was performing an errand of mercy, such a severe blow that he was forced to take a long rest, the tediousness of which his ardent spirit beguiled by writing these memoirs. Fascinating as anything in "Evangeline" is his account of the homely, simple, happy life of a well-to-do bourgeois in a French provincial town in the eighteenth century. We linger long over his picture of the mighty walnut beds and their massive carved columns, the oak presses and the colossal ingle-nook. We can picture the whole of the household sitting down to a prodigious midday meal in the kitchen surrounded by bright pewter, shining copper, and a vast quantity of cast-iron pots and pans. The master chinks glasses with the servants who have specially earned his approval; "everybody is pleased, and good-humour reigns supreme." It is worth noting how this simplicity of life kept its hold on Napoleon, even when France was at his feet. While Murat and his other generals were spending thousands of pounds yearly on their clothes, his whole outfit was not worth £80. Not only his clothes but the furniture of his rooms and their very walls only pleased him when they were marked by a severe simplicity. A first-rate artist had been engaged by well-meaning underlings to paint the walls and ceilings of the Castle of Rambouillet, when it became a royal residence, with arabesques, foliage, birds, and animals. Napoleon inspected the work with a frown and turned away, saying curtly: "Remove that rubbish and paint it white. I hate fripperies." Our doctor has many stories to tell of the members of his profession, and none of them seems to bring out the fine old spirit of historic France with greater vividness than the little thumbnail biography of Dr. Capuron, the Salpêtrière professor, who wore threadbare clothes and lived on bread and cheese in order that he might have money to educate thirty poor children whom he educated and trained and watched over in the manner of Dr. Barnardo. With something of the same spirit of devotion to a cause our Périgord doctor threw himself into the thick of the fighting in the revolution of 1830, the revolution carried through on cocoa and liquorice water. He mixed too with the leading spirits of the great Revolution, with Souberbielle,

who voted for the Queen's death and was sorry for it afterwards, who helped to capture the Bastille and to condemn Danton. This man and Noël Pointe, one of the most violent members of the Convention, and many kindred spirits were, he testifies, charming persons in private life. So we are sure was the compiler of these records, whose bonhomie has been so well handed on to us by the translator.

THACKERAY'S WORKS: Centenary Biographical Edition. Philip, 2 Vols. The Virginians, 2 Vols. Roundabout Papers. Denis Duval. 6s. net each vol. (Smith, Elder.)

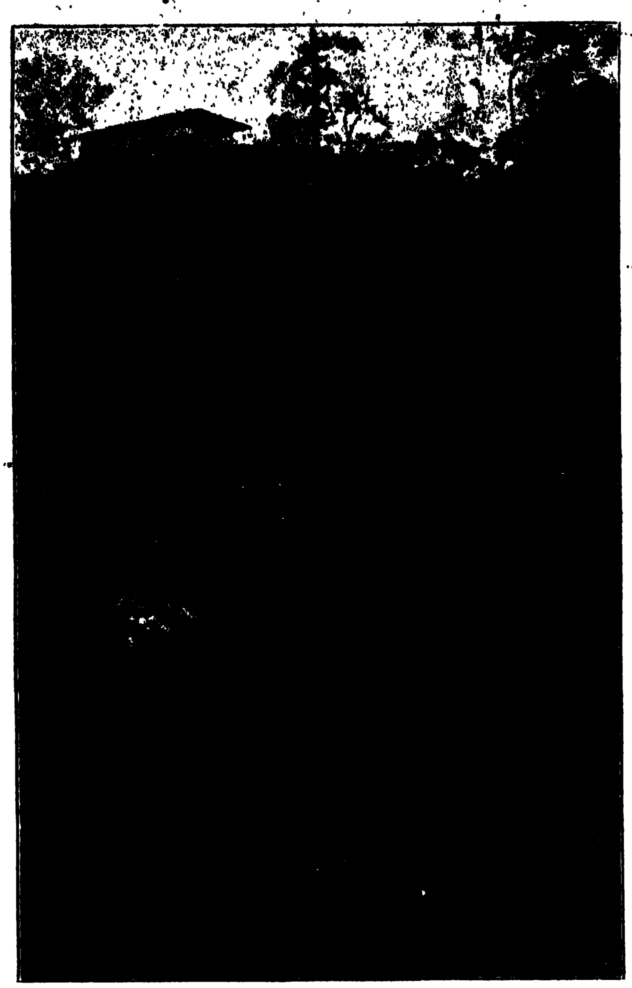
In her introduction to "Philip" Lady Ritchie regrets the days of the three-volume novel, when the books were "readable, dignified, light to hold, with broad margin and nobly flowing type, not, as now, blocks compressed into one brick-like volume of a popular edition, to be gulped whole in a hurry between two stations, or in a vortex of noise, and only fit to be cast away when done with." Maybe we shall have to go back to those earlier, ampler, more leisurely methods before we can hope to get great novels again. Probably "Philip" has never been among Thackeray's more popular works, and few of us rank it with his greatest, but Lady Ritchie confesses that to her it seems to contain "some of the wisest and most beautiful things" her father ever wrote. The story of how it was written and of the negotiations with Frederick Walker for its illustration in the days when Thackeray was founding the *Cornhill*, and of how Thackeray edited and retired from the editorship of that magazine, make this one of the most interesting of Lady Ritchie's fascinating prefaces to the volumes in the Centenary Biographical Edition. In the prefaces to the "Roundabout Papers" and "Denis Duval" she tells the story of his later years and of his death. The volumes contain all Thackeray's original illustrations, in addition to many by Frederick Walker, Charles Keene, and R. B. Wallace; the prefaces in each case include some hitherto unpublished Thackeray drawings and sketches, and there are admirable frontispiece portraits of the novelist and two sketches of him by Charles Keene and Walker.

ALONG THE ANDES AND DOWN THE AMAZON. By H. J. Mozans, A.M., Ph.D. 12s. 6d. net. (Appleton.)

With the present volume Dr H. J. Mozans follows up and—apparently—concludes his study of the routes of the Spanish Conquistadores in South America which was begun in "Up the Orinoco and Down the Magdalena." The author's route took him across the Isthmus of Panama and along the coasts of Ecuador and Peru, with an extension to Cuzco, Lake Titicaca, and La Paz, the capital of Bolivia, while he crossed the South American continent between Trujillo and Pará. Such a journey is indeed a very considerable achievement, although, both by reason of the peaceful nature of the native Indians and the more favourable climatic conditions, it is less difficult than a crossing of Africa. But both in scenery and in historical associations it is far more attractive. At any rate Dr. Mozans has made of it a travel book which is well worthy of attention. Not content with giving us his own impressions, he supplies copious extracts from the works of previous writers, and in the result his book is far more detailed in its historical notes than is the ordinary work of travel. The author is in every way an agreeable companion. Colonel Theodore Roosevelt contributes an appreciative introduction, and there are several interesting photographs.

GOLD COAST PALAVER. By Louis P. Bowler. 2s. (John Long.)

Mr. Bowler spent eight years in the jungle of the Gold Coast Colony, and tells in these pages a plain tale of life as it is lived by the natives and by the Englishmen who go out prospecting, or working in the mining, rubber, and other industries. His book does not pretend to any literary merit, but it has the intrinsic value attaching to what is



The Author.
From "Gold Coast Palaver," by Louis P. Bowler. (John Long.)

written by a man who has seen and known intimately the things he writes of. Occasionally Mr. Bowler has hard things to say of the Government officials, and his attitude towards the natives savours of that intolerance that always seems to afflict men who work among an inferior race and acquire a habit of autocracy. But what he says of the disastrous effects of the gin traffic on the Gold Coast and the need of Parliamentary inquiry is matter for serious consideration; and his views on railway construction; his hints as to the gold-dredging resources of the Colony; what he has to say of insect pests, and of the vast trading opportunities presented by the natural wealth of the Gold Coast—all these things make his book one that those interested in our colonial development would do well to study. His chapter on "Precautions as to Health" adds to the usefulness of his work, and the extracts given from the volume on the Guinea Coast published by William Bosman in 1705 are curious and full of interest.

THE FOOTPATH WAY: An Anthology for Walkers. With an Introduction by Hilaire Belloc. 2s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Almost everything that can be said about walking has been said before, and is to be found in this book, where Leslie Stephen talks of walking and thinking, Wordsworth of lake scenery, Hazlitt rails against companions, Stevenson dances attendance on Hazlitt, Sylvanus Urban "discovers a good brew," Thoreau talks of walking as he understood it, Borrow of adventures, John Burroughs is exhilarated, John Brown sober, and Walt Whitman wrought up into the rhythmical chant of the open road. One thing had not been said before, and now that Mr. Belloc has said it, all who love walking, and were looking about for this thing to say, may comfortably lay down their pens. No one before has considered exactly how it is that a man walks, that it is a difficult, hazardous feat of acrobatics, impossible to teach. Mr. Belloc has probably watched a baby making its first essays. He has discovered, and is

able most accurately to describe, how it is done. Then he goes on to other things, and speaks of inns and the enemies of inns, and the pleasure, not of walking only, but of walking away. He does not think much of walking without an object. There we disagree with him. He is misled by analogy, being bored, no doubt, by listening to talk without an object in Parliament. But even when we are not at one with him, we like him. He is able to say the simplest things, to use the most undignified words, without for a moment losing his confident lucidity and his flavour of fine speech. He is an aristocrat of letters; we cannot but recognise him, in any old clothes. This is a rare gift. The man who owns it is able, to least once or twice in his life, as on this occasion, to write good literature.

WHAT IS AND WHAT MIGHT BE. By E. G. A. Holmes. 4s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

If Mr. Holmes had notoriety thrust upon him in consequence of his authorship of the now famous "Circular," he deserves to achieve greatness from the remarkable study of education which he has just published. It is probable, indeed, that Mr. Holmes's personal philosophical and religious creeds may prove somewhat strong meat even for those who pride themselves upon their tolerance, and it is, further, probable that the intimate association between these beliefs, upon which he insists, may militate against the acceptance of his views. We have, however, no hesitation in declaring that the philosophy of education which is here expounded is essentially sane and liberal. As the title of the book indicates, Mr. Holmes divides his subject into two main parts. These may, for convenience' sake, be briefly summarised as follows. In the first part he is concerned with his criticism of education (and in particular elementary education) in this country. His central theme here is that the "externalism" of the West, with its tendency to pay excessive regard to outward and visible results, and to neglect what is vital and inward, is the source of most of the faults which vitiate education. In the second portion he sets himself to describe what has actually been achieved by the headmistress of a small country school, and, thence, to elaborate his conviction that the only remedy for these faults is "the drastic one of changing our standard of reality and our conception of the meaning and value of life." Mr. Holmes's book is one which should be read not only by the professional educationalist (too often a most pestilential organism), but by all persons who are interested in the problem of Man in the fullest sense of that phrase.

Notes on New Books.

WARD, LOCK & CO., LTD.

In **Sylvia's Chauffeur** (6s.) Mr. Louis Tracy tells a pleasant and occasionally sensational story in the manner originally popularised by Mr. and Mrs. Williamson. Mr. Tracy manages it all very deftly, and he has wrought a very readable tale out of somewhat familiar materials. He exploits principally the south and west of England, and some crucial scenes take place on the banks of the Wye.

MESSRS. C. ARTHUR PEARSON.

The nursery tale of "Eyes and No-Eyes" springs to the memory as one opens the pages of the new volume by Owen Jones and Marcus Woodward. But in **Going About the Country with Your Eyes Open** (2s. net) the reader is not only taught to see, he is taught also to use the knowledge his eyes have brought to him. The authors of this book waste no time on long words and meandering sentences; they tell concisely and with graphic fascination of the secrets of the woods and the fields, of the way to find water and to catch rats, to call birds and to know the signs and tokens that are to be met with at every turn. "Those who go about with their eyes open find thirty-six interests in every yard," they declare; and certainly a walk abroad will mean a new thing to the fortunate beings who read these chapters. We shall all be scouts at this rate.

MESSRS. SANDS & CO.

"A Midsummer Day's Pastoral" might have been the sub-title of Mrs. M. E. Francis's **Gentleman Roger** (2s. net). For it is an entirely charming story, full of the true pastoral sweetness and pleasing improbability. Roger quarrelled with his priggish relations in Ireland, and as his education proved of no marketable value he became a farm-labourer on this side of the Irish Channel. Roger could fight, Roger could blarney, Roger could love; and he found opportunities for exercising all these talents while serving Farmer Lupton of Sunnyfields. Mother Lupton proved a little obdurate when the gallant farm-servant proposed for her Jinny, but the long-lost uncle arrived at the right moment and enabled Jinny's story to run quite smoothly. The story is full of the scent and glamour of the country which Mrs. Francis knows so well how to smuggle into all she writes.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING SOCIETY.

The above society has published two more translations from the works of Dr. Rudolf Steiner. The first of these deals with the Theosophist's knowledge of the history of the submerged continents of **Atlantis and Lemuria** (3s 6d. net). "It is but a small part of prehistoric human experience which can be learnt by the methods of ordinary history," says Dr. Steiner, and he explains the possible knowledge of the man who has penetrated beyond outer evidence and has won the power to observe the spiritual world. He can "look back into a far more distant past than that which external history depicts," and can "by direct spiritual perception describe those matters which history relates, in a far more trustworthy manner than is possible by the latter." The chapters of this volume are records, written on such authority, concerning the every-day life and the soul-life of the Atlanteans and the Lemurians; stretching on from these ten-thousand-year-old details to the civilisation of our present race. We are told that the Atlanteans had air ships, propelled by other forces than those of to-day, of course; that they reasoned by memory, not by imagination; that air was denser, water more fluid. The Lemurians seem to have lived very close to nature, "knowledge and mastery of natural forces were learnt by immediate perception." Towards the end of the volume we find things much changed. The moon has separated from the earth, and climate and the human form are changed. The book is written with clarity, sincerity, and a mastery of occult science.

The second book by Dr. Steiner is **The Education of Children** (1s. net). This is written "from the standpoint of Theosophy," and reveals the deep thought which the author has given to the development of the child-mind. Naturally, holding the beliefs he holds, Dr. Steiner thinks that teaching is best imparted by one who possesses the mystical tendency. But for all interested in the education of children the book is full of suggestion.

MESSRS. HURST & BLACKETT.

Among collaborators the names of Alice and Claude Askew stand high, and no reader will be disappointed in **Destiny** (6s.), their latest novel. Delia, the principal figure, is the daughter of a beautiful but debauched member of the Smart Set, and she is sufficiently true to her ancestry in that her instincts are entirely pagan. The authors' argument that her marriage to a priggish and strait-laced country gentleman is bound by Destiny to be a failure is a little self-evident, but the carefully studied psychology of the characterisation makes this a story of more than ordinary interest. Mr. and Mrs. Askew's wide circle of admirers will certainly give this book a hearty welcome.

MESSRS. MILLS & BOON, LTD.

Nigel Forde, the sentimentalist whom remorse made a man of, and Peter Stirling, the unfailing "stand-by," are the lovers who explain the title of Mr. Thomas Cobb's new story, **The Choice of Theodora** (6s.) Nigel, in a moment of temptation, refrained from warning his benefactor of a danger to his life, but he expiated his ingratitude by the manliness of his confession and by the wholesomeness of his life in distant lands. Theodora recognised the value of this expiation and tried to think that her lover had survived the shock, but the moral of the pleasantly written story is that some wounds can never be healed.

MR. T. WERNER LAURIE.

Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne's admirers will no doubt be glad of the latest book from his pen. **The Escape Agents** (6s.) is written throughout in the author's briskest and most workmanlike manner, thrills are frequent, and the interest is held throughout. The first story in the book re-introduces Captain Kettle in yet another of his numerous adventures, and of the remainder, the series of six stories which gives the book its title is the most worthy of attention. Mr. Hyne strikes out a fresh line in this study of the Napoleonic era.

In **The Mystic Bride** (12s. 6d. net) Mrs. Aubrey Richardson makes a close and sympathetic study of the life of St. Catherine of Siena. Her book, which is admirably produced and illustrated, is written from the Protestant standpoint, but it is, on the whole, entirely free from religious bias of any kind, and in St. Catherine the author finds "a representative for all time of womanhood and saintship."



Study for Ceiling in the Banqueting Hall, Whitehall Palace.

From "Ceilings and their Decoration," by Guy Cadogan Rothery. (Werner Laurie.)

One of the most neglected points in the decoration of the modern house is the study of the ceiling, and Mr. Guy Cadogan Rothery's pleasant volume should appeal to all householders of discrimination. In **Ceilings and their Decoration: Art and Archæology** (6s. net), he supplies a terse but admirable and in every way adequate description of the history of his subject, giving numerous examples of the beautiful ceilings without which at one time no house of any pretension was complete. He supplements this with practical notes on present-day practice and lighting and a useful bibliography. The illustrations are a feature of the volume, which is the first of the House Decoration Series.

MR. FRANCIS GRIFFITHS.

Mr. Stuart Henry knows his Paris well, and in **The Nets** (6s.) he manages cleverly a somewhat familiar Bohemian atmosphere. The book is perhaps best described by its sub-title, "Scenes from Paris Life," for the plot is not very coherent. Nevertheless the story of how Herl Haverton, the American journalist, dawdled over his article on Leconte de Lisle, met a beautiful charmer who had been slandered by his best friend, and how eventually he made her love him, is very readable.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE & CO.

For some years before his death in 1909, Sir Frederick Haines was the oldest soldier on the Active List. At the age of twenty he was gazetted an ensign, in 1839. It is the record of this long and honourable life that Mr. R. S. Rait tells in **The Life of Field-Marshal Sir Frederick Paul Haines** (10s. 6d. net). In the Crimea Haines performed services that have not received their adequate recognition. Though, strangely enough, he did not share in the fighting during the Indian Mutiny, the rest of his military career was identified with India, and concluded in 1881, when he completed his five years of office as Commander-in-Chief. The personality revealed to us is one of singular charm, one "who had never cherished an ungenerous thought, whose courage had no taint of self-seeking, and whose devotion was as his courage."

MR. EVELEIGH NASH.

No reader can fail to be interested in anything that Mr. Barry Pain writes, and in **An Exchange of Souls** (2s. net) he has hit upon an arresting and impressive theme. Dr. Daniel Myas is interested in the determination of the Ego, and by means of some curious machinery he is so far successful in that he contrives to transfer his soul to the body of his *fiancée*. The experiment fails because the doctor's body itself perishes before it can be entered by the girl's soul. Readers on the look-out for a creepy story can hardly do better than buy this book, which is written in Mr Pain's most finished and artistic manner.

New Books of the Month.

FROM JULY 10 TO AUGUST 10.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Bishops of the Anglican Communion, List of. With dates of Consecration, etc. 3d. (London : 20a, Cedars Road, Clapham)

BOURKE, CECIL F. J. (late Archdeacon of Buckingham).—Retreat Addresses and other Papers, with a short Memoir. Frontispiece Portrait. Edited by S. Harvey Gem. 3s. 6d. net ....(Mowbray)

BUCHANAN, E. S., M.A., B.Sc.—The Records Unrolled. The story of the most ancient MS. of the New Testament. With Coloured Diagram and 5 Facsimiles. 2s. 6d. net (Ouseley)

BURNS, C. DELISLE.—Old Creeds and the New Faith. 6s. (Francis Griffiths)

INGRAM, RT. REV. A. F. WINNINGTON (Bishop of London).—Secrets of Strength. 1s. net and 2s. 6d. net (Wells Gardner)

WELLES, CHARLES STUART, M.D.—The Millennium, and the Constitution of the United States of the World. 6d. (Author, 9, Roland Gardens, S.W.)

NEW EDITION.

DIMOCK, REV. N., M.A.—Papers on the Doctrine of the English Church concerning the Eucharistic Presence. Memorial Edition, with Introductory Note by the Rt. Rev. H. C. G. Moule, D.D., Bishop of Durham. In 2 Vols. 5s. net ....(Longmans)

FICTION.

ANDERSON, A. J.—When Satan took Flesh. 6s. (Stanley Paul)

BENSON, ROBERT HUGH.—The Dawn of All. 6s. (Hutchinson)

BERESFORD, J. D.—The Hampdenshire Wonder. 6s (Sidgwick & Jackson)

BROSTER, D. K., and G. W. TAYLOR.—Chantemerle: a Romance of the Vendean War. 6s. ....(Murray)

BUCKROSE, J. E.—Love in a Little Town. With Frontispiece. 6s. ....(Mills & Boon)

BULLOCK, SHAN F.—Hetty: the Story of an Ulster Family. 6s. ....(Laurie)

BURTT, JOSEPH.—The Voice of the Forest. 6s. ....(Unwin)

CAMERON, CHARLOTTE.—A Passion in Morocco. 6s. (Stanley Paul)

CAPES, BERNARD.—The House of Many Voices. 6s. (Unwin)

CHESTER, GEO. RANDOLPH.—The Cash Intrigue. With Illustrations by M. Leone Bracker. 6s. ..(Digby, Long)

CHESTERTON, G. K.—The Innocence of Father Brown. With 8 Illustrations by Sidney Seymour Lucas. 6s. (Cassell)

CLOSE, EVELYNE.—The Harvest. 6s. ....(Lynwood)

CURTIES, CAPTAIN HENRY.—The Scales of Chance. 2s. net (Constable)

DEWING, E. B.—A Big Horse to Ride. 6s. ...(Macmillan)

DUDENEY, MRS. HENRY.—Married when Suited. 6s. (Stanley Paul)

ESLIE-NELHAM, O.—The Unpitied Strong. 6s. (Elliot Stock)

FOREMAN, STEPHEN.—The Overflowing Scourge. 6s. (Alston Rivers)

GERARD, DOROTHEA.—The City of Enticement. 6s. (Stanley Paul)

GILCHRIST, R. MURRAY.—The Willowford Woods. With Coloured Frontispiece. 6s. ....(Ward, Lock)

GILLMORE, INEZ HAYNES.—Phœbe and Ernest. With 36 Illustrations by R. F. Schabelitz. 6s. (Constable)

GLAS, DRAIG.—Madge Carrington and her Welsh Neighbours. 6s. ....(Stanley Paul)

HARRISON, ERIC.—Lyster o' Mallerstangs. 6s. (Greening)

HEILGERS, LOUISE.—Tabloid Tales. With Preface by Horatio Bottomley, M.P. With Portrait. 1s. net (Odhams, Long Acre, W.C.)

HENRY, STUART.—The Nets: Scenes from Paris Life. 6s. (Francis Griffiths)

HUEFFER, FORD MADOX.—Ladies Whose Bright Eyes: a Romance. 6s. ....(Constable)

LEBLANC, MAURICE.—The Arrest of Arsène Lupin. 2s. net (Nash)

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LEWIS, ALFRED, A.R.C.A.—Gold and the Woman. 6s. (Drane)

LOGAN, J.—The McCluskey Twins. 1s. ....(Drane)

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London Citizen's Year-Book, The, 1911–12, Revised to May, 1911: Containing Full Particulars of London's Local Authorities, Expenditure, List of Members and Officials, Elections, and Statistical and Other Information on London Questions. With 15 Portraits and a Map. 6d net and 1s. net ....(Allen)
Lynton, Lynmouth and the Lorna Doone Country. Illustrated from Photographs. 6d. net (Homeland Assoc. and Warne)
Paul's Penny Pudding Book. for July. 1d. ....(Stanley Paul)
Phases of the Work of the Salvation Army. With Frontispiece (Salvation Army, 101, Queen Victoria St., E.C.)

The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 241. Vol. XLI. — Subscription rate 8s. per annum post free. | OCTOBER, 1911. | Price One Shilling. Published Monthly.

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All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

The November Bookman will be a Benson Number, and will contain a special illustrated article on "The Three Bensons" by Dr. James Moffatt. Other important articles in this number will include "Poetry and Prose," by T. E. Page; "The French Ideal," by A. W. Evans; "Thomas Love Peacock," by E. Thomas; "Churton Collins," by W. H. Hudson, "Pitt," by T. Seccombe, etc.

The portrait of Wagner on our cover is from that painted by A. F. Pecht by the order of Ludwig II. of Bavaria, and now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

Our presentation plate of Wagner is a reproduction of the portrait specially painted by A. C. Michael for the Wagner volume in Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's "Days with the Great Composers" Series.



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Richard Wagner.

The object of this booklet is to reveal the personality of Wagner in the most intimate way. Other volumes in the same series are Chopin, Gounod, Schubert, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn.

From Mr. Heinemann we are to have this autumn a continuation of Arthur Rackham's illustrations of Wagner's "Ring." The new volume will include "Siegfried" and "The Twilight of the Gods." We are indebted to Mr. Heinemann for permission to include among our Wagner illustrations three black-and-white reproductions of Mr. Rackham's colour plates from his last year's volume containing "The Rhinegold" and "The Valkyrie."

We reviewed Wagner's autobiography, "My Life" (Constable), in the July Bookman, and reproduce one of the portraits from these volumes by permission of Messrs. Constable and of Herr Bruckmann, of Munich.

One of the most valuable books on the life and work of Wagner is Houston Stewart Chamberlain's

"Richard Wagner," of which a translation by G. Ainslie Hight is published by Messrs. Dent, with whose permission we have reproduced two or three of the illustrations from that volume. Indispensable too, is the Life of Wagner by William Ashton Ellis, published in four volumes by Messrs Kegan Paul & Co. One of our portraits of Wagner is reproduced from the fourth volume of this work by courtesy of Mr. Ellis.

There is an admirable volume on Wagner, by Ernest Newman, in the "Music of the Masters" series that Mr. John Lane publishes. Books on Beethoven, Brahms, Bach, Tchaikovski, are included, in the same series. Our portrait of Tchaikovski is reproduced, with Mr. Lane's permission, from the Life of Tchaikovski written by his brother and edited and abridged by Rosa Newmarch, and also published from the Bodley Head.

Several books about Wagner, such as "The Christianity of Parsifal" and "The Ring viewed as Philosophy," are published by Messrs. Grevel. "Nietzsche contra Wagner" is published by Mr. Foulis; Bernard Shaw's "Perfect Wagnerite" by Messrs. Constable; and "The Wagner Dramas," in three volumes, by Messrs. Methuen.



Photo by Foster, Brighton. **Mr. William Ashton Ellis.**

Author of "The Life of Wagner" (Kegan Paul & Co.), and translator of "Wagner's Family Letters (Macmillan), reviewed on page 13.



Photo by Histed. **Mr. Haldane Macfall.**

But there is already more Wagner literature than we can give any adequate list of here, and it it rapidly increasing. Mr. Elkin Mathews publishes the late Vernon Blackburn's excellent travelling record of German operatic art, "Bayreuth and Munich." In "The Wagner Stories" (Grant Richards), Mr. Filson Young has set himself to do for the operas of Wagner what Lamb in his Tales did for the plays of Shakespeare, and the book is now in its sixth edition. Mr. Cuthbert Hadden includes the stories of several of the operas in the series ("The Great Operas") that he has written for Messrs. Jack, with whose permission we reproduce in black and white one of Mr. Byam Shaw's colour pictures from "Tannhäuser." Mr. T. W. Rolleston has told the legend of "Tannhäuser" in verse, and as we mentioned last month, Messrs. Harrap are publishing the book this autumn with illustrations in colour and in black and white by Mr. Willy Pogány, and by the kindness of the artist and publishers we are able to reproduce two of Mr. Pogány's pictures.

Mr. Haldane Macfall's monumental "History of Painting" (T. C. & E. C. Jack) is nearing completion. We review the two latest volumes of it on another page. He has completed a new book,

on the relation of Art to Life, the first in a "trilogy of life," that is to be published this autumn.

Mr. Macfall came to Art by way of the Army, and is one of the most militant of our art critics. He started a military career as a subaltern in the West India Regiment, and whilst he was out in the tropics on duty busied himself in writing impressions of the life there and in making humorous sketches for the *Graphic*. But the fateful "Yellow Jack" laid him low on the old Rokelle river above Sierra Leone and ended his career as a soldier. Thereafter he devoted himself to art and literature, and in 1898 Mr. Grant Richards published his first novel, "The Wooings of Jezebel Pettyfer." It was an impression of the negro genius, and Mr. Macfall wrote it, he says, "as my first effort in that orchestration of words whereby I hold that each mood and scene in a book, as a work of art, should be expressed so that each such mood is reproduced in the reader by a craft of words fitting to that mood; that every chapter—indeed every change of impression in the chapter—should be wrought in a key fitting to that impression. The masters of literature by instinct or by deliberate intent have always so wrought." He once put his views on the novelist's art to Meredith, who warmly endorsed them but curiously enough held that dialogue in the novel had very little artistic force, that the art of the book owed little to it.

A second novel of Mr. Haldane Macfall's, "The Masterfolk," was published by Mr. Heinemann in 1903; and among his later work have been books on "Whistler" and "Irving" and on "Ibsen." Meanwhile Mr. Macfall had been turning more and more to the study of the painter's art, and he was not long in realising that art-criticism had lost itself in a wilderness of its own making. "In painting in particular," he says, "I found that criticism was a serious and solemn falsity; literary criticism is much better, but still too often academic. There is a vast mass of criticism on the painting of the Old Masters, but it is merely based on traditions, on all sorts of laws and rules that have little or nothing to do with art, and is in the main a monument of intellectual snobbery. About the time I first arrived at that conclusion, *St. Paul's* was founded,



Mrs. St. Leger Harrison (Lucas Malet),

Whose new novel "Adrian Savage" will be published this month by Messrs. Hutchinson.



Robert Louis Stevenson dictating his last book, "Weir of Hermiston," to Mrs. Strong in his study at Vailima.

From a photograph believed to have been hitherto unpublished.

and I was offered the office of art critic, and took advantage of the offer to give publicity to the result of my researches into the art of the painter and the art of the painter's critic." These results, fully matured and in more expanded form, now find adequate utterance in the large, eight-volume "History of Painting," in which Mr. Macfall applies them to the whole field of artistic achievement in colour, from the time of the Greeks until to-day. In these beautifully illustrated volumes each school of art, he contends, brings its irresistible witness against the tradition-bound academic art critics and in support of the more rational, human, imaginative views that he has made his own. "I hope," says Mr. Macfall, "that the 'History of Painting,' by ridding art of cant, above all by ridding modern endeavour of the spectacles of the Old Masters, may not only help the student to utter the song that is in him, but may induce the ordinary man to go to works of art with confidence and without reference to merely bookish theories."

Mrs. Isobel Strong, the step-daughter of R.L.S., has written a book on Stevenson for Messrs. Cassell's "Little Books on Great Writers" series. Mrs. Strong was Stevenson's amanuensis during the last four years of his life, and wrote the unfinished "St. Ives" and "Weir of Hermiston" from his dictation as well as most of the later letters that are now included in the "Life and Letters." Among Mrs. Strong's most treasured possessions is a set of the Edinburgh Edition of Stevenson's complete works, a present from him which he had specially bound for her. On the fly-leaf of each volume is the inscription:

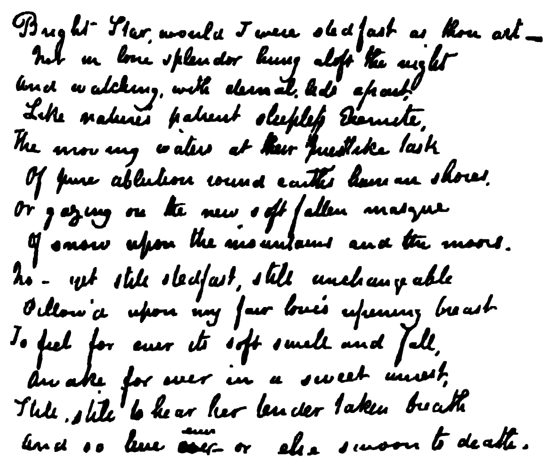
To ISOBEL STRONG,
My Amanuensis.
Filiæ amicæ gratæque.

Messrs. Longmans publish this month a further collection of the Essays of the late Professor William James.

Dr. Wilfrid Grenfell is writing his reminiscences, and Messrs. James Nisbet & Co. hope to publish them next year. In the meantime, they are issuing Dr. Grenfell's new volume of travel, "Down North on the Labrador."

The same firm announce "Facing the Facts," a book written by various contributors, including the Bishop of Hull, Dr. Inge of St. Paul's, Professor Johnston Ross, and Lord William Gascoyne Cecil; it deals with the relations between English Society and Religion, and not only covers all sections of society in England, but has special chapters on Scotland, Ireland, and America.

Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's Egyptian memoirs, "Gordon at Khartoum," will be ready this month. Their particular purpose is to answer Lord Cromer's "Modern Egypt," in so far as it concerned itself with the Gordon question. The book will be published by Messrs. Stephen Swift & Co.


Bright Star, would I were stedfast as thou art —
Not in lone splendor hung aloft the night
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like natures patient sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablution round earths human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft fallen masque
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors.
No — yet still stedfast, still unchangeable
Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast
To feel for ever its soft swell and fall,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still to hear her tender taken breath
And so live ~~ever~~ ever — or else swoon to death.

Facsimile of MS. of Keats's last Sonnet.

The original is in the Sir Charles Dilke collection of Keats relics now in the Hampstead Library

Mr William E. Doubleday, Chief Librarian of the Hampstead Central Library, has written an admirable Handbook to the very interesting collection of Keats relics that have now been placed on exhibition at the Hampstead Library in Finchley Road. The collection was bequeathed to the Library by the late Sir Charles Dilke in memory of Keats and of the poet's friend Charles Wentworth Dilke, Sir Charles's grandfather. "By 1816 Mr. Dilke had married and built for himself a residence in Hampstead," writes Mr. Doubleday, "Charles Armitage Brown, another friend of Keats, building the other half of the little block forming one house, long known as Wentworth Place, but now called Lawn Bank, in the road formerly named John Street, and now renamed Keats Grove. 'I am a good deal with Dilke and Brown,' writes Keats on February 21, 1818; 'we are very thick; they are very kind to me: I don't think I could stop in Hampstead but for their neighbourhood.' It was because of this affectionate friendship that the late baronet so sedulously collected these objects and bequeathed them as a joint memorial to Hampstead."

Mr. Doubleday gives a good and succinct account of Keats's life and work in Hampstead, which he illustrates with portraits and sketches. The relics



Mr. Coulson Kernahan.

in the exhibition include books that belonged to Keats, several of them containing his marks and annotations; a lock of the poet's hair, and a number of letters from and to him, including the famous letter from his publishers, the Olliers, to his brother George Keats, gladly relinquishing their rights in "Endymion," and angrily mentioning that many of their customers were so dissatisfied with the book that they had offered to take it back from them "rather than be annoyed by the ridicule which has time after time been poured upon it," and that "only last Saturday night" one gentleman had told them that the poem was "no better than a take-in." On October 2, Sir W. Robertson Nicoll will take the chair at a lecture on Keats by Mr. Buxton Forman at the Hampstead Central Library, when Mr. Forman will make special reference to the collection of Keats relics, in the arrangement and cataloguing of which he has taken great interest.

Perhaps no living writer has founded a wide popularity on such slender material as Mr. Coulson Kernahan; slender, that is, if one takes the material substance of his books only. "God and the Ant," which ran to no more than about 6,000 words, circulated literally by the million, and has been translated into some fifteen languages, including Chinese, to say nothing of Esperanto and Braille type for the blind. "The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil," though also only about 6,000 words in length, brought its author, up to the time when he parted with



Photo by E. C. Porter.

Mr. W. H. Koebel,

Whose "Uruguay" (Unwin) is reviewed on page 56, and whose humorous novel, "Hodson's Voyage," has just been published by Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co.

his copyright, no less than £600, which works out at the handsome rate of £100 per thousand words. Mr. Kernahan's first book, "A Dead Man's Diary," published anonymously, had an enormous vogue here and in America; his critical articles, reprinted from the *Nineteenth Century*, the *Fortnightly*, and other periodicals, had large sales; and his sensational novels found a very wide public; but it is by his religious booklets that he is best known. With the publication of "God and the Ant," some seventeen years ago, he opened up a new literary vein, and with "The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil," "The Face Beyond the Door," "A World Without a Child," "The Duel," and now with "The Man of No Sorrows," which Messrs. Cassell are publishing, he has proved that it is a rich and continuing lode. This new dream-story is in three scenes, the first of which is laid in the London and the last in the Jerusalem of to-day, or rather of some few years hence. Curiously enough Mr. Kernahan seems to have anticipated Mrs. Annie Besant in his choice of a subject. She recently predicted the coming of a Great World-Teacher, and Mr. Kernahan's new book, which was in the hands of his publishers before that prediction was made known, shows the advent of a Prophet who preaches the gospel of No Sorrow and seeks to supplant the teaching of Christ.



Mrs. George Cran,

A new edition of whose successful book, "A Woman in Canada," has just been published by Mr. Ham Smith.

Messrs. Macmillan are publishing a book of peculiar interest that has been written by Mr. Stephen Reynolds and the two fishermen partners with whom he lives and works at Sidmouth. It is to be called "Seems So! A Working-class View of Politics," and is a perfectly genuine collaboration, Mr. Reynolds's share in the work being simply that of one out of three collaborators and secretary to the other two. The volume will be illustrated with photographs.

Mr. Gordon Craig's book on "The Art of the Theatre," will be published this month by Mr. Heinemann. This is the only subject on which Mr. Craig nowadays employs his pen; he has written a great deal about it since 1900, and has much yet to say concerning it. He has in contemplation a second book on "Stage Scenery" and a large book on "Hamlet," both of which are to be fully illustrated.

Mr. Richard Davey's new book, "The Sisters of Lady Jane Grey and their Wicked Grandfather" (Chapman & Hall), is a sort of pendant to his life of Lady Jane Grey, "The Nine Days Queen," which was published by Messrs. Methuen in 1909. Mr. Davey, who was born in 1848, is the son of a well-known London medical man, Mr. Robert Davey, who married rather late in life one of the daughters of Patrick Boyle, one-time private secretary to the famous Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire. For many years Mr. and Mrs. Robert Davey lived at the corner of Keppel Street and Russell Square, and their house was frequented by early Victorian literary celebrities, including Dickens, G. P. R. James, and Harrison Ainsworth. Although he was at that time a child, Mr. Davey recollects conversations he overheard between his father and Dickens. "I remember," he says, "sitting on Dickens's knee on the day his father had died, and beholding with childlike surprise and interest the tears rolling down the great author's cheeks as he described to my parents the last moments of his father's life." For long past Mr. Davey has been a prominent figure in English and American literary and artistic circles, and there are few latter-day men and women of note whom he has not known. Just before the Hundred Days, his mother, then a very young lady, was at a ball with the great Napoleon, and danced in the next set to him in a quadrille; he heard from her many anecdotes

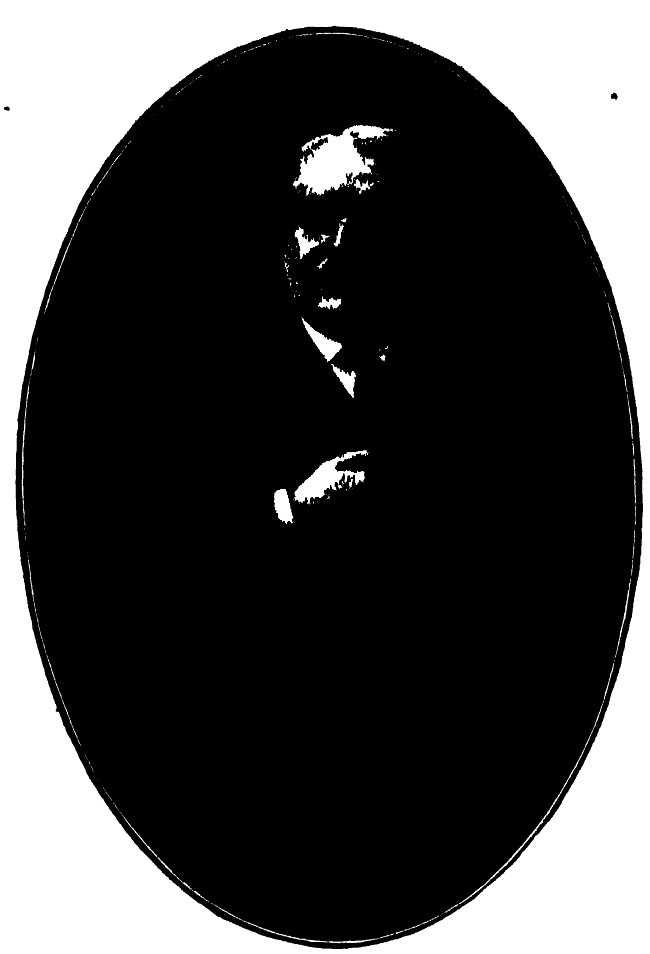


Photo by Walter Barnett.
Mr. Richard Davey.

concerning celebrities of the first half of last century and has known people who had memories of the French Revolution. One of his mother's sisters married, when she was barely twenty, John Thelwall, who was fifty, and who had been tried for high treason, with Horne Tooke and Hardy, and came near losing his head. There are probably few now living who can say they had an uncle imprisoned in the Tower in 1795. Mr. Davey has been asked to write his memoirs, but has always refused because he does not care to write or to read only the good about his neighbours; and when he does write them, as he almost certainly will, he intends to provide that they shall not be published till some half-century after his death, when the immediate descendants of those he mentions will also be beyond reach of annoyance.

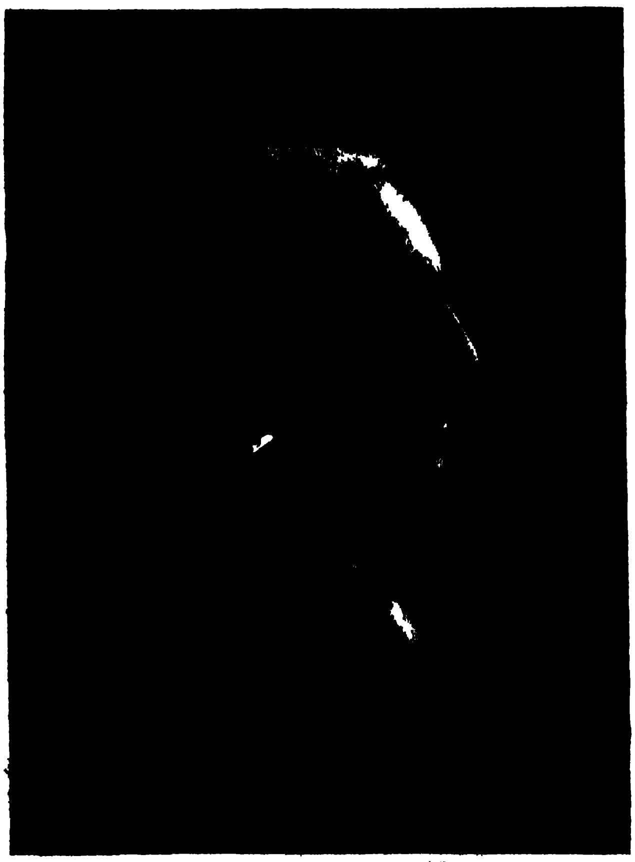


Photo by Harry H. Phillips, Leek. **Mr. Kineton Parkes,**
Whose new novel, "The Altar of Moloch," will be published by Messrs. Ouseley this month.

Beginning his career as a journalist in America in 1871, Mr. Davey became within a year literary and dramatic editor of the New York *Spirit of the Times*, a position which he retained until 1880, when an illness forced him to return to England, where he presently joined the staff of the *Morning Post*, only severing his connection with it on the death of Lord Glenesk. Meanwhile, however, he became more or less of a free-lance, contributing to many periodicals, and for six months in 1894 representing the *Times*

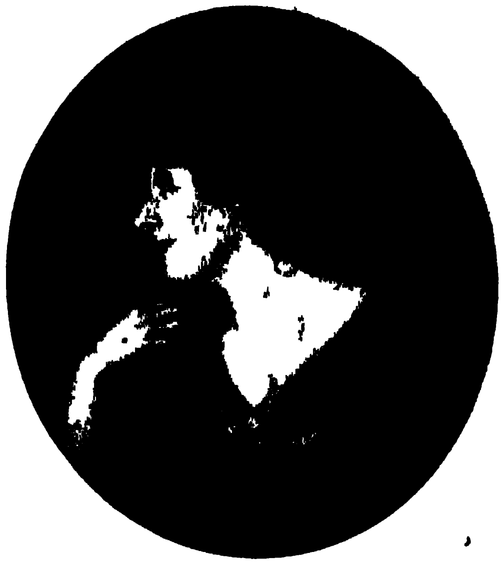
as temporary correspondent in Constantinople Returning again to London he published with Messrs Chapman & Hall "The Sultan and his Subjects," of which Messrs Chatto & Windus issued a new edition in 1907 Other of Mr Davey's books are "The Pageant of London" and "The Tower of London," both published by Messrs Methuen Nowadays, since his marriage with Miss Eleanor Denman, a granddaughter of the famous Lord Chief Justice and aunt of the present Governor General of Australia Mr Davey lives in the magnificent old Palazzo Vendramin at Venice one of his rooms being the apartment in which Wagner revised "Parsifal," and where he died on February 13 1883

Few writers know London of the past more intimately, and none write of it more glamorously than Mr Wilfrid Whitten The "London Stories" that Messrs Jack are issuing under his editorship is a book that is sure of a wide popularity It gathers up true stories of the lives habits eccentricities follies and adventures of London men and women in many ages and is to be completed in twenty sixpenny fortnightly parts the first of which with a large folding picture "A Pageant of London Characters" by George Morrow will be ready this month

Messrs Hutchinson are including in their seven



Mr Harold Vallings,
Whose new novel, "Inter Charmian" (Smith Elder) was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN



From a miniature by M [illegible]
Marcelle Tinayre,
Wh[illegible] M[illegible] W[illegible]red Steph[illegible]s
[illegible]

penny series "The Gambler" by Mrs Katherine Cecil Thurston news of whose early death was received last month with very widespread regret

The fifty new volumes in Dent's famous Everyman's Library include some of the most desirab'e books that have yet been published in this wholly desirable series such as Bagehot's "Literary Studies" in two volumes Mommsen's "Rome," in four , Rousseau's "Emile" George's "Progress and Poverty" a Life of Shakespeare, with a criticism of each play by Oliphant Smeaton , a Literary and Historical Atlas of America , and a further good selection of works of science books for young people and fiction

Messrs Cassell are issuing a new series of shilling reprints that they are calling "Everybody's Books" the first ten volumes now ready including Talfourd's Life of Lamb Galt's Life of Byron, Sir Edward Creasy's "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World" Guizot's "History of Civilisation" Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," and Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" The books are clearly printed on good paper and strongly and artistically bound

Nature students will be glad to hear that Messrs Longmans are reissuing their popular series, "The Outdoor World Library" with all the original coloured and black-and white illustrations, in three and sixpenny volumes

Close on the heels of Canon Horsley's retirement from his great work in London, Messrs. Wells Gardner, Darton & Co publish his reminiscences, under the title of "I Remember



Portrait by Mr. Dr. the Hon. **Mrs. Gladys Mendl,**

Author of "The Scandal" ... which Messrs. Chapman & Hall are just publishing.

Messrs. Simpkin Marshall are issuing this month "A Little Book of Effort," prepared by Frederick J. Cross, the object of the compilation being "the strengthening of character and the record of achievement."

The same firm are also publishing a book on "Married Life," by Mr. J. W. C. Haldane. Mr. Haldane is a civil engineer, and his books on "Life as an Engineer" and "3,800 Miles Across Canada" have been very successful. He has been happy in his own married life, and in his new book sets himself to disclose the secret of his happiness.

For permission to reproduce Mr. T. Sturge Moore's drawing of "Siegfried cutting off Brunnhilde's mail-corselet" we are indebted to the courtesy of the artist. It is one of a set of six woodcuts, illustrating scenes from "Siegfried," that may be seen at Messrs. Olbach & Co.'s, 168 New Bond Street, W.

Most of our Wagner illustrations have been supplied to us by Mr. A. Rischgitz and the Art Illustration and Reproduction Company. For much assistance with the general illustrations in this number we are indebted to Mr. Frowde, Messrs. Rebman, Chapman & Hall, Stanley Paul & Co., Mills & Boon, Cassell, Hutchinson, Mr. Hamsmith, Mr. Elliot Stock, Mr. Eveleigh Nash and Mr. Fisher Unwin.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

October 1 to November 1, 1911.

Messrs. George Allen & Co., Ltd.

ABEKEN, DR.—Bismarck's Pen. Translated by Mrs. Barrett Lennard. 15s. net.
AUDSLEY, DR.—Decorative Turning. Artistic Stencilling. 4s. 6d. net each.
BEVAN, REV. J. O.—Wooed and Wedded. Paper covers 1s.
BLAKEMORE, TREVOR.—The Art of Herbert Schmalz. £ s. net.
DITCHFIELD, REV. P. H.—History of the Counties of England. 1s. net.
DITCHFIELD, REV. P. H.—Memorials of Old Gloucestershire. 15s. net.
JEYES, S. H.—The Life of Sir C. E. Howard Vincent. 15s. net.
JEYES, S. H.—Memoirs of the Russells of Birmingham. 1s. 6d. net.
MACLAREN, SHAW.—Dido: Her Visit to the Departmental Stores at Bagdad. 5s. net.
MAETERLINCK, MAURICE.—The Life of the Bee. Illustrated. 1 net.
ROBERTS, EDITH.—Famous Chemists.

Messrs. Appleton & Co.

CHAMBERS, ROBERT W.—The Common Law. With nearly 60 Illustrations by Charles Dana Gibson. 6s.

Mr. Edward Arnold.

BRADY, E. J.—The King's Caravan: Across Australia in a Waggon. With Illustrations and a Map. 7s. 6d. net.
BRODE, DR. H.—British and German East Africa: Their Economic and Commercial Relations. With a Map. 7s. 6d. net.
CHILDERS, ERSKINE.—The Common Sense of Home Rule. 10s. 6d. net.
CROSTHWAITE, SIR CHARLES, K.C.S.I., Chief Commissioner of Burma 1887-1890, Member of the Council of India, etc.—The Pacification of Burma. With Maps and Illustrations. 16s. net.
EARDLEY-WILMOT, S.—The Life of a Tiger. With nearly 150 Original Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net.
GOULDSBURY, CULLEN, and HERBERT SHEANE.—The Great Plateau of Northern Rhodesia. With 40 pages of Illustrations and a Map. 16s. net.
HANDLEY, MRS. M. A.—Roughing it in Southern India. With Numerous Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net.
JONES, OWEN.—The Sport of Shooting. With Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net.
LEACH, DR. CHARLES, M.P.—The Romance of the Holy Land. With Numerous Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net.
LOWTHER, COL. H. C., D.S.O., M.V.O., Scots Guards.—From Pillar to Post. With Illustrations. 15s. net.
MARTIN, PERCY F.—Peru of the Twentieth Century. With 32 pages of Illustration and a Map. 15s. net.
MARTIN, PERCY F.—Salvador of the Twentieth Century. With 32 pages of Illustrations and a Map. 15s. net.
MEYSEY-THOMPSON, COL. R. F.—The Horse: Its Origin and Development, combined with Stable Practice. With Illustrations. 15s. net.
PEARSON, NORMAN.—Society Sketches in the Eighteenth Century. With Photogravure Portraits. 12s. 6d. net.
RAGG, CANON LONSDALE.—A Memoir of the Very Rev. Edward Charles Wickham, Dean of Lincoln and formerly Head Master of Wellington College. With Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net.

REES, SIR JOHN D., K.C.I.E.—Tracts and Current Political Problems. 7s. 6d. net.
ROBINSON, MRS. A.—The Graven Palm: A Manual of the Science of Palmistry. With about Original Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net.
ROBY, MARGUERITE.—My Adventures in the Congo. With Numerous Illustrations and a Map. 1s. 6d. net.
SHAREEFA OF WAZAN, EMILY.—The Story of My Life. With Illustrations. 1s. 6d. net.
SKOTTSBERG, CARL, D.Sc., etc.—The Wilds of Patagonia: A Narrative of the Swedish Expedition to Patagonia, Tierra del Fuego and the Falkland Islands in 1907. With Illustrations and Maps. 15s. net.
Memoirs and Letters of the Right Hon. Sir Robert Morier, G.C.B., from 18 6 to 1876. Edited by His Daughter, Mrs. Rosslyn Wemyss. With Portraits. 2 Vols. 32s. net.

Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith.

DINGLE, EDWIN J.—Across China on Foot: Life in the Interior and the Reform Movement. With over 1 Illustrations reproduced from photos taken by author. 16s. net.

Mr. B. T. Batsford.

MITCHELL, C. F.—Building Construction. Part I. Elementary Course. 8th Edition. 3s.
WARD, W. H., M.A.—The Architecture of the Renaissance in France: A History of the Evolution of the Arts of Building, Decoration and Garden Design under Classical Influence from 1495 to 1830. 2 Vols. 30s. net.

Messrs. A. & C. Black.

ANDERSON, ROBERT.—Deeside. With 0 Full-page Illustrations in Colour by William Smith, Jun., and a Sketch map. 7s. 6d. net.
ASHDOWN, CHARLES H., F.R.G.S.—British Castles. With Full-page Illustrations in Colour and many Diagrams in the text. 7s. 6d. net.
CHILD, H. H. (Translated by).—Aucassin and Nicolete. With 6 Illustrations in Colour by Miss A. Anderson. 7s. 6d. net.
DU CANE, FLORENCE.—The Canary Islands. With 20 Full-page Illustrations in Colour by Ella Du Cane. 7s. 6d. net.
ELIAS, FRANK.—The First Voyages of Glorious Memory. Retold from Hakluyt. With 8 Full-page Illustrations in Colour by Norman Wilkinson, R.B.A., R.I. 3s. 6d.
FOORD, EDWARD.—The Byzantine Empire: The Rearguard of European Civilisation. With 7 Sketch Maps and 32 Full-page Illustrations from Photographs. 7s. 6d. net.
MACMUNN, MAJOR G. F., D.S.O.—Armies of India. With 70 Illustrations in Colour by Major A. C. Lovett. Cloth, gilt top, 20s. net. Edition de Luxe, limited to 500 signed and numbered copies, printed on hand made paper, £2 2s. net.
RAIT, ROBERT S.—Scotland. 7s. 6d. net.

WHITTAKER, THOMAS Priests, Philosophers, and Prophets A Dissertation on Revealed Religion 5s net
Grimm's Fairy Tales With 12 Full page Illustrations in Colour by Charles J Folkard 6s , Edition de Luxe printed on hand made paper, with Plates tipped on grey mounts limited to 250 copies 10s net
Rembrandt With an Introduction by C Lewis Hind and 16 Examples in Colour of the artist's best work 2s 6d net

Peeps at History 1s 6d net each

HOME BEATRICE Canada With 8 Full page Illustrations in Colour by J Jellicoe and Henry Sandham and numerous Thumb nail Sketches in the text
HOWE T H MANNERS India With 8 Full page Illustrations in Colour by Allan Stewart and numerous Thumb nail Sketches in the text
MITTON G E Scotland With 8 Full page Illustrations in Colour by J Jellicoe and numerous Thumb nail Sketches in the text

Peeps at Great Railways With 8 Full page Illustrations in Colour and numerous Thumb nail Sketches in the Text 1s 6d net each

EYRE TODD GEORGE The London and North Western Railway
MITTON G E The North Eastern and Great Northern Railways

Messrs. Wm. Blackwood & Sons.

BAIRD J G A Private Letters of the Marquess of Dalhousie Popular Edition 6s net
BREBNER ARTHUR Patches and Pomander 6s
CORNFORD L COPE Troubled Waters 6s
GRIER SYDNEY C The Keeper of the Gate With Illustrations by Alfred Pearce 6s
HARDEN MAXIMILIAN Word Portraits Character Sketches of Famous Men and Women [illegible] net
HAY IAN A Safety Match 6s
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THE READER.

WAGNER, FIRST AND LAST.

By Dr. William Barry

Almost at the same instant I receive two books* one English of a sort the other German in make and language, that will furnish me with an apology for dwelling a second time in these columns on Richard Wagner They show us the poet and musician the dramatist, essayist, reformer traveller under violent contrasts but always a figure of romance never false to himself profoundly touching in the dark and light of his chequered existence Wagner has often been compared, for praise or censure with Victor Hugo not without some spice of reason They are the two most effective scene painters of their time perhaps unrivalled in their management of stage accessories Hugo in words, Wagner in the properties themselves They are much else I grant but no judgment will deny them this —the power to cast outside them into verse colours attitudes and moving pictures their visions beheld with "that inward eye which makes the bliss of solitude" For visionaries they both were dreamers of dreams which they compel us to see as they saw them But now mark the difference We admire Hugo but how rarely do we feel for him! He has a grand gift of pathos 'Lord of human tears' said Tennyson—but the tears are not shed on his account not though in his life were tragic circumstances It is quite another mood that Wagner the dramatist of Bayreuth calls up in those that know of him the pity and love which great undeserved suffering claims and which his enemies could not refuse Even that mocking Nietzsche, who turned and rent his master has a tremor in the throat while he laughs He too remembers what years of anguish borne with a sensitive pride have gone to the creation of those "little jewels" of song and subtle enchantments which fascinate and exasperate him at the same time Such is the quality of Wagner's life—a strange martyrdom for the sake of art and his fellow men He speaks to us out of the flame in which he is burning to death—we cannot answer him scornfully

Contrasts I said mark the two volumes lying before me The musician's letters given by Mr Ellis extend from 1832 to 1874 but only a small number date from beyond 1864, when Ludwig of Bavaria took up Wagner as his ideal friend They are the letters of a struggling, afflicted artist not yet understood unhappily wedded, always in want of money, in exile at Paris or in Switzerland liable at any moment to ruin Yet the cheery spirit breaks out there is no surrender to duns or distress or sickness or to Job's wife the well-meaning, dull minded Minna towards whom Wagner behaved with a right and tender chivalry Since he was a German, writing to kinsfolk he melted into emotions that English reserve will not like and fell into grotesque sentimental postures provoking a smile in the reader —but what is any reader not of the household doing here? I cannot help thinking that when we recover the sense of sacredness at present nearly extinct among a people given over to journalism letters so intimate will not be scattered about the bookstalls but will remain in manuscript or be kept for private circulation As regards the English rendering I am not one of those critics who take pleasure in saying unkind things and I feel how genuine is the devotion to Wagner which has prompted the translator's pen But I could wish that he had borne in mind the distinction between a playful yet not vulgar style and the indiscriminate slang most unpleasant as coming from a man of genius into which he has thought fit to cast the original Wagner did not write like an illiterate apprentice who borrows his expressions from the cheap Sunday newspaper, alternately stilted and savouring of the music-hall I am tempted to give examples; but I refrain and will only say that I regret the manner in which a characteristic volume of this great man's correspondence has been brought before the English public

Now let us turn to Herr Glasenapp for the other point of contrast He dates the sixth and last book of his monumental biography from Riga, May 22, 1911 In the preface which serves as an epilogue we are told that the author began to collect



Photo by Elliott & Fry **Richard Wagner.**

* "Das Leben Richard Wagners." Von C F Glasenapp VI Band (1877-1883) (Leipzig Breitkopf & Härtel)—"R Wagner's Family Letters" Translated by W Ashton Ellis 6s. net. (Macmillan.)



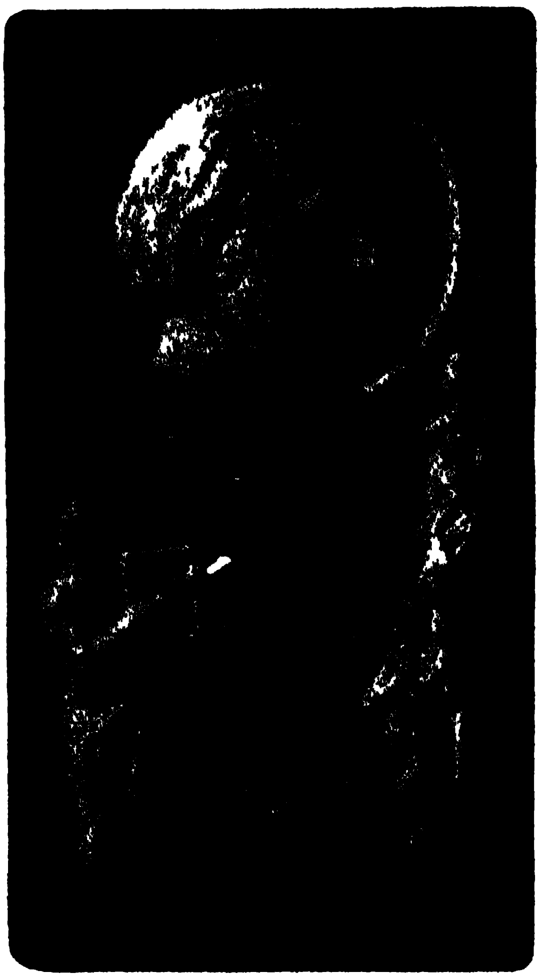
The House in Leipzig in which Wagner was born.
From Chamberlain's Life of Wagner (Dent)

materials for a Life of Wagner so far back as 1865 not suspecting that the composer was already drawing up in his Diaries and Letters the ground-plan of that remarkable self-portraiture at length made known to the reading world And it is certain that "Mein Leben," even if in various details to be corrected will remain as the source and standard of every account from henceforth dealing with its author Herr Glasenapp does not complain although by such an afterstroke as from a dead man's hand his first three volumes have been antiquated He can still win renown by the second three, covering just upon 1 700 large octavo pages, wherein he depicts the twenty years from 1864 to 1883 and tells the story of Bayreuth It is seventeen years since the first volume came into my hands so that I had given up the expectation of seeing this work finished And we may ask whether it is finished yet, for the biographer is himself aware that, in its present form, it is rather a library than a book With German love of detail, a Chinese perspective and a style that neither flags nor quickens its pace, how could so vast a biography live? It can be read, as we read the *Daily Telegraph*, as journalism, and most of it be forgotten the next morning But of a classic we require concentration, focus, choice of significant particulars, definite effects, light and shade (While I write these lines, a band in the public gardens opposite is playing the overture to "Tannhauser" and I must needs listen Is not this fame, to be the amusement of a summer watering-place music under the clear sky, amid trees where children are flitting to and fro in the sunshine?) Thus, then Herr Glasenapp, contemplating his thousands of pages hopes to bring them down as I understand him to a quintessence that shall be all life and glow, Wagner distilled into some magic goblet, sparkling with heavenly fire He deserves that reward for the years he has spent on a work to which I can recall none similar



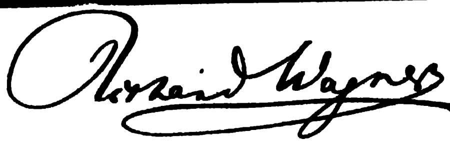
Ludwig Geyer (Wagner's Stepfather).
From a portrait painted by himself He had been a friend of Wagner's father, on whose advice he became an actor and it was largely under his influence that Richard Wagner's passion for the art of the stage was developed

At any rate, he has gathered materials, from gold to hay and stubble, for the complete Life, and we cannot find them elsewhere, once Wagner himself has fallen silent. Those twenty years, beginning with King Ludwig II, ending with "Parsifal" and the last days at Venice, form a tragical romance, rounded into a ring, where the poet stands in a blaze of glory before the



The Plaque by the Famous German Sculptor, Schultzer Thewis,
Which has been placed on the façade of Wagner's birthplace





From "Life of Richard Wagner," by William Ashton Ellis. (Kegan Paul & Co.)



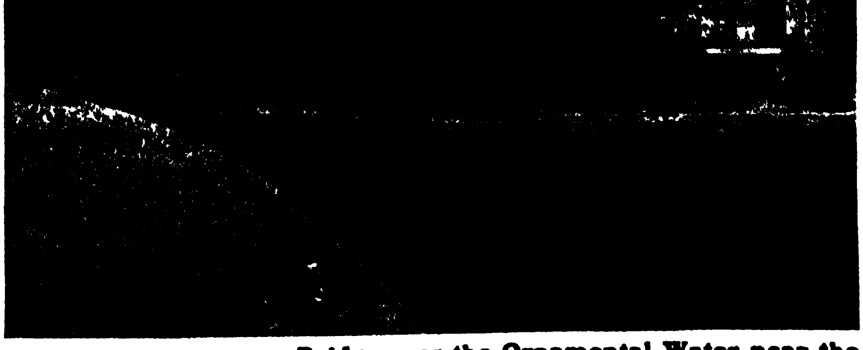
Photo by Jos. Albert, Kunstverlag, in München.

King Ludwig II. of Bavaria,

Whose munificence enabled Wagner to build his celebrated popular theatre at Bayreuth.

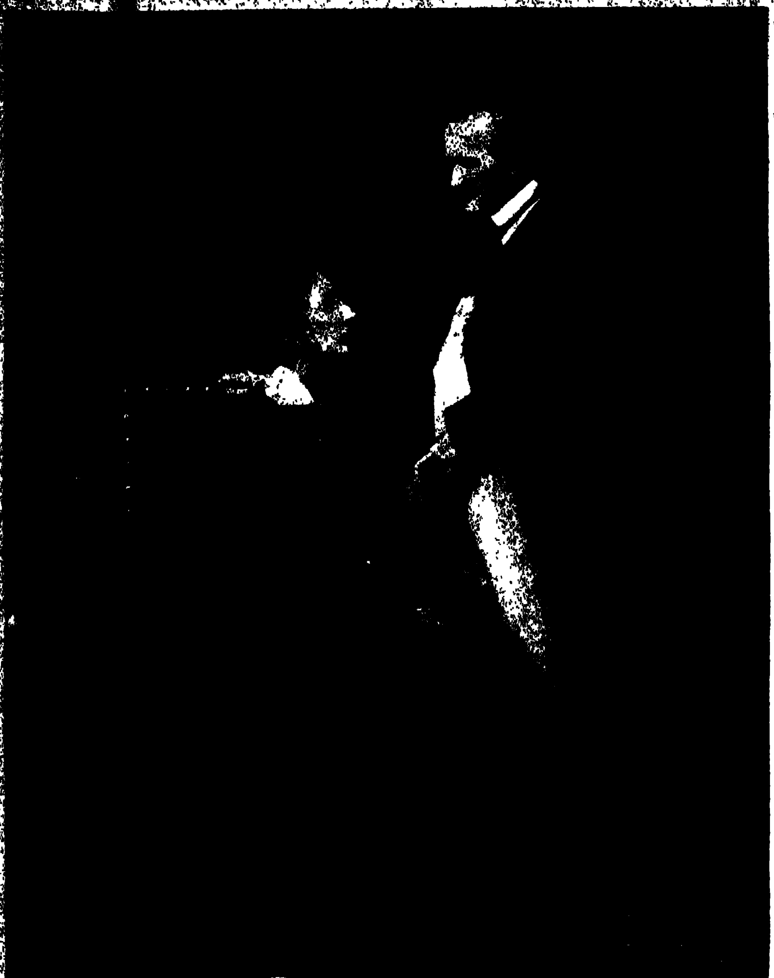
Under the protection of his august friend the exiled artist was to enjoy the happiest, most peaceful years of his life. — *Chamberlain's "Richard Wagner"* (Dent.)

curtain falls. Of all I have seen in Herr Glasenapp I like best the tale of perfect friendship and loyal recognition between King and artist, each a solitary sufferer, drawn to the heights by love of things beautiful not made for this world, for a *kleinstädtisch* Court of Munich, but surely for each other. The King, if in his early time he must be called mad, what a rare madness took hold of him! "Keen and soaring as an eagle, pure as a lily," said one of his father's old politicians. We can fancy an order of things yet to be in which the enthusiasm of Ludwig and the creative genius of Wagner should find themselves at home, not exceptions or abnormal, and not avenues to the house of delusions. Here and in other debatable situations, Glasenapp moves timidly, without venturing on bold judgments of his own or giving the full narrative. But he gives enough of the Bavarian episode to stir our hearts, and his evidence will set right the malicious gossip that to this day charges Wagner with extravagance, laying upon his shoulders faults that King Ludwig, in his grandiose dreams, would have committed though the composer had never come to Starnberg. It was not Wagner who designed the wonder palaces on lonely sites where the royal recluse hid away from his subjects. During the brief and trying months of his sojourn at Munich, no less than afterwards, the great dramatist was simple, sincere, and heroic. Perhaps he never underwent such bitter humiliation, with Ludwig for its unwilling agent, as from these court Philistines and intriguers, but he did not charge it on the King.



Bridge over the Ornamental Water near the Hanover Gate of Regent's Park.

In 1855, when Wagner was conducting the Philharmonic Concerts in London, he lived at 22 Portland Terrace, and was seen on the bridge here every day feeding the ducks with French rolls.

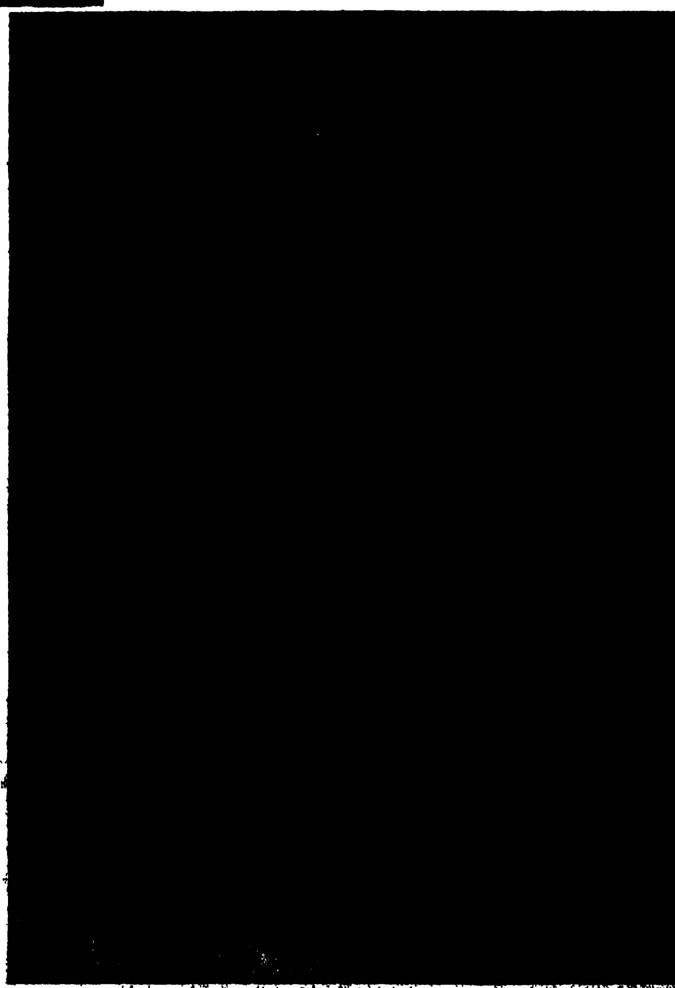


Richard and Cosima Wagner.

From Houston Stewart Chamberlain's "Richard Wagner." Translated from the German by G. Ainslie Hight. (Dent.)

We feel for them both, as we should feel for children in some heart-rending story of helpless innocence. We are glad that Wagner had passed away before the catastrophe of June 13, 1886. The Lake of Starnberg with its shining waters, among the Bavarian hills, remains for ever dedicated to those sad and strange memories, woven into a romance, medieval-modern, such as Uhland would have loved and thrown into fantastic moving rhymes. I cannot forbear adding one more allusion to it. In May, 1864, after his welcome to Wagner, King Ludwig travelled to Kissingen, and there met the Emperor and Empress of Austria, and Alexander II. of Russia. A seer endowed with second sight would have shuddered in the company of these four royal persons; one of whom was to commit suicide, another to be blown to pieces by nitro-glycerine from the hand of a nihilist, and the third, unhappy lady, to be assassinated in the streets of Geneva, after losing her son Rudolph in the mysterious tragedy of Mayerling.

Among these shadows Wagner might have spent his remaining days, had he cared ignobly to serve political interests, to be bought and sold, as his enemies declared that he was, for schemes of which he hardly knew the name. But all he set his heart upon was to see his dramas executed in a manner worthy of them, to love and be loved, to help forward in whatever mistaken ways the happiness of mankind. It is not to be imagined that, because I own his greatness and look upon him as a hero, I consider his principles beyond criticism or his opinions always justified. That is not my view. But who that has come to know the man's history can fail to reckon him amongst the world-forces of the nineteenth century? Who can question his purity of motive, his fellow-feeling with all that suffer wrong, his yearning after social righteousness? And all this, the frivolous will ask, in a composer of operas? Even so, my light-minded friend. The splendid thing about Wagner is that he was first a man, then what you please, stage-manager, scene-decorator, inventor of infinite recitative, and bringer on the scene of absurd dragons. Great he was by the heart; and therefore his "Parsifal" is a triumph. He left Munich sadly anxious for the King who was to go lonely and friendless to his death in the Starnberg waters. He found a home at Triebschen; he created Bayreuth, which, hitherto an unimportant town in German geography, became an idea; he discovered happiness. I am not to pass my severe Catholic sentence on this part of his career; Wagner was not, and never had been, a Catholic. I see that, by self-denial, he might have proved incomparably greater than he was;



Tchaikovski, 1840–[illegible].

Wagner's great contemporary Russian composer.

From "The Life of [illegible] Tchaikovski," [illegible]. Edited and abridged from the Russian and [illegible] (John Lane.)



Liszt: 1811 1886.

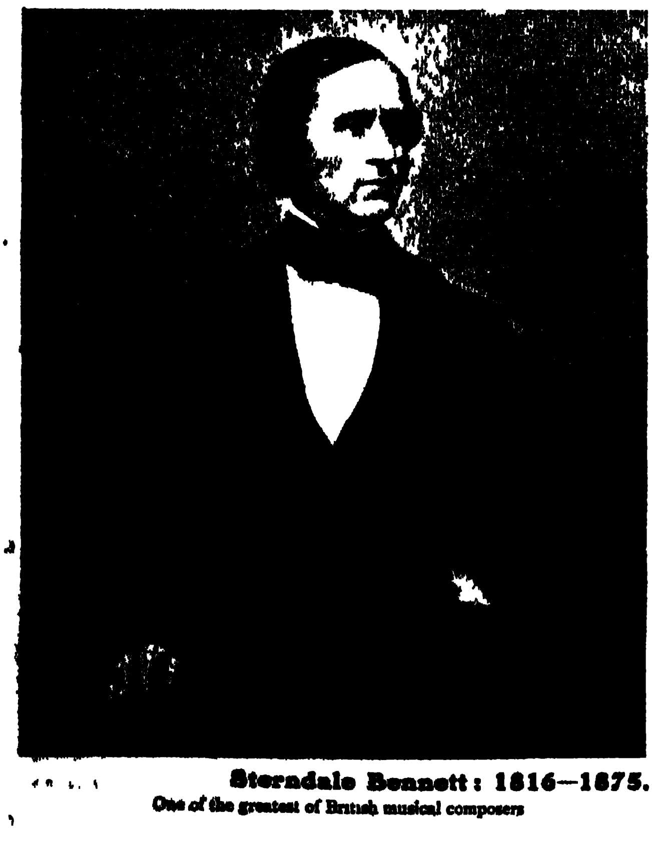
The Hungarian composer and pianist whose daughter Cosima was Wagner's second wife. Wagner describes his friendship with Liszt as "the most important event of my life."



Chopin: 1809—1849.

From a drawing by Winterhalter.

The famous Polish composer who spent his life in Paris. As a pianist he had no rival but Liszt.



Sterndale Bennett: 1816—1875.

One of the greatest of British musical composers.



Balfe: 1808—1870.

The Irish composer whose "Bohemian Girl" was produced in 1843, a few months after the first performance of Wagner's "Rienzi."

FOUR OF WAGNER'S CONTEMPORARY COMPOSERS.

Beethoven, Weber, and Schubert died during Wagner's boyhood, and Mendelssohn shortly after the first performance of "Tannhäuser." Other of Wagner's contemporaries were Gounod, Auber, Berlioz, Meyerbeer, Brahms, Grieg, Spohr, Rossini, Offenbach, Verdi, and Dvorák, whose "Stabat Mater" was produced in 1883, the year of Wagner's death.



Cosima Wagner, the Widow of the Composer.
An early portrait.

and certainly I cannot surrender to the weak, however well-meaning, sentimentalism of Herr Glasenapp. But I pass by. We will come to the last volume, to the "'Year of 'Parsifal,'" and to the height of the contrast between 1832 and 1882. Fifty years, marked by such a revolution in the idea of the stage, of opera, music, and musical legend, due to this one man, as the modern world had never dreamt of but for him. Wagner stands out, how far beyond Meyerbeer, Rossini, Verdi! That we may estimate by imagining how different the century would appear to us if Wagner had not arisen, or had not moved on from "Rienzi" to the "Ring of the Nibelung" and to "Parsifal."

In this last volume we see him, the single German of his later day that counts for inspiration and in literature. Nietzsche, in 1882, had acquired something of his new style, but his "Human, All too-Human" is an essay, not a masterpiece. The Emperor William and Prince Bismarck, as Wagner said with a smile, had no time to think of the one German writer and composer about whom all Europe was alert. In France Hugo, in Germany Wagner—these were the figures that men thought of as tutelary and overshadowing the world where genius reigns. It might seem that the creator of Wotan, Siegfried, and Brünnhilde had exhausted his primal resources and was come to the end of all things. But he had not. He was to set on his previous works the crown of perfection or of recantation; after that violent explosion of energy in the Norse legends turned to storm and battle music, he was to celebrate the beauty of reconcilement; the Twilight of the Gods was to be transformed into the peace of Calvary, and another meaning given to the sunset of fire and blood. Our biographer tells us truly that Wagner had learned his wisdom from Schopenhauer. The fierce way of repeating this great truth is to say with Nietzsche that Wagner, being shipwrecked on the philosophy of pessimism, took the rock for the haven. It is not so, for Wagner



Johanna Wagner, Niece of the Composer.
A prima donna who appeared at Covent Garden in the 'forties, and was at that time more famous than Wagner himself.



Wagner in 1860.

was no pessimist in the long run. From first to last, and Nietzsche himself would have granted this in his sane moments, the poet of "Parsifal" was a romantic—in other words, a Christian, nay a Catholic, disguised. Read the apology for this final stage called "Religion and Art," which agrees perfectly with Wagner's moving and persuasive lessons on Church and State, written in 1864 for King Ludwig. The word that always rings out and echoes far and wide in his prose or poetry is not resignation but reform. Patience, my good dilettante; you are craving to hear about Wagner, the musical dramatist, and you think me unutterably slow and didactic because I talk of Wagner the preacher—Ecclesiastes at Bayreuth. But I do and must. Let "The Case of Wagner" denounce a man who made of his music a means, whereas in Mozart and Beethoven, divine spirits, it was an end to itself. Patience, I say again; if you will insist on having a "Parsifal" that shall exceed Italian opera, you cannot escape being



RIENZI IN THE FORUM.

Scene out of Wagner's early opera, "Rienzi," from the painting by A. Elmore, R.A.

told of the sources whence it was derived. For its greatness, however alluring the drama, consists in this, that it impersonates in taking forms the author himself and the best that he believed. It amuses you, unhappy frivolous mortal, but it saved Wagner.

His "Parsifal" had been long conceived. When Ludwig II. came, like a rescuing angel, to pluck him out of the deeps, the name was bestowed as a thank-offering on the King. Those who, in Munich or in Dresden, denounced Wagner as a "man of the barricades" and an incendiary of Kings' houses, could see in him no more than a rebel, an anarchist, which was one reason why he suffered so many years' exile, and why the Bavarian courtiers dreaded his influence on their royal master. They mistook the man, as such mere feudal hangers-on to the King's mantle could not fail to do. He was, however, not an anarchist, but keenly alive to the sufferings of all things that could suffer, down to the lowliest. His very being was in the passion of pity; and Glasenapp brings out well a feature that appears in all his writings, public or private. "O, I have suffered with those that I saw suffer," Miranda's cry, might have been Wagner's devise. He longed for the spear of Amfortas—I mean, imperial power—that might heal where it had wounded. In art, majestic, tender, beautiful, rendering exquisitely the influences that religion was born to wield, he saw the Holy Graal, a revelation and a comfort to men. I cannot delay to point out by what high untrodden paths Wagner had come back to the shrine of the Middle Ages; but he had always felt the terrible commonplace, bereft of hope and joy, which was all the inheritance left to the people by the Thirty Years' War in Germany. They must have their miracle-play restored, their social redemption. Chivalry could mean nothing else than divine service of those who were in need. Religion, art, government, so long dissevered and dying in their separation, who would unite them? Parsifal was to be anointed king and priest of a world renovated. He corresponds in drama to Shelley's lyrical conception of "Prometheus Unbound."

I am far from saying that Wagner, in his bold attempt, has not laid a hand on the ark of the Covenant; but I think he meant nothing sacrilegious. If ever he believed in the wild strength of revolution, in the thunder-storms of Wotan, years had taught him the deeper lesson which is chanted to us in all the piercing harmonies of his swan-song, his Parsifal, who conquers by meekness. He may once have dreamt that in King Ludwig the Christian-chivalrous order would begin again. He had lived through 1848, when the philosophy of the barricades expired under cannon-shot. He was convinced that blind force would create nothing. He believed in humanity, acting under the charm and grace which he called love, as the mightiest of all powers; and in his poet's way, not dogmatising or talking of systems, he associated this redemption with the most august of names. When he would set his thoughts to music and embody them in symbols, not dead but living, he turned to the Christian mysteries, to Catholic rites and their immemorial beauty, and he took a great multitude captive. This was his crowning achievement. The "year of Parsifal," 1882, saw him at the height of his destiny. Europe hailed Wagner king in musical drama, poet whose rendering had brought legends from books to life, prophet of better hopes than civilised man had yet fulfilled. All this he had done by sheer holding out, against a world bent on defeating him, this one man, indomitable Prometheus.



Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Wagner.**

To round the romance, Wagner, weak and ailing, like Sir Walter Scott must go on his Italian pilgrimage. We follow him to Naples and Palermo, to Acireale and Taormina, lovely Sicilian landscapes, never to be forgotten by those who have travelled over them. He is at Naples again and at Siena; he finds a pleasant abode in the Palazzo Vendramin at Venice, and entertains Liszt, and spends his last Christmas gaily, and waits for the end. With some pain, rather suddenly, it comes upon him. He dies leaning on the shoulder of Frau Cosima. I remember many years afterwards my gondolier saying to me that he had never seen the Grand Canal so crowded with gondolas as on the day when Wagner dead was conveyed to the station at Mestre, thence to be taken home. He was laid in his resting-place at Wahnfried, near the scene of his triumphs; and there his biographer leaves him, for Bayreuth is Wagner's monument.

THE THEATRE AT BAYREUTH.

By Reginald R Buckley.

IN 1876 the first performances took place at the theatre of brick and timber which stands at Bayreuth as the expression of Wagner's life It embodies the idea of a holiday centre, the main object of which is to focus the German people upon a visible representation of their folk-lore, in the terms of Wagner's philosophy This year Dr Hans Richter announces his intention of carrying out Wagner's plan for a school of music-drama, and later one may look for an extension of activities in other directions, and to annual festivals



From a photo by Anna Chamberlain **The Festival Playhouse at Bayreuth.**
From Chamberlain's 'Richard Wagner' (Dent)

The theatre is not a beautiful building, save that it crowns with a certain dignity the hill overlooking the old Franconian city But almost alone in the world of theatres it stands for an idea Its ultimate object is the permeation of the Teutonic people with a national spirit, a fellowship such as bound the clans and tribes, in a simpler age, and with a more rudimentary art Never shall I forget the first sight of that word "Bayreuth" at the railway station I had come *via* Wurzburg, where Wagner served a dramatic apprenticeship, and had stayed at Nuremberg to pay homage to Hans Sachs And here I was at Bayreuth, with its street names recalling the Walkure, the Niblungs, Wagner and Liszt; a city where the very taverns bore the names of Tannhäuser, Lohengrin, and Siegfried. Having left my luggage at a room which the theatre had let to me for a modest three marks a night, I lunched nobly at the Baerlein, conversing with a Grail Knight who took liqueurs and talked of the festival Then I wandered up towards the theatre with a German student who was there by means of the special fund to which goes a portion of the receipts for the benefit of those who cannot afford the prices Wagner's original idea was of a free theatre, but as it was not found possible to endow it, the visitor has to pay twenty marks for admission The only free performance resulted in a riot, proving at least the bodily power of "deadheads" The money for the building was collected by means of shares entitling the original holders to free entry, while the first deficits were met by a loan from King Ludwig The greater part of the money was raised by Wagner himself

The building holds about fifteen hundred people The seats rise fan-shaped like half an amphitheatre A hidden orchestra contains the band of more than a hundred players Thus the music rises like the voice of some impersonal power, moulding and expressing with the help of stage action and scenery the emotional mean-



Between the Acts: In the garden of the Festival Theatre.



Wagner in 1860.

From Chamberlain's "Richard Wagner" (Dent).

ing of the dramas. The beginning of each act is heralded by a theme played by cornets. All go within. Primal darkness wraps the audience round till the first poignant sounds steal from the orchestra. One remembers that the tears came also to Wagner's eyes as he heard the magical effect for the first time.

Between the acts one comes out upon the terrace, enters the open air restaurant for a Philistine dinner and a chat with friendly Americans returning as the fanfare calls and sunset flares over the fields, with the pinewood standing out black against the sky. After it is all over, a few words with a stranger who feels the inwardness of it all, and the rapture of starlight, only to be brought gently to earth by a talk with students at the Café Lohengrin. Had I been a Teuton, hearing my own national poetry at a national Eisteddfod, the experience must have been even greater. As it was I felt, as Wagner's detractors cannot, what it was for which the great, unpleasant, heroic man laid down his life.

It is difficult to discover exactly when the "Bayreuth idea" came to Wagner. Inasmuch as it means accurate performance, and care for detail, the conception lay behind his official work in the regular theatre. The use of legend to express his poetic and philosophic aims is at the root of "The Flying Dutchman," "Tannhauser," and "Lohengrin." It was in 1848 that the first definite plan was formulated in a pamphlet on "A National Theatre" for Zurich. And in 1851 a letter to Liszt set out the scheme as a Goethe Memorial Theatre, to be established at Weimar under Liszt, in the manner of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon. That is to say, it was to be at once a library, a school, and a theatre, devoted not only to Goethe worship, but to a growth of contemporary art on the lines followed by Goethe himself in the dramatic works. He desired to free the national poetry from its paper prison, and to flood an arid stage with the life-stream of genius. At that time Wagner had no idea of founding an institution to produce his own works and it was only the force of circumstances that made him sole exponent of legendary drama in a theatre to this day controlled by his widow, Cosima née Liszt, and their son, Siegfried.

To cut a long story short, lack of means, the troubles of his first marriage and a stupid attack upon the Jews ("Judaism in Music," 1850) crippled Wagner as a propagandist and it was only upon the wave of Teutonic enthusiasm that followed the Franco-German War that he was able between 1870 and 1876 to build the famous theatre. King Ludwig of Bavaria some years before had sanctioned the erection of a noble building at Munich together with a school of German art, but court intrigue drove Wagner away, just as his meddling with the Dresden revolt had procured his earlier banishment. But a federated Germany contained enough zealots to make 'The Ring' possible in a theatre designed to that



Villa Wahnfried, Wagner's house at Bayreuth.

"In the shadow of his festival playhouse, here 'where his fancies found repose,' Wagner built his own house, 'Wahnfried.' Here he lies buried."—*Chamberlain's "Richard Wagner."* (Dent.)



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1

Wagner conducting in 1863.

By Gustav Gaul.

2

Wagner in 1876.

By André Gill.

3

Liszt, Wagner, and Bülow.



4

4

Wagner making himself heard.

Drawn by André Gill in 1869.

5

Wagner conducting in 1866.

By Gustav Gaul.

6

Herr Wagner, the Bi-cycle-ist of Her Majesty's and Drury Lane (1882).

By Linley Sambourne.

Reproduced by special permission of the proprietors of *Punch*.



5



6

WAGNER IN GERMAN, FRENCH, AND ENGLISH CARICATURE.



"THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE." (1877)



View of Bayreuth, looking towards the Wagner Theatre.

end. Bayreuth was chosen owing to a chance holiday which had endeared the place to the composer.

The seriousness with which Wagner worked towards this cathedral of the arts made many enemies; his own pugnacity added to their number. To this day his poetic and philosophic side is ignored by literary people, while musicians worry themselves and their readers by comparing Wagner's music with that of Strauss or Debussy. Any one who cares to estimate Wagner's philosophic influence should read "Foundations of the Nineteenth Century" by Houston Stewart Chamberlain,* the apostle of Pan-Germanism, who happens to be Wagner's son-in-law. The inwardness of his aim may be grasped by turning to the "Life" by Glasenapp, translated by W. Ashton Ellis (Kegan Paul & Co.), or to the shorter book on Wagner by Stewart Chamberlain (Dent). His poetic quality is best discovered by reading "The Ring" in the original, and Ashton Ellis's translation of "Opera and Drama," the finest of his prose works on the inter-relation of the Arts.

But at Bayreuth alone can the deed proclaim itself. Failing the supply of other works Wagner determined that his own dramas should provide a repertory of national impetus. Folk-lore was to be reshaped, and the tales of hero and lover, of the strife of will and idea, were to be expressed by scene and song. To say that Siegfried is the Superman, or that Tristan and Isolde are protagonists in a work which might have been written in collaboration with Schopenhauer, is to indicate my drift.

"The Ring of the Niblungs" is a drama in four parts, occupying four separate performances. Not only has one a poem of great beauty, couched in language primal rather than archaic, accompanied by music more akin to that of Beethoven than is any other of his compositions, but one meets with a vital political faith, finely explained by Bernard Shaw in "The Perfect Wagnerite."

Siegfried, the hero, is Germany's King Arthur. Nietzsche was converted to Wagnerism through Siegfried, who smashes Wotan's spear of tradition. It was not till "Parsifal" that the sage of Lützen saw that Wagner's Superman was only a German nationalist, and that the new Dionysian faith was to join up with Christianity of an esoteric type. In "The Ring" Wagner trounces capitalism in the shape of Alberich, the ill-wrought dwarf, who steals the gold of the Rhinemaidens. The goddess Fricka is Mrs. Grundy. The half-divine daughter of Wotan, Brünnhilde, is an Amazon, a suffragette. To make her his bride the man of To-morrow goes through the fire. Fafner and Fasolt are giant sons of Demos, alien equally to Alberich and to Siegfried. These are a few thoughts aroused by the poem, which equally with the glorious music claims an attention which no "opera" could hope to gain.

The "Meistersingers of Nuremberg" has a place in the Bayreuth scheme of ideas, which may be explained thus. The Craft Guild System of the Middle Ages seemed to Wagner preferable to our inorganic civilisation. Further, the guild of Mastersingers, who succeeded the Minnesingers, or Troubadours, represented German folk-art in its perfect form. The cobbler-poet, Hans Sachs, at whose house to this day one may drink a glass of wine, was, as it were, the soul of Nuremberg, queen of German cities. So Wagner composed a poem, showing how one Walther, bringing new life-blood into German art, wins a bride and defeats the pedants who would kill this free folk-tradition. And like Shakespeare, Wagner gloried in a pageant play, culminating as does this in a choral setting of the great Lutheran hymn, "Wach Auf," in which the people of a free community join.

And "Tristan and Isolde," the origin and nature of which I tried to explain in the last Christmas Number of The Bookman, stands as a complete expression of the poetry and passion of sex. It is personal and poignant; equally in its poetry, economy of action, and music the world's great love-drama.

Concerning "Parsifal," the crowning work of Bayreuth, produced the year before Wagner's death, there will be always a difference of opinion. Founded upon the story which stands in our Mabinogion as "Peredur, the Son of Evrawc," it combines old legend and the

* Published by Mr. John Lane.

results of Wagner's personal mysticism. It draws upon the Scriptures and upon Indian legend also. Parsifal, the "pure fool," by suffering becomes wise. He is a "saviour" who as a wanderer comes to the Graal Castle at a period when the holy mysteries are in danger. Amfortas, the Graal King, has fallen a victim to the lure of Kundry, a reincarnation of Herodias. Also he has been wounded by the spear of Klingsor, the impure magician. By resisting Kundry's temptations, Parsifal moves to victory. In the famous "Good Friday Scene," Kundry, like the Magdalen, washes the feet of Parsifal, who in the end heals the corrupt wound of Amfortas, and brings "salvation." The fact that a Mass is celebrated by the Graal Knights, and that Christian and Indian philosophy find a poetic and musical expression throughout the drama, has made more friends and enemies for Bayreuth than any other work. Alone at Bayreuth may authorised productions be given, at least until other festival theatres are in a position to afford a quiet production away from busy haunts.

Wagner knew very well, through his experience of the fates of his cut and mutilated "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin," that the essential part of his art was liable to be cut out as "padding," and that all musico-dramatic work is regarded as operatic entertainment Philosophy based upon legend, or mediæval pageants held up before us as a vision and a contrast; a cathedral service in dramatic form; demand not only Bayreuth, but many Bayreuths. For the ordinary theatre is concerned with Money, and the opera house with Society. These words symbolise all that was most loathsome to Wagner.

First Bayreuth is an expression of Wagner's art, but it is besides the home of a nation's folk-lore, living again in the art of our own day. The time has come for a far wider interest in the whole subject of Wagnerism, which may be summed up as a vision of a better earthly life, as a Morris or a Ruskin might conceive it. One has a glorious holiday at Bayreuth, but above all that is the genius of a people, flowering in its folk-lore, when that lore is kindled by Love and molten in a music universal in its appeal.



Wagner in his Home at Bayreuth.
(After the painting by G. Papperitz.)
To the left are Wagner's wife, Cosima, and their son. Liszt is at the piano, and behind him is Herr Richter, the famous conductor.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

OCTOBER, 1911.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best fancy titles for the biographies of Rudyard Kipling, G. K. Chesterton, Bernard Shaw, and Hall Caine, competitors following the examples supplied by several recent biographies of famous persons, as, for instance, the new Life of Marie Louise which is called "An Imperial Victim."

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.



Lohengrin as brought by the Swan.

From "A Day with Wagner" by May Byron. With Illustrations in Colour by [illegible] ("Days with the Great Composers" series; Hodder & Stoughton.)

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to Miss DAISY COWPER, of 53, Lambton Road, St. Michael's, Liverpool, for the following:

FORTY YEARS OF SONG. BY MADAME ALBANI. (Mills & Boon.)

"Sleep will come when thou art fled."—SHELLEY, *To the Night.*

We also select for printing:

A HOSPITAL IN THE MAKING. BY B. BURFORD RAWLINGS. (Geo. Allen & Co.)

"The gasoline-motor goes by."—*Topical Song.*

(Florence K. Robinson, Gibraltar Crescent, Parnell, Auckland, New Zealand.)

A KEEPER OF THE ROBES. BY F. FRANKFORT MOORE. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"She freely lent to all the poor—
Who left a pledge behind."
GOLDSMITH, *An Elegy on Mrs. Blaize.*

(C. Powell, 37, Egerton Rd., Withington, Manchester.)

THE LONG ROLL. BY MARY JOHNSTON. (Constable.)

"The Carpenter said nothing but
'Cut us another slice!'"
LEWIS CARROLL, *Through the Looking-Glass.*

(Helen A. Cole, 20, Victoria Avenue, Newtownards, co. Down.)

"Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after."
Nursery Rhyme.

(Kathleen Hannay, 8, St. Andrew's Square, Surbiton, Surrey, and B. Tiplady, North End, Wetherby, Yorks.)

THE LAND OF PROMISES. BY STANLEY PORTAL HYATT. (Laurie.)

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy."
MRS. HEMANS, *The Better Land.*

(W. Lewes, Winalong, Washington Street, Toorak, Victoria, Australia.)

II.—The PRIZE for the best serious or satirical comment in verse on the idea of substituting arbitration for war is divided, and we are sending TWO NEW BOOKS to J. RICHARD ELLAWAY, of Lynmoor, Basingstoke, and two to Miss C. M. WALKERDINE, of 52, Heathfield Road, Handsworth, Birmingham, for the following:

The gracious Dawning of a Golden Age;—
When the wild Voice of ravaging War shall cease,
And all the Pomp of History's blazoned Page
Be splendid with the shining star of Peace:

When Love divine shall fill the Heart of Man—
Through all the World no sounds of Battle roar,
And under Arbitration's peaceful Ban,
Baffled and banished bay the Hounds of War:

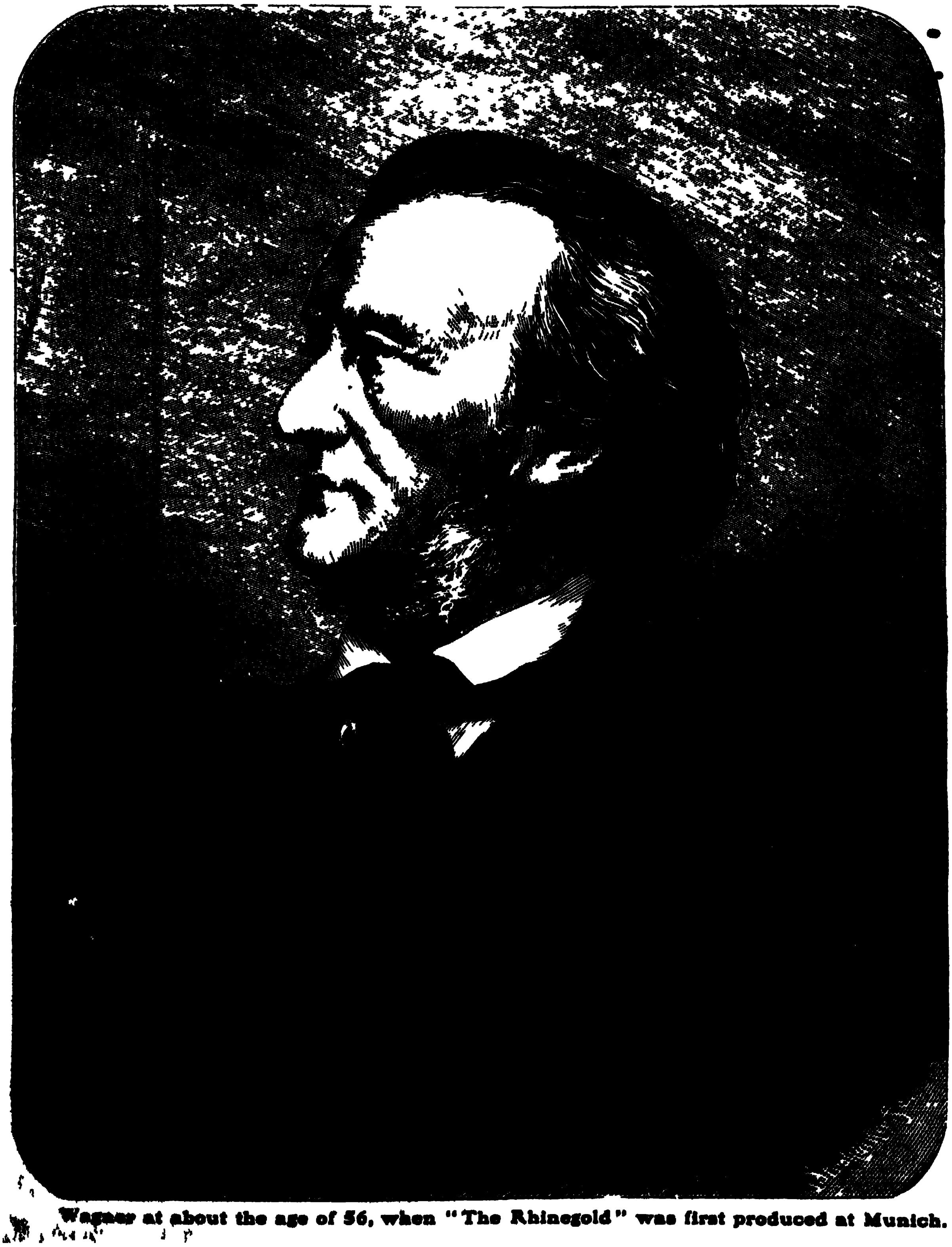
Then, loosened from the Armed and [illegible] Hand,
The Wealth of Lands to [illegible] shall turn;
So Art and Industry shall [illegible]
And in the People's [illegible]

(J. Richard Ellaway.)

They talked in fine old platitudes
 Of all the joys of peace
They argued this, they argued that,
 It seemed they'd never cease
The two opponents, joyfully
 To keep their ruling swore,
Just waited till the verdict came,
 And then—they went to war!

(Miss C M Walkerdine)

The verses of the Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown (S Woodford) begin excellently, but are marred by a laboured close. Some thirty of the competitors, like the two prize-winners, are contented with a false rhyme for the word "war" The best of the other papers sent in are by A H Scales (Paddington), William Tranter (Manchester), Arthur Blundell (Southport), S J Morrison (Barnicot), W F Robinson (Cambridge), John Murdoch (Edinburgh), E A Pearson (Fleet), John L Cather (Redhill), C. W. Guest (Sheffield), C. Graham Hardy (Edinburgh), Mrs. Jamieson (Tenby), D Whitelaw (Paisley), E. A Row (Yarmouth), J. M. Sidebottom (Helensburgh), Ruth Ashby (Carlisle), W A Gilmour (Dublin), Tom Sefton (Bolton), A J Owens (Droitwich), A Eleanor Pinnington (Brighton), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), Harold Dorning (Hale), R G Wyatt (London, E), Chas Webb (King's Lynn), Winifred T Hicks Bolton (Brondesbury), Miss Wright (Newcastle), Laurence Tarr (East Ham), E M. Odell (Forest Gate), G M Norman (Bury), Mary C. Jobson (Middleton-one-Row), Miss Stevens (Enfield), Clifford Deane (Harlesden), Ernest F Seymour (Kilburn), James E Ruddle (Trowbridge), Thos Lanfear (London, S E), Miss E Moore (Liverpool), Norah E Goodbody (Clara, King's Co), and Rev F Hein (Rowlands Castle)



Wagner at about the age of 56, when "The Rhinegold" was first produced at Munich.



The Arrival of Lohengrin.

After the painting by ...

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than one hundred words is awarded to MISS EDITH SMITH, Andover Vicarage, Hants, for the following:

THE GIRONDIN. BY HILAIRE BELLOC. (Nelson.)

Perhaps this is the first novel which has ever shown the French Revolution not in the limelight, so to speak, but as it probably appeared to people who underwent its inconveniences without realising for their consolation how splendidly it would dramatise. This originality of standpoint is, however, only one of many merits. The gallant, gay, pathetic, rascally hero is a delightful person. Moreover, Mr. Belloc writes of war unromantically and vividly, as only a soldier could write, of horses as one who loves them, and of the French country side so that his readers see and smell it.

Other good reviews received are:

LETTERS FROM A SELF-MADE MERCHANT TO HIS SON. BY George Horace Lorimer. (Methuen.)

This book is one of America's hits in recent literature. Published some years ago, it was an immediate success, but this new shilling edition should enhance its popularity. These alleged letters from a successful American business man to his son should be read by all young men who seek success in life. We have not found anything that could be better labelled "Hints for a Successful Career." Let young men ponder such an aphorism as this (chosen from many quite as suggestive), and they must benefit—"Anything that teaches a boy to get the answer before the other fellow gets through biting the pencil pays."

(MRS. H. M. CRESWELL PAYNE, Penare, Whitemoor, St. Austell.)

THE LOST IPHIGENIA. BY A. and E. CASTLE. (Smith Elder & Co.)

It is to be hoped that the musical geniuses of real life are not so selfish and altogether inconsiderate of others as their fictional counterparts. Sarolta, the heroine of this story, appears to possess all the unpleasant traits accompanying her talent without the redeeming warmheartedness which characterises her French teacher and her American comrade. Her English lover, albeit a trifle stolid, is far too good for her, and the boorish German musician Lothnar would have been a fitter mate. In brief, a readable but uninspiring drama written with the cosmopolitan finish one is coming to expect from these authors.

(MISS I. MUGFORD, Sutton-at-Hone, nr. Dartford, Kent.)

THE ELDEST SON. BY ARCHIBALD MARSHALL. (Methuen.)

An easily written, well told story, related with plenty of humour and a nice sense of character and style. Mr. Marshall's story comes as a refreshing novelty in these days of psychological treatises thinly disguised under the title of fiction. He takes an ordinary English country family and tells us of their virtues without sentimentality and of their weaknesses without malice. It might have erred on the side of dulness had not Mr. Marshall made of each character a perfectly completed vignette, and vignettes of pleasant rational people are a delightful change from impressionist drawings of irrational eccentrics.

(DOROTHY DAMANT, Montpellier, Cowes, I.W.)

THE LONG ROLL. BY MARY JOHNSTON. (Constable.)

Love and War have never failed to interest or cease to act upon mankind. Love, love of woman and country finely tempered by war, and War whose wounds are dressed by Love, are the theme of "The Long Roll." Miss Johnston gives us Virginia on the eve of her war with the North, proud of her past and proud of her future. And into the war through many a gallant chapter, like that of "The Ironclads," which must uplift every healthy minded boy, Miss Johnston takes Richard Cleave, the delightful Carys, and their friends, closing with the death of Stonewall Jackson.

(MISS B. O. ANDERSON, 11, Lonsdale Road, Scarborough.)

RED EVE. BY RIDER HAGGARD. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Haggard's book will delight readers rejoicing in adventurous romance. Dunwich affords material for the earlier and closing scenes in the novel, while the reader in the interval follows Hugh de Cressi and his henchman Dick on journeys to the Court of Edward III, to Cressy's battlefield, and to Calais. Sir Edmund Acour comes in the way of the love which exists between Hugh and Eve Clavering. Hugh follows Sir Edmund over Europe, and at last the fatal encounter takes place. The eerie figure of Murgh looms over all, supplying that touch which Mr. Haggard knows admirably how to manage.

(M. A. NEWMAN, Badingham, Suffolk.)

We specially commend also the reviews sent in by Kate Lee (Harrow), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Kathleen White (Ravenscourt Park), J. S. Leckie (Glasgow), G. E. Wakerley (West Bridgford), P. Sydenham Dixon (Carlisle), Mrs. E. C. Atkinson (Windermere), J. Howard Francis (Merthyr Tydvil), E. A. Rowe (Yarmouth), Florence I. Payne (St. Austell), F. M. Knipe (Hampton-in-Arden), Lilian C. Young (Grove Park), Miss E. Smallwood (Highbury), L. H. Cooke (Stockport), Arnold S. Walton (Newcastle-on-Tyne), William Currie (Edinburgh), W. Shaw (Partick), W. F. Robinson (Cambridge), A. G. Cheverton (St. Margaret's-on-Thames), Arthur Blundell (Southport), Miss Browne (Worcester), Mrs. Sybilla Stirling (Glenfarg), Miss Van der Pant (Ashford), B. Williams (Smethwick), J. Swinscow (Tunbridge Wells), Mary Neely (Ballyshannon), and Irene Harrison (Bristol).

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to WILLIAM H. MATTHEWS, of 211, Milkwood Road, Herne Hill, S.E.

SHELLEY'S POEMS.

BY PROFESSOR GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

IT must probably have occurred to many people—it certainly has to the present reviewer—that after full fifty years of writing (sometimes "chatter," sometimes not) about Shelley, it was high time for a compact edition with a reasonable allowance of notes, original and *variorum*, and a fairly castigated, but not rashly altered text. This was much wanted; and we may say at once that Mr. Locock has given what was wanted very well indeed.* It is possible—and we shall do it in a moment, as much to show that his work has been really studied, and so as a compliment, as for any other reason—to make certain queries as to the general plan, and certain strictures on particular observations. But these will not in the least invalidate or recall the verdict just given. Mr. Locock, who has qualified himself for the task by a prolonged study of Shelley MSS., has shown himself thoroughly "judgmatical" in performing that office of revision of the text which, uncalled for in the case of any other great nineteenth-century poet, is made necessary in Shelley's by the peculiar circumstances of the publication of nearly all his poems, and the fact that a large number of them were posthumous. He has selected with care and, again, with judgment, a sufficient amount of the commentaries—*not* of the chatter kind—of others. His own strictly critical, that is to say appreciative, remarks are few, but in most cases apposite and sound enough to make us wish for a good many more. His interpretations of meaning—things which are frequently impertinences in regard to great poets, but which are often made necessary by Shelley's peculiarities—mostly deserve the same praise. With a few slips, his explanations of allusion and reference, parallel passage and so forth, are accurate. They, again, might have been multiplied, since Shelley, though not so full of such things as Tennyson or Browning, has many more of them than is sometimes thought. In short, he has shown himself to be more than fairly equal to a by no means easy task.

One may perhaps slightly miss an "Editor's Preface" explaining his own aims and purposes: a thing which cannot be said to be quite adequately supplied by a few lines on the loose publisher's wrapper of the book promising "a carefully edited text, with complete *apparatus criticus*, adequate explanatory notes on all the poems, citation of parallel passages, the exclusion of the worthless juvenile Poems preceding 'Queen Mab,'" and the inclusion of some new verses. In fact the present reviewer never looked at this wrapper till he was on the point of putting it into the waste-paper basket after reading the book a first time.

This promise is, however, very well performed, though some people will frankly regret the exclusion of the *Juvenilia*. Things may be worthless from one point of view, and yet possess considerable value from another. If Shelley had written nothing else than the *Juvenilia*, no sane human being could desire their resuscitation; there are several human beings (not perhaps utter fools) to whom it is an inexhaustible pleasure to turn from them (especially from "Victor and Cazire," which is still almost unknown to the general) to "Queen Mab," as well as from "Queen Mab" to "Alastor," and from "Alastor" to the ever more glorious procession that closes with "The Triumph of Time."

Another, though of course an irreconcilably to be debated point, is the relegation of the notes (including even the *apparatus criticus*) to the close of the volumes. One knows well enough the high and mighty "culturist" objection to the intrusion of critical matter on the same page with the sublime inventions of the poet. But to talk like men of this world, what is the use of it if it is anywhere else than at the foot of that page? It is impossible to read poetry with any enjoyment if one has to be constantly turning to and rummaging in the other end of the volume, to see whether there is a variant reading, an explanation or what not. It is, on the other hand, a minor penal servitude to do what has been virtuously done in this case, and read the notes consecutively, turning back at each to the text where necessary. To which it may be added that both proceedings are made more difficult and more disgusting by what seems to us the only serious mechanical fault of the edition, the absence of page-references in the notes to the text. That edition is otherwise such a

* "The Poems of Percy Bysshe Shelley." Edited by C. D. Locock. With an Introduction by A. Clutton-Brock. 2 Vols. 21s. net. (Methuen.)



The Palazzo Vendramin-Calergi, on the Grand Canal, Venice, where Wagner died.

good one that if professors were paid like judges or bishops or crack doctors, the present writer would have his copy interleaved, buy another, and hire somebody to cut out the notes and paste them on the interleavings opposite to the text

On one side only the prosodic — does Mr Locock seem to be a little "to seek," and that by no means because "he followeth not *us*" It is possible to scan Shelley quite correctly on more systems than one But Mr Locock, like a large number of other people, seems to be groping, rather than clearly following any system. For instance, he constantly annotates "a foot too long" or "a foot missing" Now it would be exceedingly rash to say that, in a text conditioned as was stated above, there never is anything of either kind But in at least some cases, if not in nearly all, there is no need for such correction Shelley, next in time to Shakespeare and Milton, was the third great poet thoroughly to understand, and to teach to his greatest successors, the secret of what we may call the English choric verse, the stanza which, while maintaining a general harmonic principle in itself, and a general symphonic correspondence with other stanzas, no more reproduces line-length necessarily for line-length than it does foot for foot Monosyllabic feet are quite good things but there is not the slightest necessity to introduce them at the beginning of

"Fresh / Spring / and Sum/mer and Win/ter hoar,"

merely because there are five feet in the corresponding line. Elsewhere, too, Mr. Locock seems to have got into the most singular confusion of hearing. He scans (we reproduce his divisions and symbols exactly) the lyric in "Ginevra"

> Óld ⌣ / Wíntĕr wăs / góne
> Aňd thĕ / Spríng ⌣ / cáme ⌣ / down

Now, to some ears at least, this is a "jangle out of tune and time" of the most horrible description; and recurring to the text one finds that the whole thing is in plain continuous anapæsts with the usual iambic or spondaic substitution, just in Shelley's favourite manner.

> Old Win tĕr wăs gōne/
> In his wēak/nĕss back / tŏ thĕ moun/tains hōar
> Aňd thĕ Spring / cāme dŏwn

A few minor "knots in the reed" which can easily be smoothed out, and one or two *desiderata* as easily to be added, may be noticed as promised above In the notes on "Alastor" the Wordsworthian character of "sentiment and diction" is indicated, but not the still greater indebtedness of the versification to "W W" "Caracallus" (I 541) and "Tithea" for the wife of Uranus (I 613) are no doubt mere misprints Does not "ivy-fingered" in "The Revolt of Islam" rather refer to the soft clinging caress of the breeze than to its "rustling in the ivy"? In reference to such confusions of spelling as "straight" and "strait," "aetherial" and "ethereal" etc, it has always seemed to the present writer that Shelley had read much more seventeenth-century poetry (in which these and hundreds of similar things constantly occur) than has been generally thought It might be noticed that "sun-gilt," though infinitely inferior to "sun-girt" in the famous and magnificent address to Venice, has some support in a remarkable passage of Johnson's, curiously unlike his usual style The modern tendency to force "grain" into the sense of "dye" wherever it occurs (see I 605) is almost certainly wrong "Benjamin" for "overcoat" seems more likely to have a biblical origin than to be connected "with a tailor of that name" "Bocca baciata" in "Peter Bell" should surely have been reunited to Alaciel in origin, instead of being merely paralleled from a letter of Shelley's own to Leigh Hunt. Has not the *Quarterly Reviewer* of Keats been now settled to be Croker? As to the remark that Shelley's observation, "An unsuccessful author turns critic," "*anticipates* the well-known definition" (Lord Beaconsfield's?), the phrase has been traced back at least to Dryden's "the corruption of a poet is the generation of a critic" The suggestion that Wordsworth was even "perhaps" an original Pantisocrat is unfortunate. No eye of imagination, however red and raging, can perceive "W W." in such a part; Coleridge, though he knew Christopher Wordsworth before 1794, did not know William, nor did Southey, and Pantisocracy was actually "hatched" between Coleridge, Southey, Hucks, Burnett, Allen, Seward, and especially Lovell, the third of the Frickerian brother-in-lawhood.

But these things are nothings. A certain proportion of them is inevitable in work of the kind, and [illegible]

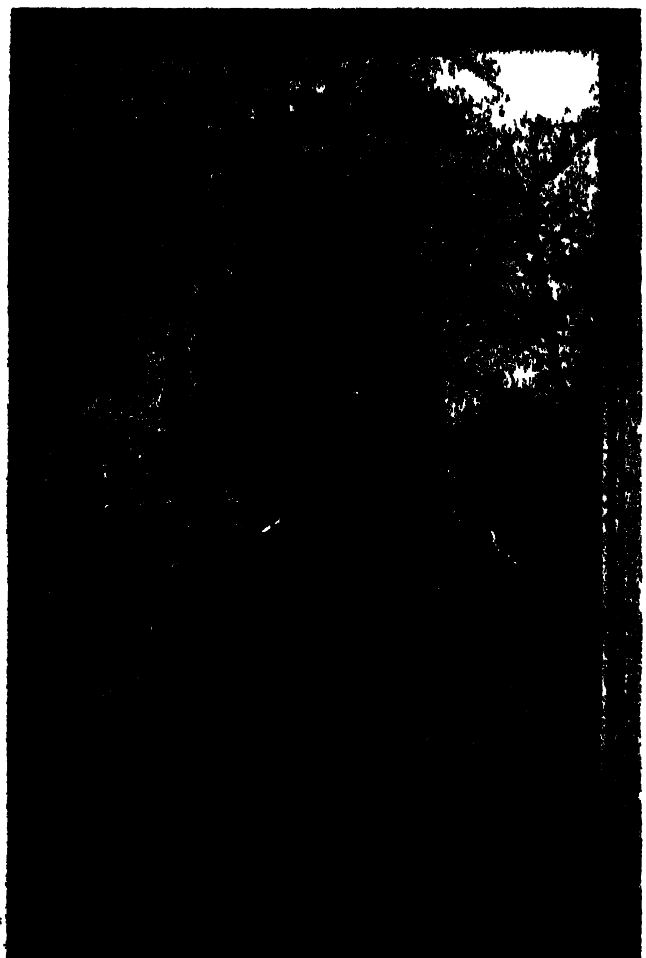


Photo by Breitkopf & Härtel.

The Wagner Monument in Berlin.



RICHARD WAGNER.



The Court of the Goddess of Love, on the Hill of Venus.

Reproduced from a coloured drawing by Willy Pogany.
From "Tannhäuser: A Poem," [illegible] by T. W. Rolleston. Illustrated by Willy Pogany. (Harrap.)

times rather a large proportion in the work of those who think them serious in other people. They can be easily corrected. As for the text, it is certainly the best that has yet been published of anything like the whole work. There is hardly more than one point in which Mr. Locock may be thought to have been either incurious or too conservative. In the exquisite "Stanzas written in Dejection near Naples," the fourth line of the second stanza has hitherto always been printed, and Mr. Locock still prints it, as follows:

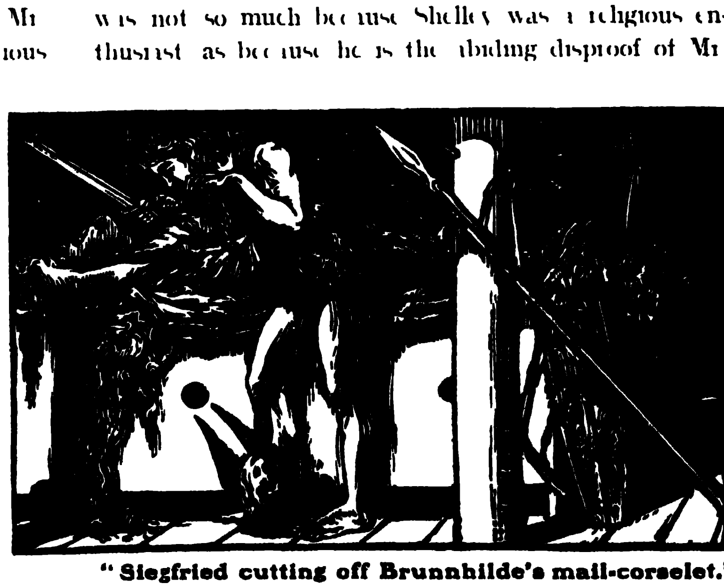
Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown

Now the present writer has already (more than once he thinks, but certainly once) pointed out that the comma before "thrown" greatly injures, if it does not wholly spoil, this beautiful image. "Light dissolved in star-showers" is false heraldry and rather impossible chemistry; "star-showers" are made of light already and will not put up with more. But

"Like light dissolved, in star-showers thrown,"

is in every possible respect perfect and impeccable. The wave is liquid light as it breaks on the shore, that light is "thrown in star-showers." One may just add that the promise of adequate explanatory notes is not quite so fully carried out in respect to the smaller poems as to the larger. We could do with another hundred or two pages of such notes; and, by the way, when Mr. Locock is writing them he might also add indication of the fact that the opening stanza of "Queen Mab" is almost a *rifacimento* of that of "Thalaba." For though this ought to be perfectly well known, it may go near to be thought that uncommonly few people read "Thalaba" now.

Nothing has yet been said of Mr. Locock's *Anecdota* or of Mr. Clutton Brock's Introduction. The former, not numerous, are interesting rather than important, and somewhat tantalising, but to be welcomed as is anything of Shelley's. The Introduction has nothing to do with the particular edition, but is a general discussion, very well worth reading, of the poet, in the same key as its author's book on the subject. There is not the least difficulty in saying ditto to it on most heads, though, as in the case of most general criticisms, propositions opposite to those found here might be concurrently or preferably "homologated," as they say in Scotland. "Shelley's poetry is always trying to be music." Would it not be as true or truer to say that "music is always trying to be Shelley's poetry"? But on the whole Mr. Clutton Brock is quite right within the lines which he has prescribed to himself. These lines are chiefly directed against those who admire Shelley because he was ostensibly an anarchist and an atheist, and against Mr. Matthew Arnold, who, as it seems to him, disliked Shelley "because he was a religious enthusiast." Perhaps it was not so much because Shelley was a religious enthusiast as because he is the abiding disproof of Mr.



"Siegfried cutting off Brunnhilde's mail-corselet."

From a wood engraving by T. Sturge Moore. By permission of the artist.

Arnold's theory that in poetry "all depends upon the subject", but this does not greatly matter. Mr Clutton-Brock is at least safe in upholding as he practically does throughout the thesis that Shelley *was* a religious enthusiast—a super-Crashaw of a more than half fancied anti-Christianity. Undoubtedly he was this. Undoubtedly too his poetry is "more lyrical than any other poetry known to us and also more empty of fact." Whether "one may agree with Shelley's political ideas and yet feel that he did not express them in the best part of his poetry" the present writer is, for reasons, not in a position to say. But he knows that one may disagree with Shelley's political and religious ideas utterly, hopelessly, irreconcilably, and yet think his poetry to be of the greatest that has ever existed.

So there is nothing to quarrel about, and there may be a *treuga Dei* between reviewer, editor, and introducer (if the two latter will) to an extent not very common. And this reviewer has a fresh excuse for reading "Prometheus Unbound" and "To Constantia Singing," and the "Stanzas in Dejection" and the "Lament" and "The Witch of Atlas." Of the last of these, Mr. Locock says "Without thought of any plot or purpose, the poet gives the reins to his imagination and revels in those brilliant descriptions of airy nothings in which he so delighted. In this respect it is surpassed if at all only by Prometheus Unbound." That is the way to talk: only how much greater, more real, more eternal are these "airy nothings" than most earth-born things!

MARCELLE TINAYRE.

BY WINIFRED STEPHENS

"A NEW voice in French fiction"—thus did a writer in an American magazine describe Madame Marcelle Tinayre some five years ago. But it was only to the Anglo-Saxon world that Madame Tinayre's voice was then new; nine years earlier it had been heard by France in her first novel, and at intervals since then in works which had attracted considerable notice. During recent years her fame has been steadily growing throughout the civilised world, and several of her novels have been translated into English. Londoners have come to look eagerly for the latest fruit of Madame Tinayre's pen, and lately they have been privileged to hear her spoken word. Last November and March the large audiences which attended her lectures bore witness to the popularity of her novels in the metropolis.

Madame Tinayre's visits to London have completely dispelled the delusions concerning her personality which possessed certain of her English readers. They had regarded this gifted novelist, sometime editress of the feminist periodical *La Fronde* and the writer of novels which strike a note of revolt against the traditional ideas of woman's destiny, as an unwomanly advocate of woman's rights, a kind of twentieth-century Georges Sand. But Madame Tinayre is *femme de femme*, disdaining to affect masculinity, and as far removed from a blue-stocking or from a militant suffragette as it is possible to imagine. In purely feminine matters she has always been intensely interested. As a bride of sixteen she is said to have wept at not being permitted to go away in her wedding frock. And only the other day, with a company of friends assembled on the Charing Cross platform to bid her *bon voyage*, she was not above discussing the cut of a charming travelling coat she had purchased in London, having arrived breathless, almost too late for her train, through the irresistible delights of a toy-shop whither she had been lured by a desire to buy dolls for her children.

For Madame Tinayre is both a wife and a mother. When a mere child Marcelle Chasteau was married to M. Julien Tinayre, an engraver of Paris. A decreasing purse and an increasing family rendered difficult the early years of her wedded life. And then it was that she began to publish her novels. She was born with a pen in her hand. She lisped in numbers, for, like her friend M. Anatole France, and as her prose style would indicate, she was a poet before becoming a novelist. Her first novel was written at eighteen. Belonging to a highly cultivated bourgeois family in which the women had for several generations possessed strong literary instincts,* she had been brought up in infancy on a literary diet of Lamartine and Victor Hugo. At her grandmother's knee, in the old town of Tulle in Limousin where she was born, Marcelle Chasteau listened to the poems of these masters. And long before she could understand their meaning the melodious verses impressed themselves upon her quick and retentive memory. Of the grandmother who thus moulded the tastes of her infancy we discern a portrait in Madame Tinayre's novel of *Hellé*, in Madame Marboy, the white-haired, blue-eyed old lady who even in old age was moved to tears by poetry and the romance of true love, who delighted to linger in churches and who possessed all the superstitions and all the weaknesses of her sex.

In the story of Hellé, the young girl with eyes bespeaking frankness, loyalty, and intelligence, with the brain of a man and the heart of a virgin, brought up on the classics by her old uncle, Madame Tinayre describes her ideal of girlhood, and depicts some of the influences of her own early years. From Tulle her family removed to Bordeaux, and at the age of ten she came to Paris.

A vivid representation of Parisian life, especially of life in the Quartier Latin, finds a place in Madame Tinayre's novels. But her earlier experiences of the

* Madame Tinayre's mother, Louise Chasteau, has recently published a novel, entitled "La Ravageuse."

provinces remained engraven upon her memory; and she is at her best when relating quiet provincial existence in town and country, at Tulle, her birthplace, in "La Vie Amoureuse de François de Barbazanges", in the surrounding villages of her native province—"a melancholy, a delicious country," in "L'Ombre de l'Amour" ("Do you love Limousin?" asks one of her characters. "As one loves a nurse who is addicted to telling legends," is the reply); at Hautfort-le-Vieux, an old-world town although not far from Paris, in "La Maison du Péché", in an antiquated corner of the Picard Pont-sur-Deule, the innocent little Rue au Chapel de Roses, *verte d'herbe, sonore de cloches* with its façades of brick and its slate roofs of purplish blue, in her last novel, "La Douceur de Vivre."

It was in *La Nouvelle Revue* that appeared Madame Tinayre's first novel, "Avant l'Amour," and soon afterwards, in 1897, it was published in volume by La Societe du Mercure de France. Before accepting it Madame Juliette Adam, editress of *La Nouvelle Revue*, had sent the manuscript signed with a masculine pseudonym to Alphonse Daudet who, on returning it, wrote "The story reveals inexperience but you must publish it, for this young man will be some one."

"Avant l'Amour" was followed by "La Rançon" in 1898 and by "Hellé" in 1899. By her fellow-writers Madame Tinayre has always been appreciated. The artists and men of letters who gathered round that gifted essayist, Marcel Schwob, the friend of Robert Louis Stevenson and of Sir Sidney Colvin were quick to perceive her talent. And the appearance of her next novel, "L'Oiseau d'Orage," in 1900 brought her high praise from no less a critic than the late Edmond Rod, who wrote "It is one of the most perfect and delightful stories that I know."

But the novel which, in the opinion of most of her readers, constitutes Madame Tinayre's greatest title to fame is "La Maison du Péché," which appeared in 1902. Then, two years later came "La Vie Amoureuse de François de Barbazanges," followed in 1905 by "La Rebelle," and at subsequent intervals by a series of stories, "L'Amour qui Pleure," by "Notes d'une Voyageuse en Turquie," by "L'Ombre de l'Amour," and within the last few months by "La Douceur de Vivre."

The *grand motif* of Madame Tinayre's novels is love, love apart from marriage and, in her early works, love isolated from duty. "I do not think that there is any novelist among our contemporaries who knows so well how to study, how to handle, how to take apart and put together love in itself, without finding it necessary to contrast love with duty," wrote M. Rod.

This French method of treating love apart from marriage and from duty has always been a stumbling-block in the way of the Anglo-Saxon who would observe French life and read French novels. Anatole France puts the case clearly in "Le Lys Rouge." In that novel an Englishwoman, Miss Bell, asks a French countess to advise her as to marriage with an Italian. "'You are not a child' replies the countess. 'If you love and are loved, do what you think right, and don't complicate love by material interests which have nothing to do with feeling. That is the advice of a friend.'

For a moment Miss Bell failed to understand. Then she blushed and rose. She was shocked."

French novelists justify their insistence on the extra-matrimonial aspect of love by pleading that matrimonial love has no story. French critics, comparing the French and the English novel, point out that when in the latter the course of true love does not run smooth the obstacle is frequently the opposition of parents, whereas in the former it is the bond of marriage.

But in the greatest of her novels, "La Maison du Péché," Madame Tinayre ceases to isolate love and reverts to the classical method of opposing love to duty. Augustin de Chanteprie, the devoutest of Catholics, is torn asunder between, on the one hand, his passion for Fanny Manolé, who is a pure pagan, and on the other his duty to his Catholic mother and his loyalty to his faith.

The clash between these two equally fine temperaments—that of the artist in Fanny, that of the mystic in Augustin—is powerfully depicted. And—whatever may happen to the rest of Madame Tinayre's work, we venture to prophesy that this novel will live. At one stage the story recalls the ancient tale of the



Reduced from a colour drawing by Arthur Rackham.

"Father! Father!
Tell me what ails thee?
With dismay thou art filling thy child."

From "The Rhinegold and The Valkyrie." Illustrated in colour by Arthur Rackham. (Heinemann)



Reduced from a colour drawing by Arthur Rackham.

Fafner Kills Fasolt.

From "The Rhinegold and The Valkyrie." Illustrated in colour by Arthur Rackham. (Heinemann.)

Egyptian hermit Paphnutius and the courtesan Thaïs. For Augustin, believing at first that he cared only for Fanny's soul, set out to convert her. But although for Augustin's sake she desired to believe, Fanny was afflicted with a rebellious mind which suggested all manner of doubts; and these the village priest, whom Augustin had employed to instruct her, was incapable of resolving. Fanny was too sincere to feign conversion. So, "shaking the dust from her feet on the threshold of the temple, wherein she had found nought but words and phantoms . . . like the vintager to the vineyard, she went forth towards love. . . . And gently, shyly, repeating in an inverse sense the methods that Augustin had adopted towards her, she dreamed of conquering the one who had failed to conquer her, of converting this ardent Christian to the only religion of life. . . ."



Tannhäuser at the Shrine of the Virgin.
From a drawing in colour by Byam Shaw.
From "Tannhäuser." The Great Opera Series. Edited by J. Cuthbert Hadden (Jack.)

Fanny succeeded where Augustin had failed. There came a moment when in answer to her triumphant question: "Do you love me?" he cried: "I love you." "More than your salvation? Even to sin?" "Even to damnation and to eternal death."

But to such a temperament remorse was inevitable. Augustin left Fanny; and for a time his mother and his religion were the conquerors. But soon Augustin died because he had no interest in life, died with the words on his lips, "Night is falling," for at the last his faith had forsaken him.

Madame Tinayre's next novel, "La Rebelle," while ranking far below "La Maison du Péché," is a work of great distinction and significance. Here we find her preaching her gospel of femininity, the higher development of woman by the unloosing of the bonds, economic, social and religious, which have so long fettered her. Madame Tinayre has herself said that her ideal woman is a creature with the body of a woman, the heart of a man, and the head of an angel. Her heroines, while bountifully endowed with feminine charm, are strong, virile creatures, pure of heart and above all things sincere, not only towards others, but what is so much more difficult, towards themselves. Such is Denise Cayrol in "L'Ombre de l'Amour." The theme of this novel, with a translation of which Mr. John Lane has just presented us, is pity inspiring love. How far love and how far pity enter into the sentiment which leads Denise to give herself to her father's consumptive patient it is difficult to tell, and we doubt whether Denise herself knew. There are those who have condemned this novel as being morbid, and in the hands of another writer such a theme might have savoured too strongly of the sick-room, but Madame Tinayre's charm of style and treatment rescue it from this danger. And "L'Ombre de l'Amour" is one of her finest works, in my opinion ranking in order of merit next to "La Rebelle."

The work of Madame Tinayre bristles with problems of life and destiny. Although her views of these problems may be clearly discerned in her pages, she is too complete an artist to write her novels with an obvious purpose; her best works are essentially novels of ideas, but the ideas are kept in their place. Two of her books, "Notes d'une Voyageuse en Turquie" and to a lesser degree her last, "La Douceur de Vivre," may be described as impressions of travel. The first relates the revolution at Constantinople, the early days of the new régime and the life of women in the harem. The second interweaves into a substantial web of plot the author's impressions of Italian life, of Naples and of Pompeii, contrasting the sweetness of existence in those southern climes with its asperities in a more northern latitude.

In one of her novels, "La Vie Amoureuse de François de Barbazanges," Madame Tinayre in a somewhat precious manner enters the realm of pure phantasy. Her next book, we hear, is to give her impressions of England.



BRUNNHILDE.

By ARTHUR RACKHAM

From "The Rhinegold and The Valkyrie."
With illustrations in colour by Arthur Rackham. (Heinemann.)

New Books.

MARIE CORELLI'S NEW ROMANCE.*

However much opinion may differ concerning the books of Miss Marie Corelli, there is no denying their popularity, and no denying either that they are popular in spite of, or at all events independently of, the critics for she still maintains an implacable attitude towards reviewers and allows no copies of any new work of hers to be sent to members of that race Therefore I have had to pay four-and-sixpence for my copy of "The Life Everlasting" or somebody has paid it for me and I am able to sit in judgment on it unhampered by any fine feeling that I have no right to look a gift horse in the mouth I have acquired my horse in return for hard cash and need have no hesitation in saying precisely what I think of its points and paces

What is called the secret of Miss Corelli's phenomenal hold upon the reading public has been explained to me more than once by people who seemed to know all about it, but these explanations have generally disagreed with each other and nearly always left me more or less in the dark certainly none of them has been simpler nor more convincing than the latest that has been given to me No longer ago than last week I visited a friend who happens to be a busy London doctor and among the rows of severely technical books in his comfortable library there is one shelf devoted exclusively to the works of Marie Corelli, he has I believe, all the books she has published including this latest of them which he had just finished reading I am not often at leisure to sit down and read anything by way of recreation' he said when I moved him to account for his choice of literature but when I am I like a good novel and as a rule unless I go back and re-read the old novelists I can't get one Not one that is any good to me Take your new historical romances—thin and colourless as water most of them with a bread-and butter love tale running through that would bore anybody but a schoolgirl Then for your novels of modern life—when they are not merely novelised police reports they are a highly spiced rehash of Divorce Court proceedings or some slavishly realistic tale of the sort of disagreeable people who live next door That's no use to me—that isn't what I want I see so much of the misery and the ordinary sordid everyday life of average people, and read so much about it in the newspapers, that when I open a novel I don't find any pleasure in reading all about it there all over again I like a novel that takes me out of myself that shows me unfamiliar sides of life, helps me to forget the worrying little world I earn my living in and to remember the things of the spirit—one that carries me out of this conventional, mean little suburb that I get very tired of into the larger city of the soul that is more real than London if once you can get into touch with it, and more alive with all the elements of wonder and mystery and romance I have grown dull and practical and incapable of dreaming, and my favourite novelists are those who have imagination enough to dream for me and tell me their dreams That's what Marie Corelli does, she does not painfully copy the life that we all know but imaginatively reveals something of the eternal beauty and mystery that lie behind it, and she has never done it with more poetic insight, with greater power of vision than in this new romance of hers, 'The Life Everlasting'"

Since then I have read "The Life Everlasting" myself and am inclined to agree with him As a story, perhaps, it is not so impressive or so full of dramatic colour and movement as "Barabbas" or "The Sorrows of Satan", it tells a less dramatic story and by means of fewer characters than you have in "The Romance of Two Worlds" or "The Soul of Lilith" with which two romances one might more easily compare it But in its obvious sincerity of purpose, in sheer force of imagination and utterance it falls no whit behind its predecessors, here, however, the story more fully subserves the message, the ethical purpose and teaching Indeed Miss Corelli admits in her prologue "I should perhaps have preferred had it been possible to set forth the incidents narrated in the ensuing romance in the form of separate essays on the nature of the mystic tuition and experience through which some of us in this workaday world have the courage to pass successfully" but she felt she would appeal to a larger audience and more effectively by casting them into narrative form

In this she was probably right but Miss Corelli has such glorious courage in her convictions is so little in awe of the discoveries of the scientists or of those solemn gentry themselves, that her book is eagerly alive with interest, with provocation theories and daring suggestion whether you read it as a series of essays or as a novel I shall not attempt any outline of the story I would as soon try to outline the story of "The Pilgrim's Progress" As for the purpose of the book—it is to deliver anew the too-disregarded old truth that "Life is all Life" and there is no Death

"Nature can and will unveil to us many mysteries that seem supernatural when they are only manifestations of the deepest centre of the purest natural—but nothing can alter Divine Law, or change the system which has governed the Universe from the beginning And by this Divine Law and system," to quote again from the preface, "we have to learn that the so-called 'dead'

* "The Life Everlasting" By Marie Corelli 6s (Methuen)



The Wagner family on the Riviera.

Reading from left to right: Gerhard Hauptmann, Frau Eva Chamberlain, Frau Gerhard Hauptmann, Frau Kuchter, and Siegfried Wagner.

are *not* dead—they have merely been removed to fresh life and new spheres of action, under which circumstances they cannot possibly hold communication with us in any way unless they again assume the human form and human existence. In this case (which very frequently happens) it takes not only time for us to know them, but it also demands a certain instinctive receptiveness on our parts, or willingness to recognise them."

This passage presents pretty sufficiently the argument of the book. The narrative is, in the main, of four persons, two men and two women, who come together in the world of to-day and, in a manner, continue and bring to completion the story of two of them—a story that, touched by the malign influences of the other two, has been marred and broken again and again during their various incarnations down through the centuries. Time after time the story has been recommenced and closed again in tragedy, sometimes through the folly of the man Rafel Santoris, and as often through the pride and perversity of the woman, the unnamed heroine herself. It is her pride that now nearly wrecks their lives once more. She will not yield to her love for him and link her life with his until she has passed through the same stress of experience as himself and can feel that she is his equal in knowledge and in spiritual growth. If you look at the thing superficially, you may say that the way in which she accomplishes this resolve is theatrical and extravagantly unreal; that the mystic teacher Aselzion is the average Bond Street magician placed in more glamorous surroundings, and that the House of Aselzion is a glittering theatrical scene made weird and mysterious by means of the usual stage lights and glooms and the usual stage traps and tricks and devices. But if you read it all more as you would read Bunyan's allegory, and regard the House of Aselzion as the world, the happenings in it as an adumbration of the trials and terrors and temptations of the world, and Aselzion himself as the Time Spirit who with infinite patience tests us and teaches us all we know—then the whole romance rounds into fulness of meaning—the meaning which, though she does not plainly say so, Miss Corelli assuredly intends it to convey.

In a very interesting prologue Miss Corelli traces certain phases of her literary career, and mentions that six of her books—"A Romance of Two Worlds," "Ardath," "The Soul of Lilith," "Barabbas," "The Sorrows of Satan," and "The Master Christian"—are "the outcome of what I myself have learned, practised, and proved in the daily experiences, both small and great of daily life," and that they "are the result of a deliberately conceived plan and intention, and are all linked together by the one theory." With "The Life Everlasting" she adds another link to this chain and one that is, in its more frankly didactic fashion, as original and brilliant a piece of workmanship as any but the two best of the other six.

S. J.

"F. J. F."

It is on record that the earliest publication of Frederick James Furnivall was a pamphlet issued in 1850 on "Association a Necessary Part of Christianity." This was in advocacy of the principle of co-operation as understood by F. D. Maurice and his Christian Socialist disciples. This principle was the basis of Furnivall's work in philanthropy, in the advancement of learning, and in the promotion of good literature. Something of what co-operation as taught and practised by Dr. Furnivall can do for scholarship may be seen in the "New Oxford Dictionary" and in the issues of the Early English Text Society; something of what it has done for the study of literature may be seen in the activities of the Chaucer, Shakespeare, Shelley, and Browning Societies. And now we have the application of the same principle to what is in reality a co-operative biography of "F. J. F.," that many-sided man who was as much at home when sculling on the Thames as when reading a mediæval MS. in the British Museum, and who was the same cheery, inspiring person at a children's outing, a girls' club, or a gathering of the Philological Society.* The book opens with a good serviceable biographical sketch, written by Mr. John Munro, and this is followed by forty-nine articles by as many people, showing how Furnivall impressed all sorts and conditions of men and women. Thus we see him from the point of view of Continental scholars such as Brandl, Jusserand, Flügel, and Cino Chiarini; of philologists such as Sir James Murray and Dr. Henry Bradley; of novelists such as Beatrice Harraden, Anthony Hope, and Richard Whiteing. There are tributes from historians as well as from rowing men. On one page we have the testimony of a musical composer or an actor, on another the regretful reminiscences of a waitress in an A.B.C. shop. My own acquaintance with Furnivall stretched over many years, and we had many sympathies in common, but it was only on somewhat rare visits to London that I came into personal contact with him. An inquiry from him through a common friend about a trifle I had written on a seventeenth-century forerunner of co-operation began our intercourse, and it was strengthened by our interest in Chaucer and "Huchown of the Awle Ryale" and Shelley.

The jovial aspect, the ebullient vitality, the spring and energy of movement, physical and mental, the intense capacity for the realisation of life of this vigorous scholar gave him a position that was all his own. He was an individual and not a type. A vegetarian for years, a teetotaler for many more, a Radical who delighted in flaming ties and denunciations of the House of Lords, an agnostic who went about doing good, a man of strong language and the frankest of pointed criticisms, he had yet the magnetic charm that made him a leader of men. Doubtless the Victorian age had greater scholars than Furnivall, but it had none who did more, or even so much, for scholarship as he did. He worked for ideals, not for money. His off-hand fashion of doing things irritated some people, but he caused the needed work to be done before these fastidious persons could decide to "make an effort." Kind-hearted as he was, Furnivall was fierce in controversy. He and Swinburne exhibited the grotesque spectacle of a great scholar and a great poet, who was also a great critic, slanging each other like two bargees. But there was no deliberate malice in Furnivall's controversial pugnacity. One characteristic touch is recorded by Mr. A. W. Pollard, who says, "I well remember how in one of his latest public controversies he nonplussed his adversary by sending him a series of friendly postcards while hitting out at him in a newspaper." Furnivall in the *Reader* made an odd blunder when reviewing Latham's edition of Johnson's Dictionary. Many biographers think that their heroes should be declared impeccable and omniscient, and would have suppressed all notice of this curious episode, but Mr. Munro very properly mentions it. That Furnivall should have assumed he was reading Latham's preface when he was really reading that of Johnson is strange, but only a strong man could have stood against the objurgations and the laughter caused by that incident.†

I have seen Dr. Furnivall at work, and at civic banquets, and at less formal symposia where "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" was chiefly associated with tea, coffee, and cake, but it is pleasantest to think of him now as he was to be seen in the grounds of the British Museum feeding the pigeons from a capacious pocket. A ruddy,

* "Frederick James Furnivall: A Volume of Personal Record." With 8 Illustrations. 3s. 6d. net. (Frowde.)

† This review, although marked "First Notice," appeared in the *last* number of the *Reader* (Jan. 12, 1867), and was commemorated in a pungent article headed "Shocking Suicide of a Reviewer" in the *Pall Mall Gazette* (Jan. 18, 1867).



Dr. Furnivall in the Forecourt of the Sculling Club

[illegible]

alert figure filled with the joy of existence his keen relish of the banquet of life did not make him forget other his less fortunate human brethren or those poorer relations whose harder span and narrower outlook make a powerful appeal to such generous souls as his. It was the same spirit of helpfulness that made Furnivall's success. In this memorial volume there are of course many references to the famous postcards. Only an expert statistician could guess at the number of these tiny messages which F. J. F. sent flying to every point of the compass. On one occasion when doubtful as to the publication of some matter about a famous author of the past I consulted him and in reply received the usual postcard with "F. J. F." written in the corner to say that he had sent the MS. to a certain editor of our acquaintance with a message that he *must* print it. And printed it was, and led to a lively controversy in which I took no part except as an amused bystander. These frank little missives with their weird conformation help criticism and encouragement will be cherished now that the busy hand that sent them is stilled for ever. The "Grand Old Optimist," as some of his friends called him, must have rivalled the "Grand Old Man" in his use of postcards even at a time when the more conventional sections of the community had not made up their slow going minds as to whether halfpenny communications might not corrupt good manners. Dr. Furnivall's democratic instincts saw in them an immense saving in the cost of postage, an important consideration for the founder of many societies all dependent upon subscriptions, who was also a man the aim of whose life was that of helping the greatest possible number of people to a wider knowledge of literature. And another great advantage was the saving of time, for a postcard compels brevity and is usually prohibitive both of gossip and of fine writing.

This "volume of personal record" is a fitting tribute to Furnivall and gives a vivid impression of a man of rare gifts and uncommon character. It was the human element in books that interested Furnivall. The present no less than the past life of the people, their homely joys and sorrows, attracted him, and as he believed that the present is better than the past he cherished a robust faith in a brighter future for the human race.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

THE ART OF THE NORTH.*

Before entering into specific discussion of these two beautiful volumes which bring Mr. Macfall's monumental undertaking more than half way to completion it will be as well to justify the talented author's temerity in adding to the immense medley of books upon art. For surely in face of the amount of ink that has been spilt and is being spilt every day by the art critic or criticaster and the artist critic (two very different beings) some apology is necessary. What then, we ask, is Mr. Macfall at in this great venture to which he is devoting some of the most valuable years of his life? I will try to put the answer into one sentence, leaving the reader to fill up the bare outline by careful study of Mr. Macfall's own stimulating words. I think I am right in stating shortly that his object is to bring the study of painting into line with life, to discredit it as a mere museum habit, as a narrow cult confined to prigs and pedants, to discover in the common love of great pictorial art that species of freemasonry that obtains amongst lovers of the best music and of the best poetry, in a word to demonstrate that here is another sane and reasonable means of communication with our fellows through the emotions, by which we shall arrive at a far more intimate communion than can ever be attained through the clumsy medium of spoken language.

That is a high ambition, and with every succeeding volume Mr. Macfall seems to me to come nearer to its fulfilment. We shall not agree with all his estimates. He is clearly on the warpath challenging our pet authorities, tilting at our cherished opinions, underrating perhaps overmuch the importance of our private apartments in the Palace of Art where we horde up "Art for Art's sake" and other cherished theories which he convinces to the many, yet convincing us ever against our will that the people's hunger for art is the first thing that must be satisfied, that art is no mere trivial thing, a charm, a pleasure, a luxury, but as he says "a majestic, a profound, a democratic thing, of vast consequence and absolute need to every intelligent human being." A practical artist he found himself impelled to create something for which he had no excuse or guidance *in reason*. More than that he found himself asking, like the little drudge in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," what was he here for? What was the object of Art? What was the basic significance of his work? Did it mean something or nothing? And after much pondering the answer came to him, not that Art was beauty—it might indeed be the very opposite—but that it was a means by which a man may convey into the senses of his fellows that which he himself has felt—a thing which speech alone could not do. For only I could wish that Mr. Macfall had gone a step further. I wish he had said what I cannot but believe he must have felt, that the real artist is a seer who can show us by his art things worth seeing which we could never have discovered for ourselves. It may be the Beauty of Beauty, it may be Henley's "Beauty of Ugliness," it may even be the Ugliness of Beauty, it may be Truth, it may be Untruth, it may be a thousand things, but if it is the work of a sincere artist it will be something worth knowing.

In these two stimulating volumes, marvels of beauty and cheapness, Mr. Macfall leads us surely on some steps towards his final goal. In the first, dealing with the Renaissance of the North and the Flemish Genius, he discusses with much illumination the essential differences that obtained between the ideals of the Italian Renaissance and those of the Netherlanders, differences so essential that they must be grasped by all who would intelligently consider these two great art manifestations. To quote his own word, not written in his happiest vein: "The Italian

* A History of Painting in Eight Volumes. Illustrated with 200 Plates in Colour. By Haldane Macfall. Vol. IV: The Renaissance in the North and the Flemish Genius. Vol. V: The Dutch Genius. (T. C. & E. C. Jack. 7s. 6d. net per vol.)

genius of the Renaissance had concerned itself largely in the classic aim of creating the type, smoothing out the differences of character, in an aim of Beauty and the Ideal." That had been the *unconscious tendency* of the forerunners, the pre-Raphaelites, the *deliberate intention* of the South's finest fruit, Raphael, Leonardo and Michelangelo.

Compare with this the Northern genius whose whole art and glory are deep rooted in character, with whom in conjunction with Spain, portraiture reached its supreme achievement, which adored *the differences* of individuals, refusing to grind all men and women to one pattern. "Watch," as Mr. Macfall says in his happier manner—"watch the exquisite agonies of the pencil of the North; see how the cunning eye of the North guides the inquisitive brush—cunningly searching out each little difference of each different feature in everything upon which it looks! With what fastidious care, even when the brush sweeps with forthright mastery over the canvas, the hand and eye follow each form that pronounces character—whether of a Dutch bottle, an apple, the cattle in the fields, the mood of the hour, the distinctions of men." Take, for example, that very soul, so to speak, of the Italian Renaissance, about whom all the world was talking a month ago [perhaps indeed, is still talking, for at this moment of writing the picture has not been recovered] 'La Giaconda," the seductress of the universe, before whom men have sat for hours spell-bound by her unattainable beauty, dazed by her ever-changing smile, and compare the idealism that is in her with some such realistic Northern portrait as Jan van Eyck's "Man with the Red Chaperon," or Holbein's "Duchess of Milan." There you have the thing in a nutshell—Idealism *versus* Realism—each with a different aim and each winning its place in the hierarchy of art. That as Mr. Macfall justly points out is the great essential difference. There were of course many minor differences and many overlappings as each individual painter followed the bent of his own character or was influenced more or less by masters of the rival schools, but these we must leave to the readers of Mr. Macfall's suggestive writing (and we trust they may be many) to discover for themselves.

So much then for the first of these volumes. In the second, which deals with "The Dutch Genius" he emphasises the cardinal differences between the art of the Netherlanders north and south of the Rhine. "The Southerners, the Flemish, were of the less virile breed; they bowed the neck to Spain—and it followed as the night the day, that they thereby began to scorn themselves and to seek an alien culture in Italy. Their art speedily lost its reality and lisped an alien tongue." True Rubens, Jordaens, and Van Dyck their supremest largely possessed their own souls, but even they "by the Italian accent they affected," so far shackled their high enterprise. But far otherwise it was with the independent Northerners who scorned to surrender body or soul to any race whatsoever. As, "sword in hand, and taking to the sea, the Dutchmen leagued themselves together in the death-bond, fought against enormous odds for freedom, and stood forth triumphant," so they demonstrated their independence in their undying art, vindicating its claim to be democratic and the rightful heirship of the brotherhood of man which the Church and aristocracy had so bitterly assailed. As Mr. Macfall says, "It may be, and probably is, that the ordinary bookish critic, being about as advanced in artistic sensing as the primitives, feels the art in the halting endeavour rather than in the fuller and deeper art of a greater day; but he who can sense art more fully will receive into his vision a more profound and resonant art from the master-work of Hals, Rembrandt, and Vermeer."

So, to sum up the main lessons of these two volumes. Netherlandish Art grew greater and greater so long as it was content to remain the legitimate descendant of its own virile traditions. The moment it began to set its cap at the antique, to yield to the seductions of the Italians, it became something bastard, tainted, a weak parody of a great original.

I am aware that the above is a very inadequate purview of Mr. Macfall's inspiring and suggestive letterpress. But I trust that it will prove efficacious to send the student of Art to the work itself. Its marvel of cheapness, its beautiful format, its delightful illustrations, its clear and suggestive maps combine to make it acceptable in the highest degree. True, those who already possess the same publishers' "National Gallery, with 100 plates in colour," may regret the use of *clichés* by way of illustration, but they should remember that it is ill manners to look a gift-horse in the mouth, and really these volumes at three half crowns apiece are little less than a presentation. How it can be done at the price and yet yield a profit to the publishers is nothing less than a mystery. I am almost tempted to think that Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack are philanthropists, and do it for the mere love of their craft.

In conclusion there is one point which adds to this work a peculiar zest which raises curiosity to a high pitch, which makes us impatient for the three volumes yet to be published, which will surely send all the quidnuncs running to buy them. I cannot do better than quote Mr. Macfall's own words. "Be it remembered always," he says boldly in one place, "that modern Art employs a wide gamut, of which even Velasquez and Rembrandt could not or did not touch the full music." And not less courageously in another: "No great movement in art goes back beyond the latest fulfilment; in each phase there are false artists who mimic ancient endeavour working alongside of the forward-seeing and vital genius. . . . The mere worldly success of the false has often been as remarkable as its passing into contempt with the verdict of time. At no time has the need for this calm survey of art been more necessary than to-day, when criticism baffled by sudden revelation of new movements as it was baffled under Ruskin on the appearance and triumph of Impressionism, stands uncertain what to approve and what to condemn—unable to see what is true and what false in *the new movement that has dropped out of the blue*."

That though somewhat mixed in metaphor appears to be a distinct promise that the true meaning of Post Impressionism will be justly considered by one who is broad-minded and wise enough not to belaud the antique merely because it is antique, nor to belittle the modern merely because it is of to-day. Personally I look forward to Mr. Macfall's eighth volume with the liveliest anticipation, admiring his courage and envious of his optimism.

G. S. LAYARD.

MARGARET HARDING.*

"Margaret Harding" is a fine novel; I think it is only not a great one because Mr. Gibbon did not choose to attempt the grand manner. It is perhaps rather a pity that this admirable piece of work should have been described as the last of a South African trilogy—a brave word suggesting that it is Mr. Gibbon's final contribution to the problem of the colour question. For, regarded in that light, it has no special value, and there is no evidence that its author puts it forward as anything of the kind. He merely takes the colour line as one of the given things in his situation, as a fact which has to be recognised by the persons of his play. The view of the average, sane man, represented here by old Mr. Samson and the younger Mr. Ford, is that men and women are not "on their own" in this world; they have to think of the rest of the crowd; that at present, on the karoo, the white people have to hold up the credit of the race and cannot afford to have deserters going over to the other camp. Even supposing there was nothing else to prevent a white

* "Margaret Harding." By Perceval Gibbon. 6s. (Methuen.)

woman from having any dealings with a nigger, it would be lowering the flag for her to do so. It is conceivable that, in some remote future, evolution may obliterate the colour line, but people who are not prophets need not speculate about what will happen then. Here, and now, the colour line is an irresistible fact.

In this story Kamis stands on one side of the line. He is the son of a Kafir who has been hanged by the British: taken to England as a boy and generously maintained by the Government, Kamis has qualified as a physician and returns to his native land with vague ideas of helping his own people. But they will have none of him: he hardly knows their language, and from long residence in England has seen them through the white man's eyes. So he is an isolated figure, tragic in his solitariness. Margaret Harding stands on the other side of the line, but, broad-minded and progressive, is reluctant to acknowledge the impassability of the boundary. She is sympathetic with this quiet, cultured man and holds out the hand of friendship to him. He kisses it—and is seen doing so. And thenceforward the karoo has no use for Margaret Harding and she has to return to England. Attendant on these two figures is a group of other people, and the outstanding merit of Mr. Gibbon's achievement is the actuality he gives to every one of these, and the poignancy of the life-story of each of them. The interrelation of plot and character is perfectly managed, and the book is a triumph of technical skill. It will stand out in the memory of all who read it as a live book and as a highly finished piece of literary art. Further it is a good guarantee that Mr. Gibbon will write great novels some day. That day will probably come soon.

CRANSTOUN METCALFE.

THE GASKELL COLLECTION AT MANCHESTER.*

Mrs. Gaskell is said to have expressed a wish that her works should be her only memorial; if that is so, this unique collection, not only of her own works, but also of those of her husband, the Rev. William Gaskell, M.A., a distinguished minister, a cultured lecturer, and the author of many beautiful hymns, would have met with her unqualified approval.

This Bibliographical Guide, with its five well-chosen illustrations, deserves most cordial recognition, for it reveals years of untiring zeal and patient research in many directions, and the arrangement and compilation have been done by Mr. Green on a most methodical and systematic plan, much in advance of the "Hand List to the Gaskell Collection" which he compiled in 1903. Bibliographers are the most modest of the literary fraternity, for they are content to be helpful and do not dogmatise, but their work is invaluable to students.

Mrs. Gaskell is best known by "Mary Barton," "Cranford," and the "Life of Charlotte Brontë," as the numerous editions noted in this Guide prove, but it may possibly surprise many people of this generation to find that she wrote eight complete novels, besides some forty articles and short stories, in her brief literary career.

This Collection of the different editions and the numerous appreciations and criticisms relating to Mr. and Mrs. Gaskell's works, owes its origin to Dr. W. E. A. Axon, who is an ardent devotee of the Gaskells.

The Moss Side Library, in which the Collection is housed, is built on the very site so beautifully described in the opening chapter of Mrs. Gaskell's first novel, "Mary Barton," and therefore no more appropriate spot could have been chosen for a Gaskell memorial. The Library was opened in 1897 by the present Duke of Argyll. Dr. Axon was the first Chairman of the Committee, and it is to his unwearying research, so ably seconded by Mr. J. A. Green, the Librarian at Moss Side, that so many of the early and almost forgotten writings of Mrs. Gaskell have been brought to light. To Gaskell students, this Collection is most interesting, for here are not only the early editions, but also the old copies of the *Ladies' Companion*—once a popular magazine—*Household Words*, *All the Year Round*, and the *Cornhill Magazine*, in which "Mr. Harrison's Confessions," "Cranford," "North and South," "The Grey Woman," "Cousin Phillis," and the author's last and best work, "Wives and Daughters," were first published.

Mrs. Gaskell's own daughters, Miss Meta Gaskell and the late Miss Julia Gaskell, have helped very materially to make this memorial as complete as possible, and the substantial mahogany bookcase, which has had to be enlarged since the Gaskell Centenary Commemoration on September 29, 1910, was their gift. On learning that there was no copy of the little booklet containing "The Sexton's Hero," which Mrs. Gaskell contributed to the Capesthorne Fête in 1850, for the benefit of the Public Baths and Washhouses at Macclesfield, they succeeded in tracing a copy, for which they cheerfully paid two guineas. They have also presented the original manuscript of "Crowley Castle," beautifully bound, and several photographs of their parents and the home at Plymouth Grove, together with original letters from Charles Dickens and others, all of which were exhibited in the King Street Library last September.

The Gaskell Centenary Celebration produced much additional material, and Mr. Green has secured copies of almost all the different articles and appreciations, though his vigilant eye missed a few, including one written and illustrated by the Rev. C. S. Sargisson in the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*, and one by the Rev. J. Macartney Wilson, B.D., in the *Presbyterian Messenger*.

In addition to the bibliography, Mr. Green has noted almost all the writers, great and small, who have written anything concerning Mrs. Gaskell, and, excluding the numerous newspaper articles, he gives some seventy contributors. Under the heading of Autographs and Manuscripts are five of Mrs. Gaskell's letters, but on examining them it is tantalising to find that in four cases the day of the month, but not the year, is given, and evidently the envelopes have not been preserved to help in fixing the date. These letters are quite characteristic, and serve to illustrate Mrs. Gaskell's kind and benevolent spirit.

Mr. Green has unearthed two fresh items—"The Scholar's Story" in the Christmas Number of *Household Words*, 1853, which he tells us is based upon a Breton ballad translated by Mr. Gaskell, and containing some introductory remarks by Mrs. Gaskell, and an article on Robert Gould Shaw, in *Macmillan's Magazine* for December, 1863, by Mrs. Gaskell.

Almost every year adds something to the Gaskell bibliography. It is said on good authority that Mrs. Gaskell contributed to the *Daily News* in the 'fifties, but diligent search has not been successful, and there is no record in the book of payments to contributors.

In the Chronological List, Mr. Green has omitted "The Cage at Cranford," first published in *All the Year Round* in 1863, but as it is in the Collection, it has probably been left out in deference to Mrs. Gaskell's wish, as it is said to be the one story that she regretted writing. The two fragments of "Ghost Stories" are included; they were not published until 1906, but the pathetic little poem written in 1836, "On Visiting the Grave of my Still-born Little Girl," which was also published for the first time in the Knutsford edition of Mrs. Gaskell's works in 1906, is not noted, though perhaps it is too short to merit a separate item. The French translation of "Cousin Phillis" is evidently not in the Collection; it was translated by E. D. Forques, and appeared first in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, April and May, 1866, and was afterwards issued in one volume, with an introduction by Mme. Louise Sw. Belloc.

"Cranford" heads the list with some forty editions, from

* "A Bibliographical Guide to the Gaskell Collection in the Moss Side Library." By John Albert Green. (Manchester: Reference Library, King Street, 1911.)

almost as many different publishers, which proves that Mrs. Gaskell was a true prophet when she said to one of her daughters, "If my name is ever immortalised, it will be through 'Cranford.'" Mr. Green seems to have noted all the editions of "Cranford" that have an introduction except the one ably edited by Martin W. Sampson, Professor of English in Indiana University. It contains a few minor errors, but is interesting as being written for American students, and it has an admirable glossary.

In the iconography are the photographs of the marble bust of Mrs. Gaskell sculptured by D. Dunbar in 1820, the exquisite miniature by Thompson of Edinburgh in 1832, and the drawings by George Richmond in 1851 and by Samuel Laurence in 1864, but the only actual photograph of Mrs. Gaskell, taken by Alexander McGlashon in Edinburgh in 1864, is not mentioned, though an enlarged framed copy was in the library last year, when a photograph of the Gaskell Collection was taken. There are now living some who once knew Mrs. Gaskell, who testify to the truthfulness of the portrait, though they do not like the pose of the head.

It is questionable if Manchester will ever be able to boast of a Gaskell Museum, or if there will ever be a Gaskell Society, as in the case of Charlotte Brontë, but this Gaskell Collection serves to keep green the revered memory of both Mr. and Mrs. Gaskell, of whom Manchester is justly proud, though Knutsford, "my dear adopted native town," as Mrs. Gaskell was wont to call it, is a very near rival with its Gaskell Memorial Tower and the actual old houses in which Mrs. Gaskell and her relatives lived in the Cranford days, when the sense of *noblesse oblige* was ever present amongst the kindly neighbours of that old-world little Cheshire town.

ESTHER ALICE CHADWICK.

"A MOST WORTHY LADY."*

When, with her late husband, Mrs. Charles Calvert was about to sail for the United States in the middle seventies of the last century, Tom Taylor—presiding at a farewell dinner—presented her with a handsome bracelet subscribed for by a circle of admirers. The bracelet bore, as inscription, Shakespeare's line from "The Winter's Tale"—"A Most Worthy Lady and One Whom much we Honour"; and the tribute was as apt as it was well-deserved. To the present generation of playgoers, Mrs. Calvert is known merely as a diverting actress of old-women parts; and in these rôles admittedly she has no living superior. But our grandfathers (at any rate the grandfathers of those of us who were so fortunate as to be reared in the provinces) knew her as a great actress in the classic drama: an actress whom Ristori delighted to honour as friend and colleague, and a pioneer in that popularisation of Shakespearean plays with which Londoners are inclined more readily to associate the names of Irving and Tree, and perhaps Mr. F. R. Benson. The Calverts did for the nobler sort of drama in Manchester what Hallé did for the finer kind of music; they brought it to the crowd without in any way degrading it.

Irving and Calvert were fellow-actors in the country before Irving became famous; and over their prosaic suppers of Irish stew they dreamed together vast dreams of what they would do for the popular theatre should kind Providence some day send them a full purse or a benevolent millionaire. At the Prince's, Manchester, Calvert staged Shakespeare with a scholarly taste and a liberality of scene and costume hitherto unthought of; and from Manchester he took his visible message of Shakespearean possibilities in commercial entertainment to Birmingham. At the Lyceum, London, Irving improved upon the example; and after Irving came others, most notably Sir Herbert Tree at His Majesty's. It is not my business to discuss here whether or not the art of acting and the finance of the drama have suffered at all by the new method; certain is it that the increased beauty and elaboration of our present-day productions—including the added attention paid to the musical features of the programme—have attracted to the revivals of Shakespeare's plays an enormous public that otherwise would not have been attracted: a fact which, more possibly than any other, has been responsible for the breaking down of ultra-Puritan prejudice against the theatre. If Mrs. Calvert's "Sixty-Eight Years on the Stage" had no other claim to notice, it would be justified by the light thrown through its pages upon the early phases of this upward movement of the drama and dramatic taste in England, and especially upon the old-time actors who played an almost forgotten part in the reformation.

Mrs. Calvert's volume, however, does more than this: much more than simply to illuminate the life behind the scenes and before the footlights in the days when actresses were such unimportant folk as to accept gladly the cast-off clothes of patrons of the theatre, to re-make them with their own hands, and to wear them proudly at their professional work; or to contrast those days with our own, when the stage favourite is a conspicuous personage socially even though he (or she) be less certain of remunerative employment all the year round. Mrs. Calvert has come into contact with many interesting people, more or less directly through her work as an actress—most of them she has met at the theatre, the upbringing of a fairly numerous family on a precarious income having left her small opportunity for wider acquaintance with society had her inclinations led that way. In America, as a young woman, she met Longfellow, who had gone to hear a leading lady in Indian costume recite a passage from his new poem, "Hiawatha"; she played with Miss Braddon in a Southampton pantomime, when the future novelist was an actress with a happy knack of getting through Shakespearean rôles by improvising most of the dialogue (except the words that gave her fellow-players their cues) and a passion for delivering Tennysonian verse in the solitude of her dressing-room, as well as a useful gift in the making of soups and the stewing of sweetbreads.

Charles Reade Mrs. Calvert knew very well, and she tells how, after the death of his housekeeper, Mrs. Seymour, that wayward and brilliant man continued to have his tea-things laid for two, just as though his friend and confidante were still with him. She quotes also some letters of Reade on the scoundrelism of American publishers and managers and on the wickedness of assisting small boys to worry celebrities for their autographs. Robert Buchanan wrote Mrs. Calvert a charming letter after she had recited his "Judas Iscariot," hinting that she might try her audiences with his "Vision of the Man Accurst," a suggestion that was declined out of respect for the Young Person. Mrs. Alexander Ireland—whose husband was on terms with Ruskin and Carlyle, and wrote "The Book-lovers' Enchiridion"—figures also in this volume with a note concerning the weariness of reading printers' proofs and an imitation of Browning (previously unpublished) called "Coincident Polarity." Her "Life of Jane Welsh Carlyle," it appears, like her book-reviewing for the *Manchester Courier*, was as much an outcome of the disagreeable necessity for boiling the domestic pot as of a passion for literary criticism or biography.

No book of modern reminiscence is complete without its Bernard Shaw epistles, and here are two, quite characteristic. We—and its recipient, our author's son—can pardon Mr. Shaw as generously as needs be for writing one of them, because he it was who, on producing his "Arms and the Man" at the Avenue Theatre, gave a part to Mrs. Calvert (then retired into Cheshire), and so brought her back to the stage—to make a new reputation in her old age by a series of unique studies of elderly womanhood extending continuously over some seventeen years.

* "Sixty-Eight Years on the Stage." By Mrs. Charles Calvert. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (Mills & Boon.)



Mrs Charles Calvert as Mrs. Hardcastle.

[illegible]

One point about Mrs Calvert's memories is worth noting, perhaps in a day of piquant and sometimes venomous recollections is this: if we except an attack upon the American journalist for his aspersions of Miss Mary Anderson and a little chaff of Barry Sullivan, most robustious of tragedians and most ill-mannered of men, there is scarce an unkind word, as there is no single improper story, in the whole volume. A most worthy record of a most worthy lady."

WILLIAM PURVIS.

THE SECRET TRADITION IN FREE-MASONRY.*

This important work stands alone both in the domain of Masonic research and in general literature. Treatises upon Masonry from its external aspects of history and archæology, of greater and more often of less value, have appeared from time to time, but here for the first time Freemasonry and its *quasi* masonic developments and alliances are exhibited as an expression of the Secret Tradition—the substrate of all ancient and modern systems of the Mysteries and although perhaps unrecognised by the public and unacknowledged by official theology of the Christian Church also. Previously in a few pages of both his "Studies in Mysticism" and "The Hidden Church of the Holy Graal" Mr Waite has thrown out vedettes of illuminating thought in the direction of his present thesis; he now advances the entire army of his erudition in mystical religion and his wide and intimate personal experiences of arcane systems and demonstrates the religio-philosophical groundwork of, and only vital justification for the Masonic cultus.

The Secret Tradition, even the existence of which is in these days little thought of outside a limited body of students of mystical religion, contains, as Mr Waite records, firstly the memorials of a cosmic loss which has befallen humanity, and secondly the records of a restitution in respect of that which is lost. It is the innermost knowledge, that is to say, it goes deeper than current theological teaching and the practice of conventional piety concerning man's way of return whence he came by a method of the inward life. It crops up in many places: in the Graal legends and literature, in the records of ceremonial Magic, in Jewish Cabalism, in Rosicrucianism (to all of which the author has already devoted separate volumes upon lines parallel to the present work); it appears in an accentuated form in the school of the spiritual Alchemists (in regard to whom he promises a similarly designed treatise); and finally, less pointedly perhaps, but most indubitably, in Masonry and its cognate systems, wherein its special method of expression is that of dramatic, symbolic ceremonial. It is not denied, but on the other hand abundantly affirmed, that the Christian Church was instituted to perpetuate and to communicate to its members the same tradition, and to a certain extent even by similar symbolic ceremonial methods, as the great sacramental rites of catholic religion testify. Had that Church perfectly comprehended its task, discharged it adequately and continued to communicate its doctrine (as the treatise by Dionysius upon the Ecclesiastical Hierarchy shows that in its early days it did, and as theoretically the graded Masonic systems still purport to do) in measures proportionate to the moral stature and spiritual receptivity of its members, instead of applying its energies in directions the reverse of spiritual and placing its adherents upon a universal parity as regards instruction, it is possible that no justification for any collateral method of presentation of religious truth would have arisen. But however this may be, and the point cannot be discussed here, collateral methods have in fact arisen. The force of the circumstances under which they have developed has caused them to express themselves in terms of concealment, and they have been carried on under conditions of less or greater secrecy, and all, as it would seem, by way of revolt or protest against the inadequacy of current orthodoxy, and to satisfy the spiritual aspirations of those whom the public official systems repelled or left but partially fed. In the series of works of which the present volumes are a part Mr Waite has assumed the prodigious task of collating these collateral systems, of explaining their methods and indicating their community of both origin and purpose.

The present work is not therefore a history of Masonry upon its exoteric side. It is an examination of the development and the ramifications of the esoteric content of the Masonic and cognate systems, and is historical only in so far as it has been necessary to allude to the rise or decease from time to time of the very numerous systems of rites fashioned to express with less or greater fulness and relevance one or another aspect or apprehension of a common doctrine—that of the present imperfection of man owing to a cosmic primeval disaster and the possibility and method of his reintegration and restoration to his lost original position. Abstract this religio-philosophical element from Masonry and there is left a residue that is virtually negligible, a residue consisting merely of instruction in elementary morals, of opportunities for benevolence,

* The Secret Tradition in Freemasonry and an Analysis of the Inter-relation between the Craft and the High Grades in respect of their term of research expressed by the way of Symbolism. By Arthur Edward Waite. 2 Vols. with 28 full-page Plates and many other Illustrations. £2 2s net. (Rebman & Co.)

philanthropy, and social intercourse, all of which, of course, can be enjoyed without passing beneath the ægis of a secret society. That the generality of Craft Masons fails to realise the essential and mystical purport of their own system is indubitable, as also that any appreciable number of those who have passed on from the Craft to the High and Christianised Grades is aware of the reasons for the alteration of form in which the doctrine is presented in the latter rites. Their deficiency of understanding will be entirely repaired by reference to Mr. Waite's book. They will find in it also the record of many curious events in connection with Secret Orders that have occurred behind the scenes of public history, but have not passed into common knowledge even among Masons, and many interesting lights upon the more hidden side of the lives and aspirations of some great and good men who historically are perhaps little more than names even when they have passed into history at all. And they will obtain, perhaps, more than a suggestion of the fact that there appears to subsist a living force—a body, as it were, of withdrawn watchers and wardens—assisting and moulding the externalised forms and institutions in which certain minds of a more ardent type than their fellows seek to express and to realise their deeper aspirations and that from behind the order of public events is ever actively concerned in seeing that a certain secret should not be withheld from the world whilst there are those—as indeed there must always be—who, amid the innumerable quests and diversions of mundane life, know themselves to be upon that which is the greatest of all quests—the search of the soul for its source.



Éliphas Lévi.

From "The Secret Tradition in Freemasonry," by A. E. Waite. (Rebman.)

This brief and inadequate notice must emphasise two further points. The first is by way of commending the extremely handsome form in which Messrs. Rebman have issued a work that in virtue of its subject-matter and tone demanded a correspondingly appropriate vesture. The second is a notification that Mr. Waite's book is not intended solely for those in actual possession of Masonic qualifications. That to the latter class there is here presented a glass in which the vital aspect of their system has been displayed, and its deep significance interpreted in a manner never before attempted, or, to speak otherwise, that this is by far the most valuable gift in the way of literature that has ever been given to the Masonic Craft, is a fact which the present writer as a member of the fraternity testifies in all sincerity and gratitude, and in respect of which he would bespeak from his fellow-members a warm and wide welcome. But beyond the initiates of formal institutions there is a public, and to-day a rapidly increasing one, as the large output of the literature of mysticism denotes, which amid the present unrest of religious and philosophic thought is keenly interesting itself in those questions with which Masonry and its allied systems indeed deal, but which are not the prerogative of any segregated community since they are such as concern the spiritual life of all. It is for these too that, with a deeply sympathetic and understanding mind and with a voice that speaks, notably in the closing chapters, in tones of moving charity, Mr. Waite has put forth this fine book. It is not merely a contribution to the literature of Masonry and the Mysteries, but a luminous research in, and exposition of, religious philosophy at large from the mystical standpoint, by which any one who thinks seriously in that direction may profit.

W. L. WILMSHURST.

IN THE DAYS OF JOAN OF ARC.*

The periods of violent upheaval in France have offered many a difficulty to the historian. The French Revolution of 1789 presents a steady purpose running like a thread through its involved events, namely the struggle for liberty which was the cause of the revolt of the masses against the classes. But no such theme knits the confused narrative of the Hundred Years' War into an ordered whole. It was crowded with conflicts and counter-conflicts. England fought to obtain and hold the throne of France, the Armagnacs did battle against the Burgundians, the Cabochiens were in open revolt against their betters, and the Free Companies were terrorising the provinces. These diverse struggles had brought the country into a condition of uproar and chaos well-nigh indescribable.

Colonel Haggard in "The France of Joan of Arc" gives an account of the appalling position of affairs between 1380 and 1431, and he has marshalled his facts in a clear and comprehensive manner. Naturally enough he has had to depict many scenes of bloodshed. "How merciless those of this nation have repeatedly proved to their own compatriots ever since its first component races, with their largely Latin foundation, became fused into a nation!" he writes of the Massacre of the Armagnacs. "Surely the French must hold the record for massacres against all the world!" Famine, plague, and poverty were the other gaunt spectres which had possession of France. Before Agincourt the English expected that the conquered country would prove a gold-mine. They were bitterly deceived. The English King succeeded to a barren

* "The France of Joan of Arc." By Lieut.-Col. Andrew C. P. Haggard. 16s. net. (Stanley Paul.)



Joan's Home at Dom-Remy.

From "The France of Joan of Arc," by Lieut.-Col. Andrew C. P. Haggard. (Stanley Paul & Co.)

heritage in France, and his sovereignty had to be maintained with English gold.

The year 1422 was the most critical of all in this question of kingship. Henry V. of England and the mad Charles VI. of France died between August and October of that year, leaving the throne to be wrested from the grasp of the child Henry VI. by the Kinglet of Bourges, as Charles VII. was then ironically called. The interest, politically speaking, lies, or should lie, chiefly with him. But the author has made of Charles an unsympathetic figure. He might with advantage have studied more carefully the exhaustive life of the king by Du Fresne de Beaucourt. Some critics, it is true, consider that this historian has bestowed upon his hero a halo which shines too brightly, but he has proved that the life of Charles VII. was made up of curious phases, and that he possessed, if he did not always employ, remarkable activity, astuteness, and sound judgment.

Colonel Haggard, however, has no good word to say of this king with a baffling character. He calls him murderer, miserable ingrate, miserable wretch and other such epithets. One chapter of his book is headed "The Dauphin Murders Jean sans Peur," although there is more than a doubt as to the actual part played by the young prince in the terrible affair at Montereau. In his indignation against the king for his behaviour towards Joan of Arc, Colonel Haggard may be justified, but he expresses himself with a vehemence that is too scornful. "Had it been but for a man that was a man," he writes, "some one noble, a being with an idea of right or wrong or of humanity, that Joan was to be called upon to suffer, there might have been some sense in her apparitions—her voices. But for a Charles VII.!"

The final third of the book is entirely devoted to Joan, which is fair enough, for the history of France between 1428 and 1431 is practically the history of the Maid. The author tells the well-known story as pathetically as it has often been told before. He seems to regret the slightest sign of humanity in one who should have been only saint. Joan spoke of the sword she had wielded at Compiègne with complacency. She found it excellent both for striking and thrusting. "When a woman has reached the stage of being able to speak as a connoisseur of the weapon with which she delivers death-dealing blows to her fellow-mortals, the bloom has been rubbed off the peach—she is less womanly, above all, less saintly."

The boldness with which Colonel Haggard sets out to tell of a cruel and barbaric period in French history becomes mingled at this point with a little too much sentiment to be quite consistent, but probably his readers will not enjoy his work the less on that account.

F. HAMEL.

A PRINCESS'S STORY.*

Since her dramatic departure from Dresden, the ex-Crown Princess of Saxony has probably been the most talked-of woman in Europe. Her name has been associated with scandalous gossip of every description and, in consequence, the popular conception of the Princess has been an unfavourable one. It seemed amazing that she made no attempt to justify herself and her actions and to soften the censorious judgment of the world.

This inexplicable reticence is now explained. The Princess has written a book entitled "My Own Story," and in a prefatory statement she gives the reasons for her strange silence. "Hitherto," she writes, "I have disdained to reply to those who have maligned me. It has, however, been indicated to me that as my sons are now approaching an age when the mendacious assertions in question may be communicated to them, it is my duty, as their mother, to make public the actual reasons which led to my leaving Dresden, and to my ultimate banishment from Saxony."

The preface serves as an introduction to one of the most interesting autobiographies of recent years, and it possesses additional interest in the fact that it is the first time a member of a great Royal House has unburdened her mind to the world, for, with the exception of "Carmen Sylva's" quiet reminiscences and the domestic diary of the late Queen Victoria, life-stories told by crowned heads are unknown, and probably posterity will never again read such a curious human document as Louisa of Tuscany has written.

The Princess is allied to many of the reigning sovereigns of Europe. She is an Archduchess of the House of Habsburg, a descendant of Maria Theresa and Marie Antoinette, while on her mother's side she is a Bourbon. All the stories she tells are family history, and nothing is second-hand in this amazing book, which carries the impress of truth in every page.

"My Own Story" commences with the childhood and education of the Princess, and we are introduced to her various relations. There is the charming old cynic Duke Charles of Parma with his *risqué* collection of watches and his unmanageable false teeth; we hear all about her uncles, the Archduke Ludwig Salvator who worships the sun at his beautiful retreat in the island of Majorca, the late Archduke Charles, who rivalled Louis XVI.'s mastery of the intricacies of the locksmith's craft; and we are told intimate things about the mysterious "John

* "My Own Story." By Princess Louisa of Tuscany, ex-Crown Princess of Saxony. 10s. 6d. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Orth." The Princess describes her pretty pleasure-loving mother and her father, the late Grand Duke of Tuscany, of whom she says "he was the best of fathers and most charming of men."

We are let into the secrets of the Coburg alliance once planned for the Princess, and every one will enjoy the account of "Aunt Coffee Mill," and the screaming duet between her and the Grand Duke. We are informed how King Ferdinand of Bulgaria proposed to her in the rose garden at Alcuth, and we are introduced to the prince with "the kindest blue eyes in the world"—Frederick August of Saxony, whom Louisa of Tuscany married in her girlhood, when "no fairer bride," as the *Times* correspondent wrote, "was ever given away by the Imperial House of Habsburg."

The primal note of tragedy is struck at Dresden. The sombre figure of her father-in-law, the fanatical priest-ridden King George of Saxony, casts the first shadow over the young girl's married life; she rebels against his narrow-mindedness, she opposes her will against his with unfortunate consequences, and she awakes to the fact that she is without a friend on whom she can count in her new surroundings. Then comes the happy day when she knows she has hopes of becoming a mother. "I shan't be a Princess to my baby," she reflects, "I shall be just its mother whom it can love to its heart's content and there won't be a single question of etiquette to trouble ourselves about when we are together." But even a mother's privileges are denied her. "Princesses don't do that sort of thing" she is told when she wishes to nurse her first-born son.

It is always the life of restraint which has proved so fatal to so many of the Habsburgs, and we are soon aware of how the affectionate girl gradually becomes more and more alone in her Palace until the terrible day when she first realises that there is some one who hates her, a relentless enemy who is plotting her destruction, and in the chapter entitled "J'accuse" she denounces this man who was once her friend. Many readers will be of opinion that this is the most powerful piece of writing in the book, and there can be no doubt it is one of the most withering indictments ever penned. It is deadly in its cold dignity, and every line makes us feel that the Princess is an excellent hater.

The history of this melancholy Court drama becomes more and more tragic as we near the climax. Struggling against odds, hoping against hope, by turns reckless and defiant, Louisa of Saxony drees her weird. She appeals to her husband, but to no purpose. Frederick August cannot and will not believe that intrigue exists against his idolised wife, and at last the Princess resolves to see her parents and claim their protection. She returns to the home of her childhood; her reception is a gloomy one, for the beloved father is ill, and all he can say to his daughter's entreaties is, "Oh dear, how importunate you are, Louisa!" It is to the infinite credit of Louisa of Tuscany that she has not told the world the whole truth about this visit to Salzburg. Her generous nature has caused her to refrain from stating how King George of Saxony telegraphed to her father and absolutely dared him to shelter his unhappy child, and the Princess has not disclosed her mother's treachery in sending to Dresden a slip of paper which produced lamentable results. Only those who know can best judge of the nobility of her silence.

The flight from Salzburg is told in a graphic way, and the after-events of folly and indiscretion of which she was guilty are related with a simple candour which disarms criticism. It is characteristic of the impartial attitude of the Princess that she even quotes the medical reasons which, according to Dr. W. Brown Thomson, account for the curious lapses of various members of her family.

"My Own Story" is a really remarkable book. It a gold-mine of anecdotes about interesting people, and the touches of pathos and humour are excellent, and are never overdone.

The matter is unique, but it is a pity the Princess has not related an amusing story which is well known in her family concerning her brother Leopold's experiment of leading the Simple Life. For some considerable time the Archduke and his wife lived a semi-wild existence in an inaccessible part of Switzerland, and they were content to exist on nuts and fruit, and to sleep *en plein air*. The Archduke, however, was suddenly seized one day with a desire to return to civilisation, so he betook himself to the nearest town and, after prolonged visits to hairdresser, pedicurist, manicurist, bootmaker, and tailor, he became once more in appearance the smart cavalry officer. He returned to the wood where he had left his wife, but when he saw her unkempt figure descending from a tree, he realised in a flash how appalling he must have looked before his "rehabilitation," and the shock was too much for him and he fled—never to return.

It is possible that a section of the public will be disappointed with "My Own Story," for it is in no sense a *chronique scandaleuse*. The whole book possesses a curious, almost timid, self-restraint which has probably resulted from the fact that it is written by a woman who, knowing what has been said of her and how hardly she has been judged, makes an appeal to the world and is anxious for a fair hearing. Louisa of Saxony has drained life's cup of bitterness to the dregs, and her sufferings must be her best advocate. "My Own Story" will be read and read again, and we think there will be few who will not sympathise with the Princess and wish her a brighter future.

CONFESSIONS OF A VAGABOND.*

This is an admirable book for boys of all ages—especially for boys with grey or bald heads and young hearts. Mr. Patterson has done what we all dreamt of doing. At the age of thirteen he left a comfortable home on a Yorkshire farm and ran away to sea. A little later in life he was out on the Dogger Bank in a small smack, and before he was twenty-one, he had had a hand-to hand fight with pirates off the Cochin coast. It is a pleasant and surprising thing to find that in this apparently dull, safe, and commonplace world there are still many adventures for the adventurous. Mr. Patterson tells the story of his wild vagrant life in a delightful manner. He has recovered the art of Defoe: his diction is quiet, but exact and expressive; it flows, and the mind of the reader flows with it, in pleasant excitement, out into the world of real romance. The variety of Mr. Patterson's adventures is extraordinary: only in the age of the steamship could a man have encountered so many perils in lands so far apart. Throughout his vagabondage, his interest is absorbed in the study of human nature, and his book is composed of brief, vivid character-sketches and wild stories. It ends in "the street of adventure," where about 1897 the author began a new career as a London journalist. Mr. Patterson found life in Fleet Street as exciting as life on the high seas. He observes:

> "Some folks say there is no adventure nowadays in the channels, backwaters, and lagoons that form the approaches and inlets to the Fleet Street Sea—that adventure went out with the clay pipe some twenty years ago. But those who talk in this strain are only the lordly 'liners' who steam straight through the open sea, and know nothing of the waters beyond. Believe me there is now for every Grub Street Harbour packet of the old days, a little fleet, and the opportunities for adventure have increased."

Now, however, as the author of several fine novels, Mr. Patterson, we hope, is becoming a "lordly liner" himself, with a fair calm voyage before him.

* "My Vagabondage." By J. E. Patterson. 8s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

THE BROAD WAY OF NATURE.*

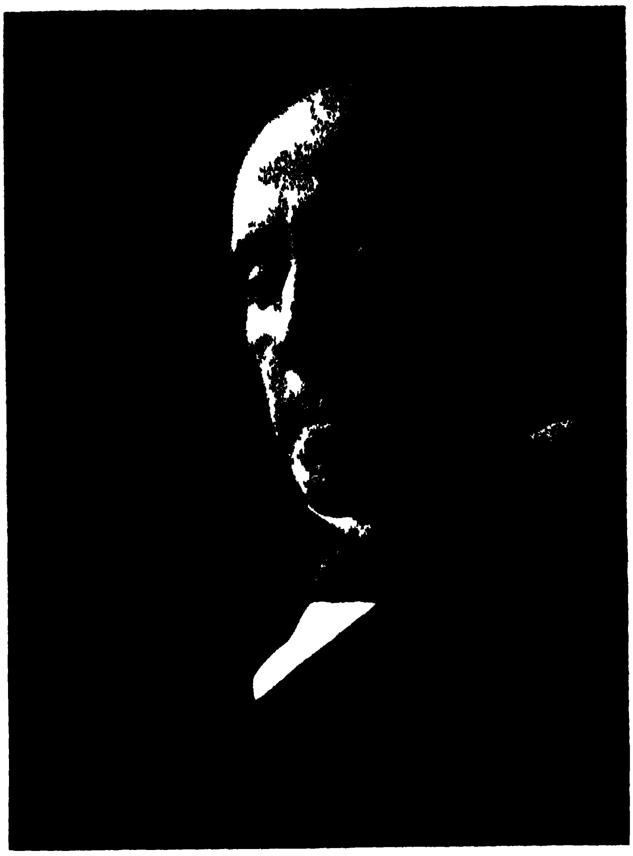
For those who can read between the lines Mr Anthony Hope's novel contains the fruits of a mellowed wisdom more than any of his previous works it will raise him in the estimation of the thoughtful and discerning To more careless readers this may seem a hard saying them it will strike as an attack on our existing marriage and divorce laws If asked to summarise the author's purpose they would say that just as the relationship between Mr Lewis and George Eliot carried a stigma which would not have attached to it fifty years later when the law had been altered so Mrs Maxon's act of defiance and rebellion would not be necessary under the more liberal laws of America This may be true as a fact but we question much whether this is the lesson the novelist wishes us to draw For Mrs Maxon's is not by any means a typical case on the contrary rather an extreme one Many women rush into marriage with a man they know little of and Ruskin's idea of seven years of probation is not absolutely quixotic but there must be very few who betray such criminal blindness as the heroine of this story And having shown such a hopeless want of backbone at first it is hardly natural that she should develop into such a sturdy rebel afterwards

The Maxon case is also somewhat peculiar in that there is no child to act as an ambassador between the rival camps And lastly such a despot as the husband must surely be a rarity His best friend and father confessor terms him really wicked With such unworthy representatives can it be wondered at that the institution of marriage becomes a crushing burden But Mr Anthony Hope makes it clear that under normal conditions it need be nothing of the sort It was in the broad way of nature and broadly successful They (the Bohemian community who encourage Mrs Maxon in her protest) were too hard on the giant (custom) they girded at him for not trying every conceivable experiment he grumbled back that he did not want to risk explosion on a large scale The same thing is well put by the anti Bohemian You're all heathens He wagged a broad forefinger Even a heathen tribe has its customs better any custom than none

After several lamentable failures the man with the broad forefinger assists in imputing some very necessary grit into Mrs Maxon's character both he and a soldier reveal to her the more excellent way of self sacrifice to duty more excellent that is than the mere assertion of liberty and the book closes with a hint of a more excellent way too of regarding marriage than Mrs Maxon had shown Husbands court your wives is the final word of our author's mellow wisdom This mellowness does not in the least detract from the literary charm we know so well The characters are as alive as ever and the dialogue is not less sparkling than of yore and not less full of those delicate nuances of which Mr Anthony Hope is the supreme master

PARISIAN PORTRAITS.†

This is the third volume of essays which Mr Grierson has published Modern Mysticism first appeared in 1899 and was republished in 1910 The Celtic Temperament was published in 1901 In 1882 he published ' Miscellaneous Discourses ' (which were spoken in London in 1880) In 1909 appeared a most interesting book ' The Valley of Shadows," which is half novel and half autobiography about his early life in Illinois and Missouri He has also published a volume in French containing aphorism and short essays Like most of the moderns ' Mr Grierson feels that he is living in an age of transition



[illegible] **Mr. Anthony Hope.**

[illegible]

The Valley of Shadows is a record of the passing of the old democracy and the old social system in the United States the main theme of Parisian Portraits is the passing of Napoleon and the Empire He is an American saturated with European art culture in early life as a successful public pianist he visited most of the European capitals but is obviously most at home in Paris Although he began to write somewhat late in life his work has now enough bulk and a certain quality to give it a place of its own

Mr Grierson's taste is catholic but he has sufficient personality to have strong dislikes he is sometimes most interesting even when we most disagree with him Literary men particularly those who are good judges place his work very high but we fancy it is very little known to the general public it is never sensational it has never been boomed nor has it become fashionable The reason for the popular attitude may be found in a quotation he gives from Sully Prudhomme Art is by its very nature aristocratic It is a principle of superior intelligence and can never become common Governments systems and religions may change or pass away but what we call philosophical and artistic culture is the same in spirit to day as it was in the days of Aristotle and Plato The mind is the only aristocrat Poetry music the faculty of discrimination the sense of relation taste and judgment these qualities ever remain the rarest things and they are eternal things

Mr Grierson does not write for the great public but Parisian Portraits is the most generally interesting volume he has yet published Portraits whether painted or written if they are the outcome of intimate knowledge and coloured by understanding and appreciation are interesting to most people we are confident that this volume will be found attractive by all who take it up and that they will not be disappointed by any of its clever sketches All the characters portrayed have left a mark on the intellectual world by their personality as well as by their actual work and in every case something of this *personality* has been expressed Taken as a whole they give a very clear and living picture of the intellectual life

* "Mrs Maxon Protests By Anthony Hope 6s (Methuen)

† ' Parisian Portraits ' By Francis Grierson 2s 6d net (Stephen Swift)

of Paris, and in talking about authors they suggest many points of view which the casual reader would certainly overlook, and much which even the careful reader might not find for himself. For example, in the essay on Dumas (père) he illustrates the point that Dumas believed in the *reality* of all occult phenomena, *but* not in their spiritual origin.

THE LINLEYS OF BATH.*

In these days when the biographer is rampant in the land, and when every person, distinguished or notorious, is paid the compliment of at least one "life," and usually two, and sometimes half a dozen or even, in rare instances, a score, it seems strange that no one has hitherto seen in the Linley family a subject for a book. It was an excellent idea of Miss Clementina Black to essay this task, to which she has brought considerable knowledge and on which she must have spent much time. The annals of the family, outside the musical dictionaries and the encyclopædias, have been mainly recorded in the biographies of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who, as all the world knows, married the sweet-voiced, beautiful Elizabeth Anne Linley, the heroine of Foote's very personal comedy, "The Maid of Bath." To what is generally known about the Linleys, Miss Black is able to add the information she has derived from a perusal of the family papers.

One of the most amazing facts brought home to us by this book is in connection with the newspapers of the latter half of the eighteenth century. In their licence they easily outvied the gutter-press of the United States of a later day, and were at least as outspoken, though not so disgustingly scurrilous, as Theodore Hook's *John Bull* of the 'twenties of the nineteenth century. There is, indeed, a breeziness, a whole-hearted Fieldingian defiance of the minor conventions of society, that is to us who did not live in the period vastly refreshing. What the folks of the time thought may have been somewhat different, since they were not sufficiently remote from the fray to see all the humours of the contest. Thomas Linley, a singing master, said to be almost unrivalled in England, settled at Bath, and gave concerts in the Assembly Rooms of that then still flourishing city. Mr. (afterwards Sir William) Herschel, who in his early days earned his living as a musician, being for a while organist to the Octagon Chapel at Bath, quarrelled with Linley on an occasion when the dates of their concerts clashed. Who was right does not matter seven score years after the event. The only point to make here is that Herschel (or Herchel, as he then signed himself) wrote to the *Bath Chronicle* to explain the circumstances as he saw them, and to announce that "for the future he renounces all Connection with a Character so totally opposite to his own." Linley's reply to the charges brought against him is not convincing, and suggests that he had taken his course to injure, or at least interfere with, a rival musician; but the concluding paragraph of his letter in the *Chronicle* is delicious. "Mr. Herchel may rest assured," he wrote, "that he will not be in the least danger of having any future Connections with Mr. Linley, after having given him such repeated Instances of a mean and contemptible Disposition; and Mr. Linley is happy in having this public Opportunity of vindicating his own Character from the Malice of a Slanderer and of telling him how very sincerely he despises him." Is there any newspaper in the length and breadth of the land that would dare to print such a letter to-day? Such frankness, even at election times, must now be wrapt up: it is not permitted in these civilised times to call a man a slanderer and tell him you despise him. You may only suggest that he is a villain and hint in circuitous phrase that you have the utmost contempt for him. In Linley's day a spade was called a spade. When Sheridan escorted Elizabeth Linley on her flight from Bath to escape persecution by her importunate admirer, Thomas Matthews, that gentleman at once took up his pen and indited a fiery communication to the *Bath Chronicle*. "Mr. Richard S*******," the opening passage ran, "having attempted in a Letter left behind for that Purpose to account for his scandalous Method of running away from this Place by Insinuations, derogating from *my* Character and that of a Young Lady *innocent* as far as relates to *me* or *my Knowledge*; since when he has neither taken any Notice of Letters or even Informed his own Family of the Place where he has hid himself—I can no longer think he deserves the Treatment of a Gentleman, and therefore shall trouble myself no further about him, than in this public Method to post him as a L*** and a treacherous S*********." There is plain speaking for you. Eventually, however, Matthews so far unbent as to meet the Liar and Scoundrel in two duels, in the first of which he accepted his life from the villain, and in the second wounded him severely.

Miss Black gives the history in full of each member of the Linley family, and it is, of course, within the limits of this brief notice impossible to follow her in any detail. After Sheridan married Elizabeth, he gave his father-in-law an opportunity to purchase with him and Richard Ford Garrick's share in Drury Lane, and, taking advantage of this rare chance, Linley fulfilled one of the ambitions of his life, albeit at times the worries incidental to the responsibility frightened him. Eventually he bothered the buoyant Sheridan all too frequently, for at last the latter uttered a mild and wise remonstrance:

> "You represent your situation of mind between hopes and fears. I am afraid I should argue in vain (as I have often on this point before), were I to tell you that it is always better to encourage the former than the latter. It may be very prudent to mix a little fear by way of alloy with a good solid basis of hope; but you, on the contrary, always deal in apprehension by the pound, and take confidence by the grain and spread it as thin as leaf gold. In fact, though a metaphor mayn't explain it, the truth is that, in all undertakings which chiefly depend upon ourselves, the surest way is to determine to succeed.

What Linley did enjoy was the direction of the oratorios at Drury Lane, and these he conducted for many years. Of his twelve children, but three survived him, though he only lived to be sixty-three. Most of them had musical tastes and earned some renown. Thomas the younger was a violinist; William a composer and the author of many novels—an unusual combination; Ozias an organist; Maria, Mary (afterwards Mrs. Tickell), and Elizabeth, vocalists of no small merit. The elder Linley, too, was a composer, and he is best known to the general public to-day by his setting of the song in his son-in-law's "School for Scandal," "Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen."

LEWIS MELVILLE.

* "The Linleys of Bath." By Clementina Black. With a Photogravure Portrait and other Illustrations. 16s. net. (Martin Secker.)

SHORT STORIES.*

I am linking these two volumes together for no better reasons than that they both contain short stories, and that they chance to come to me in company. There is this difference between them: most of Mr. Wells's stories, if not all of them, have appeared in the magazines, and Mr. Niven's, as he tells us in a preface which I wish he had omitted, have all been rejected by the magazine editors on the ground that they are "far over the heads of the public." One editor (happy man to have so much leisure) read one of the stories "three times and enjoyed it more on each reading," but said "I must regretfully return it. I have to cater for the public."

* "The Country of the Blind, and Other Stories." By H. G. Wells. 2s. net. (Nelson).—"Above Your Heads." By Frederick Niven. 6s. (Martin Secker.)



THE VISION OF TANNHÄUSER.

FROM A DRAWING BY WILLY POGÁNY.

From "Tannhäuser." A poetical version of the Wagnerian legend by T. W. Rolleston. (Harrap.)

Mr Wells has included in his book, he says, all the short stories by him that he cares for any one to read again There are thirty-three of them and only one that is not wholly worthy of its place The best of them are so brilliantly imagined or so sensitively human and of such subtle artistic quality that I doubt if any living English writer except Kipling can show anything to surpass them The one that is not good is "A Vision of Judgment" This handles a big idea with a merely perky cleverness that would make one suspect it belonged to Mr Wells's early days, if he did not himself say it belongs to his later a smaller man than Mr Wells would have spoilt the whole thing by being too resolutely pompous and grandiose he has a feeling for what is grotesque and human and pitiful in a tremendous situation but where his humour should have been sardonic it is only flippant and where it should have been sympathetic it smacks of irreverence

Otherwise "The Country of the Blind" is a book for which one has nothing but admiration It gives you Mr Wells in epitome there are stories that represent in little each variety of his work they are by turns fantastic humorous supernatural visionary grimly terrible and sternly or tenderly realistic Some that are cunning studies in psychology some of the weird nightmare order or in which strange scientific discoveries play a leading part are amazingly clever but for my part I like Mr Wells best here as in his larger works when his story is all of natural everyday men and women who live in the light of common day Those who petulantly complain that it is impossible for a novelist to please the public without sacrificing his art cannot read "The Country of the Blind" without recognising that Mr Wells at least has found the more excellent way

Which brings us round again to that preface of Mr Niven's I have read his stories with great enjoyment and entirely agree with him that the editors who said they were above the heads of the public were mistaken As for the agent who rejected his stories of American life saying they were "unique and that he wished I would do something popular something he could sell all my work being over the head of the public" — one can but wonder what earthly public that agent catered for There is nothing whatever in such a tale as "Billy Goes a Journey" for instance that could be thought to be above the head of any intelligent reader over sixteen years of age It is just a sketch of how a hard up boy sent his luggage ahead of him by rail then followed it by hanging on under trains stealing rides in them and tramping It is well enough done but it is very slight and this I fancy is what has been against Mr Niven's stories with the editors—their slightness Mr Niven writes gracefully and has a nice sense of style but his short stories are sketchy and the general reader is quite understandably not to be fed with art alone he wants something to bite at

Take the opening story here "The Pool of Opals" It has a quiet charm and is fashioned with some delicacy of suggestion but what is it all about? An eminent critic has become embittered and needs a holiday he travels away up into Scotland and on to a restful place he had visited before in a remote island Here in the open, he comes across a girl who is reading the same critical journals that had disgusted him in his study and she throws them away in the field having spoken her contempt for them aloud She is an artist and in his wanderings he sees her at her easel and she notices him with curiosity One day she calls to order to-morrow's curds and milk at the cottage where he is staying hears him playing the piano and singing, he comes out and their eyes meet for a moment, but she goes away without speech passing between them Next Monday, looking through her literary journals, she reads an article by the man who had been staying at the cottage, she knew and admired the work that he signed "A Z" In another of the journals she reads that A Z is Mr Yardley, and knowing that this was the name of the man she had heard and seen at the cottage, she realises what she has missed in not making his acquaintance Meanwhile Yardley, back in London, learns by chance that the girl of the island, with the "forehead like Mona Lisa," is the fine artist whose work he knows so well and he too regrets what he missed when he was so near to her The evasive hint of what this casual acquaintance means to him and to her is very adroitly managed Later he goes to the Academy and sees her new picture "The Pool of Opals" the one he had seen her painting and he writes an article on "The Work of Miss Barbara Stewart" from which an extract is given His friends called the closing sentence "a bit cryptic"

> "Here is an art that tells of meditation and of some belief in God or Gods and devotion to Them In this last and greatest work of Miss Stewart I see that sense of the subtle almost spiritual beauty of the world that is only known by the reverent greatest—not to be found by the mere painter of surfaces however clever his technique by in a word the dreamers who dream their dreams true
>
> Cryptic! And yet of all the article it was the one part that he held to his heart It was the part that gave Barbara Stewart most joy and moved her to sing as she went through the house by the shore of the northern loch

Note the last line of the passage there — a line from the song she had heard him singing in the cottage And there an end

Perhaps I am wrong in thinking there is a touch of affectation in this and other of these stories that Mr Niven is too self consciously the artist in them they have not the strength and fulness of life that marked his "Lost Cabin Mine" and "The Island Providence" as the work of a man of a large and forceful imagination They are just good sketches light fanciful pensive but Mr Niven can do better than blow bubbles and he certainly does not in this or any of his books show himself to be one of those hole and corner incompetents who write above the heads of the public whatever the magazine editors may think or say

A St JOHN ADCOCK

SECRET SERVICE AND OPEN VICES.*

It is no easy task to review this book because as every one who has studied the literature of the sub continent is aware Douglas Blackburn is not only the founder of the modern school of South African novelists but he also knows more about the inner history of the Kruger administration than any other British writer Moreover it is difficult to do full justice to Mr Blackburn's co author, Captain Caddell He is inevitably overshadowed by the figure of the grim kindly satirist who created Prinsloo of Prinsloosdorp yet reading the book as it should be read carefully and perhaps twice over one cannot fail to pick out a number of stories as interesting as they are well told which are the contributions of the younger man

"Footnotes to History" in their preface the authors say this would have been their title had it been possible to use it The choice would have been an excellent one The book is not history it does not pretend to be that but it will be of great value to the future historian of South Africa In it he will find a mine of information the clues to a variety of happenings and very probably at least if he is like the South African historians we have had so far he will forget to mention whence he obtained his facts That is the way of South Africa There is something entirely wrong in the moral atmosphere True the authors of this fascinating volume this record of the Rottenness of the Sub continent make no attempt to draw deductions, to drive home their lessons Thereby they show their wisdom and their skill This plain narrative is quite sufficient it needs no comment

Still in some respects the book is unsatisfactory If

* "Secret Service in South Africa" By Douglas Blackburn and Captain Caddell 10s 6d net (Cassell)



Photo by Simpson Bros., Johannesburg.

Mr. Douglas Blackburn.

we had been promised a second volume, if we had been told that what was lacking in this book would be supplied in the next, one would have judged it differently. Douglas Blackburn has told us a great deal, but he has left out a great deal which he might have put in, things which he must know, which, surely, he might have set down on paper now, without fear of being charged with breach of confidence. It is the more surprising because, unlike so many writers on South Africa, he has no axe to grind. He is not in fear of any of the financial cliques: their wrath, even if expressed in the deepest of gutturals, would leave him quite unmoved, and I presume that the same is the case with his co-author.

Mr. Blackburn has been too anxious to deal only with those men and matters of which he can speak from actual personal experience, yet, at the same time, he writes of them from an impersonal point of view. This is a pity. One would have liked the shrewd criticisms of the man who created Saul Erasmus, the most wonderfully drawn character in South African fiction, or, failing that, the book should have been given a wider scope. One does not expect that the historian should have known all the people who figure in his pages. It is enough if it be seen, as in this case, that the facts are related truthfully and dispassionately.

There is a great deal of political matter in "Secret Service," but it would be impossible for the reader to gather what the political sympathies of the authors might be. All classes are handled in the same cold, merciless spirit of justice—the Imperialist and the Little Englander, the Rand financier and the scheming Hollander, the Takhaar Boer and the supercilious product of Sandhurst. Jew and Gentile, Black and White—they are all weighed and found wanting, not only in common honesty, but in common decency as well in most cases.

And yet it is the truth—that is the pitiful part about it all. Rotten—it is the only word to apply to South African society in the days when it was in the melting-pot. Rotten—socially and morally, a land which never produced anything but gold and sordid-minded plutocrats. Rotten—and they say that, now, putrefaction has set in. I, for one, believe that to be true, and I advise those who do not believe, those who have faith in the much-vaunted New Era, to read Douglas Blackburn's book, and then see if they can imagine a social system which was infected by such poisonous germs at the outset ever growing strong enough to throw off the infection.

I, who know South Africa well, can see this book being made the subject of savage attacks. It is only natural that it should be so · the authors have told the truth. But it is a book which will survive those attacks, a book which will live, which will be regarded as the standard work on the subject, until the second volume comes before the public, amplifying this one, filling in the blanks.

That there are blanks no man can deny. For instance, we are told a good deal about the Jameson Raid, but we are not told why the Raiders put up such a pitifully poor fight, whether it was a fact that their commissariat consisted almost entirely of whisky. Douglas Blackburn knows the whole story— why does he give us a hint and no more?

Again, as regards the Boer trek to Mashonaland, which was to have started ahead of the Chartered Company's Pioneers by the way, there is a mistake on page 307: those Pioneers were not armed with the Lee-Mitford rifle, which, I believe, had not been issued to any troops in 1890 ·Mr. Blackburn must be one of the very few who know of the force which Frans Bezedenhuit raised, with Paul Kruger's help, to forestall Rhodes. I know of it, from the British side. I have the whole tale, in black and white, written by the man he has a world-famous name—who upset the scheme; but my account is confidential, and can never be published. But Douglas Blackburn certainly knows it too, from Paul Kruger's point of view, and he might have told the public why Sir Henry Loch agreed so hurriedly to the Swaziland Convention. It is quite an interesting story, though, perhaps, some of our pseudo-Imperialists would sooner have it forgotten, or, rather, unrelated, because it might tend to dim the effulgence from the halos of some of their especial heroes.

Still, the authors of this book have given us so much that is good that, I suppose, it is ungenerous to dwell on what they have left out. There are certain things in "Secret Service" which Britishers who know South Africa will love to see in print. For example, we have Oom Paul saying about the Raiders and Sir J. B. Robinson—"Did they expect Robinson's men to help them? In these days I suspect every one with an Englander name. But Robinsen isn't much of an Englander."

The chapter on "Treasure Hunts" is especially interesting. As an old big-game hunter, I often heard the story of the elephants' cemetery- and I believe in it. Natives do not lie about those things. With regard to Paul Kruger's treasure on the *Dorothy*—was she not the *Dorothea*, by the way? I believe, too, despite what the authors may say, that the wily old President did try to ship away a large quantity of gold for his own private use by this vessel. I believe that the gold was stolen en route by certain more wily Teutonic persons at Delagoa Bay, and that when, if ever, the wreck is explored, only boxes of lead will be found in her.

"Secret Service" is a book to be read—I want to emphasise that fact; and yet, at the same time, I want to protest against the man who wrote "Prinsloo" and "A Burgher Quixote" working on a mere cut-and-dried narrative, a plain recital of things that happened, instead of using his greater gifts. Other South African novelists—or novelists of South Africa, I should say—attempt to follow in his footsteps, often with a fair amount of success; but the biggest man of all, the Master, deliberately keeps out of the public view. Therefore I feel annoyed with him, although I have enjoyed immensely the book which he and Captain Caddell have produced.

STANLEY PORTAL HYATT.

TWELVE AUTUMN NOVELS.

Our novelists, whatever their taste and style, cannot, or do not, despise the eternal subject of love. The twelve novels on my table allow easily of a rough classification: five are concerned with love and crime, five with love in comedy and idyll, and two with love set against a historical background.

In point of freshness and vivacity and excellent character drawing the first place seems certainly due to J. E. Buckrose's "Love in a Little Town."[1] Cope, of Cope's Complete Cleanser, was resolved that his granddaughter Celia Bassingdale should be protected from the fortune hunter. To this end he sent her to Great Multon to live with his poor relations the Wallerbys. Hence is evolved a delightful comedy, of which the chief humourist is Mrs. Wallerby herself, whose eloquence and optimism are of the true Micawber type. Excellent also are the encounters of the fortune hunter with Mrs. Wallerby's deaf mother and Celia's rustic admirers. In the end old Cope's stern methods are justified by the discomfiture of Captain Osborne and the discovery of the ideal lover in Robert Wayne. It is a pleasure to commend the excellent writing of this story.

The early promise of "An Angel in Ambledon"[2] is scarcely fulfilled, for the story, beginning with comedy, deviates towards the end perilously near melodrama. The experiences of Mr. Tebb, the retired London tradesman who settles as an amateur farmer in Ambledon, are full of humour and insight. The entrance of Adolphe Gaspard into this rustic scene comes as something of a shock, which he expiates by death in a railway tunnel. More consistent in its lightness is "Mrs. Drummond's Vocation,"[3] which sometimes, notably in the preface, does not succeed in avoiding flippancy. Of Clapham origin, Lily Crane is brought up in a *café* in Boulogne, whence she passes with Samuel Drummond, her husband, to the China mission field. The French side of her nature reasserts itself when, as a widow, she meets the fascinating Grand Duke. After one more gallant try at respectability and Clapham, Mrs. Drummond leaves hurriedly for Paris to fulfil her vocation.

There is nothing flippant in Marion Keith's novel "Lizbeth of the Dale,"[4] which is permeated by the colder bracing airs of Scots-Canadian piety. Lizbeth, the heroine, with her wild independent nature, has chances of luxury and well-being which do not fall to the lot of the other members of her family. But time brings to Lizbeth the knowledge that the good things which she enjoys are bought at the expense of human suffering and hardship. The girl's naturally fine nature fights some hard fights, but in the end duty and happiness come to her together; love is triumphant, and the mission field gains a strong recruit. There are scenes in this book marked by a strong and fine emotion, and characters instinct with a broad and touching humanity. Of all the group perhaps "The Little Green Gate"[5] is most entitled to the name of idyll. Peter Marchant is faced with the old alternative of honour and inclination, and Anne Maynard, the girl whom he meets too late and whose unhappy love story forms the subject of the book, decides for him at the cost of her own happiness against inclination. It is a slight and simple story, but told with considerable charm, and the writer is to be commended for her unflinching ending.

Mr. Robert Machray's "The Woman Wins"[6] is so typical of its class that it may well open our second category. An Oxford professor finds himself accused of murder, and presently a very pretty chain of circumstantial evidence is forged against him. His sweetheart, however, is true to him through thick and thin, even at the moment of a verdict that sounds curiously like the Scottish "Not Proven." Few readers, however, will be surprised when, after a somewhat inexplicable delay, circumstances point to the professor's own brother and double as the culprit. The solution of the tangle is disproportionately swift compared with its making, but at least the situation is distinctly melodramatic, and is well designed to exhibit the courage and loyalty of Mary Bilton, the professor's sweetheart. It is a sister who is the disturbing element in the married happiness of "Wife to Peter."[1] Lola is undoubtedly a disreputable person, and Peter had reason to conceal her identity. His doing so was near to losing him his wife's love, and even his life, for the judge was summing up against him before the charge of murder in this case was brought to a dramatic end. The brightest part of a well written novel is the artist's love story within it. The heroine's name seems to anticipate the conclusion of Mrs. Milne Rae's "Bride Lorraine." Sir Gavin Gordon, suspecting his own nephew, leaves his bride and enlists. The scene passes to the Crimea, where Sir Gavin does prodigies of valour. He is nursed back to health and happiness by his wife, who is fired by the example of "The Lady of the Lamp." And the nephew dies in the Crimea, redeeming his past by heroic self-sacrifice. This is an excellent example of a healthy and unpretentious fireside tale.

It is not possible to approach Mr. Crockett's "The Lady of the Hundred Dresses"[3] without regretful memories of the days of "The Raiders." The present volume consists of a dozen linked stories, obviously suggestive of a magazine origin. The central character, John Eames, is a salesman in the Jewellers' Retail Union, and his duties lead him into many strange adventures on the Continent. A sharp-spoken Miss Allison has many forbears in Mr. Crockett's novels, with her ... bitter-sweet flavour like that of rowanberry jelly from the braes of Dunfermline or the woods of Pittour.

One might hazard the surmise that Mrs. Meade has already made use of some part of the machinery employed in "The Soul of Margaret Rand."[4] For there is a will in which the fortune is conditional on a certain marriage; the true heiress is already married, and her friend comes to England to personate her and to marry John Rand. A lynx-eyed cousin detects what is in reality a pious fraud, and Mrs. Meade introduces the device of a second will for the clearing up of matters and the general promotion of happiness. Girls will look for the story because it is Mrs. Meade's new book, and they will not fail to vote it "ripping."

Our last paragraph we assign to the historical section. Mr. Stewart's title, "The Cardinal," held out unpleasant suggestions of yet another Richelieu book. But his story is so far out of the beaten track that it takes us back to the Constantinople and Venice of the times of the Crusades. It is the tragic love story of the Cardinal Ubaldini and Ariadne, a beautiful Greek slave of noble birth. Across the ages Ariadne joins hands with the heroine of "The Little Green Gate," noticed above, for she too sacrifices to the uttermost for the sake of the honour of the man she loves. It is an original and well written novel in which the labour is skilfully concealed, and the historical background is never obtruded to the detriment of the plot interest. The Cardinal is a striking and memorable figure, and the author has cleverly touched in the weaker and more attractive side.

[1] "Love in a Little Town." By J. E. Buckrose. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

[2] "An Angel in Ambledon." By W. A. Bowe[illegible]. 6s. (Cassell.)

[3] "Mrs. Drummond's Vocation." By Mark Ryce. 6s. (Heinemann.)

[4] "Lizbeth of the Dale." By Marion Keith. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

[5] "The Little Green Gate." By Stella Callaghan. 5s. (Constable.)

[6] "The Woman Wins." By Robert Machray. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

[1] "Wife to Peter." By Louise Mack. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

"Bride Lorraine." By Mrs. Milne Rae. 6s. (Religious Tract Society.)

"The Lady of the Hundred Dresses." By S. R. Crockett. 2s. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

[4] "The Soul of Margaret Rand." By L. T. Meade. 6s. (Ward Lock.)

"The Cardinal." By Newton V. Stewart. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

of his masterful personality. The authors of "Chantemerle,"* greatly daring, have pitched their story in the France of 1792. The two cousins, Gilbert and Louis, find their life-long friendship imperilled by their common love for Lucienne d'Clucourt, to whom Gilbert is betrothed. Before the rupture is overt all the main actors in the story are deeply involved in the political troubles of the day, and presently the two young men are in the difficult position of being private enemies and comrades in arms. There follows a long series of thrilling adventures, throughout which the old loyalty and friendship manage to hold good. The three-cornered problem is solved by the heroic death of Gilbert, not before he was assured of the loyalty of his cousin and of his betrothed. The book stands well out among the novels of the season by virtue of its very careful workmanship. There has obviously been no scamping of the patient study requisite for the filling in of the historical setting of this admirably written and well-compacted story.

L. Q. C.

URUGUAY.†

Mr. Koebel is rapidly acquiring something of the position of a Hebrew prophet by the able summaries he is giving of the history of one nation after another, and the judicious estimate he forms of their future. In Uruguay he has a tougher nut than usual to crack, because this country can hardly yet be said to have turned the corner. Argentina seems to have definitely set its forward countenance in the direction of peace and prosperity, but Uruguay was still indulging in one of its countless faction fights in January of this year. Mr. Koebel, however, is inclined to be optimistic He calls attention to the extraordinary vitality of the people, their heroism and the natural wealth of the land, as all calculated ultimately to "brush away the results of its wars as lightly as though such convulsions were summer showers." The whole history of the rising in 1811 of the national hero Artigas is one long testimony to the vitality of the race. There is something peculiarly delightful in the audacity of the man. While fighting at the head of his little impoverished army clad in ragged loin-cloths, armed with lassoes and slings, his whole stock of cash contained in a canvas bag, he sent his privateers across the Atlantic, and they made captures within sight of the Iberian cliffs. Even more amazing is the hardihood of his successor Lavalleja, who started out to win freedom for his country at the head of a mighty army of thirty-three, and laid siege to a city garrisoned by 2,000 Portuguese troops when his followers had only been multiplied by three. Vitality, too, was the outstanding characteristic of his friend Rivera, "a veritable human phœnix in his ability to spring undismayed from the ashes of each successive disaster." It should be remembered, however, that melodramatic warfare and almost incredible successes are more common than elsewhere among the easy-going and often fickle populations of Central and Southern America. Did not ex-President Castro himself begin to climb to the headship of Venezuela with only twenty-three cowboys at his back? But though there is much of the effusive nature of the Celt in these Uruguayans, though they fly to banquets on every possible occasion, for consolation, for encouragement, for congratulation, yet they have many solid virtues which augur well for the future stability of the country. Their men are distinguished by a sobriety which would be a valuable object-lesson to any European country. More excellent relations are maintained between blacks and whites than the most civilised town in the United States can boast of. Shrewd sense, too, is shown in subsidising agricultural shows throughout the country: the same shrewd sense may be expected to operate when Urugary rises into importance as a great beef-producing centre. This development is bound to come with the almost total cessation of the exportation of beef from the United States. The Beef Trust realises the trend of affairs and is taking root in the South American State. Prosperity is coming like a flood, and if the "whites" and the "coloured" can be persuaded to drop their insensate feud, a great future is in store for the sorely tried little country.

* "Chantemerle." By D. K. Broster and G. W. Taylor. 6s. (John Murray.)

† "Uruguay." By W. H. Koebel. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

NEW POETRY.*

To write a play on Herod and Mariamne is, it might be thought, a custom more honoured in the breach than in the observance. But Mr. Sturge Moore writes as if it were not a custom, and in reading his play it is easy to forget the fact. If he is a poet who can be accused of lacking ecstasy, there is no doubt at all that he lacks the gush and redundance which are the worst bane of poetry because they have so often successfully acted the part of ecstasy for a generation. Everything in the play —the stage directions, the minutiæ of every speech, the structure of each of the five acts—has been the arduous, conscious labour of a man with one clear end before him. He takes nothing for granted, and never for a moment leans upon convention or tradition. The result is that his play is complete in itself, all "carved out of the carver's brain," and to understand and admire it no historic knowledge is necessary nothing but an unprejudiced mind and a heart swept clear of yearnings for the poetical. You have Herod and his Queen Mariamne, and the rival mothers of king and queen. Herod is returning at the height of his credit with Rome, eager simply for Mariamne's arms. But she is hostile at first because she knows that he has provided that she shall not survive him; and her mother has backed her. Herod's position, however, is now too strong, and out of policy the mother changes her view. Mariamne consents to a reconciliation, chiefly because she sees that her mother's opposition to Herod had been policy. Then Herod's family conspires against her with a story that she has made her husband uxorious by drugs, and is now about to poison him. She is tried and condemned. At the last moment she repents the cold pride which persuaded her not to plead her own innocence. She sends for Herod. He refuses, and then arrives the moment after her execution. It is a study of psychology, richly coloured by a study of manners and costume; and this second element, though always subsidiary and relevant, is itself good enough to make a good book if not a good play. That it is a good play we have little doubt, though it is meant for the stage, which alone can fully approve it. Mariamne and her mother, Mariamne and Herod, are always vivid. The trial scene is a piece of painting and character-study that would save a poor play, but does not stand out unduly in the admirable whole. Mr. Moore's great triumph is to appeal directly at every point of the play to the eye and the mind together.

The chief piece in Mr. Darrell Figgis's book is a blank verse play, with lyrics, on the temptation of Job. Unlike "Mariamne," it not only rests chiefly on a well-known theme, but varies little from the common view of it. Except for the lyrics, Mr. Figgis's chief work has been to expand and illuminate, and to give the form of dialogue. Thus everything depends on the colouring which he has been able to add by his style. It will be seen that the style has an Elizabethan cast, as in this speech of Job's:

> "May the dark day that gave my body birth
> Be curst! May it not see the light! May all
> Whom that day belched to teem this foolish earth,
> My brothers and sisters of humanity,
> Wither and falter in distress and fear!
> May they not know the joy of strife encountered;
> But fall, hewn by the arm of ruthless Fate,
> Immedicable, fruitless, and unscanned."

* "Mariamne." By T. Sturge Moore. 2s. net. (Duckworth.)—"The Crucibles of Time, and other Poems." By Darrell Figgis. 3s. 6d. net. (Dent.)—"Before Dawn: Poems and Impressions." By Harold Monro. 5s. net. (Constable.)

He is Elizabethan in his use of words as in his choice. Thus he uses "toy" as equivalent to "offering a toy to" in

"Symbols of tinkling glass to toy the eye."

At times he is carried away in his Elizabethanism into some obscurity and even indefiniteness, as in

"Gaze over all the utterance of my thought
From the high leaping vault of bended heaven
To the arched splendour of thy doming brow!
Sublimity and beauty tell their souls
In rondure for these are my trial of thought
The high habiliments of secret joy
Decking my boundless soul."

The interspersed lyrics are rough and vigorous, and stride to their end with an unusual prominence of rhymes. There are better lyrics in the rest of the book, which includes a long "Ode to Music," poems to a snowdrop and a chrysanthemum, two sonnets to Cromwell, some other poems like odes, some elegies and songs, and this sonnet to Shakespeare:

"There is a glory of what men acquire,
A glory of erudition plucked from gloom,
And set o'er mounded darkness like a fire,
Raging the paths of ignorance to illume.
Not so with thee, Rare spirit! from the womb
Thou bore an eye to which our choice designs,
Cloaking the spirit's hypocritical bloom,
Lay bare and naked in their pristine lines;
Moving with tender ease its radiance shines
Swiftly about our bowels; hath its play
Imperious in our heart's most gloomy mines,
And swings our secrets out to cruel Day.
Therefore we fear thy power miraculous,
Therefore we love thee, for thou loveth us."

We cannot help wondering what is Mr. Figgis's authority for "thou loveth," which is a concord he uses in another place.

Mr. Harold Monro's book is one in which we constantly see side by side, not often in full agreement, a serious thinker and a scrupulous writer of verse. He is always intensely interesting. We should select his book among one of half a dozen or so if we had to show a Martian or an Elizabethan what emotional thinkers are like in our day. What may be called his sacred poems—what some would call his blasphemies—are perfectly representative. Where his thought and his chosen form are most harmonious and forcible is in the series of "Impressions," which are, as it were, passionate epigrams, often in the form of portraits. We should like to quote the whole of one which ends:

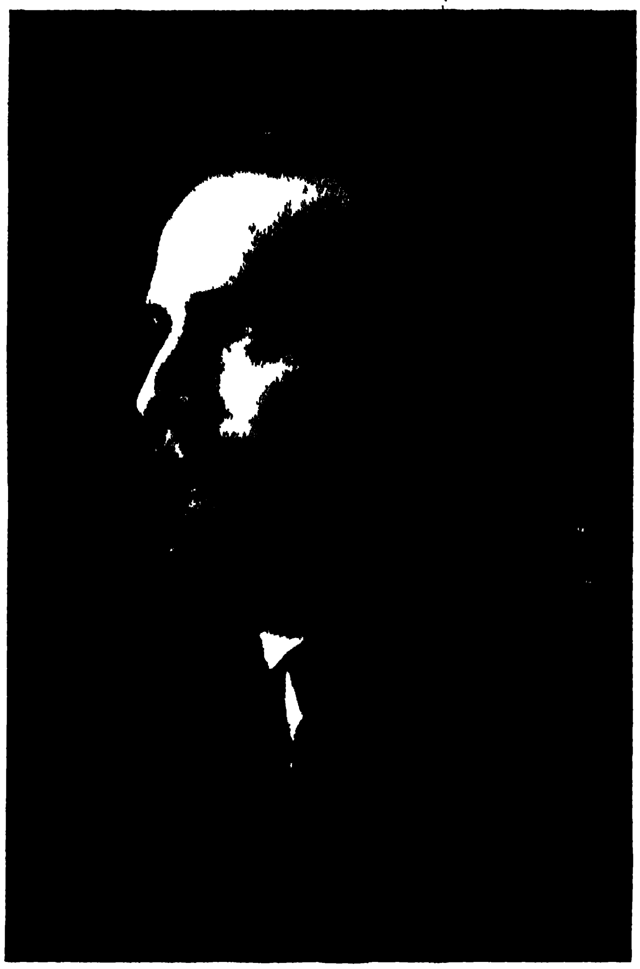
"God, Who ordained the British Sunday, even
To most resemble His own placid life,
Looks smiling out of comfortable Heaven
Down on the British grocer and his wife."

But we should be sorry thus to leave the impression that Mr. Monro sneers. His book is most briefly to be described by quoting from his dedication: "to those who with me are gazing in delight towards where on the horizon there shall be dawn." "Henceforth together," he continues, "humble though fearless, we must praise, worship and obey the beautiful future which alone we may call God."

EDWARD THOMAS.

MOTHER CAREY.*

It was the kindly old Admiral who named Mrs. Carey "Mother Carey," and the children her chickens. He came home with young Lieutenant Carey one afternoon and surprised her sitting in the summer house with little Peter in her lap and the two girls and the elder boy, Gilbert, playing about her. "Mothers and children make a pretty good picture at any time," said the Admiral, "but I should say that this one couldn't be beat." Mrs. Riggs has drawn the characters of each member of this very human



Mr. T. Sturge Moore.

very lovable family with all the sympathy and charm we have learned to look for in the creator of Rebecca. Almost at the outset the father dies, and the mother and her children are left to make the best of life without him, always with his memory dwelling amongst them like a spiritual presence. They move into the cheaper little house in a pleasant little village because it is the house they had once gone over with him when it was empty, and he had said if he was rich he would buy it that afternoon and sleep in it that night, seeing they were all so taken with it.

Poor as they are, they take a motherless little cousin Julia to live with them, though they shrink from the experiment, knowing that Julia is one of those pinks of perfection who has never done a naughty thing in her life, and that it is nearly impossible to like her or to live with her comfortably. And there is trouble with Julia when she comes; but the Carey children have a sense of humour, and Mother Carey has, with other good senses, and the kindest heart in the world, so that by degrees Julia realises that she is really a solemn prig, and is more or less unconsciously moulded into something different and infinitely better.

To catalogue the details of the story would be to tell you nothing about it; the art with which it is all unfolded, the knowledge and humour and tenderness with which the various people who belong to it are made human and alive—these are the things that matter and that hold the reader's interest right through. It is a natural everyday tale of natural everyday men and women and children, rainbowed with the laughter and tears of average human experiences. How is one to define the charm of such a book? The quaint humours of Osh Popham and Bill Harmon have their share in it; so too have the delightful personalities of the Carey youngsters, of Nancy and little Peter in particular; then the Admiral accounts for some of it, and even the hard Cousin Nan for a little more; but over and above everybody else you have Mother Carey herself, the

* "Mother Carey." By Kate Douglas Wiggin. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

sweetest and most motherly of women for all her youthfulness. "Don't make any mistake, dear Mrs. Carey," says the young teacher Ralph Thurston, to whom she has been kind, "your hearth-fire glows a long, long distance"; and by the time you come to the place where Osh declares "God Almighty hez His eye on that woman, and He'll see her through," you will be in a mood to agree with him.

A POCKETFUL OF FRANCE.*

Into a book barely bigger than an "Everyman," and as light and bright as a box of Boissier's bonbons, M. Louis Hourticq, with an almost maddening neatness, has packed away the whole heaped-up art of his country—not her stacks of pictures alone and her mountains of sculpture, but her cathedrals and palaces too, her châteaux and churches, even her porcelains, tapestries, trinkets; just a little persuasion, you feel, or the breath of a challenge, and he would have thrown in her literature as well. None but a Frenchman could have done this; perhaps none but a Frenchman certainly could have done it so wittily and well, with such a high, clear, polished completeness. It is indeed the very quality that made its task so tremendous that has given the book the power to pull it through. That quality, of course, is the great Gallic gift of form, that flair for system and symmetry, the core of her character which has made France, among other things, the great lexicographer of our emotions, enabling her to whip down any dream in a diagram clean-cut and arresting long before the slow dreamer himself, Celt or Teuton, has thoroughly thrown off his drowse. Her creative record, as a result, for variety and continuity both, is quite without rival. Italy's prime indeed was superbly protracted, but her golden speech, though long, was all in one language. Italy, for example, knew no Gothic. Germany's art again, all magnificent mutter and growl, has been like a thunderstorm that never quite gets away. Spain's was one passionate blow, a flash from a cloak with a single tell-tale drop of blood later on in the shape of that crimson creature Goya. And our own island utterance has been as broken as our coast-line—we have blurted out marvels and then relapsed into silliness or sullenness, like a plough-boy of genius in a salon. But France has always kept freshly in the fore-front. Mere geography, doubtless, brute master of so many subtle ceremonies, played some part in producing this fertility. Stretched out smooth and square in the middle of the nations, the country did become a kind of screen on which successive civilisations, now from this side, now that, projected their special ideas, saw them brightly epitomised. She made the most of Romanesque—gave Christianity its Gothic—turned Classical next to please Italy—and though she took up picture-making quite late (Botticelli and Leonardo had been a hundred years dead, Holbein the Younger some seventy) she made herself in a trice, as we know, drawing-mistress to the rest of the world. French art fills a coffer some six hundred miles square by twenty centuries deep. M. Hourticq, as cool as a conjuror, tips it all into a parcel that will slide into your pocket without bagging.

That he has done this, and done it so deftly, is mainly due, as has been hinted already, to his own possession of precisely the talent that multiplied his problem so mercilessly: the virus that caused the confusion becomes the anti-toxin to quell it. He writes a hand of uncommon neatness—plays his illustrations (there are over 800, not much bigger than postage stamps but perfectly printed) with real brilliance and wit—actually making them economise space instead of eating into it, using a fine phrase like "*See Fig. 270*," for instance, to save whole sheets of description of Chantilly. But the virtue that really saves him is exactly the clean Latin gift for driving a road through thin air, for crystallising an abstraction.

"The function of a book like this," he says himself frankly, "which cannot pursue the phenomena of the artistic spirit into all its objective ramifications, must be to trace and explain the innate subjective characteristics which no fashion in external forms can wholly disguise." And thus, instead of dancing distractedly from one corner of the bright profusion to another, he assumes an abstract garden, calls it the history of France, arranges the labyrinth round that, and so presents us with a pattern as plain and logical as the street-plan of Paris. He manages to do for French art pretty well what French art did for us others.

We miss something by such a method, no doubt. States of society build M. Hourticq's cathedrals, movements, not men, paint his pictures, and an unregenerate eye may hanker for the muddier stir and bustle of mere mortals. Especially, of course, when we come among the painters—for it is a queer fact (yet quite, and indeed deeply, characteristic) that their really picturesque figures are to be found not in their canvases but in front of them. Dismiss Delacroix from his studio, with his burning tears and apostrophes, and even "The Massacre of Scio" begins to look rather mild. Usher Ingres into his, with his head all blinkered and bandaged lest he should sear his mind with some ugliness, and even the chilliest of his "Vierges" becomes as romantic as a bit of Balzac. (Whereas with us these qualities are transposed. The line we know how to draw is a social one; we keep all our chromatics for our art. It was actually the work of a stiff lump of a lad like Bonington and of that douce Lowland Laird Sir Walter which set Delacroix himself all aflame.) But the compensations are immense. This treatment for one thing does put the painter in his place. Just now he rather fills the foreground, and any private retrospects we make tend too often to be just vistas of canvases. But with M. Hourticq we stroll down streets of cathedrals, we pass through fifteen centuries thronged with masterworks before we meet a single painter; and when we see him we recognise that he is after all merely a grown-up miniaturist who was himself just a free-lance illuminator, who was at bottom but a stained-glass window man disguised, and therefore a mere employee of the architect. And that recognition brings another, even richer: a realisation of the strict and Roman logic of the line that links the Quartier Latin with the Latin quarter in Provence. Turn these pages swiftly and the tiny illustrations swim together like the figures in a zoetrope: so essentially continuous after all was the mutable course. And as the film races by it flushes up new perceptions not otherwise to be roused except by travel. It brings out the deep difference between French and English Gothic, outwardly akin. Ours was a sublime borrowing of an exalted speech to express a sudden passionate vision, and our cathedrals overwhelm our landscapes, looming above them like carved clouds. But the French was a due development, as proportionate as Chartres seems in its vast plain, an organic outcrop of the soil: it was the result of an intellectual, a mathematical joy, a delight in ever closer and clearer definition of sending stone soaring still more economically into the meaningless air. And this engineering logic, linking even her Gothic with her Classic, is not imperceptible elsewhere. Swiftly surveyed, her whole art resolves itself into a series of mutinous demands for stricter order. Impressionism with us still means something wistful and vague. Transfer it to Paris, place of codes and academies, and it becomes as clean-cut as a science, a method of mapping out a picture into colonies of colour, a neat system of canton and departments. Here, indeed, in this colonising instinct we seem to touch the second and subtler source of her fertility. Physically susceptible to outer influences of course she exceptionally was, and

* "Art in France." By Louis Hourticq. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

that all the roads that led from Rome ran through those deftly dovetailed river-beds of hers—that the first "French" painter was a Fleming—that there was once a Vatican at Avignon and that Van Eyck lodged at Aix, are certainly points to bear in mind. But perhaps the legions who first hammered out those roads left something in her structure more enduring than the Amphitheatre at Arles or even the dialect that soaked into Provence. There is a sense in which all French art is "Empire." The eagles stamped on her coinage once perched on the Capitol itself.

DIXON SCOTT.

Novel Notes.

THE BEACON. By Eden Phillpotts. 6s. (Unwin.)

Once more Mr. Phillpotts has chosen Dartmoor for the setting of his story, and once more he has made the setting dominate the drama. Against the dominant mass of Cosdon Beacon mere human beings, strong virile Devon men and women though they are, dwindle into comparative insignificance. Mr. Phillpotts shares with Mr. Hardy the power of making us feel the infinite littleness of men compared with the giant forces of nature. Like Mr. Hardy, too, he feels and makes us feel how the dweller in the open country is influenced in character and temperament by his natural surroundings. The herdes in the great cities, entrenched in their little brick fortresses, have escaped from nature, and they pay the penalty in cramped and artificial lives. But the dweller in the country, especially in the spacious borders of Dartmoor, cannot escape from the influence of his surroundings. The real central figure in Mr. Phillpotts's new book is Cosdon Beacon. We see the Beacon in every mood, from summer calm to the wildest winter storm. To see the Beacon is to see nature; it is more, it is to see nature unveiled. Every human being living beneath its shadow is more or less unconsciously influenced by it. The strong find strength in it, the timid shrink from it in fear. Elizabeth Densham, a London barmaid of strong character and considerable beauty, has heard of the glamour of Dartmoor and accepts a post in the little hamlet of South Zeal on the edge of the moor. Here she falls under the spell of the Beacon, which is at once an inspiration and an unceasing fascination for her. She is thrown in contact with two men of opposite type. One is strong and rugged, rough in speech and almost brutal in manner; the other is weak, easy going, charming and inefficient. For a long time she hesitates between the two. The force and virility of the one appeal to her, but she resents her own strength being dominated by his. The other appeals to her, though she is fully alive to his weakness, because she thinks she could do more for him. She does not realise that it is easier to tame the strong man than to put strength into the weak. In the end of course she makes almost inevitably the wrong choice. The result is tragedy, swiftly and simply developed with a brevity and concise power which make the book one of Mr. Phillpotts's best. The character studies are worked out to a logical and inevitable crisis. Of all our serious novelists Mr. Phillpotts is the most consistent in method and achievement. This book is fully up to and in its brevity even a little above the high standard which he has always set himself.

THE ROAD TO AVALON. By Coningsby Dawson. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Purporting to relate the adventures of a charcoal burner's son in search of Avalon and King Arthur, this brilliant allegory develops into the quest of everyman for the "Garden of Heart's Desire." There is a home for all unnamed desires, and in that home is Avalon; and that home is the Garden of Heart's Desire which God first caused to be made for Adam, and from which God cast him forth. Yet hath He been ever willing that Adam's sons should regain their father's heritage. Therefore hath He implanted in the heart of every smallest child this nameless longing, the memory of a lost splendour, that one day a stronger son should lead the whole race back. But Lilith hath always been at hand to lure men's souls aside, so that though many have striven, none hath as yet attained—they could not resist her singing and the light in her hair of gold. The story recounts how the charcoal burner's son escapes the wiles of Lilith and her Scarlet City, and travels to follow the call of another woman with hair like bars of gold through which her eyes looked out. "Tell me thy name," he implores again and again, but only when Avalon has been attained can he read her face and learn the truth. "Thou art all that was best that I ever dreamed and will ever dream." Delicate fancy and rich poetic feeling have gone to the making of a book which breathes great living truths into legends that totter with antiquity and fables that crumble with age. The Road to Avalon is no beaten track; it is a thoroughly stimulating journey, and the fortunate traveller may gather many fragrant flowers of thought on the way.

LADIES WHOSE BRIGHT EYES. By Ford Madox Hueffer. 6s. (Constable.)

Mr. Sorrell was a publisher of the most modern commercial type. He produced popular encyclopædias, popular in the sense of being adapted to the tastes of the partially educated, with great profit to himself and very little profit to any one else. In fact he was a perfect exemplar of the business man of to-day, entirely unromantic and modern to his finger tips. As he is returning in the Plymouth express after a successful raid on America he is given the Tamworth-Egerton crucifix, which had been brought back from Palestine in the thirteenth century by Sir Stanley Egerton of Tamworth. Sir Stanley, so the



Photo by Hoppé. **Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer.**
A new portrait.

story ran, had died on landing in England, and the cross was carried to Tamworth by a converted Greek slave who was dressed only in a linen shift and knew only two words of English—Egerton and Tamworth. As he was handling the cross, Mr. Sorrell felt a sudden shock, in reality a railway accident, and woke up to find himself still holding the cross, but back in the year 1326. Luckily he was a good linguist and soon made himself at home in the various dialects of French and English which made up the language of England at the time. Of Mr. Sorrell's adventures in the fourteenth century it is not necessary to attempt a detailed summary. It is enough to say that they are diverting and exciting in the extreme. Mr. Hueffer's knowledge of the details of the social life of the fourteenth century is curiously minute. The accuracy of some of the incidents seems open to question, though no doubt Mr. Hueffer could cite chapter and verse in justification of all of them. The attempt to depict the medieval world as it would appear to modern eyes has been made before. A conspicuous instance is that most melancholy of Mark Twain's failures, " A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur." But it has never before been done so brilliantly or with such convincing completeness of detail as in " Ladies Whose Bright Eyes." As a reconstruction of the daily life of the time the book is a historical achievement of real value, and it is also most entertaining reading. No dry-as-dust history could give so vivid an impression of that strange blend of lawlessness and minute litigiousness, of childish simplicity and cunning, of luxury and primitive discomfort, which made up the fourteenth century. How Mr. Sorrell returned to the twentieth century, a convert to medievalism, and how he met a reincarnation of the Lady Dionissia, we leave Mr. Hueffer to tell. It is only fair to say that the end of his story is as delightful and ingenious as the rest of it. " Ladies Whose Bright Eyes " is Mr. Hueffer's high-water mark and the most brilliant book of the season.

THE LOST IPHIGENIA. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

No reader of " The Lost Iphigenia " can fail to admire the dogged pertinacity of Sir John Holdfast—good-natured, easy-going Johnny—in his pursuit of the apathetic heroine, Sarolta. Gifted with a wonderful soprano voice, Sarolta has no eyes or ears for anything but Art, and when a fortunate chance introduces her to the celebrated composer Lothnar, whose fame exceeds that of Wagner and Beethoven, she rises to the occasion and creates a sensation as Iphigenia in his new opera. This Lothnar, as becomes a genius of such magnitude, is an amazing bundle of eccentricities. Sarolta is warned concerning him by her music mistress, one Madame Costanza, an immensely entertaining character: " What he will want of you he will get, if he has to grind it from you, if you have to give it with your blood, with your soul. And, if you can't give it—pft!—that is the end of you as far as he is concerned; you are nothing—a cracked instrument to be thrown away. . . . Lothnar—it is a Satan of hardness, obstinacy, pride—only he makes music like an Archangel!" This is the man to whom Sarolta loses her heart, believing his love to be hers—a belief which, at length, he rudely shatters. " What are you to me?—Nothing," he declares, in a scene of great power. " What were you to me?—A reed that I fashioned into a pipe for my song. . . ." There are some genuinely dramatic moments in " The Lost Iphigenia," and the characters, whether normal or abnormal, are admirably portrayed.

QUEED. By Henry Sydnor Harrison. 6s. (Constable.)

When you first make the acquaintance of Queed, he is a curiously self-centred, stunted, scarcely human little egoist, a crude, dry little student who is making a special study of " evolutionary sociology," and yet lives wholly to himself and brusquely evades all social intercourse. " Nearly all Queed's time, which he administered by an iron-clad Schedule of Hours, duly drawn up, went to the actual writing of his Magnum Opus. . . . His book was designed to co-ordinate and unify the theories of all science into the single theory which alone gave any of them a living value, namely, the progressive evolution of a higher organised society and a higher individual type." He has no real knowledge of his fellow humans, no experience of life, and has formulated his theories entirely from his reading: " He's the most pitiful little creature I ever saw," says Sharlee. " He's the saddest little man in the world, and it has never dawned on him." And it is under the influence of Miss Charlotte Lee Weyland, otherwise Sharlee, that Queed does at length come to realise what a pitiful little creature he is, and that his philosophy is hollow and dead. She shames him into this self-realisation, but it is a difficult task and takes time, and she has to steel herself to be cruel and tell him some cold and scathing truths before it can be accomplished. She goads him into earning his own living instead of sponging on his landlady whilst his great book is in progress, and, on her introduction, he joins the staff of the local newspaper and tries his hand at popular journalism. " He has a wonderful genius for crushing the interest out of any subject he touches,' observes one of the paper's directors. " In some ways he is undoubtedly the oldest man in the world. In another way he hasn't any age at all. Spiritually he is unborn—he simply doesn't exist." And the story is of how Sharlee, at long last, with her womanly insight and merciless commonsense, humanises and spiritualises this little bookish monster. There is a mystery surrounding his father, who has vanished; and it chances that, unknown to herself and to him, Sharlee is intimately concerned in this mystery, and the clearing of it up brings romance and tragedy into Queed's dull life and is the shock that finally awakens the soul that is asleep in him. It is a delightful story, and if there are touches of unreality in the plot there are none in the characters; these are drawn vividly, easily, naturally, and are vigorously alive. The pathos of the book is nearly always true, and it is leavened throughout with a quaint and genial humour. " Queed " is unquestionably the best first novel of the year—so far.

THE LAST LINK. By Morice Gerard. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Morice Gerard has achieved a considerable reputation as a writer of historical novels, and we believe that now a large public eagerly awaits every new book from his pen. This in itself is a sign that the times are not entirely out of joint, for Mr. Gerard has always provided reading as wholesome as it is attractive. His manner is workmanlike rather than decorative, but the art of writing a straightforward, readable story—the art in which Mr. Gerard especially excels—is by no means so easy as, on the surface, it might appear. The author wastes no time on minor subtleties: he devises a full, interesting plot, introduces four or five well-realised characters, a number of dramatic situations, and goes straight ahead. The result is always a completely entertaining book. " The Last Link " is an excellent example of Mr. Gerard's manner. It is a historical study of the times of King William III., and the romance of Sir Ralph Chesney, who is loyal to King William, and Belle Costigan, who is the supposed daughter of a Jacobite plotter, pursues a chequered and variously interesting course, in which the author has allowed himself ample scope for proving the quality of his hero as a man of courage and of action. The whole story, indeed, is spirited and well told, and entirely worthy of its author.

THE EARTHEN DRUM. By E. S. Stevens. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

After " The Veil " and " The Mountain of God " it is probably unnecessary to tell the reader that Miss Stevens has a [illegible]plete and—for a Westerner—a curiously sym-

pathetic understanding of the life and feelings of the Oriental. Yet it is possible that the eight stories which comprise "The Earthen Drum" will come as a surprise to the writer's admirers. Here, perhaps, she treats more consciously of the East than in either of her earlier books. She has altered her style to accord with the circumlocutions and the matter-of-fact dogmatisms of the Eastern story-teller of the title. (He collects his audience, it may be explained, by beating upon an earthen drum.) In all of the stories, we believe, the reader will sense something of the atmosphere of Northern Africa, the heat-shimmer, the too-blue sky, the life of its men and women, and their exotic loves. Slight though it may be in actual length, "The Earthen Drum" yet presents more points of interest than most full-length novels; certainly it is far more unusual.

THE FIRST BORN. By R. Murray Gilchrist. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

"The First Born" gives an intimate picture of a very human family brought together under the roof of an old Derbyshire manor and tortured by secret tears and unforgiving pride. Old Thomas, the central figure, is finely conceived. For all his meanness and his shabby clothes, the pride of birth and breeding burns fiercely in the lean old squire. "It's the thing I hold best in the world," he declares. "A man's first duty is to keep his stock pure. We've been a strong set; time out of mind Waldron has gone from eldest son to eldest son." Both his children thwart his will and marry mates of their own choosing. The daughter weds a penniless "music man," and flies into exile; the son after great opposition marries a girl, Susan, who has just borne him a son. The squire's secret resolve that this son shall never inherit Waldron, and the bitter realisation of this by Susan, who loves the child above all her others born in wedlock, result in some poignant scenes that Mr. Gilchrist develops skilfully and in his usual concise and forceful style. As a group of character-sketches "The First Born" makes excellent reading; it cannot fail to please all who enjoy a simple story holding within its pages a world of tenderness and pathos.

LORD STRANLEIGH, PHILANTHROPIST. By Robert Barr. 6s. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

There is no question that the man with unlimited wealth at his disposal, who can purchase his way through difficulties with the ease of a magician in "The Arabian Nights," has a certain romantic fascination for even the most weary reader. To be able to engage a special train, when you happen to be late for the ordinary one, has a certain glamour about it which is attractive. Mr. Robert Barr in his collection of short stories, which were produced originally in the *Idler*, and now appear in book form under the title of "Lord Stranleigh, Philanthropist," has given us a central character built on these lordly and plutocratic lines. His hero is quite an amusing figure; his attempts to do good and to dissipate his great wealth—attempts which almost invariably lead to his accumulating still more capital—make excellent reading. The author is one of our best story-tellers, and employs his art in this volume with great skill. If one was to find fault with a book which should amuse thousands of fiction-readers, it would be to point out that the stories have too great an abundance of elaboration, leading up to very abrupt and, by comparison, feeble climaxes. Perhaps the most complete story is that bearing the curious title of "My Library was Dukedom Large Enough." It is a very amusing account of how the hero's agent obtains the necessary capital to gamble in rubber and make a fortune by playing off his employer against another millionaire with a mania for giving away free libraries.

THE MAN WITH AN HONEST FACE. By Paul Wells. 6s. (Appleton.)

This is one of those very brisk pieces of American sensationalism that the reader finds it difficult to get away from, in spite of the fact that little thought has been given to the making of the book. We say this with no intention of disparagement, for the story is an excellent example of its type. The author writes quite passably and the whole thing goes with a swing from start to finish; it is not in the least an original book, but it is one that keeps the reader in a good temper. But it does require to be read in one sitting, and it does not call for the use of the higher critical faculties—neither of which requirements should be beyond the powers of the average reader. Granted these postulates and you will enjoy yourself thoroughly with this story of the adventures which befel the prepossessing gentleman of the title after possession of a mysterious packet had been mysteriously thrust upon him. The characters include a lawyer, the Queen of Beltravia, an unscrupulous millionaire, an Irish "tough," and a very pleasant heroine.

A WEAVER OF DREAMS. By Myrtle Reed. 6s. (Putnam.)

Here is a very fragrant story whose simple plot is made all-sufficient by the delicate art of the author. She understands—that is what one feels throughout this book. From grave to gay the story moves, then back again, to touch the reader with a pleasant sadness. It is a tale of red and pink rose leaves that floated down a stream and were gathered up by a young man in a brown canoe; he knows where the red rose leaves come from—but who is the owner of the pink? And meanwhile, the Weaver of Dreams sits in his little house at the cross-roads and waits for his most desired dream to come true. "Keep your House of Life as God gives it to you," he says, "and hide the dark places with the tapestry of dreams." Miss Reed rightly asserts that the distinguishing mark of a woman who is really fine is loyalty to her own sex, and draws for us a splendid woman with a wide and sympathetic understanding of the sterner sex because she is loyal to her own. The people are natural; the story is natural; and the quaint humour and delightful banter of Miss Cynthia will make her long remembered by readers of the book. "A Weaver of Dreams" is a delightful book and causes one the more to regret that its author's life should have ended so soon and so tragically.

HURDCOTT. By John Ayscough. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

This is a novel of strange characters and unexpected happenings. The scene is laid in the beginning of the nineteenth century, and the author probably selected his period with a view to leaving himself unhampered in dealing with his somewhat curious material. The heroine is a Sicilian aristocrat, Consuelo Dauntsey, who comes to stay in England with two very English maiden aunts and a squire brother. Here she comes across the hero, who gives the name to the novel. Hurdcott is a supposed gipsy, a foster-son of a shepherd, and it is round the mystery of his birth that the story centres. He is a ne'er-do-well, a vagrant, but when he falls madly in love with the heroine, he swears to give up his irregular life and to tread only the paths of virtue. There is also a half-Burmese English lord—Lord Winterlow—who has two curious characteristics: he objects to titles and therefore calls himself by the simple name of Basil Hungerford, and he further professes the Buddhist faith. With these characters Mr. Ayscough builds up a story of considerable charm and interest. There is a murder in the book and for this murder Hurdcott is sentenced to death. While in prison Consuelo is anxious to visit him, but is refused admission. So that she may comfort the last moments of his life, she is married secretly to him in his cell and by this means is allowed to see him every day. Eventually Hurdcott is executed in public—a scene which is described

with great dramatic effect. At the end it transpires that Hurdcott, the shepherd's foster-son, was really a member of the royal house of Spain and a tombstone is erected setting out this fact, and also the fact that Consuelo died on the same day. It is a strange story, but admirably told.



Mr. John Ayscough.

THE LEGACY. By Mary S. Watts. 6s. (Macmillan.)

The dignity conferred on the Breen family by its possession of a bishop was barely sufficient to screen the manifest shortcomings of the relatives who depended on the charity of the Rev. Sylvanus. Letty Breen's childhood was a shabby genteel one, and her juvenile flirtation with the charwoman's boy raised the suspicion that she had inherited the disposition of a too gallant ancestress. Letty's development is described with very remarkable skill and restraint. Passion had little part in her nature, and on the occasion of her one temptation to be false to her colourless husband she was saved and punished by the horror of the accident that deprived him of his reason. It is a triumph for the author that Letty retains our sympathy to the end, when the charwoman's masterful son, now a millionaire, finds an ideal stepmother for his daughter in his old-time sweetheart. To outline the story is to give no idea of the unusual quality of the book. The Baroness Von Donhoff is only one of a large group of characters touched in with singular deftness and humour. The novel is full of quiet strength and deserves to find its way to a large circle of readers, who will have good reason to congratulate themselves on coming across a piece of work so strong and wholesome and entertaining. The history of the Breen family has more of the true Thackeray flavour than any recent novel we have read.

RED EVE. By H. Rider Haggard. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

If you are seeking a really exciting book, one that bristles with thrilling incidents and valorous deeds, you cannot do better than read Mr. Rider Haggard's "Red Eve." It is a story of the days of Edward III., written in Mr. Haggard's usual vigorous style—it fairly glows with life and colour. The heroine of the story is called Red Eve on account of the cloak she wears; she is a beautiful girl who loves and is loved by Hugh de Cressi, the poor youngest son of a merchant. But Sir Edmund Acour, a wealthy French knight, is also anxious to make her his wife, and the base way in which he brings about his desire, the dangers Hugh de Cressi faces in order to be revenged, and the crafty way in which Sir Edmund avoids meeting his enemy are matters of emotion and excitement that keep one wholly interested to the end. And behind all looms the mighty Murgh, the symbolical figure of Fate, who walks in the battlefield and treads the streets of the pest-stricken cities. This is a tale that lovers of picturesque romance and stirring adventure should by no means leave unread.

THE RED LANTERN. By Edith Wherry. 6s. (Lane.)

Miss Wherry's book represents, we feel sure, the fruit of many years' personal experience of China and its customs. It is, at any rate, a very considerable achievement, and one of which its author may well be proud. "The Red Lantern" purports to give some of the inner history of the Boxer movement, and though it may be difficult for the ordinary reader to discern where fiction ends and fact begins, there can be no question but that the book loses nothing in interest or readability on this account. Mahlee, the heroine, is the daughter of Sir Philip Sackville and a Chinese girl who has died soon after her birth. For the first sixteen years or so of her life, Mahlee has been brought up by her grandmother, but at this age a curious, but by no means unlikely, accident brings her to an American missionary institution in Peking. She is adopted as a daughter by the head of the "Ark of the Covenant" and his wife, and during this period of her life her Western instincts prevail. She even falls in love with Andrew Handel, an ascetic and very priggish young missionary, and it is largely through her accidental discovery of Handel's sense of the gulf that separates them that the Asiatic in her is once more brought to the surface. It is then that she falls completely under the influence of Sam Wang, Eurasian like herself and a Boxer leader. We must leave the reader to find out for himself how Mahlee is used by Sam Wang for his political purposes as a reincarnation of Whar Mou Lahn, the Jeanne d'Arc of China, and to what use she puts her power. It is enough to say that "The Red Lantern" will be found to be a highly interesting—even enthralling—treatment of very difficult subject-matter. Miss Wherry not only has something to say, but she possesses the power of saying it remarkably well.

THE CLAW. By Cynthia Stockley. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

In these days of many novels, when the plot of practically every work of fiction one opens seems to be little more than an old acquaintance in a new garb, it is quite refreshing to find a book which has a value and an interest absolutely apart from the merits of the story. "The Claw" certainly belongs to this class, for it gives by far the best picture we have ever had of life in the little Rhodesian townships during the days of the Matabele War. In a sense, the book is a page of history; at any rate, it contains a record which might otherwise have been lost, for the author is one of the very few white women who could have written it from personal experience, and, so far as the atmosphere is concerned, she has written it extremely well. The story hardly counts when compared with that same atmosphere; in fact, it is on a lower level altogether. The minor characters are, generally speaking, well drawn; they strike you at once as being what they are absolutely true to life, or at least to the life of Rhodesia in those days; but the two principal figures are wearisome and unconvincing. The heroine reveals herself—the book is written in the first person—as selfish, ungrateful, vain, though the author probably will not share this view. Her treatment of her husband was as abominable as her infatuation for the hero was absurd. Major Kinsella, the hero, is a stage frontiersman of mildly blackguardly type, and it is quite distressing to find him reappearing towards the end of the story, after having been a prisoner in a cave in the Matoppos for two years. The husband, Maurice Stair, who dies conveniently on the last page, is really a far more decent person, despite his secret drinking and alleged cowardice. The amount of forbearance he showed towards his wife, who was always untrue to him in spirit, was little short of amazing. However, just as Major Kinsella's heroism fails to convince, so Stair's evil qualities seem unreal, especially in view of his sudden reformation. Still, after all the story itself is of secondary importance, and though its faults may mar, they certainly do not spoil one of the best novels of South African frontier life ever written.

The Bookman's Table.

THE WONDERFUL WEALD. By Arthur Beckett 10s 6d net (Mills & Boon)

Mr Beckett's Wonderful Weald is or is not according to the way you take it a guide book To assist the reader who requires guiding he has supplied a large amount of information upon practically the whole of the unhackneyed portions of Sussex a much larger subject than is at once apparent some hints on the manner of his journey and a capable index (but no map) It is all that a guide-book should be indeed but it is also a great deal more for it has a sort of plot and a number of characters and it is written in an altogether delightful manner Mr Beckett details his quest of the Crock of Gold which is to be found at the end of the rainbow It took him far and at the end he tells his Amanta In spite of all the perils we have undergone we have not found the Crock of Gold You are wrong said she We have found it and moreover among the gold pieces that the Crock contains are the pleasures of the way the delight of the mind the health of the body and not least the knowledge of the Wonderful Weald In seeking these you have discovered romance and re discovered your youth' We agree entirely with Amanta and we further hope that on looking again into the Crock Mr Beckett will find the pieces of literary fame and material prosperity He deserves to

THE KENT COAST. By Arthur D Lewis With illustrations 6s net (Fisher Unwin)

Mr Arthur D Lewis is obviously an interesting writer who has not solved the difficulty of writing a good topographical book He has tastes of his own but he is not unaware of public taste Moreover he has to write a book of over three hundred pages and that it may be guessed would be even more difficult to do had he to satisfy his own taste In the first few pages we become aware of this difference of tastes He asks leave to pause in Deptford to describe a shop in a row of little old shops off the High Street The shop he says that a cannot me pre climbs on a wooden frieze that twists around the three sides of the window's summit Bent pieces given for old metal wholesale and retail rag dealer The cave like interior shows a roomful of weird blacknesses below the level of the street Awesome feet like thin shanks hang down from rafters feet like things stand up from tables and floor like animals asleep on their backs The whole shop is full of expression though what it expresses I do not know Mr Lewis's next sentence is

Deptford of course was once a place of great importance for shipbuilding Either he was in too much of a hurry or he was too lazy to discover what these feet-like things expressed in the weird blacknesses of the shop But it was his business to discover or to try Nevertheless this failure and the words of course' in the following sentence are unerringly indicative of the nature of his book It is not a bad book It is full of the kind of information which is usually expected in topographical books, and this is given for the most part in the form of quotations from old books From time to time Mr Lewis deviates to express himself in such a passage as that in Margate ' where he says The use of strange words gives great romance to acts and objects which but for their names would be prosaic enough The Margate hoy of which Lamb wrote seems to me more romantic than the Margate steamer These two portions of the book the information and the opinions do not mingle or co operate But Mr Lewis has covered his ground like a man he went all round the coast on foot," and he has written at large upon everything from Deptford to the further side of Dungeness The illustrations are from photographs

NOTES FROM THE LIFE OF AN ORDINARY MORTAL. Being a Record of Things Done Seen and Heard at School College and in the World during the latter half of the Nineteenth Century By A G C Liddell C B 10s 6d net (John Murray)

In his family connections education travels positions and experiences Mr Liddell's fortune has been anything but ordinary and a little of his volume serves to show that intellectually and artistically he himself is by no means the ordinary mortal he pretends to be But his outlook and method of narration are for the most part undoubtedly ordinary even in circumstances where it needs a certain art to remain ordinary It may indeed be urged on the other hand that no ordinary but only an extraordinary a great a proud soul could deal so lightly so casually so unemotionally with events and memories and individualities that would move or even thrill most other citizens There may be a great art or a great pride underlying it all Be that as it may the method is the method of *Tit Bits* applied in the realms of society politics art law and literature by one who has had special opportunities for studying them from within Mr Liddell gives memories of great authors and artists and statesmen as one might give statistics about under ground railways and taxi cabs Once at Farringford he saw Tennyson dancing in a stately almost elephantine way with a young damsel in a polka and remarks in his easy off hand style It was no doubt an interesting spectacle to see an Olympian in white kid gloves partaking of the amusements of mankind In less than half a page of plain bald sentences he summarises the literary confidence imparted to him by Matthew Arnold in a walk to St James's Place The last was that the poet had been more thanked for his poem on the death of the dog Geist



Ramsgate Harbour.

From 'The Kent Coast by Arthur D Lewis (Fisher Unwin)

than for anything he ever wrote; he supposed it was because few persons liked verses and many liked dogs. The chief point we learn about Herbert Spencer is his theory, propounded at an interesting party, that pleasure was an excellent digestive. He himself could not digest the same food for many days; the monotony would affect his mind, and indeed he had heard of a man who went into a decline from eating nothing but mutton chops. Mr. Liddell saw much of many statesmen, Lords and Commoners, when (after depressing days at the Bar) he became Chief Clerk in the Crown Office, but he treats them as casually as cab-drivers or waiters. Mr. Liddell quotes liberally from his diary. Here, too, great men and things are treated tersely, unemotionally, "ordinarily." As an example:—

"*June* 21 [1890]. Monkshatch.—Some talk with old Mr. Watts. He said that he could not imagine persons being fond of any art without wanting to create in it themselves. He could never read poetry without its giving him a want to put his ideas in verse; which he could not do, as he had no gift of language. He said he felt very strongly that he had lived before."

Withal the many facts about many famous folk seem incidental. Mr. Liddell's main subject is himself: from his childhood, and his Eton and Balliol days to his sixtieth birthday. On the phases of this avowedly more intimate theme he is just as terse and candid and unemotional and exoteric.

SHE OF THE GREEN HAIR. By N. W. Byng. (Madgwick, Houlston & Co., Ltd.)

Those among us who remember gratefully a little book called "In a Street—in a Lane," will not require to read this notice; what was most remarkable in that small volume was a gay, ironic spirit which, unlike most other spirits, is not in much danger of evaporation from an author's second book. Now we have ascertained that the author is a woman. Will she take the mantle that was snatched away by Death so tragically from the shoulders of Monica Turnbull? Have we got in England some one who is worthy to translate the songs of Heine and who some day—*quien sabe*? In this book are no translations; on the contrary, it is in high degree original, more even than you would expect from the bizarre note of the title. A whole philosophy is expressed in terms of verse which may sound perilously ambitious and, to be quite candid, there are slips which a more careful artist would not make. No matter how profound the thought, it is impossible, apparently, for Miss Byng to silence her irony and her quaint humour. The second half of the book is devoted to a series of poems descriptive of "The Poet's House" and "The Poet's Garden." There are different moods for each room, and this is what a reasonable person will prefer in his companion. Death is crouching in the West Room:

"In horrid folds around him hung
His dusky cloak, and to his very feet
In gloomy lines it flowed.
Till suddenly this cloak he flung
Off from his shoulder, and with look so sweet
A rosy lining showed."

THE LAST EPISODE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Ernest Belfort Bax. 6s. net. (Grant Richards.)

It is no doubt true, as Mr. Bax says, that "of all the leading actors in the great drama of the French Revolution there is probably none less known to the average reader of history than the subject of the present volume." François Noel, or, as he is more usually known, Gracchus Babeuf, was the main actor in the curious "Conspiracy of the Equals" which may truly be said to mark the conclusion of the French Revolution. His was an unusual, but not an outstanding, personality, and the rising which he headed, though checked only upon the eve of success, comes as something of an anti-climax after the far more horribly stirring times of the Revolution proper. Nor can Babeuf be said to have originated any of his theories, save "his idea of seizing the political power by a *coup de main*, with a view to the immediate re-organisation of society on a communist basis." His movement is, nevertheless, of very considerable interest to students of modern Socialism. His ideals were, allowing for their eighteenth-century setting, very similar to those of Socialists of the present day, his motives were entirely disinterested, his courage beyond question, and, finally, he paid with his life for the cause that he had espoused. Mr. Bax's brief study is written in a manner which compels the reader's interest and attention.

SONGS FOR MUSIC. By Fred. E. Weatherly. (37, Woburn Square, W.C.)

The gift of clothing picturesque thought in a limited number of words, and casting it into the shape of a song, is not given to a great number of persons; but Mr. Weatherly undoubtedly possesses that gift. Whether his theme is sad or gay, dignified or fanciful, he seems to fling a magic net over it and draw it into shape—the shape is one of three or four verses, sometimes less, in which the tuneful lines contain the salient words, and the result is a picture, a message, a scene, a legend—what the poet wills—with a haunting suggestion of melody running through it. The slim volume before us contains nearly a hundred of these "Songs for Music," songs which set even the unmusical among us reading them in cadence. There is much variety in the volume—songs for the gay-hearted, for the lover, for the child even, are here. For ourselves the chief appeal has come from Mr. Weatherly's more sombre, forceful poems. "Rider of the Forest," the first in the book, is full of delicate strength and imagination, presented in few words. "Mother o' my Heart" is another with a strong appeal in it, its success being gained by a dramatic simplicity. "Drums of the Desert" and "No More," too, have each this graver strength. The book is one of many charms, full of suggestion for those writers of songs who use notes instead of words for their work.

Notes on New Books.

MR. JOHN MURRAY.

Miss Ellen Glasgow's new book, **The Miller of Old Church** (6s.), starts with a delightful first chapter in which her keen sense of humour has full play while she lays the foundation stone of what proves to be a remarkably powerful story; a story that tells of the misfortunes that arise out of the tyranny of the weak, and how the lives of a number of people are influenced by a fragile, ailing lady. The young, handsome miller of Old Church, Abel Revercomb, is deeply in love with pretty Molly Merryweather. The girl's complex character—she is by turns wild, lovable and gentle, passionate, cold and hard—is admirably drawn. She longs unutterably to be free and see "life," and when some money is left to her she does go away and travel, in search of "life," as she says—and only discovers when she has gone that she has left it at home behind her. The plot is well constructed and contains many stirring scenes that bring out the author's fine dramatic sense and sure insight into human nature.

MR. THOMAS BURKE (Craigton Road, Eltham).

It is some guarantee of quality that most of the poems in Mr. Thomas Burke's little privately printed volume, **Verses** 1s. net), have been published in such periodicals as the *English Review*, the *Nation*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, and *Nash's*. They are thoughtful, graceful verses with some depth of feeling in them and the light of a tender, delicate fancy playing through them all. This lyric, "My Beautiful," is fairly representative:

"I love a lady of high degree,
Who once in passing smiled on me.
She is more beautiful than stars
Lighting an unknown sea.

"I have not heard her voice; its sound,
I think, should hold my senses bound,
As sweet tunes swimming through the night
From an enchanted ground.

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THE DEMPSEY DIAMONDS. By ALLAN ARNOT

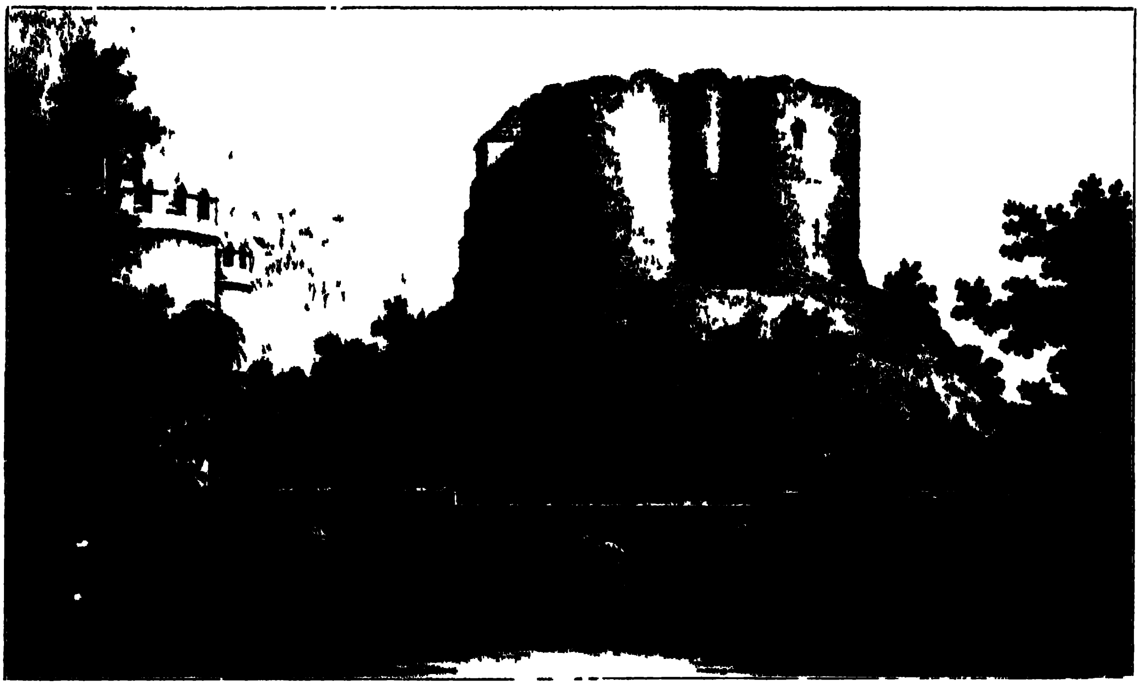
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THE BODLEY HEAD, VIGO STREET LONDON, W.



Clifford's Tower and the Old Castle Gate, 1807.

From an etching by Joseph Halfpenny.

From "The History of the Castle of York," by T. P. Cooper (Elliot Stock).

When I with toil am sick for sleep
Through wakeful hours such thoughts I keep
Upon this lady that I lie
In pleasant pain and weep.

"Oh if my lovely dream could be
And bring my beautiful to me,
Oh then I'd laugh at Life and Death
In Love's Eternity."

If so small a booklet had only one such charming lyric in it, it would be a thing worth having; this and two or three other such poems make this a first book of distinct promise.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK.

One of the most interesting castles in England, we are now convinced, is that of York. Mr. T. P. Cooper in his **History of the Castle of York** (12s. 6d. net) writes primarily for a public interested in antiquarian research, but the style and manner of his book are not such as to discourage the ordinary reader, who will indeed find that the volume completely holds his attention. The book is an exceedingly thorough study and one that probably constitutes the last word on its subject. It is amply illustrated.

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Novels on the period of the French Revolution seem to be growing increasingly common, but Mr. E. Scot Gillie's work is worth considerably more attention than the average story of its kind. The author of **The Shadow of the Guillotine** (6s.) has clearly studied his period exhaustively, and he possesses unusual qualifications for the writing of successful historical novels. His story is exceedingly well told, and he has a dramatic sense which he turns to excellent effect, and in addition considerable powers of characterisation. Readers of his book ought to be numerous, and they are sure to be well pleased.

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ELLIS, IDA.—Colours: Their Relation to the Physical, Mental, and Spiritual Development of Man. 6d. (Ellis Family, Promenade, Blackpool)
HUGHES, HENRY (One of Them) Golf for the Late Beginner. With 32 Illustrations. 1s net .....(Long)
I, E V, and G M What a Life! an Autobiography Illustrated by Whiteley's 1s. net .....(Methuen)
Report (107th) of the British and Foreign Bible Society for Year Ending March, 1911. With Appendix and List of Subscribers and Benefactors With 8 Maps 1s (to non Subscribers) (Bible House, 146, Queen Victoria St.)
WAITE, ARTHUR EDWARD—The Secret Tradition in Freemasonry: and an Analysis of the Inter-relation Between the Craft and the High Grades in Respect of their Term of Research, Expressed by the Way of Symbolism. 2 Vols., with 28 Full-page Plates and many other Illustrations. 42s. net .....(Rebman)
Zionist Work in Palestine. By Various Authorities. With Foreword by David Wolffsohn, and 24 Illustrations. Edited by Israel Cohen. 1s. net .....(Unwin)

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ASKEW, JOHN BERTRAM.—Pros and Cons: a Newspaper Reader's and Debater's Guide to the Leading Controversies of the Day (Political, Social, Religious, etc.). 5th Edition, Rewritten and Enlarged by W. T. Swan Sonnenschein, B.A., with many New Articles and Complete Index. 1s. net .....(Routledge)
BUSK, H. G., F.R.Met.Soc.—What Will the Weather Be? The Amateur Forecaster's Vade Mecum. With 4 Illustrations and 2 Barograms. 2nd Edition, Revised and Enlarged. 6d. net .....(W. Heffer, Cambridge)

The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 242. Vol. XLI. Subscription rate 8s. per annum post free. | NOVEMBER, 1911. | Price Sixpence. Published Monthly.

CONTENTS.

We deeply regret to announce the death of Mr. Matthew Henry Hodder, senior partner in the firm of Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, which took place at his residence at Bromley, Kent, on the 18th of last month, in his eighty-first year. Mr. Hodder remained active in his business until within a few weeks of the end. Apart from his interests in the world of letters, he was for very many years past a gracious and prominent figure in the religious and philanthropic life of London and Bromley, and took an especial interest in the work of the Young Men's Christian Association. All who knew him will realise that the writer of one of the numerous kindly tributes that our contemporaries have paid to his memory said the right thing of him when he wrote: "There must be something in the handling of books which makes for sweetness as well as light. You could not so much as look at Mr. Hodder without being struck by the sweetness and charm of his nature. . . . He was not perhaps a talkative man, but he had always something to say worth hearing. His words came deliberately, softly, with an old-fashioned homeliness very likeable. When you parted with him you carried away an impression of that shrewd, friendly, far-seeing type of Englishman who has done so much for England."

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

We are much indebted to Mrs. Benson, who very kindly lent us several of the portraits and photographs that illustrate our article on "The Three Bensons."

The December Bookman will be a Christmas Double Number, and will contain, in addition to the usual features, interesting articles on the new books of the season, a number of beautiful colour-plate engravings, and a portfolio of pictures in colour by Mr. Frank Reynolds illustrating scenes and characters from "David Copperfield." There will also be large and fully illustrated literary Supplements, the whole number furnishing, as in other years, the amplest and most serviceable guide to the Christmas book buyer and reader.

Messrs. Longmans have just issued a new edition of Mr. R. H. Benson's fine poetical drama, "The Maid of Orleans." An acting edition of the play was published by them at sixpence last year; the

new edition, which has been reset in larger type and charmingly illustrated by Gabriel Pippet, is published at three shillings net. Other plays by Mr. R. H. Benson, issued by the same publishers, are "A Mystery Play in Honour of the Nativity of Our Lord" and "The Cost of a Crown," a sacred drama in three acts.

"The Human Compass," by Bart Kennedy, will be issued this month by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. It contains about a hundred sketches and essays dealing with those everyday problems of life and conduct that concern every class of human society. This is Mr. Kennedy's fifteenth volume and marks his return from the strenuous labours of editing a popular weekly to the quieter ways of the literary worker.

The Hon. Mrs. Robert Hamilton is about to write the Life of her father, the late Viscount Wolverhampton, and would be very grateful for the loan of letters, or copies of letters, written by him which would add to the interest of the memoir. The letters, or copies, should be sent to her at Sutton St. Anne Rectory, Loughborough, Leicestershire.

Mrs. George Norman, whose new novel, "Delphine Carfrey," was recently published by Messrs. Methuen, is also the author of the three-act comedy that Miss Marie Tempest intends to produce when Mr. Arnold Bennett's brilliant play, "The Honeymoon," has finished its run at the Royalty.



Miss Winifred James,

Who has now acknowledged the authorship of "Letters to My Son" and "More Letters to My Son," and whose new book, "Letters of a Spinster," Messrs. Chapman & Hall are just publishing.

Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing a new novel by G. B. Burgin—"The Belle of Santiago." This is a romance of the old pilgrim city which contains the shrine of St. James to which hundreds of English pilgrims used to voyage annually in the days that are no more. They used to sleep in the Cathedral, and it is significant of much that the biggest censer in the world was swung from the roof every day to purify the atmosphere after each batch of pilgrims departed. Mr. Burgin has finished another book, "Dickie Delver," for next spring, in which he goes again for his characters and scenery to the Canada that has furnished the background of some of the best of his stories.



Mr. Lovat Fraser,

Whose "India under Curzon, and After," was published last month by Mr. Heinemann. The photograph shows Mr. Fraser in his garden outside the tent in which the greater part of his book was written during the past summer, Mr Fraser preferring to work and sleep in the open air.

No book written by Mrs. Margaret Deland since "John Ward, Preacher" took the reading public by storm has met with such great success as her latest novel, "The Iron Woman," which was issued last month by Messrs. Harper. It was subscribed, we understand, more largely than any book they have handled in the last fifteen years, and is now selling between sixty and seventy copies daily.

Mrs. Katharine Macquoid is the doyenne of English novelists. Her first book was published by Messrs. Smith Elder in 1862, with the ominous title of "A Bad Beginning." But it was literally a very good beginning, and was presently followed by "Hester Kirton" and by "Patty," one of the most charming and perhaps the most popular of her many stories. Her "Pictures in Umbria," the record of an Italian holiday, was issued by Mr. Werner Laurie in 1905, with illustrations by her husband, Mr. Thomas Macquoid, R.I.; and since then she has given us "A Village Chronicle" and "Captain Dallington." Mrs. Macquoid has now completed a new novel, "Molly Montague's Love Story," which is to be published immediately.

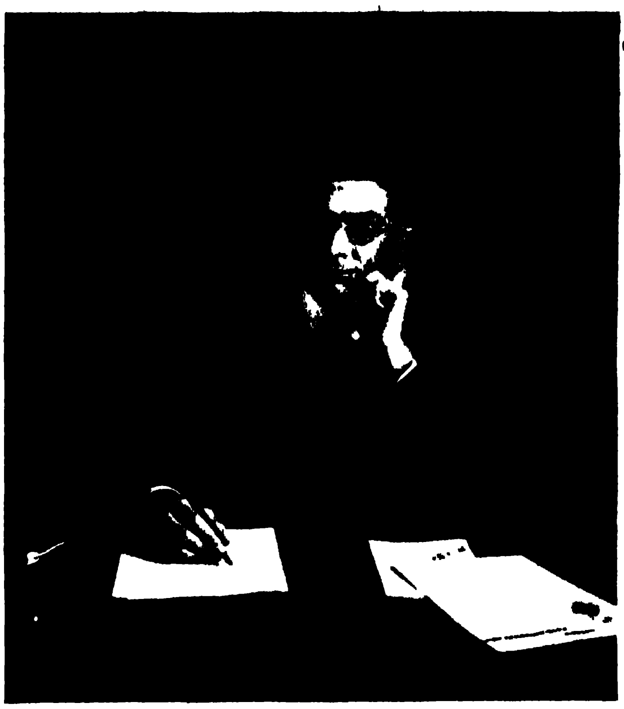


Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. L. Cope Cornford.**

Major H. C. Lowther, whose volume of personal

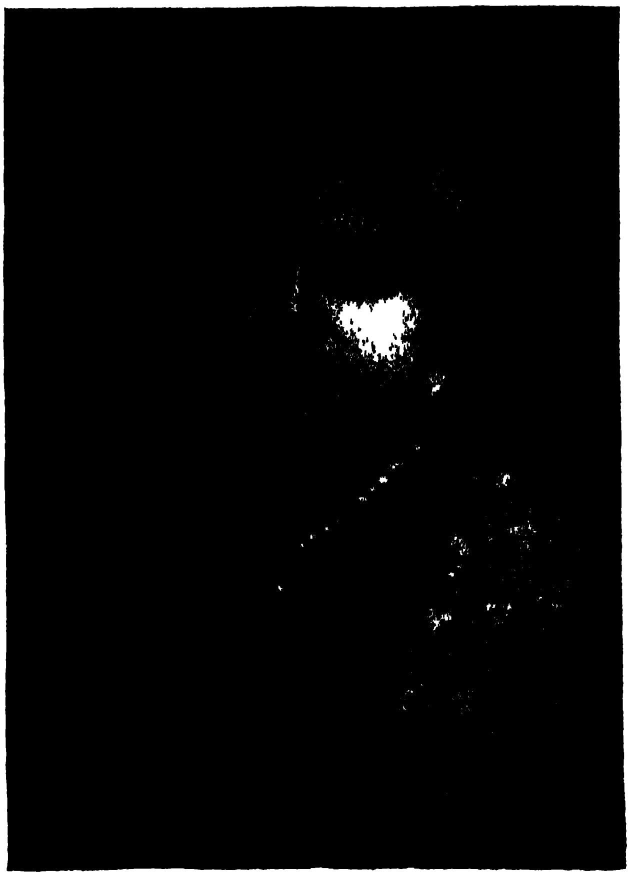


Miss Winifred Boggs.
Whose new novel, "Vagabond City," is published by Messrs. Putnam's

recollections, "From Pillar to Post," has been published by Mr. Edward Arnold, is a brother of the present Speaker of the House of Commons. Major Lowther has lived a varied and adventurous life all about the world as soldier, diplomatist, traveller, explorer, and sportsman, and is now accompanying the Duke of Connaught to Canada.

Mr. Martin Secker is publishing next spring a new novel by Mr. Frederick Niven—a romance of the eighteenth century, the scene of which is laid in the Western Highlands, where Mr. Niven is at present staying, at work on the book.

Mr. L. Cope Cornford is one of Henley's *National Observer* young men, and wrote for the *New Review* when it was under the same editorship. In 1895 his first novel, a historical romance called "Captain Jacobus," appeared serially in *Black and White* and was afterwards published in book form both in this country and in America. He followed it with other historical novels, "The Master-Beggars," "Sons of Adversity," "The Last Buccaneer"; and in 1899 wrote a critical and biographical essay on Stevenson in Messrs. Blackwood's Men of Letters series. He has written a couple of school books, one on "English Composi-



Mrs. Isobel Strong.
Whose little book about Stevenson (Cassell & Co.) is reviewed on page 111.

tion" being the first English work founded on the French educational model, the other, "Essay-writing for Schools," dealing more comprehensively with the same subject. In 1901 Mr. Cornford was attached to the *Morning Post* as correspondent on naval affairs; and in 1906 joined the editorial staff of the *Standard* under the editorship of Mr. H. A. Gwynne. In the same year he wrote that grim and poignant study of poverty in London, "The Canker at the Heart," and "The Defenceless Islands," a striking forecast of the probable effects of the outbreak of war upon the industries of this country. In 1909 he published "London Pride and London Shame," a collection of sketches dealing with various aspects of London life. He has written, indeed, so graphically and with such intimate knowledge of London labour and the London poor that one has come to regard him as a sociological student and an uncompromising realist, but he has done equally admirable work in romantic fiction, and in his new book, "Troubled Waters" (Blackwood), has fashioned a tale of real life in which his great gifts both as a realist and a romancist are given full scope.



Photo by Landfier, Glasgow.

Mrs. Muriel Nelson d'Auvergne.

Mrs. Muriel Nelson d'Auvergne, the author of "Tarnished Coronets: Studies in the History of the British Peerage," which has been published by Mr. Werner Laurie, is probably the youngest of our latter-day historical writers. She was born at Wolverhampton twenty-four years ago and is the wife of Edmund B. d'Auvergne, the well-known author of "Lola Montez," "The English Castles," etc. Two years ago she closed a brilliant academic career at Glasgow University by taking the M.A. degree with honours in English History and Literature. Mrs. d'Auvergne has taken a prominent share in the Suffragette movement and has fought hard for the cause in all parts of England.

The prize of £250 offered by Messrs. Cassell last autumn for the best story for girls has been won by Miss Dorothy à Beckett Terrell, whose novel, "Sister-in-Chief," is to appear serially in the *Girl's Realm* before it comes out in book form. Miss à Beckett Terrell, who has contributed largely to the magazines, is a great-granddaughter of Gilbert à Beckett, who



Bowling Green House, Putney Heath, where Pitt died.

From a pencil sketch by Elsie H. Rose.

From "William Pitt," by J. Holland Rose. (G. Bell & Sons.) See review on page 95.

wrote the Comic Histories of England and of Rome, had a large share in the founding of *Punch*, and was for many years one of the most brilliant of its staff. She also claims descent from Thomas à Becket, the martyred Archbishop.

Most novelists nowadays are turning their attention to the stage; Mr. Warren Bell is one of the few of them who have done so with a considerable measure of success. Upon his farcical comedy, "Company for George," produced at the Kingsway Theatre last year under the management of Miss May Palfrey and Miss Lena Ashwell, he has now founded a delightfully amusing novel, that was recently published under the same title by Messrs. Greening. Originally "Company for George" appeared as a short story in *Fry's Magazine*, but with the introduction of fresh characters and incidents it makes a book full to overflowing of farcical happenings and the best of good fun.



Mr. R. S. Warren Bell.

Mr. Warren Bell started his literary career on *Tit-Bits* in 1890, and went thence to the Messrs. Harmsworth, where he wrote regularly for the *Evening News* under the *nom-de-plume* of "Tantalus," and for a short time acted as dramatic critic. He left the *News* about 1895 and had three years of free-lancing, during which period he contributed largely to the *Pall Mall Gazette* (in which his "Papa Papers" appeared) and to the *Westminster*, which printed a number of the humorous storyettes that were subsequently issued by Mr. Grant Richards under the title of "The Cub in Love." Then Mr. Bell's first full-fledged novel, "Bachelorland," appeared serially in the *Weekly Sun*, and probably its favourable reception, both as a serial and in volume, would have led him to continue writing novels had he not at this time (1898) been asked by Messrs. Newnes to bring out for them a high-class boys' magazine, the first number of the *Captain* making its appearance in April, 1899, under his editorship. But it was not likely that a man of Mr. Bell's creative faculty would quite sink the author in the editor, and he began in the opening number of the *Captain* those "Tales of Greyhouse" which are still selling in book form, following them with "J. O. Jones," "Jim Mortimer," "The Duffer," "Cox's Cough Drops" (one of the most drolly humorous schoolboy stories of recent years), and "Green at Greyhouse," all of which have been reissued in their own covers, and last month he commenced "Black Evans," a new serial, in the *Captain*, the editorship of which he relinquished in August of last year. During the twelve years of his editing he not only contributed these stories and a monthly causerie, over the signature of "The Old Fag," to his magazine, but wrote many short stories for contemporary periodicals and another novel, "Love the Laggard," which was also published by Mr. Grant Richards. He is at present engaged on a new novel which will be ready for publication in the early spring, and he makes time to write frequently for sundry "all-fiction" magazines. Mr.



Photo by Copperfield, Chelsea.

Miss Dorothy à Beckett Terrell.

Warren Bell is the eldest son of the Rev. G. E. Bell, vicar of Henley-in-Arden, Warwickshire, and incidentally he is the greatest author in London, for he stands over six feet four in height.

Mr. C. E. W. Bean, who recently made such a success with his "On the Wool Track," has written a new book, "The Dreadnought of the Darling," which will be published early this month by Messrs. Alston Rivers.

Mr. Guy Thorne has been at work for the past two years on a novel that deals with the drink problem. He has had the assistance of prominent social and scientific leaders in the cause of temperance reform, and has based his study of the inebriate temperament largely on the actual notes of a brilliant man of letters now deceased. The book will be published shortly by Messrs. Greening under the title of "The Drunkard."

On the two hundred and sixtieth anniversary of Charles II.'s escape after the battle of Worcester, Mr. A. M. Broadley conducted a party of friends on a motor-car pilgrimage over the ground covered by the King in his flight to Brighton, visiting the inns and houses, or the sites of them, in which he lay concealed on the way. In a privately printed programme of the pilgrimage Mr. Broadley reproduces several old prints connected with the famous flight, including a facsimile of a handbill offering a reward of a thousand pounds for Charles's apprehension. He is completing a new history of the fugitive King's adventures and experiences which will contain a good deal of hitherto unpublished material, and the book is to be published shortly by Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co.



Mr. John Haslette,

Whose novel "Desmond Rourke," published last month by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., is proving one of the successful books of the autumn.

For much assistance with the general illustrations in this number our thanks are due to Messrs. Chapman & Hall, Mr. Fisher Unwin, Messrs. Mills & Boon, Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co., Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., Messrs. Cassell, Messrs. Putnam, Mr. John Long, Mr. Werner Laurie, Mr. Heinemann, and Mr. John Lane.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

November 1 to December 1, 1911.

Messrs. George Allen & Co., Ltd.

BEVAN, REV. J. O. Wits and their Humours. 2s. net.
CHATER, LUCY. Milton's Comus (for Amateur Performance in Girls' Schools). 6d. net; costume edition 2s. 6d. net.
COOK, E. T. The Life of John Ruskin. 2 Vols. 21s. net.
FOGERTY, ELSIE. Love's Labour Lost (adapted for Amateur Performance in Girls' Schools). Words only, paper, 6d. net; costume edition 2s. 6d. net.
JOHNSON, REV. T. Clergyman's Ready Reference Diary for 1912. 3s. 6d. net.
MARTIN, E. WALFORD. The Home and the Child. 2s. 6d.
PHYTHIAN, J. E. Millais. With reproductions of 24 of his famous pictures. 2s. net.
PILLAI, J. RAMAKRISHNA. The Dive for Death. 6s.
RICHARDSON, E. Seeking: a Series of Illustrated Plays for children. 2s. 6d. net.
ROBERTSON, ALEX., D.D. Fra Paolo Sarpi. 7s. 6d. net.
WILCOX, DORA. Rata and Mistletoe (Verse). 2s. 6d. net.
Coal-Tar Tree Chart (showing the more important compounds existing in and derived from Coal Tar). Printed in Colours. 5s. net; mounted on rollers, 7s. 6d. net.
Official Report of the Church Congress, 1911 (Stoke). 10s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Appleton & Co.

ABBOT, CHARLES G. The Sun. Fully Illustrated. 10s. net.
CASTLE, W. E. Heredity in Relation to Evolution. Fully Illustrated. 6s. net.
ZAHM, A. F. Aerial Navigation. Fully Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net.

Mr. Edward Arnold.

CHILDERS, ERSKINE. The Framework of Home Rule. 10s. 6d. net.
CROSTHWAITE, SIR CHARLES, K.C.S.I. The Pacification of Burmah. 16s. net.
DAVENPORT, CYRIL. Cameo Book Stamps. 21s. net.
FILIPPI, ROSINA.—Hints to Speakers and Players. 3s. 6d. net.
GOUDGE, REV. CANON H. L. The Mind of St. Paul. 2s. 6d. net.
MARTIN, P. F. Peru of the Twentieth Century. 15s. net.
MEYSEY THOMPSON, COL. R. F.—The Horse. 15s. net.
REES, SIR J. D., K.C.I.E. Pros and Cons of Political Problems. 7s. 6d. net.
SKRINE, M. J. H. A Romance of the Simple. 6s.
WEMYSS, MRS. ROSSLYN. Memoirs and Letters of Right Hon. Sir Robert Morier, 1826–76. 2 Vols. 32s. net.

Mr. B. T. Batsford.

GARDNER, J. STARKIE.—English Ironwork of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries: an Historical and Descriptive Account of the Development of Exterior Smithcraft. With 250 Illustrations. £2 2s. net.
RICHARDSON, A. E., and C. L. GILL. London Houses from 1660 to 1820: a Consideration of their Architecture and Detail. With 100 Full-page Photographic Illustrations. 15s. net.

Messrs. A. & C. Black.

CLEAVER, REGINALD. A Winter Sport Book. 5s. net.
EUCKEN, RUDOLF. Life's Basis and Life's Ideal. The Fundamentals of a New Philosophy of Life. 7s. 6d. net.
FINNEMORE, JOHN. Peep at Japan. 1s. 6d. net.
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Photo by C. Lands.] **A. C. Benson.**

A new portrait.

Perhaps in some of my writings those who have read them have thought that I have unduly emphasised the brighter, sweeter, more tranquil side of life. I have done so deliberately, because I believe that we should follow innocent joy as far as we can. But it is possible, I am aware, to ... the other side. ... If I have upheld the duty of seeking peace, it has been like the preacher who preaches most urgently against his own besetting sins.—*From "At Large," by A. C. Benson* (Smith, Elder.)

the public with "The Upton Letters" and essays "From a College Window." Instead of "disappears" I should have written "almost disappears." For both E. F. and Father Hugh in their stories have a good deal of the same dramatic power in dealing with weird or curious psychical phenomena, and the philosophy of "The Climber" towards the close is impressive in the same sort of fashion as some minor aspects of "The Gate of Death." But, with some such qualifications, it remains true that as *littérateurs* the two are more remarkable for their respective individualities than for any distinct family resemblance.

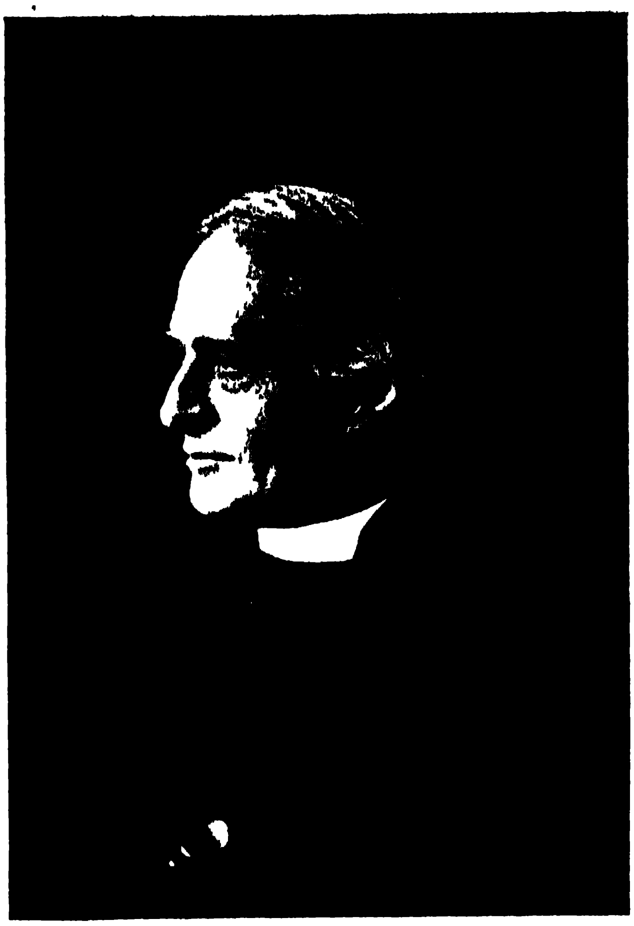


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Christopher Benson, late Archbishop of Canterbury.

[illegible]



The Old Master's Lodge at Wellington College.

Mr. A. C. Benson was born here, in the room above the [illegible]

After a while, one hereditary feature does force itself upon an assiduous reader of their books. All three preach, at any rate, they are liable to preach on the slightest provocation or on none. Father Hugh naturally has his private propaganda, and one is hardly surprised to find him jerking it into his very stories. It is more surprising to catch echoes of the same habit even in some of E. F.'s more artistic novels, rarely to the advantage of their symmetry or to the reader's enjoyment. In the second chapter of "The House of Defence," for example, the story takes quite a promising turn. Lady Maud Raynham, its young unmarried heroine, goes out fishing in Caithness-shire with a trout rod and hooks a fresh-run salmon. "There was nobody within sight, and she had kilted her skirts till she could wade out over that barren shoal water, and stand



The Chancery, Lincoln.

Where the Bensons lived from 1873 to 1877.



[illegible]

Martin White Benson and Arthur Christopher Benson.

[illegible]

where, with the cool bright water flowing nearly up to her knees she could reach the deeper water beyond.' Here she was in this plight fixed with light tackle to a plunging twenty pound salmon her landing net on the bank and no one near to gaff the fish even if she succeeded in holding him. She hails a man at last who chanced to be passing with a salmon rod. He gaffs her fish, when upon perceiving him to be a gentleman she mildly points out that this is her brother's river. Unluckily her brother had forgotten to tell her that the river had been let to a wealthy American, so that Lady Raynham discovers to her confusion that it is she and not her improvised ghillie the said American who is poaching for the nonce. So far so good. This whets the reader for more to follow —more salmon perhaps more interest anyhow. But the angler turns out to be a Christian Scientist and drops of doctrine begin to fall ominously on the banks of the stream. The worst fears of the reader are realised before the tale is done. It is not a bad story of a human soul being rescued



[illegible]

E. F. and R. H. Benson.



[illegible]

Robert Hugh Benson in 1885.

from the drug habit but it is inartistically overweighted with propaganda. A similar interest appears in "Paul," where however the rich variety of the plot prevents it from becoming more than one of the relevant factors in a capitally balanced tale.

The description of Paul Norris taking communion in St. Paul's (in the twenty-first chapter of "Paul") might have almost been written by the man who wrote some of the chapters in "The Thread of Gold." Critics of A. C. have generally deplored or derided his tendency to preach. The improving tone seems to irritate them. This



Photo by [illegible] Argall, Truro. 1879. Photo by [illegible] Lord, Cambridge. 1884. Photo by Hill & Saunders, Eton. 1889.

Three early portraits of A. C. Benson.

is a matter upon which a reviewer who has himself to preach is possibly a biassed judge He has no jealousy of a lay-brother He is only too glad to hear or to read anyone who preaches well, and if Mr Benson does preach too much even if, as Lamb said of Coleridge (and to Coleridge) he does nothing else the average excellence of his predictions inclines one to overlook the fact that they are sometimes out of place and sometimes a trifle superior That they are occasionally obvious is no drawback from this point of view In last century we had moral advisers like Helps and A K H B *j'en passe et des meilleurs* Now we have books like "The House of Quiet" and its fellows, which run into many editions, and secure contemporary popularity if not critical esteem Evidently there is in every generation a public which whatever be its attitude to the pulpit reads and likes the cultured expression of sincere and profitable convictions, which are more or less religious, about the management of life, even on its fairly prosaic and obvious sides One of these sides is trouble and quite apart from their technical merits or demerits as literature, Mr Benson's books do appeal to a certain class of men and women who are inwardly bruised and baffled by pain mental or physical or both He does not think much of his own verse But, instead of quoting any prose passage which must be fairly familiar let me quote some of his lines which illustrate this appeal

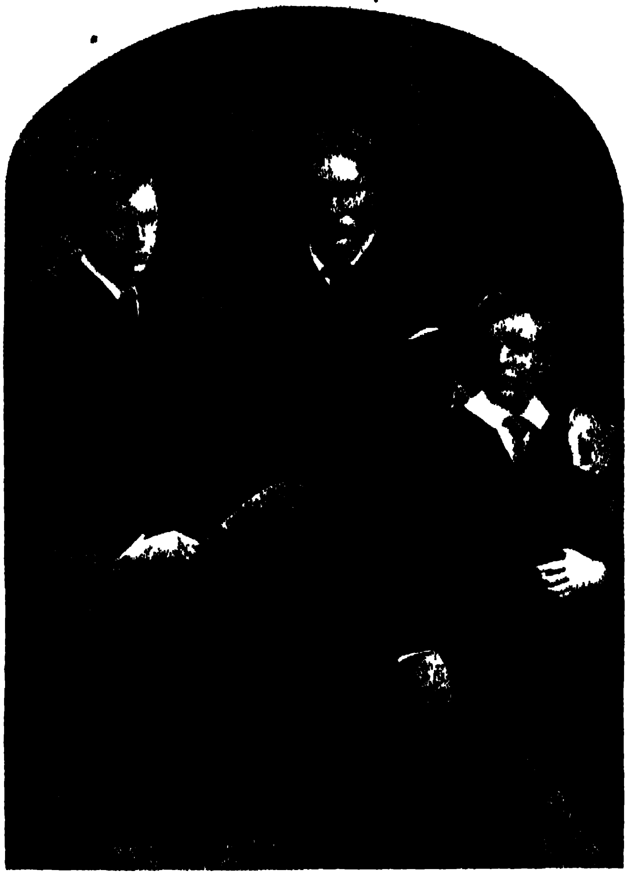


Photo by Elliott & Fry

E. F. Benson. A. C. Benson. R. H. Benson.

From a photo taken in 1884

> The wounded bird sped on with shattered wing
> And gained the holt and ran a little space
> Where briar and bracken twined a hiding place
> There lay and wondered at the grievous thing
>
> With patient filmy eye he peeped, and heard
> Big blood drops oozing on the fallen leaf
> Here hour by hour in uncomplaining grief
> He watched with pain but neither cried nor stirred
>
> "The merry sportsmen tramped contented home,
> He heard their happy laughter die away,—
> Across the stubble by the covert side
> His merry comrades called at eventide,
> They breathed the fragrant air, alert and gay,
> And he was sad because his hour was come"

No one who has read the Benson books will fail to recollect the prominence of this pathos in the form of a searching sympathy with the wounded creatures of his generation. He voices the feelings of some of



Photo by E C Argall, Truro

The late Christopher Benson (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury), Mrs. Benson, and their Family.

A group taken in 1881, when Christopher Benson was Bishop of Truro



E. F. BENSON.

From a Photo by Elliott & Fry.



E. F. Benson.

From a photo taken about twenty years ago.

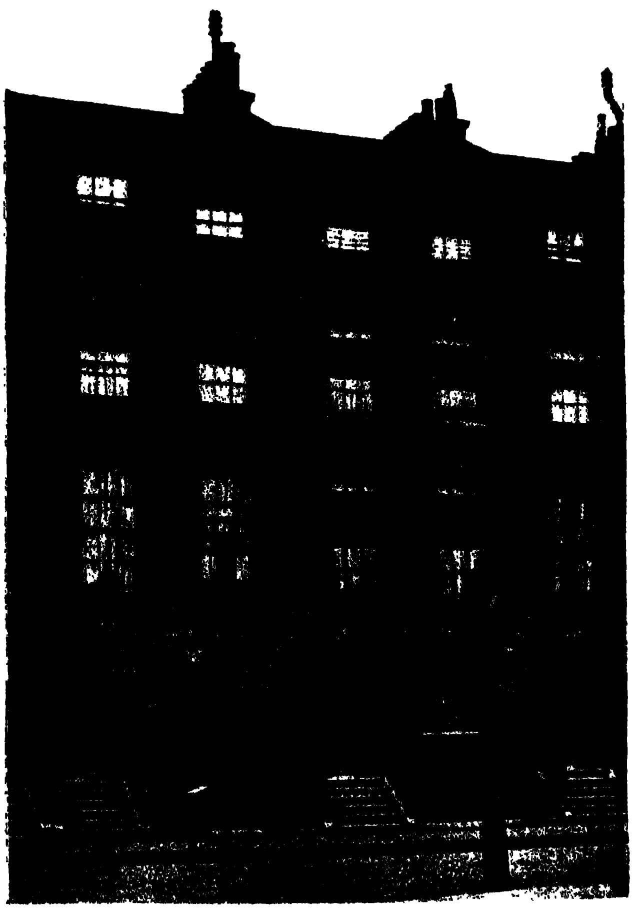
them, at any rate. His pages flow with a smooth, bright current of literary criticism, personal reflections, and social discursiveness; they have the attractive knack also of analysing and expressing sometimes with a masterly touch what many people are vaguely conscious of feeling about ordinary things and men. But, unless I am hopelessly mistaken, their vogue is due in no small degree to the solace and encouragement of their humane sentiments, and it is only fair to recognise this even when the moral and religious basis does not strike one as particularly adequate, or even when the pedagogue rather than the preacher is in evidence, as *e.g.* in the moralising comments upon FitzGerald's indecision.

"I write these pages," he remarks, "in the quietest of College rooms, in one of the smallest educational establishments in England, looking out on a secluded garden, where the shadow of great trees falls across the turf, and the birds flute in the bushes; it seems impossible in such a scene to believe that there can be strife or misunderstanding anywhere in the world." The world, as Mr. Benson knows, is larger and noisier than the *hortus inclusus* of a Cambridge college during the long vacation. But his pages sometimes breathe an academic and aristocratic aroma, which unconsciously limits his power of sympathy. It even annoys a well-disposed reader. You begin to understand, after a while, what was in the mind of the intelligent lady who remarked, after a course of the Benson books, that Mr. Benson made life such a fine (a variant reading is superfine) art that she almost hesitated now to eat a mutton-chop. Besides, the circle of people who appear in his pages, as lay-figures to be moved and posed, belong almost exclusively to the worlds of culture and society—an error which both of his brothers have too



Photo by [illegible], Upminster. **E. F. Benson.**

From a photo taken of Mr. Benson when he was acting as judge in a skating competition at Villars sur Ollon, Switzerland, in February last.



102, Oakley Street, Chelsea, the residence of Mr. E. F. Benson.



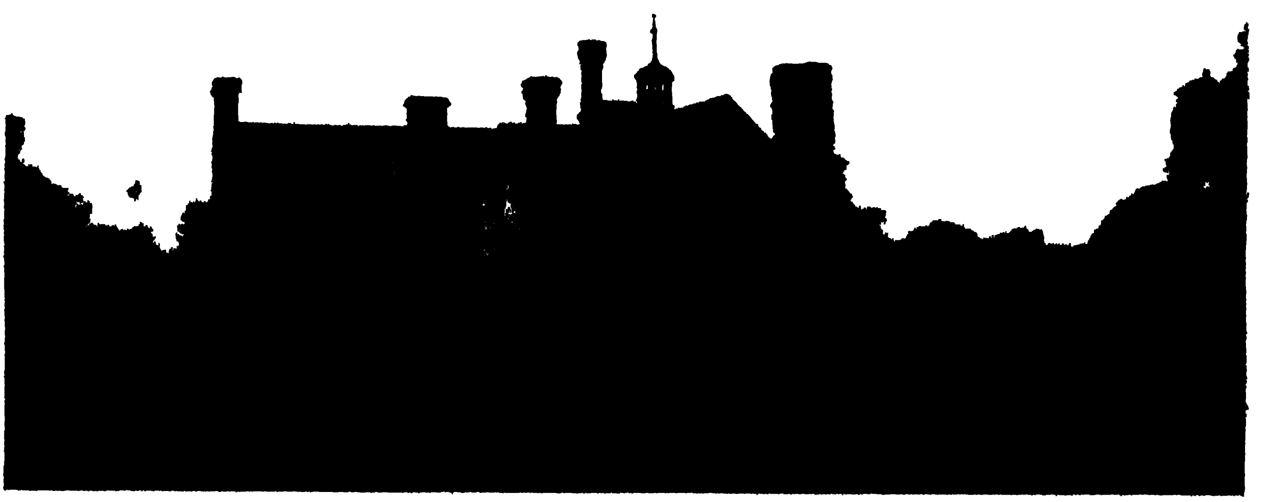
The Old Granary, Cambridge.

Where Mr A C Benson lived from [illegible]

much sense dramatic and otherwise to commit. When Nicholas Nickleby had retired from the Kenwigses' party Miss Petowker observed that he had "something in his appearance quite—dear dear what's that word again?" "What word?" inquired Mr Lillyvick. "Why dear me how stupid I am" replied Miss Petowker hesitating. "What do you call it when lords break off door knockers and beat policemen and play at coaches with other people's money and all that sort of thing?" "Aristocratic?" suggested the collector. "Ah! aristocratic" replied Miss Petowker "something very aristocratic about him isn't there?" Mr Benson's country gentlemen and charming ladies and Anglican clergy do not amuse themselves with such boisterous ongoings. The test of their aristocratic position is very different from Miss Petowker's standard. Their demeanour is nearer to what one may conjecture to be that of Mr Asquith's peerless Four Hundred. They have their own pains and problems but they frequent big dinner parties and country houses and all the rest of it they seem to have nice libraries and as a rule comfortable incomes frankly there is often "something very aristocratic" about them in the way of external advantages which is not exactly a fountain of human interest in most cases.

It is not invidious to call these works by A C, beginning with "The House of Quiet" in 1903 "the Benson books." They convey the note of a personality and the air of a philosophy of life more distinctly than his brothers' pages more distinctly even than Father Hugh's. R H has recently been posing as Mr Wells in a cassock that is as the Mr Wells of "The War in the Air" and "The Sleeper Awakes." "Lord of the World" and "The Dawn of All" are naturally more sensational than historical romances like "The Queen's Tragedy" and "The King's Achievement" but whether he is writing of the past or the future there is the same plausible tone the same capacity for fine colouring and glowing episodes the same intense little creed which repeatedly beguiles him to point a moral and deform a tale and then the same power of appealing to the semi-educated with a deftness for which his older brother of Magdalene has evidently little or no vocation. There is more than humour in the juxtaposition of "The Religion of the Plain Man" with its rhetorical emotional and rhetorical plea for Romanism issuing from the Catholic rectory at Cambridge simultaneously with the chapter on Religion in "From a College Window." One recalls what Borrow said in the first chapter of "Lavengro" about the difference between his brother and himself or the apter contrast between Hurrell and Anthony Froude.

If Father Hugh's personality is stronger than his philosophy of things it is the reverse with E F. Naturally a novelist has fewer chances of putting himself forward into frank relations with his public unless he chooses to follow the precedent of Fielding which is



Tremans, Horsted Keynes, Sussex.

The home of Mrs Benson, where her sons frequently go to stay with her, and where several of Mr A C Benson's books were written

not E. F. Benson's way. Still, there is a sort of Bensonian philosophy clinging to some of his finer novels, and it is on this side that he reminds one now and again of his academic brother, though the task of entertaining the British public develops other qualities and habits of mind than the duty of teaching at Eton or lecturing at Cambridge. "I think," says the author of "The Upton Letters," in an apologetic and very necessary preface to the seventh edition of that volume, "it is an unpardonable thing to draw the characters of living persons in a book, in such a way that they can be recognised, unless, indeed, one has their leave to do so." This is hard doctrine; it is fraternal counsel which was ignored in "Dodo." That *jeu d'esprit* was guilty of the unpardonable thing; it belonged to the audacious, light-armed class of "The New Republic," though it lacked the penetration and intellectual force which characterised Mr. Mallock's little masterpiece of contemporary social satire. But the younger Benson soon proved that he could write not only "Dodo" and "The Babe, B.A.," but more serious fiction, curiously unequal in quality—contrast "The Osbornes," for example, with "Account Rendered," or the odd diversion of "An Act in a Backwater" with "The Angel of Pain"—but undeniably versatile, resting on a basis of classical scholarship and travel which is never paraded, and often characterised by a vein of diverting humour as well as by psychological insight into certain types and moods of modern life. The novels vary between studies of contemporary crazes like Occultism (as in "The Image in the Sand"), clever and not unkind sketches of bourgeois character (as in "The Challoners" and "The Osbornes"), mere sensational romances like "Scarlet and Hyssop" and "The Luck of the Vails," smart pieces of work like "Mammon and Co." and "The Princess Sophia," and more powerful analyses of character like "Paul"—one of the most complete and arresting pieces of work he has ever turned out—"The Angel of Pain," and "The Climber."



Photo by Elliott & Fry. **E. F. Benson.**
A new portrait, taken October, 1911.

Mr. A. C. Benson's books are less unequal and less artistic in form—that is, apart from his earlier work in verse and his biographies, especially that of his father. They were rather more impressive before he was compelled to drop his thin veil of anonymity, but their impression never depended upon the dramatic and realistic gifts which his brothers' books often display. Their *métier* rather resembles that of an earlier mentor, Sir Arthur Helps, except that the Benson books are improving monologues instead of dialogues. They drip with precepts and principles. They have some definite ideas about modern education and even theology. But it is the atmosphere of mellow charm which really distinguishes them, a charm which includes appreciation of nature in its softer and graver phrases as well as of human nature, and which tends to appear slightly "precious" and sentimental only, or at least mainly, when they have been read in injudicious numbers. Any two of A. C.'s books will practically suffice to give the reader materials for analysing his contribution. Almost any single one of Father Hugh's will do. But you will need three or four different specimens of E. F.'s stories if you are to appreciate his versatility. That is one difference between the trio. All of them were born with pens. A. C. has used his most assiduously, but you can taste his quality with comparatively little expenditure of time or pence. He has indeed edited, with Viscount Esher, Queen Victoria's letters, and then there are his three contributions to the new series of "English Men of Letters," which also stamp him as a *littérateur*. But they do not affect our estimate. The "Pater" is, on the whole, the most successful; the academic setting and the delicate, almost hectic, charm of the subject appear to have suited the author of the monograph. The result is an essay more adequate and convincing than the "Rossetti." Both the "Pater" and the "FitzGerald," in fact, make one wish that the same pen had been commissioned to do George Eliot or Matthew Arnold instead of Rossetti, in which case it is a fair guess that there would have been at least a couple of fewer misfits in the series. The inner problems of Rossetti's character seem too deep for the plummet of the author's sympathy, and he has not the artistic qualifications for dealing with the painter's æsthetic side. The recent study of Ruskin is frankly entitled "A Study in Personality," and as the writer sees that "Ruskin was never in the technical sense an art-critic at all," his informal lectures are free to handle the other phases of his character with an extremely attractive blend of critical discrimination and sincere appreciation. This



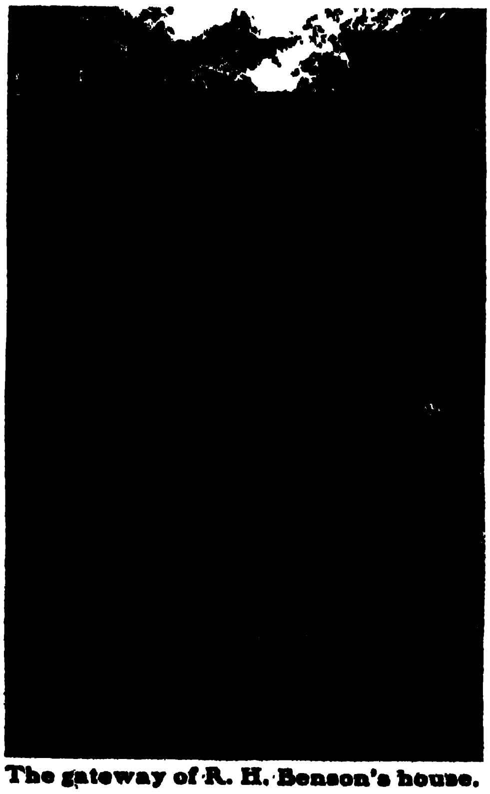
Monseigneur Robert Hugh Benson's house at Buntingford.

is one of his least ambitious and most characteristic productions. It is the essayist for the time being occupied with a single and congenial theme of personality, honestly anxious to admire what is admirable, succeeding three times out of five in the attempt to define the elements of Ruskin's influence, and at the same time revealing half-unconsciously some of his own limitations. One of these is suggested by his own lines elsewhere upon "Nasturtiums":

"Leaves luxurious, large,
Hung like moons on the stalk,
Sprawling from marge to marge,
Fringing my garden-walk.
Supple and sleek you twine,
Facing the tranquil west,
Velvety-veined, each line
Breathing of warmth and rest.

"Then, when the waiting earth
Thrills at the touch of spring,
Stung into sudden birth,
Up to the light you fling
Passion-hued, like fire,
Petal and pointed horn,
Restless as sharp desire,
Dainty with virgin scorn.

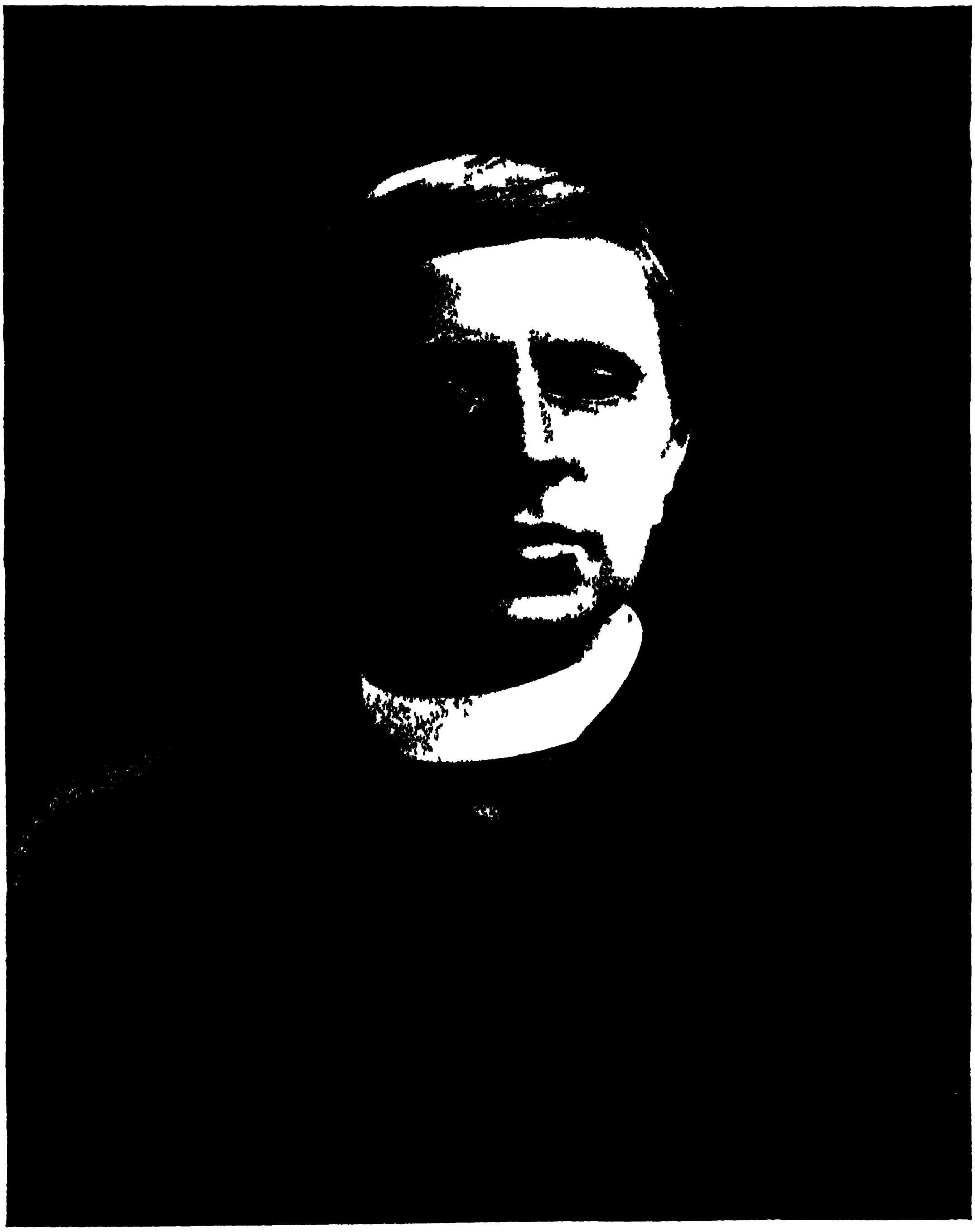
"So should the singer go,
Drinking the friendly air,
Calm, unimpassioned, slow;—
Then in a moment rare,
Loosing the pent desire,
Thrilled with a reckless might,
Break into fury and fire,
Sparkle and flash with light."



The gateway of R. H. Benson's house.

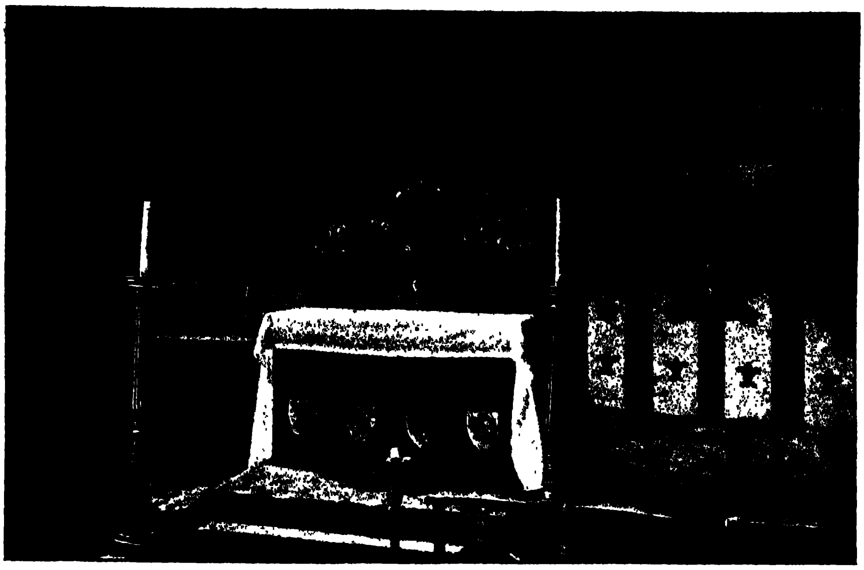


The Calvary in R. H. Benson's garden.



R. H. BENSON.

From a Photo by Elliott & Fry.



Private Chapel in Monseigneur R. H. Benson's house.

Ruskin was not a singer, but he had this divine flash and sudden fury of inspiration. His biographer does his best to appreciate it, and yet you feel the corresponding quality is not in him; he would be more at home with the placid "Christian Year" than with the defiant "Lyra Apostolica." Whatever there is or is not in Ruskin, there is something explosive and elemental, something which breaks out unexpectedly. In Mr. Benson there is nothing explosive. The decorous, cool philosophy of the academic plot is there, but he scarcely seems to be comfortable in the presence of virile passions. Father Hugh has wide sympathy with intensity and daring, provided they can be roped inside the *nihil obstat* of the censor; he has a real instinct for the thrill and sting of life, so far. E. F., again, knows the broader acres of modern life too well to be uneasy in presence of what it sometimes throws up, even within fairly conventional surroundings. Neither of them could have written on the character of Ruskin with their brother's breadth of critical sympathy, but either of them would have handled the demonic traits in "Fors," for example, with greater directness. And, by the way, E. F. would not have failed to appreciate the boisterous humour of T. E. Brown's letters, as A. C. elsewhere does in one of his most exasperating fits of propriety. There is humour of a quiet kind in the Benson books, though not enough sense of it to prevent the writer speaking more than once of a church's "holy smell"; but humour in its robust and elemental forms is rather too vital for A. C. It seems to smack too much of the playground.

From any point of view, however, the Bensons are a notable trio in our modern literature. There were the four Rossettis in last century, but two of them were women, and another was a genius—which spoils the parallel. There were the Brontës also, but they were all women, and two of them had genius—which is still worse for purposes of comparison. The two Martineaus are no use, much less the two Porters or even the Tennysons. However, there was Henry Kingsley beside Charles, and if E. F. Benson's novels are compared with the prelections and stories of his older and younger brothers, the effect is not very unlike that produced when "Ravenshoe" and "Geoffrey Hamlyn" are thrown into the company of "Phaëthon" and "Alton Locke." Then there was a humorist who slyly bound up "Phases of Faith" and the "Apologia" in one volume, under the title "Guesses at Truth, by two brothers." Which offers the suggestion of a nexus between Father Hugh and Arthur Christopher.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

NOVEMBER, 1911.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

The date fixed above for sending in answers does not apply to Competitors resident abroad, except in the case of competition No. 2: answers from foreign or Colonial readers for competitions 1, 3 and 4 (the subjects of these being the same each month) will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt.

Each competitor may send in any number of attempts, provided each attempt is written on a separate sheet of paper.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best short passage from English prose referring to Christmas.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER.

I.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to M. A. NEWMAN, of The Old White House, Badingham, Suffolk, for the following:

ABOVE YOUR HEADS. BY FREDERICK NIVEN. (Martin Secker.)

> "Twinkle, twinkle, little star!
> How I wonder what you are."
> JANE TAYLOR, *Rhymes for the Nursery.*

We also select for printing:

THE LADY OF THE HUNDRED DRESSES.

> "Not in utter nakedness."
> WORDSWORTH, *Intimations of Immortality.*

(Albert Ernest Smith, 119, Whipps Cross Road, Leytonstone, N.E.)

THE MULTIPLICITIES OF UNA. BY E. DOUGLAS HUME. (Blackwood.)

> "I am all the daughters of my father's house,
> And all the brothers too."—SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night.*

(Beatrice Craig, Craigdarragh, Straidarran, co. Derry.)

THE CRITICAL ATTITUDE. BY FORD MADOX HUEFFER. (Duckworth.)

> "'It's pretty, but is it Art?'"
> KIPLING, *The Conundrum of the Workshops.*

(Charles Powell, 25, Derby Road, Withington, Manchester.)

THE INFINITE CAPACITY. BY COSMO HAMILTON. (Hurst & Blackett.)

> "She saw him eat: ''Tis he! 'Tis he!'
> She knew him by his appetite."
> W. SAWYER, *The Recognition.*

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, The Manse, Derby Road, South Woodford, N.E.)

THE END OF THE SONG. BY JEANNETTE MARKS. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

> "For this relief much thanks."—SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet.*

(William Morriss, 15, Wilkinson Street, Sheffield.)

SHE OF THE GREEN HAIR. BY N. W. BYNG. (Madgwick, Houlston & Co., Ltd.)

> "One more Unfortunate."
> HOOD, *The Bridge of Sighs.*

(Ellen L. Clutterbuck, 44, Palace Grove, Bromley, Kent.)

THE SECRET TRADITION IN FREEMASONRY. BY A. E. WAITE. (Rebman.)

> "Where every stranger seems a friend and every friend a brother,
> I feel the old convivial glow (unaided) o'er me stealing,
> The warm, champagny, old particular, brandy-punchy feeling."
> OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, *Nux Postcoenatica.*

(E. M. Balch, Rosehill, Montrose, N.B.)

II.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best fancy titles for biographies of Rudyard Kipling, Chesterton, Bernard Shaw, and Hall Caine is awarded to Miss H. GREEN, of 94, Belgrave Road, London, S.W., for the following:

1. Rudyard Kipling—The Imperial Pedlar.
2. G. K. Chesterton—The Boy who wouldn't Grow Up.
3. Bernard Shaw—An Unassuming Man.
4. Hall Caine—A Shy Islander.

On the whole the replies have not been so smart as they should have been, considering the scope given by the subject. Some competitors supply one or two clever titles, and two or three poor ones. The four best are those by the winner, but one or two good titles are given by A. H. Mannington Sayers (Sheffield), Miss B. O. Anderson (Scarborough), Edna Smallwood (Highbury, N.), Maurice McDermott (Oxon.), Geo. Stanton (Leicester), Evelyn M. Abbott (Old Malton), R. G. Wyatt (Victoria Park, E.), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), M. A. Mavor (Cramond Bridge), Rev. Chas. H. Mellowes (Bedford), F. W. Lawfield (Sawston), Geo. Fawcett (Belfast), Miss Watson (Newcastle-on-Tyne), W. E. Roberts (Balham), Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), Rev. F. Balch (Montrose), Mary C. Jobson (Middleton-one-Row), A. E. Halliday (Leeds), Ernest A. Fuller (Greenwich), W. E. Dodsworth (Sheffield), Miss B. Spencer (Weston-super-Mare), J. T. R. Macadam (St. Andrews), Mrs. Sybella Stirling (Glenfarg), A. H. Scales (Paddington, W.), H. Brandon James (Clapham Common, S.W.), Kitty Fisher (Warwick), John Birrell (Belfast), A. S. Walton (Newcastle-on-Tyne), J. M. McGregor (London, W.), Norah E. Goodbody (Clara, King's Co.), Mrs. Wright (Sutton), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Brighton), Wm. F. Robinson (Cambridge), R. S. Pollard (Manchester), P. E. Diggan (Gloucester), A. C. Shore (Croydon), Arthur Blundell (Southport), Evelyn A. Pearson (Fleet), Miss Mackechnie (St. Andrews), G. F. A. Salmon (Penzance), Theodore Maynard (Cricklewood), Mrs. Grace Hutchison (Golders Green), Miss L. Mugford (Sutton-at-Hone), Mable Northway (Birkenhead), William Morriss (Sheffield), T. D. Turpin (Portadown), W. Hodgson Burnet (Kensington, W.), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), Vivienne Porter (Clapton), and Rev. A. H. Lee (London, N.W.).



Photo by A. H. Fry, Brighton. **A. C. Benson in 1898.**

III. A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Miss GERTRUDE PITT, of Claybrook, Langham Street, London, W., for the following:

HILDA LESSWAYS. BY ARNOLD BENNETT. (Methuen.)

A woman pauses continually to ask "How *can* he know?" for "Hilda Lessways" is a miraculous gospel of a woman's thoughts and feelings. But all the characters live and are given a background as real as themselves. One can *smell* the Lessways' house and the Brighton boarding-house! Only in relation to "Clayhanger" can one fully appreciate the author's conception and his extraordinary power of detachment. He makes an ordinary episode into a gem of romance, cut to reflect light from all sides; and life resembles a Rodin sculpture which gains in beauty and significance when viewed from all standpoints.



Photo by J. Russell & Sons. **A. C. Benson, 1904.**

Other good reviews received are:

THE WAYFARER AT THE CROSS ROADS. By ARTHUR PRINGLE. (James Clarke & Co.)

We have here, in the Wayfarer's own tongue, without any argumentative straining or special pleading, a powerful apology for the road of faith. Mr. Pringle reviews the problems of agnosticism, unbelief, pantheism and heredity with refreshing simplicity and strong practical argument. The Wayfarer's view of the Bible, and his attitude to Paul, "a fellow traveller who understands," make us feel that we must with him "leave the cross roads and set out bravely, even though the road winds uphill to the very end." Written interestingly and without metaphysical subtleties, the book admirably meets the needs of the Wayfarer.

(J. E. Black, Willington, Durham.)

THE OVERFLOWING SCOURGE. By STEPHEN LOKEMAN. (Alston Rivers.)

With a plot laid in an Ireland of the sixties, this book has in it something of the unrelieved tragedy of "Wuthering Heights," though with but little of the genius of the latter. The character drawing is crude and unconvincing, the plot loose and unnatural, and the style uncouth. Yet the force with which the whole is written, and the unusually deep knowledge of Ireland it contains, mark it out as something quite beyond the ordinary. It is evidently a first novel. We find ourselves looking forward with interest to more work from its author.

(Miss M. V. Woodgate, 68, South Eaton Place, S.W.)

THE RECORD OF AN ADVENTUROUS LIFE. By H. M. HYNDMAN. (Macmillan.)

Mr. Hyndman gives the reader the full benefit of his long experience, and as one of the most steadfast expounders of practicable modern Socialism he is entitled to be listened to with respect. One wonders now whether the Utopian projects of a quarter of a century ago are really impossible. Mr. Hyndman is a living proof that a dreamer may become something of a prophet, and whatever the near future may have in store for Democracy there is no doubt that any advantage it may obtain will be due to such men as Mr. Hyndman represents.

(A. H. Scales, 51, Norment Road, Paddington, W.)

FOX FARM. By WARWICK DEEPING. (Cassell.)

With the instincts of a medieval knight and the insight of a poet, Mr. Deeping possesses two weapons of great power. "Fox Farm" is a story of country life in which his poetic genius has full scope. The book is built upon the mistake of a harsh and practical Kate being bound by the law to a philosophical large-souled Jesse Falconer. Later, the man's blindness through an accident becomes the instrument which releases him from those bonds. The world's criticism of Ann Wetherell would be a harsh one, but as a fictional character she stands out as possessing more than an average share of strength and goodness.

(Miss E. Rippon, 5, Arnold Street, Anlaby Road, Hull.)

THANKS TO SANDERSON. By W. PETT RIDGE. (Methuen.)

In his particular type of literary production Mr. Pett Ridge stands quite alone. He takes the life of a London family and analyses it with minuteness and accuracy. In fact his characters are so real that they almost become as familiar to the reader as everyday acquaintances. In giving us the life of the railwayman and his wife and the son and daughter who leave their parents behind in the social community, all the little human weaknesses and sympathetic touches are faithfully described, and above all the humour is genuine and not forced. The railway scenes are really excellent.

(William Currie, 16, Holly Bank Terrace, Merchiston, Edinburgh.)

OLD CREEDS AND THE NEW FAITH. By C. DELISLE BURNS. (Francis Griffiths.)

The chief merit of this book lies in its originality. Mr. Burns certainly does present to us a new faith evolved from the old creeds. Sometimes we are inclined to think that this faith does not quite satisfy the author, but perhaps it is still rough hewn and has not taken very definite form. He is a little cruel to the old creeds, but that too may be due to immaturity. Mr. Burns's style has a distinctively individual charm, and the theories he puts forward are decidedly interesting and suggestive. They leave one thinking.

(Miss I. Moore, Greenbank Cottage, Liverpool.)

WORDSWORTHSHIRE. By ERIC ROBERTSON. (Chatto & Windus.)

This book deals with the poet's country, his associations, message and influence. It is a comprehensive and delightful study, showing the influence of places as well as personalities upon his character and writings. Hawkshead and Dorothy Wordsworth may be cited as instances. A most interesting feature is the genesis of certain poems. It abounds in ability, discrimination and knowledge. Only a clear-visioned and loving disciple could have written this fascinating volume. Its *full* flavour can only be enjoyed by those who have an intimate knowledge of Wordsworth and the incomparable district with which his name is peculiarly and immortally associated.

(R. H. Kipling, 62, Alcester Street, Devonport.)

THE DOUBLE FOUR. By PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM. (Cassell.)

"The Double Four" is a secret society lending its assistance to Secret Services of all nations. In the hands of Mr. Oppenheim the Double Four become an infallible agency for tracking down spies of all nations. Each chapter forms a separate adventure. Whatever one's opinion of a tale that deals with either past or imaginary national crises, one must admit that one cannot read "The Double Four" without a thrill of excitement. Peter Ruff, head of the English branch of the Society, is altogether a delightful character, bearing a charmed existence in escaping from the deepest laid schemes of enemies.

(Miss Van der Pant, Sevington Court Lodge, Ashford, Kent.)

We specially commend also the reviews sent in by M. A. Mayor (Cramond Bridge), R. G. Wyatt (Victoria Park, E.), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), G. A. Doody (Boscombe), H. M. Creswell Payne (St. Austell), Miss L. Mugford (Sutton-at-Hone), Mrs. Cecil Rooke (London, S.W.), Mrs. Florence E. Payne (St. Austell), G. Stanton (Leicester), E. F. Seymour (Kilburn), Miss J. Swinscow (Tunbridge Wells), Kathleen White (London, W.), H. Brandon James (Clapham Common, S.W.), Miss B. O. Anderson (Scarborough), Edna Smallwood (Highbury, N.), Jas. Brenton (Tottenham), Rev. [illegible] Balch (Montrose), Elinor M. Darnell (Wandsworth, S.W.), Irene Harrison (Bristol), W. F. Robinson (Cambridge), M. A. Newman (Badingham), Mrs. John Adams (Hampstead), Arthur Blundell (Southport), Mrs. Stirling (Glenlarg), W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood), W. H. Gillman (Devizes), Vivienne Porter (Clapton), K. S. Venkataramanam (Madras), and Jas. A. Richards (Tenby).

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to ERNEST F. SEYMOUR, of 28, Kingsgate Road, Kilburn, London, N.W.

TWO MASTERS.*

By Perceval Gibbon.

IT is a token of the wide catholicity of English literature that it can include, and even put forward as representative of its genius, two writers of such opposite character as Mr. Joseph Conrad and Mr. Henry James. The one a Pole, the other an American, their place is not with Mickiewicz and Poe, but definitely here, as compatriots, in every sense but the mere geographical, of Meredith and Hardy. That which is referable in them to their origin—so far as anything is—the intense, penetrating, Slavonic imagination of Mr. Conrad, the serene and decorative complexity of Mr. James—are potent elements in that fine ferment of purposes and motives which is re-shaping the English novel and causing writers to revise their conceptions of their art and their functions. The literary spirit which exhibits to influences as diverse as Flaubert and Dostoievsky so eager a susceptibility gains coherence and direction from the example and comradeship of these formed and finished artists, in whom influences and tendencies are composed to a settled character.

It would be hard to name two other writers of note between whom there exists so radical a difference of manner and intention. It is not art alone, not the devices by which life is pictured and interpreted, but life itself which they view from opposite standpoints. For Mr. James, the thing said or withheld, the thing done or undone, is the illuminant which makes character and motive visible; action, in short, is the fruit of emotion. But in the works of Mr. Conrad, action and emotion both are the fruit of principles deep rooted in the life and character of his people. He is an evolutionist; natural law in the psychological world governs his imagination. It is the fatalism of sincere art, where everything that is real is inevitable.

The point which they have in common is "that spirit of piety," of which Mr. Conrad once wrote, "toward all things human, which sanctions the conceptions of a writer of tales." That, and a certain high proficiency, each in his chosen manner, the adeptness of practised and fastidious hands, unite them as craftsmen and artists.

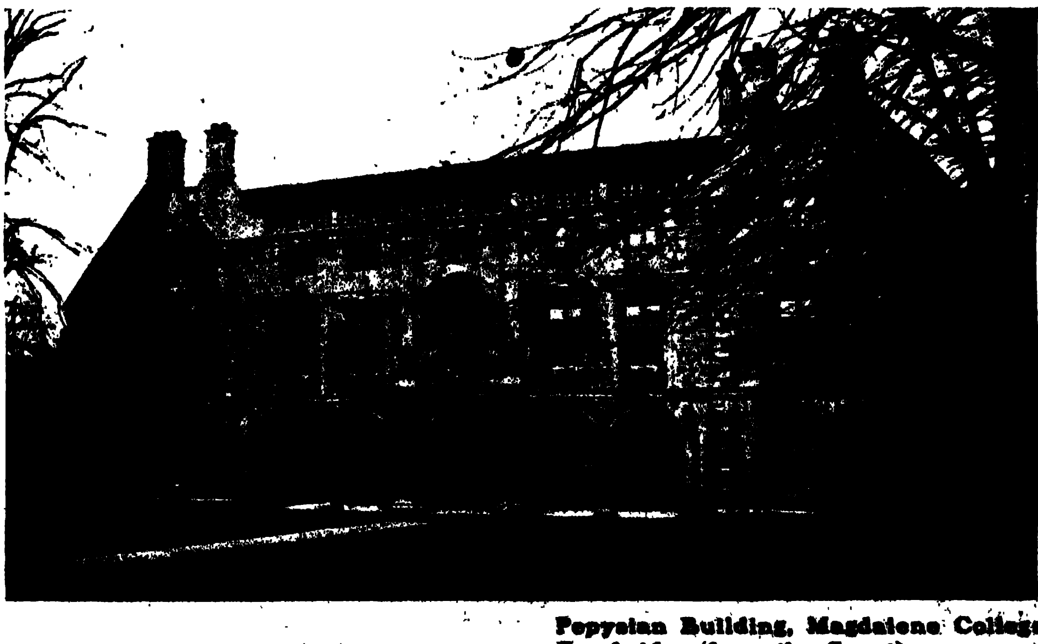
"The Outcry," by Henry James, and "Under Western Eyes," by Joseph Conrad, serve to illustrate these considerations. Mr. James presents a comedy, a light thing skimmed off the surface of life. Lord Theign designs to sell to an American millionaire an Old Master, a reputed Moretto, which has incurred the suspicion of being a priceless Mantovano. It is this that occasions the "outcry" both in the press and, unexpectedly enough, in his lordship's daughter, who leagues herself with an intrusive connoisseur to prevent the sale. Mr. James has given us a delightful millionaire.

> "Fortune, felicity, nature . . . had simply overlooked and neglected his vast wholly-shaven face. . . . Nothing seemed to have been done for it but what the razor and the sponge, the tooth-brush and the looking-glass, could officiously do; it had, in short, resisted any possibly finer attrition at the hands of fifty years of offered experience. It had developed on the lines of the mere scoured and polished and initialled 'mug,' rather than to any effect of a composed physiognomy."

His quest was not for an expensive picture alone, but for an ideally expensive picture; to which end he carries with him a morocco-cased cheque book.

The thing is related as by a whimsical eye-witness who was present at each of its episodes. One is never told of any character that he or she "thought" or "felt" anything; at most "this appeared to strike her as premature," or "Lord John appeared to feel." The presentation is throughout pictorial; it is the author's fashion of impressionism. It is *his* observation, *his* insight, upon which the reader is made to depend; fortunately, Mr. James is to be trusted in these particulars. "The Outcry" is a charming study, and in the interest of those readers who have failed to discover Mr. James's charm in earlier books, it is perhaps well to mention that "The Outcry" is written in his simplest and most direct manner.

Mr. Conrad's great book offers to Western eyes a study of that Russian character which has always been



Pepysian Building, Magdalene College, Cambridge (from the Court).

The ground floor rooms on the extreme left were Mr. A. C. Benson's from 1904 to 1908.

* "The Outcry." By Henry James. 6s. (Methuen.)—"Under Western Eyes." By Joseph Conrad. 6s. (Methuen.)

incomprehensible to Western Europe. Here again, as in "Lord Jim," there is a wide and crowded theatre of action. The tale is not a frame narrowly confining its people beneath the reader's eye: they have each their relationship to life, they come upon the scene by devious paths from remote sources, and the wonder and simplicity and tragedy of Russia are over them like an atmosphere.

Razumov, a student at the University of St. Petersburg, an orderly minded youth of conservative ideas, has thrust upon him the confidence of a fellow student who has just "removed" a Minister with a bomb and now seeks Razumov's aid to enable him to escape from the city. The situation is one of hideous difficulty for Razumov. He is worked upon so far as to attempt to procure the needed assistance, but when that fails allows his resentment to govern him and gives the assassin up to the authorities. It is an effort to free himself of the matter, to have done with it, but that fails. Trusted by the Nihilists, he has now gained the confidence of the authorities as well, and neither party is disposed to let him rest. He turns up next in Geneva in the colony of revolutionary Russians whose headquarters are in that town, as a spy.

The mother and daughter of the assassin Haldin are residents there, and Razumov finds his trouble of mind immeasurably increased by his feeling for the daughter. He is held to have been Haldin's partner in the assassination; a kind of deference, a sort of glory, are accorded him. Mr. Conrad has filled his picture richly with the figures of the revolutionists: Peter Ivanovitch, the feminist who had escaped from Siberia, the *dame de compagnie* who suffers as his amanuensis, Nikita, the horrible obese murderer of gendarmes, and the rest; he makes visible and comprehensible that strange society of altruists and fevers to whom for years Switzerland has granted an indifferent hospitality. The *dame de compagnie* in especial is a figure whom none can regard without sympathy; she is one of those unde-corative martyrs who typify the soul of Russia.



The Old Lodge, Magdalene College, Cambridge.
The lighted window was Mr. A. C. Benson's study window.

It is the girl Nathalie Haldin who finally renders further concealment impossible for Razumov, and he is wrought to confession and experiences the vengeance of Nikita.

> The terrible Nikita, coming in from the landing, uplifted his squeaky voice in horrible glee before all the company.
>
> "The wonderful Razumov! He shall never be any use as a spy on any one. He won't talk because he will never hear anything more in his life—not a thing! I have burst the drums of his ears for him. Oh, you may trust me. I know the trick. Ha! Ha! Ha! I know the trick."

It is a story of men's souls, a wonderful interpretation of the Russian mind. It is pure Conrad from beginning to end, a characteristic conception presented as only the author can present such themes. The year of books which opened auspiciously with "The New Machiavelli" of Mr. Wells, nobly redeems its promise with "Under Western Eyes."

MR. PITT.

By Thomas Seccombe.

THE completion of Mr. Holland Rose's Life of Pitt* enables us to take a general view of a period of English history of which Pitt's biography supplies the leading rôle. It gives us a large scale map of the twenty years during which Pitt was supreme, and it is most intensive at the most interesting point, that of the historic rupture between France and England during the early days of 1793. The first Life of Pitt, that by Tomline, was described by Macaulay as the worst biography of its size in the world. Without going to the other extreme in the case of Pitt's latest chronicler, it is impossible to deny that Mr. Rose has given us the best modern biography of Pitt—a better one than would have been deemed possible two years ago. Pitt has attracted a most unusual amount of the leisure of prime ministers. Fortunately for Mr. Rose, Lord Salisbury, Mr. Gladstone and Lord Rosebery confined themselves to brief studies, and the same applies to publicists such as Goldwin Smith and Cornewall Lewis, who gave us books on Pitt from an angle that can by no means be wholly neglected. Short also is the panegyric of Mr. Whibley, while Lord Ashbourne's Pitt is almost wholly confined to the domestic point of view.

Stanhope's Life of Pitt, again, is not one to be readily superseded. As a kinsman of Pitt he had exceptional opportunities, which he used with tact, if not always with the statesmanlike detachment or historic impartiality that the subject demands. The account which

* "William Pitt and the Great War." By J. Holland Rose, Litt.D. 16s. net. (Bell.)

Lord Macaulay wrote for the eighth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" (and which still holds its place) is written from the unmitigated and even blatantly Whig point of view. Holland House set the fashion of dividing Pitt's career into two parts, one white, the other black. Before 1793 Pitt was a Whig full of enlightened zeal for the welfare of England and mankind. After 1793 he was a blighted Tory, the incompetent director of a reactionary war against the French Revolution and the degenerate repressor of political liberty at home.

With Mephisto-like cleverness Lord Beaconsfield changed these party labels. Hostility to boroughmongering, economy, French alliance, and commercial treaties, all these features were borrowed from the admirable *Tory* negotiations of Utrecht: it was Pitt's later policy that was pure *Whig*—close parliaments, war with France, national debt, and commercial restriction—all prompted and inspired by the arch Whig trumpeter, Edmund Burke. In both periods Pitt exhibited the same extraordinary tenacity of supreme power. (Was this a Whig or Tory trait, I wonder?) But the conception of a man becoming fundamentally transformed in mid-career is too rudimentary to detain us. Such ideas are congruous with the geology of Genesis, the catastrophic interpretation of history, the apotheosis of the antithesis!

With the outbreak of the French Revolution, or rather upon its impact with the surrounding States of Europe in 1792, we are told to expect the dividing line between virtue and vice. During the first part of his life, says Goldwin Smith, Pitt is to be classed with the philosophic and reforming kings and ministers of the eighteenth century—with Joseph II., with Pombal, Aranda, and Choiseul, the overthrowers of Jesuitism; with Tanucci, with Leopold of Tuscany, with Turgot, with Frederick of Prussia, and with Catherine of Russia—so far as Catherine and Frederick were organs of philosophy and reform. During the second part, he tends to sink to the level of the Metternichs, the Polignacs, the Percevals, and the Eldons. He plunged the country into a merciless and exhausting war for the suppression of Jacobitism in France, while he was responsible for a system of espionage and brutal coercion at home.

What Mr. Rose is able to make perfectly clear in his present work, and it has never probably been made so clear before, is that whatever may have been the hidden or ulterior motives which actuated Pitt, abstract hatred of Jacobitism was not among them. Burke, as is well known, held that the Revolution was a raging epidemic which called for prompt intervention on the part of the European Powers. To some extent he wrote as the champion of a hospitable aristocracy. Pitt began by joining in the chorus of dissent from Burke's theories. His gradual approximation to the views expressed in the "Reflexions" may have been partly influenced by his desire to promote party detection among the Whigs. This is a point of view rather strangely obscured by most of Pitt's biographers down to and including Mr. Rose. And yet Pitt would have been hardly human, much less the keenest parliamentarian and party leader of his time, had it not weighed with him to a very appreciable degree. Fox's bitter hostility to every move of Pitt's and his almost demented factiousness and exaltation of opposition into a kind of religion in which patriotism was as dust in the balance, can only be intelligently explained on the supposition that he was stung to blind wrath by Pitt's adroit party manœuvres, by Pitt's parliamentary finesse, and by the maddening run of lucky cards which the turn of events enabled him to throw upon the table. For Fox at heart was conclusively a generous and placable man, a thorough Englishman and a good citizen. Pitt's tactics at the Westminster election were so petty, remorseless and meanly uncharitable as to be almost unforgivable. It is hard to resist the inference that Pitt deliberately wove the revolutionary net round Fox's head. But it is a very far cry from this to the incredible hypothesis that Pitt deliberately nursed the war with France in order to damage and disrupt the already discredited band of Fox's martyrs.

In 1792 Pitt was still convinced that England might be isolated and kept out of the war. France was most anxious to neutralise this country, and Pitt was so convinced that now was the time for a long spell of peace that he actually reduced the votes for the army and navy. But when the Declaration of Brunswick was followed by the invasion of France, the repulse of the allies, Prussia and Austria, at Valmy and the rapid successes of the republican arms in Savoy, Nice, and Belgium, Pitt found that Antwerp in the hands of France was like to be a loaded pistol at England's head. The French Government were still anxious to neutralise England. But their interests were in the hands of inexperienced blunderers. The frightful loss of experienced men (due in part to the self-denying ordinance of the constituent assembly in 1791) and the giddy preference for newcomers were among the most lethal symptoms of the revolutionary movement. Needing natures that were able yet self-restrained, bold but cautiously bold, it now found as leaders calculating fanatics like Robespierre, headstrong orators and wire-pullers like the Girondin leaders, or lucky journalists like Lebrun. To play to the gallery was Lebrun's first instinct, and indeed the tottering fortunes of the Gironde made such a melodramatic course almost a necessity. Danton was unhappily away on a mission. Lebrun and his colleagues refused to draw back a hair's breadth from the aggressive posture they had assumed. Behind them loomed the September massacres and the execution of Louis Capet. They were dazzled in front by the lurid dawn of a liberating crusade. Pitt's uncompromising frigidity of demeanour drove Chauvelin into wildly undiplomatic expedients. The helplessness of rich Holland and the boundless confidence inspired by Jemappes impelled the republicans to bluff Britain beyond the limit of safety. The Government had determined on the integrity of Holland as an irreducible minimum. Traditional English feeling wafted them towards a breach with France. Loyalty, the King, the mob, party solidarity, historic sentiment, and hatred



Mrs. Davidson. A. C Benson.
Miss Tait Archbishop Davidson Mrs. Benson. Mrs. Cooper
[illegible]

of Fox all turned the scale in the same direction. Yet so great is our estimate of Pitt's ruling capacity, instinctive sagacity and power that we imagine he might even yet for a time at any rate have staved off the war. Were his eyes bandaged by self confidence or was he too blinded by party spite? He cannot have been justly confident of success. See what Fortescue says in his "History of the Army" of the disgraceful state of the services during the years 1793-7. The most extraordinary thing in all Pitt's career perhaps is the magical success with which in spite of notorious failure, tremendous taxation and deplorable scandals in almost every branch of the administration he managed to convert the struggle into a holy war defended with heart-burning eloquence from half the pulpits in England and identified more and more as years went on with the *primum mobile* of continued national existence.

The stately column of Scott's majestic simile, the "beacon light" of Canning and Nelson, there can be no doubt as to Pitt's position in the very front rank of English statesmen. His name is still a lantern unto the paths of parliamentarians. He was the Chatterton of politics, the "marvellous boy." England, as Lord Salisbury says, may well cherish his fame and look upon his greatness with an interest which no other single image in modern political history can claim. She owes it to him that she was rescued from the deep degradation into which corruption and imbecility had plunged her. She owes to him the policy which, planned and commenced by him, and perfected by his disciples, placed her on a pinnacle of greatness which no modern nation had attained before. But she owes to him a greater benefit than all these—an example of pure and self-denying patriotism and the elevation of public feeling which it has worked. Calm in danger, tranquil in victory, he could not but impart something of his own coolness and confidence even to the stock market. In 1797, the darkest year of all, Spencer went to Downing Street to see the Premier. Pitt being roused from his slumbers sat up in bed, heard the case and gave his instructions. Lord Spencer took leave and withdrew. But no sooner had he reached the end of the street than he remembered one more point which he had omitted to state. Accordingly he returned to Pitt's house and desired to be shown up a second time to Pitt's chamber. There after so brief an interval he found Pitt as before buried in a profound repose. So imperturbable even in the foulest weather was the pilot that weathered the storm.

If the estimates of Salisbury and the Tories err on the side of reverence and enthusiasm, those of Macaulay and Acton are unquestionably too severe. The great merit of Mr. Rose is that his estimate is so judicious and his balance in the main so very fair that it may reasonably claim to be accepted by both sides with the smallest possible deduction for biographical bias. In oratory, he concludes, Pitt did

> not equal Sheridan in wit and brilliance, Burke in richness of thought and majesty of diction, or Fox in massive strength and debating faculty, but while falling little

short of Fox in debate, he excelled him in elegance and conciseness, Burke in point and common sense, Sheridan in dignity and argumentative power, and all of them in the felicitous wedding of elevated thought or vigorous argument to noble diction. By the side of his serried yet persuasive periods the efforts of Fox seemed ragged, those of Burke philosophic essays, those of Sheridan rhetorical tinsel. . . . Concentration of effort on political and diplomatic questions was the alpha and omega of Pitt's creed. The terrible pressure of events forbade his looking far ahead or far afield; he marched straight onward, hoping by his untiring efforts first to restore national prosperity and thereafter to secure a peace which would inaugurate a brighter future. His overtaxed strength collapsed when the strain was most tense; and his life therefore figures as a torso, which should not be criticised as if it were the perfect statue. Yet as moral grandeur is always inspiring, Pitt's efforts were finally to be crowned with success by the statesmen who had found wisdom in his teaching, inspiration in his quenchless hope, enthusiasm in his all-absorbing love of country. . . . Europe after Waterloo testified alike to the sagacity and the limitations of the mind of William Pitt."

With which somewhat double-edged dictum we must leave this memorable and, let us firmly trust, enduring monument to England's most hated and most proudly venerated statesman.

New Books.

POETRY AND PROSE.*

"*Il n'y a, pour s'exprimer, que la prose et les vers,*" said his Master of Philosophy to Monsieur Jourdain long ago, and we all know roughly how "prose" differs from "verse," and recognise that, when we put our thoughts in language, we must use either one or the other. But when it comes to "poetry and prose" the case is by no means so clear, for while what is called poetry may often be sheer prose, prose on the other hand may sometimes rise to the very heights of poetry. Take, for instance, the first three verses of Genesis and consider the words "And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters," or the phrase "And God said, Let there be light: and there was light," which Longinus quotes as an instance of sublimity. Or read the vision of Isaiah when he "saw the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and His train filled the temple," or St. Paul's outburst in praise of charity, and ask whether the feeling aroused is not, in large measure, strictly poetical. And then, on the other hand, let any one take the Odes of Horace, those marvels of verse, the music of which lingers for ever in the ear, and ask himself whether Goethe was wholly wrong in denying, or Byron in being unable to "feel," their poetic power. Every one, indeed, can recall a thousand instances for himself which will suggest to him what elusive terms "prose" and "poetry" in fact are, so that lovers of literature will turn to a volume which bears a title so fascinating as the present one with eager interest and expectation. They will, however, meet with considerable disappointment. After an opening chapter headed "Poetry, a Note," they will find essays on Gray, Burns, Wordsworth, Byron, Emerson, Arnold, and Meredith, with a concluding one on "Emerson's Doctrine of the Infinite," but except for its place at the top of the pages there is little to remind them of the nominal subject of the book. About prose, except so far as certain poetry is shown to be prosaic, there is no discussion whatever. After the first three pages, it practically disappears, and in these we learn such facts as that it is "the language of the normal man," which perhaps it is, or "the language of cool reason," which it certainly is often not, or that it is "without rhythm" (though it may have "rhythmic quality"), whereas every one who has ears or who has read Cicero on the subject, knows that the rhythm of prose is subject to laws not less delicate than those of verse. The nature of prose is, however, comparatively an indifferent matter. That of poetry, on the other hand, is so important and so difficult to determine that it needs examining in the clearest light and by the most illustrious examples. But Mr. Jack ignores Homer and Virgil, Dante and Milton, says very little about Shakespeare, and devotes half his book to Emerson, Arnold, and Meredith, none of whom can be said to exhibit poetic excellence in its most marked and distinctive form, while the difficulties which he consequently incurs will be sufficiently indicated by a single and very singular quotation. At the close of his essay on Meredith, after allowing that he "often trips over his thought, gets through sometimes by a series of tumbles, sometimes altogether fails to get out his idea," he yet contends that he is a poet because he somehow "suggests the atmosphere of the ideas he is trying to resolve," and then adds this final sentence: "That is poetry which yields a poetical effect." The reader, who for nearly two hundred and fifty pages has been seeking to learn what "poetry" is, will hardly, one imagines, be wholly satisfied with the definition.

The fact is that the author has a very real interest, not in poetry as a whole, but in certain strictly modern poetry. Such poetry does not include Swinburne, Browning, and Tennyson, whom he appears to depreciate, remarking, for instance, that "Tennyson was sufficiently an artist to display the poet Tennyson"—whatever that may mean—whereas "Meredith is artist enough to make a poet 'Prophetic of the coming joy and strife,'" which is apparently a higher form of artistry. His concern is with "Poetry of the Intellect," and with its three hierophants, "Emerson; the Poet as Teacher," "Arnold: Critical Poetry," and "Meredith: Intellectual Poetry." Gray, who represents "Social and Prose Poetry"—poor Gray!—Burns, who is "Natural and Spontaneous," Wordsworth, who is "Basic and Elemental," and Byron, who is "Oratorical," are the forerunners of a new era in poetry, the aim of which will henceforth be "the emotionalisation of knowledge," and which will "no longer confine itself to the chronicling of action and the topics of Love and Doubt," but will "sing the beliefs of the new man." Religion, properly so called, will yield it no inspiration, for its theme is "a philosophy without a creed," and its "mystic song" tells only:

> "Of tendency through endless ages,
> Of star-dust, and star-pilgrimages,
> Of rounded worlds, of space and time,
> Of the old flood's subsiding slime,
> Of chemic matter, force and form,
> Of poles and powers, cold, wet, and warm,"

while the "new man," forgetting all hope of heaven, finds his "consolation" in the thought that he belongs to "the All," which is "the Universal Soul," that "he is part of the evolutionary process," and other similar and rather dreary reflections. The poetry, in fact, which Mr. Jack chiefly discusses is a poetry which will seem to plain men to have deserted its proper business in order to deliver lectures on "The Doctrine of the Infinite," and a somewhat dubious philosophy which finds its satisfaction in the speculative contemplation of "Earth" and "Nature." Possibly the plain man's view may be the wrong one, but

* "Poetry and Prose." By A. A. Jack. 6s. net. (Constable.)

one thing at least is certain. If poetry is to usurp the place of prose and expound philosophy, it should assuredly be able to express itself. Mr. Jack, indeed, thinks otherwise and counts Meredith's "habit of obscurity" among his merits, and we all remember Goethe's lines about "the magic veil of Poesy, wrapping itself lovingly about the truth," but if "Poesy" is going to teach philosophy and "emotionalise knowledge," then it is perhaps well to remember that Lucretius, who took to the business two thousand years before Meredith, was the greatest master of lucidity that the most lucid of languages ever produced. Common sense demands that the "Poetry of Intellect" should in the first place be intelligible.

But if this volume arouses opposition, it will equally excite interest. The author alternately irritates and delights. To read that "'The Heart of Midlothian' offends us morally," and that "Byron WAS at bottom an ordinary man," to see Gray's Elegy deliberately turned into prose and shown to be the development "of a little school essay," or to find a sonnet highly praised which contains the lines:

> "Warm-lighted looks, Love's ephemerioe,
> Shoot gaily o'er the dishes and the wine,"

all this is simply exasperating. On the other hand the writer's merits are as distinct as his defects, and in criticism, as in poetry, it is only merit that should count. He treats Wordsworth, for example, with the rarest insight. "At his best," he tells us, "his poetry is so purely poetry" that its true quality may easily be unobserved: "the glass," he writes—and the remark is surely of the best—"seems empty because there is nothing but pure water in the glass." Or again, dealing with that tiny gem "She dwelt among the untrodden ways," he prints the first and third stanzas, two marvels of the simple statement of personal emotion exactly as it was felt, and then bids us insert the second stanza:

> "A violet by a mossy stone
> Half hidden from the eye!
> Fair as a star, when only one
> Is shining in the sky,"

and note how the strictly personal sentiment is, "by a faculty of sudden vision," brought at once into intimate relation with nature, with the heaven above and with the earth beneath. In speaking, too, of Byron, there could be nothing better, or more germane to his subject, than the distinction he draws between the eloquence of the orator and the poet, pointing out that the object of the one is to "excite" and of the other to "record feeling," so that the orator "has his eye always on the audience," whereas the true poet speaks simply because he feels, so that true poetic eloquence should be, as Mill puts it, "not heard but *over*heard." And similarly in writing about Meredith, when he is not, to use a phrase of Aristotle's, "defending a thesis," he writes admirably. He makes the reader feel—and it is no easy task—that beneath Meredith's involution and obscurity there lies a real poetic power. We watch the poet "beating his music out," and though his discords still jar upon the ear, we catch, as it were, something of a true and real harmony. Indeed, whether they agree with him or not, all lovers of poetry should assuredly read Mr. Jack's volume. Its contents may not correspond with its title, and it contains many things which may offend, but as a collection of essays not on poetry generally, but on certain poets, whom the writer somewhat arbitrarily selects, it contains much that is of great and occasionally of the highest interest.

T. E. PAGE.

THE HERMIT KINGDOM.*

Some years ago, London was startled by the news that the representative of a foreign nation at the Court of St. James had committed suicide at his Embassy. It was in this tragic way that the people of Great Britain were made to realise the passing of the ancient kingdom of Korea. In the Western mind, there still lingers an illusion that the people of the East are something outside the ordinary run of human beings. All the literature that has been written on the subject of China and Japan and the yellow races has not served to obliterate the effect produced by several decades of comic operas and comic stories, in which the Jap and the Chinaman have figured as delightful laughter-provoking characters. We are still apt to think of the two great empires of the East as something bizarre and almost childish, and as for Korea, if we ever thought of her at all, it was merely as an absurd little country that went through the ridiculous farce of having a king and a people and some puerile national ideals. And yet, as Mr. Longford reminds us in his excellent book, Korea was up to August 22, 1910, a country whose national tradition and history had extended over four thousand years, whose foundation as a kingdom was coeval with that of the Assyrian Empire, and which could boast of a dynasty of sovereigns which had continued in an unbroken line from



From "The Story of Korea" by Joseph H. Longford (Fisher Unwin.) **A Village School.**

* "The Story of Korea." By Joseph H. Longford. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

1392 The author traces the story of Korea from eleven hundred years before the Christian era down to its recent annexation by Japan and in close upon four hundred pages presents the reader with a very vivid picture of a remarkable race

Sir Robert K Douglas in his "Europe and the Far East" which was published seven years ago in the Cambridge Historical Series during the progress of the Russo Japanese War related with great ability the exact position which Korea occupied in the struggle for predominance in the Far East Mr Longford with later facts before him has been able to tell us the sequel how China exercised a protective suzerainty over the kingdom how after the Chino Japanese War this protection was removed and the field left open to Russia and Japan how Russia for a time had everything her own way how Japan wrested this influence from her how she established her suzerainty over Korea similar to our position in Egypt and how finally the murder of Prince Ito in October 1909 led inevitably to the dethronement of the Emperor and the annexation of the country But it is not only in this latter day story of Korea that Mr Longford is interesting He has given us the most complete history of the country that has yet been published In particular Korea's relations with Europe are fully described and there is an excellent chapter on Korea's foreign trade and Japanese enterprise The book contains thirty three illustrations and photographs and at the end of the volume there is an excellent map of the country a rare thing to find in a modern book

CHURTON COLLINS.

It is a singularly striking and forceful personality that emerges in clear outlines from the pages of Mr L C Collins's memoir of his father One closes the book with the conviction that the late Churton Collins was in his own way one of the quite exceptional men in the English literary world of his time His prodigious memory the immense range and accuracy of his learning his single hearted devotion to literature the catholicity of his interests his independence of judgment and absolute fearlessness in the expression of his opinions however unpopular combined to qualify him for very high rank among contemporary critics Yet his life story leaves us with a depressing sense of comparative failure His practical achievement in literature was altogether out of proportion to his splendid endowments he never took the place to which he would seem to have been justly entitled never made the mark one would have expected him to make and which his friends held that he ought to have made upon current taste and thought A pathetic quotation from his private commonplace book or diary is evidence that he himself realised the futility to which so much of his effort was doomed Writing at a time when he believed (wrongly as it turned out) that nothing would come of his attempt to secure the foundation of a scholarship at Oxford for the comparative study of classical and English literatures he says "I have never succeeded in anything except as a lecturer everything that I have essayed has broken down even when there seemed every chance of succeeding as here" This indeed must be read as the utterance of a mood of unusual bitterness But as his son frankly acknowledges in one respect his life was a tragedy in respect, namely of the inadequacy of the rewards which he reaped from the powers which he expended and from the services which he rendered From its outset almost to its close his career was one of struggle and the struggle was made the severer by the torturing doubts and apprehensions to which a certain morbid strain in his temperament made him a constant prey In the midst of his strenuous labours as lecturer and reviewer he was ever haunted we are told by the fear lest his health should collapse and his very means of existence be imperilled and though ultimately he gained such a post as he had for many years desired the Chair of English Literature in the University of Birmingham— he was no longer a young man and being elected as is usual on probation for a certain period he was much harassed in his depressed moments by uncertainty as to the future On the whole the impression which this book makes upon us is that great promises were very imperfectly redeemed

How is this comparative failure to be explained? In such cases it is often difficult to give a satisfactory answer success or the want of it appears so frequently to be a matter of mere fatality Certain it is that many men of exceptional ability fall far short of their possibilities through lack of industry and the power of concentration No such reason can be alleged in regard to Churton Collins A man of splendid physique with an immense capacity for work he was both able and willing to do his fifteen and sixteen hours a day while his artistic conscience as the record shows imperatively demanded of him that he should take the utmost pains with whatever he had in hand and be satisfied with nothing but his best That he never scamped even a point of detail and shirked no toil which might be necessary to ensure accuracy is strikingly shown by a circumstance noted in connection with his edition of the writings of Robert Greene as the year of Greene's birth is doubtful he ransacked the registers of forty two churches in Norwich to find the entry of his baptism and found it One plain fact however stands out very clearly As he had no assured position or source of income practical necessities compelled him for many years to give most of his time and energy to the mere drudgery of lecturing and teaching in other words to work which did not count For this compulsion it is admitted he had himself largely to blame A man ever ready to speak out and to face the consequences as his son says he lost sight of all his own interests when he was on the war path and did not spare his pen in attacking the very foundations of learning the venerable institutions of Oxford and Cambridge which he loved so much but in which he found something wanting "On the war path" is an apt phrase to describe Churton Collins in his polemical moods We cannot but admire his courage and his quixotic zeal But he was violent and sometimes deficient in tact his iron hand was never encased in a glove of velvet he had in an unusual degree the faculty of stirring up antagonism More than once to his infinite regret he turned friends into foes and which is more important from the practical point of view in his famous crusade against the two sister universities he caused himself to be regarded by them as a dangerous malcontent and even something of a firebrand

Yet as his biographer is careful to insist and as the whole tenor of the book enables us to see for ourselves, if in the practical sense the life of Churton Collins was very much of a failure there is a larger and deeper sense in which it was not a failure at all At least, he had his compensations If he had to work hard, he thoroughly enjoyed his work till towards the close at any rate, his heart and soul were in it—even in the routine and drudgery, he had ample opportunity to realise the truth of the great saying that the love of literature is its own reward and his vigorous constitution permitted him to carry on his enormous labours so easily that he was never laid up in the whole course of his career, nor once (save through an occasional loss of voice) missed a lecture—and "the number of the lectures he delivered cannot have been less than 10,000"—on account of ill-health. As one who knows

* "Life and Memoirs of John Churton Collins" Written and compiled by his son L C Collins With 2 Illustrations 7s 6d. net (John Lane)

something of the strain and stress of continual lecturing I may be allowed to express my admiration of such a record Nor did he always fail in his larger schemes and purposes he had the satisfaction of knowing that several of them like the recognition of English literature at the universities and the Passmore Edwards Scholarship at Oxford—were after long toil and waiting ultimately crowned with success Moreover it is after all incorrect to say in the phrase which I have myself used that the hack work which absorbed so much of his time and strength was altogether work which did not count It is difficult perhaps quite impossible in such a matter to gauge results but the work of a great teacher of literature does emphatically count and Churton Collins was undoubtedly a great teacher of literature It is true that he was not free from more than a suspicion of pedantry that he had an exaggerated idea of the value of the classics and their influence on modern literature that he was led thereby into some extraordinary vagaries of opinion about Shakespeare and other subjects But such peculiarities interfered but little with the excellence of his platform and class room teaching into which he imported together with his fine scholarship his equally fine enthusiasm for whatever is great and noble in literature

While the present volume is adequate as a record of the career of Churton Collins as a man of letters it might I think have given us fuller information about his interests and activities on other lines Some curious sidelights are thrown upon his character by what the writer tell us about his father's love of cemeteries whenever he went to a new place the first spot visited was the cemetery and his deep interest in criminology The book would have gained much in freshness on the purely human side if more of such personal details had been introduced But we are at least grateful for what we learn from it about the man's moral attitude toward life His was an uphill task his disappointments were many and the strange fits of depression from which despite his robust health he often suffered laid a burden upon his shoulders grievous to be borne Yet throughout he held steadily and resolutely upon his way He stands revealed as a brave man He used to say in his reports that whatever difficulties beset us whatever doubts assailed us one thing we were always certain of what our *next step* should be The future might be hidden from us but our *next step* was clear to us And if he preached duty he practised it all through his life Don't worry over the future state he once advised a friend if you go through life doing your duty towards your neighbour you won't go far wrong for this is the first and the last and the great commandment

The chief merits of Mr Collins's book as a piece of biography are its simplicity and frankness Its materials might easily have been better digested it is a trifle rambling in its narrative and sometimes the perspective is confused But I am not sure that considering the circumstances it does not gain by its artlessness and the writer has certainly done well to tell as much as possible of his story in extracts from diaries and letters It is a difficult and delicate matter for a son to write thus familiarly of his father Mr Collins has accomplished his task with praiseworthy tact and judgment

WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON

E. F. BENSON'S NEW NOVEL.*

There is a good deal that is merely pretentious about the novel that is professedly a psychological study it is not so profound nor so clever as it seems It is much easier, calls for far less exercise of the imagination to describe a man's or a woman's thoughts emotions passions than to refrain from such elaborate describings and yet so reveal those thoughts emotions passions in conversation and in action that your man or woman shall be fully and intimately comprehended by the reader of average intelligence That minute detailing of the inner workings of the human consciousness reminds one of the crude methods adopted by our early dramatists who atoned for an absence of scenery by hanging up labels This is a wood This is a street in Venice and so forth Everybody recognises now that the use of the aside on the stage is a clumsy and inartistic device, and the novelist who cannot make his characters express themselves clearly through their sayings and doings but has to open them and exhibit their interiors and let us see how the wheels go round has not yet finished learning the rudiments of his art

Mr E F Benson rightly paints his characters with their minds like their general anatomy buttoned up inside them but before you get to the end of "Juggernaut" you know Margery and her cousin Olive her Aunt Aggie—Mrs Morrison and particularly Arnold Leveson as thoroughly as if you had watched the operations of the mental and moral machinery that moved them to say and do what they have said and done This is Mr Benson's praise that he has chosen the less pretentious but more difficult and more excellent way of his art His story is simple enough and ordinary enough but he so vividly realises his character brings you to such a sympathetic understanding of them and so entirely captures your interest in them that they are the story and you go on reading because you want to know as much as is to be known of them

You see Margery develop from the charming impulsive rather tomboyish and withal very girlish girl to the no less charming woman married for sheer love to the self-centred scholarly Leveson wonderfully reconciling herself to his unconscious selfish neglect of her accommodating her lighter habits to his studious ones yet under her new maturer demeanour keeping her pretty earlier character a ties wistfully subdued Leveson again love makes for a while a great upheaval in his life he loses all interest in ancient Egypt and after a little striving against them gives himself up unreservedly to Margery's witcheries For six months after marriage he has no inclination to return to his archaeological pursuit then with a growing insistence the old voices call him he gets Margery to abandon the delights of a London season that she is wholeheartedly enjoying and to go back to their country house where he is soon reabsorbed in his library and his ancient studies and leaves her more and more to herself

He loves her still but by a score of illuminating little suggestions you are made to feel how in all his thoughts of her and in all his arrangements for her he spontaneously assumes that she is bound to be interested primarily in whatever interests him and pleased by whatever gives him pleasure By a touch at the end which is perhaps the finest and subtlest thing in the book Mr Benson condenses a volume into half a page and from one slight incident and a few lines of dialogue you catch a revelation of all the years of life that lie before Margery and how she will go through them to the last She has mother love the man who had been a child with her and whom he ought to have married but she has nothing but closest and deepest friendship for him and he remains loyal to his love of her throughout The story is leavened with shrewd epigrams and some delightful humour Mrs Morrison the aunt who adopts Margery in her childhood and whose matrimonial designs for her daughter Olive are spoilt when Margery marries Leveson is one of Mr Benson's happiest creations She is one of those women who are not kind but only not unkind It is very characteristic of her that when she wants to get rid of her old pet dog and buy another and more fashionable one she decides to give the old one to Margery and so

* "Juggernaut" By E F Benson 6s (Heinemann)

save buying a birthday present for her, from this she comes to persuade herself that she is not doing it to save the expense of a present nor because she does not wish to keep the dog and does not like to kill it but solely because she knows how fond Margery is of animals and how much she would like to have this particular dog "Juggernaut" would be well worth reading if it were only for the sake of meeting the garrulous amusingly fussy and self deceiving Mrs Morrison but it is so strong and so taking a story that it would be well worth reading even if Mrs Morrison had no part in it

A. St John Adcock.

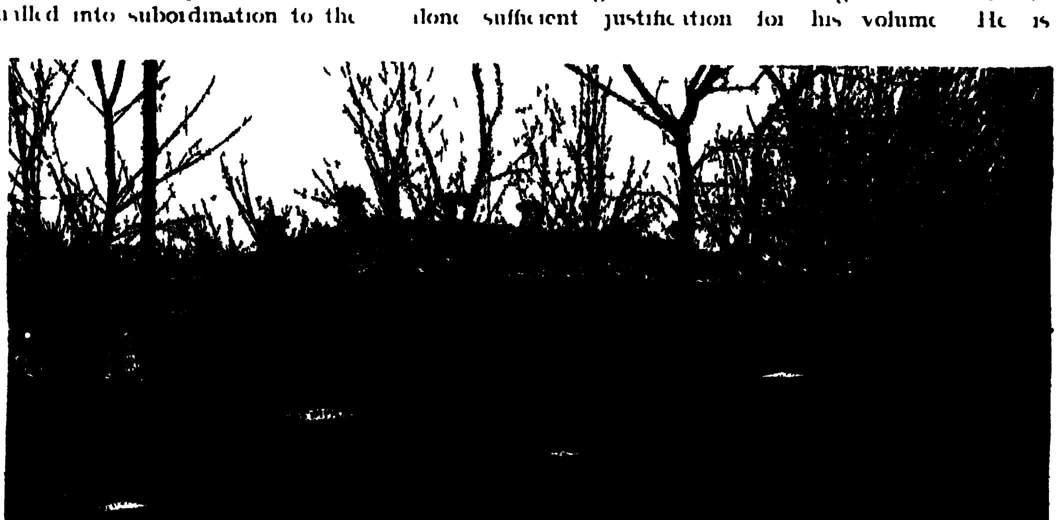
SAINT AND PROPHET.*

Towards the end of 1854 the allied armies in the Crimea began the long and almost hopeless siege of Sebastopol. Within the fortress there prevailed the most intense and patriotic enthusiasm. "The spirit of the army is indescribable," wrote a young artillery officer to his brother. "Even in ancient Greece there was not so much heroism. Korniloff, when making the round of the troops instead of saying, as usual, 'Good health to you boys,' said 'We must die, my boys. Will you?' And the soldiers shouted, 'We will die, your Excellency. Hurrah!' And this was not affectation. On the face of each man it was plain that he meant it. Already 22,000 of them have kept their promise." Among those 22,000 thus wantonly sacrificed were none that the unpitying world would call irreplaceable, and the newly joined officer who penned the graphic letter just quoted might easily have been one of them and the world would have cared precisely nothing about the matter. Yet so unawares may angels dwell and be entertained among us that the death of this sullen, brutish-looking soldier would have changed the spiritual history of millions. His name was Leo Tolstoy. He had already crept unostentatiously into print by the publication in a Petersburg review of certain sketches based upon the recollections of his early days, and he was then, even under fire, writing sketches of the siege that remain to this day absolutely unsurpassed in the fiction of warfare, their vivid realism, their romantic unromanticism being the parent of such varying progeny as Shaw's 'Arms and the Man,' Zola's 'Débâcle,' and Stephen Crane's 'Red Badge of Courage.' Soon too he was to write that great and wondrous epic of conflict "War and Peace," with its swarming myriad of details more triumphantly marshalled into subordination to the artist's general idea than were the human elements of the struggle in the invader's plan of campaign.

But though we should be poor without "War and Peace," we should be poorer still without the vital influence of Tolstoy himself. This troubled and groping world of ours can easily spare an artist; it cannot spare a saint, and it is as saint and prophet that Tolstoy has been, and will be, most powerful. Great as was the writer (and remember that in our time there has been no greater), it was to something greater still that a world-wide homage and affection was offered. To sit as some intensely respectable journalists did a year ago in solemn critical judgment upon such a man to deplore his faith, criticise his personal appearance, arraign his dress and manner of life is precisely as ludicrous and irrelevant as to hold a coroner's inquest upon the defenders of Thermopylæ. You may prove by irrefragable scientific and academic criticism that such a man as Tolstoy ought not to have any influence, could not have any influence, and therefore did not have any influence; but there it is! You may even be bolder and assert (as some do) that in the eighteen-seventies Tolstoy committed artistic suicide and ceased to count for anything; that he became little more than an awful example of a good novelist gone wrong; that after all not Tolstoy but Turgenev or Dostoievsky, or Gogol is the really great representative of Russian literature. You may, as I said, do all this, but also, you may as well give it up. Your handy slide-rule of criticism will be as usefully employed upon the dimensions of Mont Blanc or the Pacific Ocean. Tolstoy outsoared the limits of our capacity. As M. Romain Rolland puts it in the charming volume named below:

> I have read in most of the studies of Tolstoy's work that his faith and philosophy are not original. It is true the beauty of these ideas is eternal and can never appear a momentary fashion. Others complain of their Utopian character. This also is true: they are Utopian, the New Testament is Utopian. A prophet is a Utopian: he treads the earth but sees the life of eternity; and that this apparation should have been granted to us, that we should have seen among us the last of the prophets, that the greatest of our artists should wear this aureole on his brow, there, it seems to me, is a fact more novel and of far greater importance to the world than one religion the more or a new philosophy. Those are blind who do not perceive the miracle of this great mind, the incarnation of fraternal love in the midst of a people and a century stained with the blood of hatred!

But I have kept too long from the actual books that suggested these reflections. No finer single volume about Tolstoy has been written than this of M. Romain Rolland. I say finer deliberately, for the distinguished author of "Jean Christophe" writes of Tolstoy with the command of the fine shades that we expect from an accomplished man of letters. His chapters upon Tolstoy's view of art, written (as indeed is the whole of the book) with critical insight that lacks nothing of reverence, are alone sufficient justification for his volume. He is



The House in which Tolstoy died.

From "The Life of Tolstoy" by Paul Birukoff (Cassell).

* "Tolstoy." By Romain Rolland, translated by Bernard Miall. 5s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)—"The Life of Tolstoy." By Paul Birukoff. 5s. net. (Cassell.)—"In the Days of Serfdom, and Other Stories." By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by L. and A. Maude. 6s. (Constable.)

obviously indebted for much material to the large work of Mr. Paul Birukoff, author now of the compact and useful little volume here noticed. His book is shorter and simpler than M. Rolland's. It is, indeed, to use a bold comparison, the St. Mark as the other is the St. John of the Tolstoy legend. The well-chosen and well-produced illustrations are an additional merit of this volume. Lastly we have another outward and visible sign of Mr. and Mrs. Aylmer Maude's admirable devotion to the master. The stories they have presented do not hang together especially well, but what of that ? They are all wonderful, the last, " God's Way and Man's," being, indeed, a masterpiece among short stories; and they are translated with the skill and loving insight without which a Tolstoy version is a wasted effort. GEORGE SAMPSON.

MADAME DE BRINVILLIERS.*

There are hours when the aspect of the present day seems sufficiently depressing ; yet, with all the vulgarity and violence admittedly existing, it is only necessary to turn to certain chapters in the true history of the past to realise conditions and practices which would be intolerable and impossible, even in the darkest quarters of the globe, to-day. Such a state of affairs of barbarity refined, realised, and, it is hoped, finally done with is illustrated by this handsome volume produced at the Bodley Head. The Marquise de Brinvilliers is not unknown to fame or infamy. Dumas, for one, has made literary use of her misdeeds and charms ; and, without question, the woman, her associates, times and crimes, are fair game to writers of romance. Mr. Hugh Stokes has been at pains to arrive at the truth about this writer. He has delved for facts with an excellent good will ; and if, even now, the character of the Marquise seems to some extent uncertain—was she, in the beginning, or was she not, fiend or tool ?—it is not for want of skill, intelligence, or patience on his part ; but because impressions must fade, evidence vanish, and judgments alter over the lapse of two hundred and fifty years.

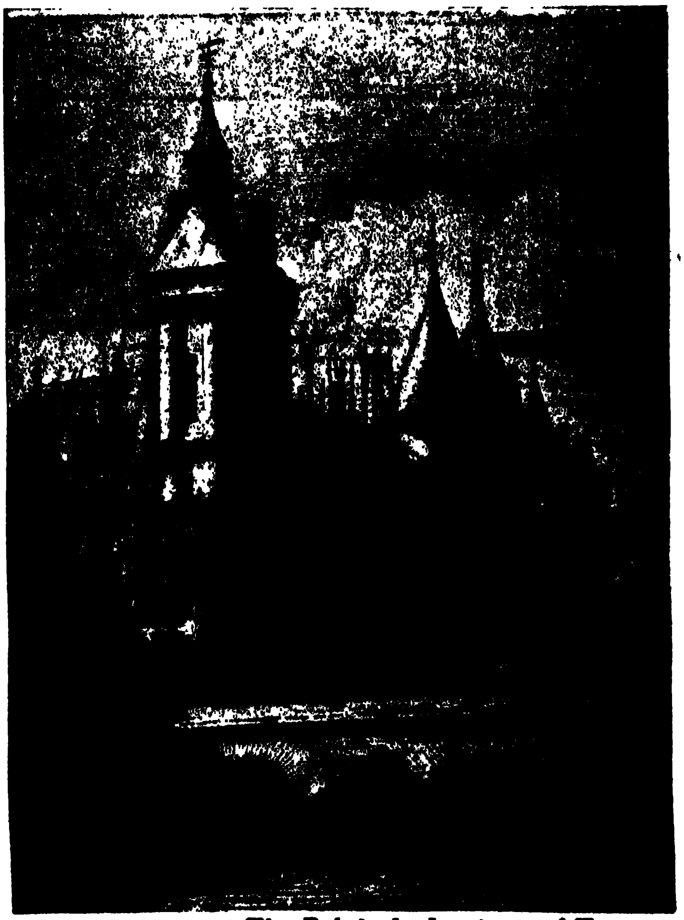
In any case, Madame de Brinvilliers stands out with lurid prominence from the dim vista of the past. If she is not called the queen of poisoners it is only because she had too many imitators and rivals in the ranks of beauty and crime. The poisoned cup has frequently turned the trend of history, but never has it been used with more devilish pertinacity or callous purpose than by this fair Marquise. She was well-born, ambitious, passionate. Love was her bane and her undoing. She was to a great extent the child of her times—those days of the Quatorze which invited the deluge—when licence rioted and the mistake of the morning could be righted by a hired assassin ere the evening was old. Corruption—moral, social, political—had penetrated everywhere. The system of society was based on rottenness. A licentious king, a vicious court, a venal church, and a democracy trained to fetch and to carry, had given the wealthier and the gilded classes full opportunity for abuse. They used that opportunity thoroughly. Intrigues were everywhere: in the palace, the courts of justice, the cloisters, and, of course, the boudoir. The Marquise de Brinvilliers had her affairs ; she was especially unfortunate in her principal lover, the Chevalier de Sainte-Croix, a man of sinister destiny. Through him she learnt the art and science of poisoning, and, for his sake and the wealth her crimes would bring, she murdered her father, her brothers, and others. The deeds—after practice on poor patients in the hospitals—were done cold-bloodedly, with an amazing absence of evident concern.

Mr. Stokes tells the story of this woman's ill-doing with such amplitude of detail as the evidence permits. There are a few lapses in the tale ; but more than sufficient remains to prove that the Marquise was unquestionably guilty. Yet, the long story of the trial, torture, and punishment of this abominable creature, illustrating the elaborate brutality of her age, leaves the reader not without pity for her. It is easy for us with our just judges, jury system, and ideas of fair play—giving the offender an excellent sporting chance—to read with satisfaction of the due punishment of a proved criminal ; but the old iniquitous system of undefended prisoners, prosecuting judges, long periods of exhausting confinement, searching cross-examinations, trickery, espionage, treachery, with such abominations of cruelty as the " question," and the long-drawn ceremonies of the execution amid the hisses and invective of a hostile mob, make the blood race furiously still, even though such doings are as dead as the moon. Madame de Brinvilliers was odious ; but her last days were not without something of the fortitude of the martyrs. Nothing in life became her so well as her manner of leaving it.

There is a strange fascination about these stories of old crime ; and though this Brinvilliers tale is peculiarly sordid and brutal, it is full of interest to the student of man, as showing humanity with the glamour gone and its glory, real or illusory, reversed. The criminal is as extraordinary as the genius. He is subject to no standard or rule, as this lovely diabolical Marquise showed. How fortunate it is that the criminal has so often made a fatal mistake ! As she did. Sheer carelessness killed her, as it has other malefactors, before and since. How fortunate, also, is it that so much knowledge possessed by the old poisoners has been lost and forgotten. The rose which, once smelled the gloves which, once put on meant death, were results of cleverness well lost. We have our vulgarities, trivialities, and vices, but, as was more or less said by the hero of " When Knights were Bold," better twenty minutes in a broken-down motor-bus than the life of the good old times.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

* "Madame de Brinvilliers and Her Times, 1630–1676." By Hugh Stokes. With a Frontispiece in Photogravure and 15 other Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)



The Palais de Justice and Towers of the Prison of the Conciergerie.

After Charles Meryon's etching, " La Tour de l'Horloge."

From " Madame de Brinvilliers and Her Times," by Hugh Stokes. (John Lane.)

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.*

The reason why there has so far been no book on Peacock is that the material is far from sufficient. There are now two because the number of books on celebrated authors has driven biographers to the more secluded. Apparently there never can be sufficient material for a "Life and Letters," and let us "thank whatever gods there be" for it. The more critical and the less biographical the book the better it is likely to be. An unfortunate division of labour has produced two books at the same time on a man who was never before the subject of a book. It is unfortunate for the two able and painstaking biographers, because they will have to divide the meagre spoils of literary biography and criticism; unfortunate for the reader, because neither book is quite sufficient n itself, and yet either might easily have been made so with a little help from the other. Thus, for example, Mr. Van Doren is sometimes able to establish as a fact what Mr. Freeman spends much care in showing to be a probability. Mr. Freeman's is easier to read, and is the stronger in criticism; Mr. Van Doren's contains more new things, and dates, which are not things, though these are few, and, except for the India House period, do not help us much or bring us anywhere near completeness. Of all writers no one openly tells less about himself than Peacock; of no nineteenth century writer has less been told by others. Dr. Young, Mr. Freeman and Mr. Van Doren have enabled us to see veiled facts in Peacock's fiction, but so far as these relate to himself and his private life they are unimportant. He is not a writer who calls for biographical footnotes. His work is, perhaps, singularly complete in itself, everything in it clearly and finally translated into literature and the Peacockian tongue, "remote, serene and inaccessible" to daily life. His published "Recollections" give little encouragement to the curious. Mr. Van Doren helps them out a little, Mr. Freeman does his best to make them significant. Throughout the book both the absence and the temporary presence of documents have troubled Mr. Van Doren. Mr. Freeman, on the other hand, is so much a master of Peacock's writings, and has such a profound and lively sympathy with them, that he is perfectly at ease when he has merely the open books before him:—he is also, by the way, as satisfactory as possible in dealing with Shelley, and is more acute than his rival in displaying the interaction of the two friends. Neither biographer has really offended against Peacock's native reticence. Mr. Van Doren, however, must be accused of dulness when he goes the length of quoting from Sir M. E. Grant Duff's "Notes from a Diary": "I saw a good deal of Peacock about this time (1853), and enjoyed his society extremely. He was utterly unlike anybody I have ever seen before or since." Such remarks should never be allowed to waste ink except for purposes of castigation or ridicule. The sin of this quotation is obliterated by one from Peacock himself in the "Report from the Select Committee on Steam Navigation" (1837): "'I am not aware that it would be any benefit to the people of India to send Europeans amongst them,' he said. Indeed he was of the opinion that such a course would have a sinister effect upon the 'morals and domestic habits' of the Hindoos."

As to criticism, both critics pay a very high compliment to Peacock by allowing him apparently to give some of his own old-fashioned weight and balance to their writing. The weight is at times excessive, though Mr. Freeman has an individual dryness which holds up its head all but continuously, and contributes no little to his readableness. Mr. Van Doren is at his best when he is playing polite variations upon what is usually said about ironists in general, and Peacock in particular. When he gets out of this track he can make mistakes, as when he writes: "It is to his adroitness in maintaining a point of view, and to his care as an artist, rather than to his mental or moral power, that Peacock owes his place in English literature. . . . His fame will reach few who do not read it with native eyes." Here are two improbable and unsupported statements: for surely "adroitness" and "care as an artist" (whatever that may mean) do not give a place in English literature, though they might well produce the mechanical persistency of irony which is the worst fault of Peacock; and, in the second place, his prose looks perfectly ready for translation—Mr. Van Doren himself saying of "Headlong Hall," *e.g.*, that it "constantly reminds one of French comic writings by a clearness of conception and a certain witty elegance not characteristically English." As a rule Mr. Freeman can be relied upon to provide the sane and vigorous comment of an intimate. He does indeed surprise us by calling "The Misfortune of Elphin" a "strikingly original presentment of the life in our island at the close of the period of antiquity," but this is quite exceptional. His chapter on "The Author of 'Headlong Hall'" is good all through. His conclusion is still better, and is a beautiful piece of prose inspired by enthusiasm for Peacock and yet not at all Peacockian. Other enthusiasts will commonly find Mr. Freeman very good to share opinions with, and the most severe will hardly ever call him either dull or unbalanced. His book would stand the test by which he reveals the technical and spiritual faults of Melincourt "the removal of its dullest portions." It would have been as useful as it is delightful if it had as good a bibliography and index as Mr. Van Doren's book, but it has no bibliography at all.

EDWARD THOMAS.

* "The Life of Thomas Love Peacock." By Carl van Doren. With 3 Photogravure Plates. 7s. 6d. net. (Dent.)—"Thomas Love Peacock: A Critical Study." By A. Martin Freeman. 7s. 6d. net. (Martin Secker.)

MAURICE HEWLETT AT HIS BEST.*

Abandoning for a time the problem novel, historical story, and Boccaccian *contes*, Mr. Hewlett has returned in "The Song of Renny" to his earliest manner, the manner of "The Forest Lovers," fully to recapture the glamour of that most original and glamorous of romances, a glamour which, owing much, of course, to the "Morte d'Arthur" and to William Morris's early mediæval poems, is in its firm seizure of the naked, vital, pungent phrase, in its full-blooded joy in the pride and pageant and colour of life, absolutely unique. This new tale is concerned with the dealings of Gernulf de Salas, Lord of Speir and Earl of Pikpoyntz, with two heiresses of the famous house of Renny, that house the members of which were always cutting one another's throats, and thus justifying their motto of "Renny pas Renie"—*Renny will not be denied.* How the silent patient Sabime runs away with her page Firmin, only to find that she has joined her lot to that of a craven and a libertine, only to fall into the hands of Pikpoyntz's friends and to be incontinently strangled; how Mabilla, the "barbed virgin" of earlier days, marries the fierce, sanguinary, lustful earl, thereby converting him into a lover and a self-flagellant, and eventually goes off with a young troubadour called Lanceilhot; and how, on Prosper le Gai, Earl of Hautenine, intervening, the bloody Pikpoyntz is at length captured and hanged, and the crown of Renny set on the head of the virgin heiress, Donna Hold, a set of circumstances whereby the weird old rune was fulfilled which ran thus:

> "When the martyr wears the Robe,
> A Virgin the Crown,
> And the Girdle finds a middle,
> Renny hath his own;

—all this is set forth in the breathless narrative of Mr. Hewlett's latest romance. The author has rarely been

* "The Song of Renny." By Maurice Hewlett. 6s. (Macmillan.)

so truly inspired Both heiresses are perfectly delightful specimens of womanhood and the description of poor Sabine's flight and wanderings with her recreant lover and of his gradual demoralisation under the stress of panic and lust is one of the most poignant and moving pieces of work that even Mr Hewlett has accomplished A minor blot on the book is the character of that lord of rapine Gernulf de Salis Pikpoynt/ in love is quite inconceivable however dexterously the author may show him besotted and another criticism that may be made is that either heroine shows a not quite accountable predilection for a lover of rank inferior to her own Humility of this sort was shown by Iseult in The Forest Lovers by the woman who did in the Senhouse trilogy and by the early nineteenth century damsel who loved a butcher Is not Mr Hewlett giving us too many examples of The Stooping Lady



The Monument to the Memory of Alfred de Musset.

A DICTIONARY OF BLOTS.*

The exact cause of the break (between Lord and Lady Byron) has been debated at enormous length says our author and we are tempted to extend the application of this ennuyé sentiment to most of the histories chronicled in this volume What special interest was served in reviving or rather in retelling for the hundredth or thousandth time the story of the disagreement between Napoleon and Josephine de Beauharnais or of the pathetic parting of Burns and Highland Mary we are at a loss to discover Even less known romances such as the devotion of Adam Lux to Charlotte Corday's memory and the influence for good wielded by Mme Leonie Leon over Gambetta's heart have been fully treated in quite recent times and a rechauffé is not exactly appetising now

In some respects too the chronicler appears to disregard facts brought to light by the researches of modern enthusiasts It is totally inconsistent with all that we have recently read concerning that curious figure of the French Revolution Théroigne de Méricourt to regard her as a noxious human weed who became the leader of a band of female furies and took part in the massacre of the Swiss Guards and richly deserved the public castigation which a band of women once administered to her in the garden of the Tuileries A careful sifting of the evidence tends to show though the evidence is not absolutely conclusive that she did stimulate revolutionary ardour to acts of violence but it is quite certain that she took no actual part in the affrays or returned her arms covered with blood It is also certain that she was possessed by genuine convictions and was capable of expressing them in glowing oratory Her case is symptomatic of the uncritical methods of this book

We are at one with the author however in emphasising the exalted sentiments and unimpeachable purity of the domestic life of some of the monsters of the Revolution Billaud, for instance who soaked his hands in blood He is right too in insisting upon the very harmless character of the Bastille It was in actual fact a highly beneficent institution for sheltering the weak who were thus prevented from ruining themselves or others connected with them and Dickens in his Tale of Two Cities gives a totally erroneous impression of its character Once more however we must dissociate ourselves from Mr Nevill's condemnation of the Empress Eugénie as one who exercised a disastrous influence during the Second Empire Here again the most recent and best equipped authorities give an unqualified denial to tradition

* "The Romantic Past" By Ralph Nevill. 12s 6d net (Chapman & Hall)

A TATTERED HEROINE.*

The title and sub title of this book taken in conjunction suggest clearly that here we have one more example of that art of white washing which is so popular with the writers of biographies A look at the dedication page speedily confirms the suggestion To the memory of a tender heart a tenderly loved a devoted daughter a faithful friend a wronged woman as sinned against as sinning the author devotes her work fortifying her case moreover with a text and a maxim Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy and *Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner*

When we remember that Marie Louise was the second wife of Napoleon I the mother of the King of Rome and the mistress of Neipperg we must admit that Mrs Cuthell has an excellent client on whose behalf to exhibit her skill in defence an excellent object for whom to beg our merciful judgment Let it be said at once that she has laboured nobly and succeeded in bringing to light whatever of good can possibly be found in the character of Marie Louise At the same time we cannot hold that she has justified the epithets which she lavishes on her heroine in the dedication She does not convince us that the Empress was all that she there calls her And what is important somehow she does not seem to have convinced herself Perhaps it is the all powerful personality of Napoleon which has obtruded itself on Mrs Cuthell's mind and robbed her of the ability to handle the fact as they must be handled if Marie Louise is to appear a sympathetic figure Only a most violent anti Napoleonist could really find praise for his faithless second wife The author of An Imperial Victim is rather Napoleonist than not and therefore

* An Imperial Victim Marie Louise Archduchess of Austria Empress of the French Duchess of Parma By Mrs Edith E Cuthell 2 Vols 24s net (Stanley Paul & Co)

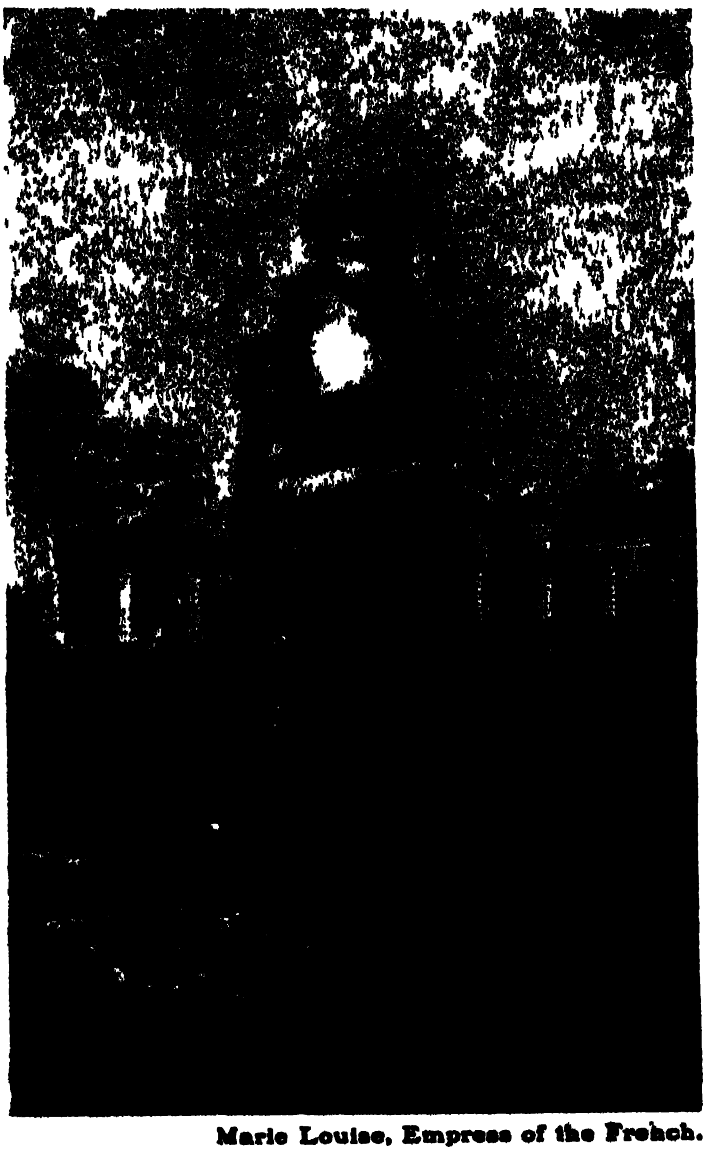
cannot overlook his devotion to Marie Louise, which he preserved to the agonising last days at Saint Helena and which she repaid with neglect, treachery and the dishonouring of his name.

For all that there is nothing inaccurate in the title of "An Imperial Victim." Marie Louise was a victim—of her father and her country. Mrs. Cuthell brings out well the character of the man whom his daughter placed on a pedestal and worshipped with a pathetic adoration blind to any fault or failing. The Emperor Francis II., "the weak spoilt darling of a feeble mother," educated in the most futile manner, who would "turn pale at the mention of affairs," the narrow absolutist who said "The people? I know nothing of the people! I know only of subjects!" and thought himself a sort of demi-god, this man made a favourite of his eldest child, especially when at the age of fifteen she lost her mother, and then, when she was barely eighteen, sold her to the arch enemy of Austria as the price of a not too humiliating peace. "No one talks of anything but Napoleon's divorce," wrote Marie Louise on January 10, 1810. "I let them all talk and don't worry myself at all, only I pity the poor princess whom he chooses, for I am sure that it will not be me who will become the victim of politics." On March 28 of the same year Napoleon descended like a whirlwind on his bride at Compiègne and brought to an end what Lord Liverpool described as "more a rape than a wooing," and Marie Louise was wedded to him of whose name she wrote, as a child of eleven, that it tarnished the work of Blanchard on Illustrious Men from Homer to Bonaparte.

Undoubtedly then the Austrian princess was a victim. But all the consideration which was shown her in the affair was shown by Napoleon, and, for a princess, her marriage of convenience was a happy and successful one. Napoleon was proud of her, more than kind to her, almost faithful—which meant very much indeed from him. What return she made him is notorious. Perhaps all her weakness could be forgiven, seeing that she was a woman of no strong intellect placed in an impossible position—all save Neipperg! And who could attempt to explain away Neipperg? Certainly Mrs. Cuthell does not, a fact which does honour alike to her fairness and to her regard for historical truth.

"An Imperial Victim" is in every way an interesting work. The long chapter on "Parma in the Past" in Volume II. appears to be rather superfluous padding, and there are not a few mis-spellings and a number of lapses in style, the worst of the latter being a sentence in Volume I., p. 267: "The traitors were sitting on a rail awaiting the saltatory performance of the domestic feline favourite!" This is not English, whatever else it may be. But the book deserves many readers nevertheless.

PHILIP W. SERGEANT.



Marie Louise, Empress of the French.

From "An Imperial Victim," by Mrs. Edith E. Cuthell. (Stanley Paul.)

HILDA LESSWAYS.*

Although there is a good deal of humour in "Hilda Lessways," the general atmosphere of the book is shrewd and autumnal; one reads through it with a sense of living in a grey world under cloudy skies, and there is something in Mr. Arnold Bennett's minutely exact, clear-cut, wonderfully vivid style that suggests the etching rather than the painting, and so helps out this sense of the greyness and hardness of life with which he impresses us:

> Hilda came home to tea on the next day but one, with a demeanour whose characteristics were heightened by nervousness. The weather was still colder, and she had tied the broad ribbons of her small bonnet rather closely under her chin, the double bow a little to the left. A knitted bodice over the dress and under the jacket made the latter tighter than usual, so that the fur edges of it curved away somewhat between the buttons, and all the upper part of the figure seemed to be too strictly confined, while the petticoat surged out freely beneath. A muff, brightly coloured to match the skirt and the bonnet, and her cheeks, completed the costume. She went into the house through the garden, and delicately stamped her feet on the lobby tiles, partly to warm them and shake off the few bits of snow, and partly to announce clearly her arrival. Then, just as she was, hands in muff, she entered the parlour. She was tingling with keen, rosy life, and with the sense of youthful power. She had the deep unconscious conviction of the superiority of youth to age. And there were the two older women waiting for her, as it were on the defensive, and as nervous as she was.

This portrait of Hilda, so careful to miss no smallest item of her make-up, is as uncompromisingly realistic as a photograph; in spite of its reference to colour, it affects you as a striking and vigorously lifelike sketch in black-and-white. In its exactitude and its conscientious eye for detail it is characteristic of Mr. Bennett's method, whether he is describing visible things or the thoughts and passions and complex inner workings of the human mind. His development of Hilda from the time when the sense of womanhood begins to dawn within her and fill her with vague "misgivings of a creature moving about in worlds not realised" to the tragic hour of realisation is a masterly essay in feminine psychology. George Cannon, the man she marries, is no less ably drawn, but there is less subtlety in his composition; he is fashioned on simpler lines, is more of an ordinary human being taking the ordinary human being's common view of things. Hilda has no love for him; she is merely attracted by his gross masculinity, and subdued and carried away by his forceful dominating personality, and not by any greatness of soul or charm of manner that belongs to him. In plain words he is a rather unpleasant beast, but he is a dashing fellow, of a certain cunning cleverness and of a cool self-confidence that gives him power over women and

* "Hilda Lessways." By Arnold Bennett. 6s. (Methuen.)

over better men than himself Hilda's mother, the half-sister of George Cannon with whom Hilda goes to keep a boarding-house at Brighton after her mother's death, the Orgreave family—all the minor people of the book, indeed, are pictured and made alive and real with merciless insight and skill

"Hilda Lessways" is not a sequel to "Clayhanger." It carries that story no further but goes back over Hilda's earlier career and telling it all from her standpoint leaves her again where "Clayhanger" left her at the point where, after apparently accepting Edwin Clayhanger's love and allowing him to kiss her she goes off to Brighton and a few days later sends a curt letter to her North country friends saying she is married knowing that the news will get to Edwin and so keep him from trying to communicate with her But now we know all that lay behind that letter and we are promised that in the last volume of the trilogy we shall learn how Clayhanger's and Hilda's romance was renewed and continued and came to its ending

It was a hazardous experiment this of devoting a first volume to an intimate analysis of your hero a second to a perhaps even more intimate analysis of your heroine and a third to their joint history after circumstances had to all appearance irrevocably separated them but the experiment has so far been justified by its complete success There is perhaps not much of the poetry of life or thought in these stories their power and their peculiar attraction lie in their stark truthfulness Mr Bennett does not pretend to portray every variety of human character those kindly laughable fools and gentle idealists that Dickens loved do not greatly interest him but the characters he has set himself to know he knows with an amazing thoroughness and has presented here with a supreme and a singularly fascinating art

THE CHURCH AND THE DIVINE ORDER.*

In a series of penetrating rapid studies Professor Oman hurries his readers from the life of Jesus to the present day through the changing phases of the Christian Church The thesis of the argument is this In some order of love and freedom that is in some kind of Church the historical struggle of mankind must be gathered up and if it is not being served by the present Churches then a supreme effort should be made to recall them to their true task The author does not decline this role of Mentor He is a theologian rather than a historian What interests him is the conception of God and grace which determines any theory of the Church and his book is specially valuable on account of the incisiveness with which he emphasises the spiritual and prophetic character of the Church as a religious society It was high time for example that some competent man should speak about Hooker as Dr Oman does In this respect his volume may be almost said to furnish an undesigned theological basis for the conception which Mr Clark has just illustrated in the first volume of his "History of English Nonconformity" It is all to the good that such statements on the nature and vocation of the Church should appear from the pens of responsible Nonconformist theologian Professor Oman has scarcely space enough here to develop his thesis fully What he does is to state and to elucidate it crisply in the light of successive epochs in the history of the Church and particularly in opposition to all external and legal conceptions of the Church's authority In his proper zeal against these misrepresentations of the genuine Church he occasionally allows himself to make some ultra individualistic statements and to display an aversion to corporate unity which is hardly essential to his leading thought Still, the heroic and religious idea of the Church is there And while the closing pages are trenchant, they do not waste themselves in contemporary polemic

Like all Professor Oman's work this book teems with acute sentences and flashes of genuine insight Once or twice however the style betrays a certain hurriedness of composition A sentence like the following is not fortunate for example "Arguments about the Church can only end in barren logomachies so long as we are not at one about what manner of God we believe in and what manner of salvation from Him we expect"

* "The Church and the Divine Order By John Oman, M.A., B.D., D.Phil 6s net (Hodder & Stoughton)

A NEW TALE OF TWO CITIES.*

To pack the cosmic forces into a mouse trap such is the task of the novelist when he sets out to catch the rapidly shifting phantasmagoria of this century For no art forms fit it the age so far as fiction is concerned is like a plant whose roots have broken the pot in which it grew Hence the characteristic novels of to-day are vast and chaotic dealing with class types that emerge from a vaguely suggested outline of crowds Such were "Clayhanger" and "The New Machiavelli" such is "Adrian Savage"

In one sense Lucas Malet's new novel is more complex than its forerunners since by taking as her hero a man born of mingled French and English descent and by so interweaving the strands of his life that duty binds him to his English kin while inclination draws him towards the Parisian mondaine whose nature answers to his own she manages to contrast two great civilisations For at the back of the Englishwoman Joanna Smyrthwaite lies the savagery of English life its ugliness its despotism at the back of *la belle Gabrielle* lies the delicate deference for beautiful womanhood all the Latin gift for living gracefully In these two women live two races Yet both women the one stifled the other idolised are hungry the Englishwoman for love the Frenchwoman for power and freedom Admittedly one of the most difficult tasks in painting is to paint the wind it is the wind of modernity that "Adrian Savage" paints the wind of that spirit of the age whose most striking aspect is Feminism

Put in a nutshell "Adrian Savage" tells us that English Feminism is the result of centuries of pedantry on the part of Englishmen who as fathers brothers or husbands play the schoolmaster toward their womenfolk on whom they lay the yoke of a ridiculous sense of responsibility towards no one knows what Curbed and schooled Englishwomen live under the dead hand of masculine despotism Such is the story of Joanna Smyrthwaite whose diary is the most powerful part of the book infinitely pitiful it is to see her strong brain so long in tutelage to a selfish father now unable to free itself from the petty maxims in which she has been reared Ugly angular narrow she dies by her own hand because she has nothing in her to attract love This picture is a true one no one who has gone below the surface of English life can deny it

On the French side the bonds are silken there is no rattling of chains Madame St Leger whom Adrian loves is a beautiful widow who married to a second rate man much her senior has lived outwardly a life of ease and inwardly a life of disappointment For to a woman power can only come through a man and her man was only of the rank and file Hence when Adrian the editor of an influential review offers her marriage she struggles to remain free in body and mind But she fails nature is too strong Both these women Joanna and Gabrielle were hungry and by a subtle irony that many readers will miss both are left unsatisfied—though the one goes to death and the other to a lover Only the man has his will

The French picture of Feminism is less real than the English for while Joanna is as actual as a knife-edge drawn across the skin René Dax, the decadent artist who

* "Adrian Savage By Lucas Malet 6s (Hutchinson)

ends in madness and Zélie de Gand the ill omened seem figures of a fantastic dream. Here in fact lies the weakness of the book: with the exception of Joanna's sister Margaret none of the chief characters is average. In this drama of the inner world all the figures are either bizarre or heroic. Adrian the knight *sans reproche* is as far above average humanity as a Greek statue. Madame St Leger is a second Monna Lisa. Joanna is of classic build in capacity for pain. Only Margaret, pretty and ease loving, snatches at dainty dishes, fine clothes, sweet scents, and a lover as her expression of that craving for a share in the full human lot which we call Feminism.

Nowhere in "Adrian Savage" is there any sense of the spirit of solidarity among women; nowhere is there any hint of the great primary question: shall love be paid for? Lucas Malet halts between two opinions: though the spirit of freedom is exhilarating in England it bites with nipping shrewdness; in France it brings with it the scent of decay, of nothing worse than autumn woodlands burning to their death, yet none the less of decay. The mystic episodes of the snapped paternoster, of Joanna's sentence of banishment heard far across the Channel from the lips of an outcast, are in keeping with the symbolism of the whole. For the characters are rather forces than people, rather type than individuals.

"Adrian Savage" must take its stand by the side of the masterly pictures of our time, for it is a work of art which stands out with the great challenge: life on this side; my rendering of it on that. What say ye?

M. P. Willcocks.

A QUEEN OF SONG.*

Every branch of art has its aristocracy, but elevation to its peerage goes by election, which is to say that conspicuous merit is its only patent of nobility. Moreover its signs and title lapse with death, often, alas! before it. If so much be admitted there is even a regal quality about the position of Madame Albani. The record of her professional career of forty years, which she now herself places before the British public at a time when she has made them her farewell bow, how instinctively one recalls the little tripping run habitual to her with which it was made! reads like a royal progress through the realm of musical art, which is the whole round world.

It all sounds so easy. From its outset she appeared and the public applauded, and she has little more to say till she comes to her next appearance. Four years after her début on the operatic stage at Messina in Sicily in 1870, when she sang in Bellini's "La Sonnambula," at the age of eighteen, she had the good fortune to enlist Queen Victoria's affectionate interest, and thereafter it became even easier. Yet there must be the other side of the picture. At its best the life of a favourite prima donna must hold its years of bitter slavery before she can hope to evoke that universal acclamation which shall ascend as sweet incense to her nostrils.

In the case of Emma Lajeunesse, Madame Albani is of French-Canadian descent and was born near Montreal, much of the necessary drudgery was got through when she was a young child, for her father, himself a competent musician, undertook her musical training when she was but five years old. "By the time I was eight," she says, "I was able to read at sight the works of the old masters. So much of her time was taken up with study that I never had a doll." She reviews shortly her subsequent education at the Convent of the Sacred Heart (she was thought to have a decided vocation for convent life, but it was the Mother Superior herself who told her "God has given you your beautiful voice, and I think it is clearly your duty to use it"), the removal of her family to Albany (from which town, however, she is at pains to explain



Madame Albani.

[illegible]

that she did not take her professional name), her studies in Paris with Duprez and in Milan with Lamperti, and then quickly passes to her first public appearances. Thereafter she would appear to have been largely occupied in making friendships with illustrious personages, which lasted until his (or her) death. But the fruit of these experiences which she barely indicates are apparent in the advice reproduced in her own handwriting for the benefit of young aspirants to vocal fame, and its value cannot be ignored.

For the rest she can of course draw on her memory for a number of anecdotes and reflections, and it is through these chiefly that the sunny, simple nature of the woman behind the singer is revealed. Her chief concern throughout life has been that her art should win recognition. "One must live for one's art!" are her last words. Even her betrothal and marriage came to her in the direct course of her profession, for she wedded Mr. Ernest Gye, son of the renowned manager of Covent Garden, under whom she made her first London appearance in 1872. But a singer of the first rank is called upon to assist at many unique occasions. One of the most pathetic of those here recorded tells of how Madame Albani received a command to sing over the coffin of the Queen who had been her friend, and of how King Edward thanked her for this last service with tears in his eyes.

Though as a whole the book is well produced, not all the experience of Mr. Harold Simpson in the making of books, and to him a printed acknowledgment is made for "valuable assistance in completing it"—has availed to eliminate occasional errors of grammatical construction, some of which seem to be due to the "perverting printer." There are some excellent and interesting portraits of Madame Albani herself, but some of the other illustrations are not so germane to the subject matter, and could have been spared in favour of others which from time to time it suggests.

H. F.

* "Forty Years of Song." By Emma Albani. 10s. 6d. net. (Mills & Boon.)

LEAVES OF THE TREE.*

There is a subtle philosophy of life in the very title of Mr. Benson's latest book. Men, he remarks—not only the eleven whose careers he has sketched, but all men—are leaf-like offshoots of a central force that we cannot direct or control, each with an individuality of its own and yet every one pulsing with an identical sap of vital energy. From this semi-allegorical idea Mr. Benson develops a sort of moral determinism which is more impressive than convincing. He devotes his epilogue to the task of drawing up a little homily. "You have looked at my portraits," he says. "Now come into the private chapel and listen to my theory of their meaning."

The portraits remind us of Mr. G. W. E. Russell's "The

* "Leaves of the Tree." Studies in Biography. By Arthur Christopher Benson. 7s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

Household of Faith." Only, Mr. Benson's point of view is less crisp than Mr. Russell's, and his portraits are all masculine. They are studies in personality deftly arranged. A bishop generally precedes two laymen. Thus Westcott is followed by Henry Sidgwick and J. K. Stephen, a varied trio. Bishop Wilkinson introduces Professor Newton and Frederic Myers. Lightfoot is succeeded by Henry Bradshaw and Charles Kingsley (whom Mr. Benson treats as a man and a poet rather than as a theologian), and Bishop Wordsworth of Lincoln precedes Matthew Arnold. They were all known personally to Mr. Benson. He has little stories to tell about them from his own experience, as, for example, how Kingsley, when sitting with the Bensons on a hot summer afternoon, replied to the question as to what was the pleasantest way of spending a day by stammering out, "Why, to lie on your belly like a lizard in the sun and to think about nothing." But Mr. Benson by no means burns incense before his figures of biography, not even when they are episcopal or kinsmen. In fact he spends about twenty pages at the beginning in explaining that it is both honourable and kind to tell the truth about the dead, even when the truth does not square with conventional estimates of their excellence.

> "We talk freely enough about the living, and I do not hesitate in our intimate circle to discuss plainly the faults and failings of those whom we love. The only reason why we do not discuss these things more openly with people at large is that the intimate circle is a [illegible], and not to put a weapon into the hand of possible foes. But death removes all that, and the idea of trying to preserve a reputation unblemished at the expense of truth [illegible] memory by suppressing fact seems to me hopelessly insincere and faint-hearted. To doctor a record so as to make it into an attractive romance is a childish, almost a [illegible] thing. The old phrase *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* is often misinterpreted. It does not mean that one must in charity praise the dead, but rather that one ought not to say anything about them if one cannot praise them."

This is an old problem in the ethics of biography. Generally it all depends upon the application of what would be granted as a principle. And when we hurry on with trembling or unholy anticipation to light upon what Mr. Benson has to say about some notorious episcopal biographies (which, as he says of Myers' book on Wordsworth, are panegyrics), we are taken aback to find that his censures are comparatively mild. The introduction, like the Fat Boy in *Pickwick*, [illegible] fearful forebodings. But the sketches contain no startling revelation that will make the flesh creep. But biographical studies can surely be candid and critical without elaborate explanations of why certain anecdotes are permissible, or why it is not disrespectful to hint, for example, that Westcott's personal austerity did not prevent him from leaving a very large private fortune; that no man, not even Henry Bradshaw, can be heroic in biography; that Lightfoot had no social gifts; or that Bishop Wilkinson's Scotch episcopate was in some ways the least inspiring episode of his life. Would such admissions offend any but uncritical adorers? When these papers appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*, the sketch of that crabbed, perverse old don, Professor Newton, probably struck more readers than one as being particularly incisive. Newton was a character, and the appreciation of him rings true to life. Mr. Benson seems to have received remonstrances upon its frankness, which he carefully answers—carefully, yet superfluously. Neither here nor elsewhere can he be accused of fault-finding. On the contrary, he has held his hand more than once, particularly in the case of Westcott. His delightful volume is a readable estimate of the eleven, as they scored or failed to score in life, with sufficient personal reminiscences to give the record a flavour of its own. It is a pleasure to have these sketches collected in a convenient form, and we hope Mr. Benson will gather for us another handful of similar leaves.

J. M.

Novel Notes.

LOVE LIKE THE SEA. By J. L. Paterson. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Mr. Paterson is always at his best when he is writing of the sea, and the moods and mystery and perils of the sea make an undertone through his new novel, and the people who draw their livelihood from the sea are the actors in its impressively dramatic story. He has taken a big theme in "Love Like the Sea," and handled it with imagination and with rugged forcefulness. His scene is laid in a fishing village, and the principal characters are three: Richard Derrick, his wife Bella, and her friend Mary. The wife is given to secret drinking, and is less restrained and grows rapidly worse after her husband has discovered her secret. He loves her and makes the best of life in such circumstances; she has her intervals of repentance, and remorsefully induces her friend Mary to devote herself to trying to regenerate her. Mary spends much of her time thereafter at the house, frequently when Derrick returns home from the sea Bella is helplessly asleep, and Mary has to tend upon him as well as upon her. From pitying Derrick Mary drifts into loving him, but for a while hides the truth successfully. Then little by little others suspect, and he knows of it, and in spite of himself grows to love her passionately in return. Here are the elements of great tragedy, or of one of those squalid love intrigues that we are getting tired of reading. Mr. Paterson fashions them into a clean, strong story of elemental but decent human creatures, a story that is touched with tragedies of jealousy and misunderstanding, death, and moves through these shadows to a fitting close.

NO MAN'S LAND. By L. J. Vance. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

Garrett Coast, a wealthy man well known in New York society, saw his host shoot a fellow guest as the result of a quarrel over a game of bridge. Just as the police are coming the murderer attempts suicide, and Coast in his effort to prevent this seizes the pistol. The police find him with the pistol in his hand, and the real murderer denounces him as the criminal, and his story is supported by the only other man present. Coast is tried for murder and condemned, but the third man confesses to perjury and he is soon released. But in the meantime the real murderer has escaped, and to evade the persecution of the New York press Coast takes to single-handed yachting off the New England coast. Here he is joined by an entertaining and resourceful nondescript, who proves to be a secret service agent. Many exciting adventures follow, which recall some similar chapters in "The Riddle of the Sands." The versatile detective adds to his nautical gifts an agreeable vein of persiflage, and easily persuades Coast to take a hand in the pursuit of some desperate smugglers who have made the little deserted island called "No Man's Land" their headquarters. The experienced novel reader will soon detect the long arm of coincidence, and will not need to be told that the principal smuggler is none other than the missing murderer, who has in the meantime entrapped into marriage the fascinating lady whom Coast has long been wooing in vain. The situation is both piquant and complicated, and before the entanglement is finally unravelled the hero and the detective go through some thrilling moments. We like especially the idea, quite a novel idea, of the blind man who was not blind. Occasionally the details and the phraseology are a little too American to be entirely intelligible to English readers. But this is a trifling defect in a story which can be confidently recommended to all who enjoy an exciting narrative of adventure briskly and vividly told.

POLLYOOLY. By Edgar Jepson. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

"Pollyooly," instead of being the name of some prehistoric animal, as perhaps one might imagine on seeing this

title, is really a most fascinating little girl. We first meet her in sorrowful circumstances—she has just lost her only relative and so is left at twelve years old with the guardianship of a small brother of three—"the Lump"—and a determination to keep him out of the workhouse. Happily fortune smiles on her and she is soon installed in the dignified position of housekeeper to the Hon. John Ruffin, a barrister. Pollyooly with her quaint independent ways endears herself more and more to one's imagination as one reads. Although perhaps the fates are kinder to her than would be the case outside the two covers of a book, none could envy her her good fortune. Perhaps the reader would have preferred Pollyooly to have been allowed a little more to say for herself, especially on the occasion of her examination at the police-station. It is not often one has the pleasure of reading such a perfectly happy story, and it is to be hoped that in some future book Mr. Edgar Jepson will tell us some further adventures of Pollyooly and "the Lump."

THE NOTORIOUS MISS LISLE. By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"The Notorious Miss Lisle" is a clever and engrossing story. The author unfolds a well-thought-out plot very skilfully, and introduces us to a set of uncommonly interesting people. Gaenor Lisle, the heroine, is a victim of circumstances. When the reader and Peter Garstin, a well-to-do young man travelling for pleasure, first meet her she is a strange, sullen, unsmiling girl with a hint of mystery about her which arouses the curiosity of both; the curiosity leads to warm admiration from Gaenor as the story develops and her pluck and fighting spirit become evident. Although one would feel inclined to blame her for marrying Peter without first disclosing her past, one soon forgives her when one realises her innocence and the web of lies in which she is caught. "I think God punishes some people too hard," she says drearily. "I have only been silly. . . . Many people seem to be really wicked and to get off far more easily than I have." Luckily Peter has pluck as well as Gaenor, and he faces their trouble resolutely and fights, fights hard and not vainly for his happiness and hers.

IN THE NAME OF THE PEOPLE. By Arthur W. Marchmont. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Take a susceptible young man of highly romantic tendencies, place a beautiful girl in his path, and he will fall in love with her. This is what happened to Ralph Donnington, and it is useless for Mr. Marchmont to protest that up to that moment his hero "had never cared for any woman except my sister, and the thought of marriage had never entered my head." Gentlemen of Mr. Donnington's sort always fall in love in Mr. Donnington's particular manner. We are quite content that it should be so, certainly in the case of "In the Name of the People." For this is an unusually attractive novel of incident and adventure. The hero's flame is a Portuguese girl living in the Portugal of a very few years ago, and the storm-centre of the plots and counter-plots of Dom Miguel and the Republic. The adventures begin on the fifth page of the book, where the hero finds himself placed in the centre of a seditious mob which is fighting loyal police, and regarded as an enemy by both parties, and the story's very numerous excitements are hardly finished by the time page 352 is reached. Mr. Marchmont is always readable and brisk, and these qualities are more pronounced than ever in his latest novel. The author has seldom done more attractive work.

THE TWYMANS. By Henry Newbolt. 6s. (Blackwood.)

There are two educations for a young man, said Lamartine: the education he receives from his mother, and the education he receives from the first woman he loves after his mother. Mr. Newbolt's hero is a youth who receives both of these educations. His mother is a widow, with definite views about her son's duty of claiming an inheritance which had passed into the hands of another branch of the family. His lady-love is a daughter of the enemy, the sister of his best friend at Oxford. Althea's influence unconsciously tells against Mrs. Twyman's, and Percival's chivalrous nature has to decide upon its proper course under the conflict of these opposing breezes. The decision is complicated by his Twyman nature. But eventually the father's spirit in him prevails. When set down in black and white this plot does not sound particularly novel or even attractive, and it must be confessed that the reader has some difficulty in getting under weigh. Prefaces to novels, even in the shape of dedicatory letters, should be put down by an Act of Parliament. But once Percival goes to school at Downton we feel that Mr. Newbolt is putting into this study of adolescence reflections and experiences which are deeper than the ordinary observations of a novelist. This impression is confirmed as the book proceeds. Mr. Mundy and Commander Twyman, the boy's guardians, typify the utilitarianism and the chivalrous influences in modern life, and Percival's education at the hands of the two women develops him into a character of real interest which is subtly drawn. Mr. Newbolt describes his novel as "a Tale of Youth." It is not an ordinary tale of youthful ferocity or adventure, however. The spell of its pages will not be felt by readers who want crude effects and glaring colours. But those who surrender themselves to its charm will be rewarded. The studies of Amelia and Molly prevent it from becoming too abstract or one-sided, and there is a note of distinction in its handling of modern life which is unfortunately rare.

A FAIR IRISH MAID. By Justin Huntly McCarthy. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

This is a charming old-fashioned romance with just enough historical setting to whet the reader's curiosity with regard to the minor events of London Society at the time of Napoleon's escape from Elba. It is far as the poles asunder from the modern impressionist manner, for although the atmosphere is the poetic atmosphere of a good fairy tale, the style is redundant rather than allusive, and the actualities of life have just that wavering, shimmering effect to which we are accustomed in the isles of fantasy. The Fair Irish Maid herself is enchanting, and her ideal devotion to her lover is doubtless intended to shine forth the more strikingly from the fact that he lacks so many graces, but when tricked into drunkenness his boorishness and selfish pride make this poor poet a sorry object, and we cannot but grudge him such a pearl among women. The story is full of dramatic situations and would make a very pretty play.

THE ROUNDABOUT. By Gladys Mendl. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

Mrs. Mendl treats a strong idea with much force and capability, but "The Roundabout" can hardly be styled an entirely satisfactory novel. The characters are one and all introspective to the last degree, and they mostly have a habit of giving vent to their opinions in the sonorous phrases of an impossible rhetoric. Jessica is an artist, cursed with money. At least she is convinced that true freedom lies in poverty allied with hard work. She falls in love with and marries an impecunious fellow-artist, only to find that her money—now curtailed by a distressed family—is not sufficient for the needs of herself and her husband. Jessica is, unhappily, of a quixotically generous nature, and no amount of economising on the part of her husband will make up for her extravagances. To add to the difficulty he drinks, and Jessica falls in love with another man. How it all works out to a peaceful ending the reader should discover for himself, for, in spite of all its faults, "The Roundabout" is a novel of great sincerity and considerable ability. If Mrs. Mendl can suppress the vanities of her cleverness she will do well.

The Bookman's Table.

GEORGE ELIOT: SCENES AND PEOPLE IN HER NOVELS. By C S Olcott 6s net (Cassell)

Mr. Olcott has shown no little shrewdness in identifying George Eliot's *dramatis personae* with their prototypes in Warwickshire, and he is in keen sympathy with the picturesque side of her work but the special value of the book is the strong light it throws on the happiness of the novelist's home life He reassures a pitying world which has been led to believe that her relations with Mr Lewes brought nothing but self humiliation and that in steeling herself against the cry of this accusing voice she threw away her womanliness The picture he paints is as convincing as it is beautiful As to the first part of the book one caution should be uttered In justice to George Eliot's mother it must not be assumed that Mrs Hackit much less Mrs Poyser, are faithful portraits of that estimable lady An artist with the dramatic instinct of her daughter would naturally seize upon a telling trait and exaggerate it in fact we can actually see this at work in George Eliot's mind the later creation Mrs Poyser has the quaintness of speech the homely vigour of simile and not least the acidity of the earlier creation all dashed on in yet stronger colours Even Mrs Hackit does not do Mrs Evans justice as we know from the testimony of the writer's brother Isaac George Eliot for all her apparent masculinity was essentially a womanly woman devoted to masculine qualities clinging to strength though it might bruise her worshipping a father who in his anger nearly cut her adrift idolising a brother who made her suffer just as Maggie Tulliver suffered Mr Olcott shows that her relation with Mr Lewes neither destroyed her womanliness nor overcast her life as some critics would have us suppose we are told elsewhere that her sense of defeat and humiliation colours all her work making her preach the inevitable baffling of human hopes and endeavours But there really that hopeless outlook on life that making the best of a bad business which we are instructed to find Does not Adam Bede in which the tragedy of Hetty Sorrel is of really minor importance end with a kind of Te Deum The self condemnation some find in Romola evaporates entirely when closely studied Does not Janet's Repentance end on a beautiful chord a whole life transformed by one man's influence rescued from self despair strengthened with divine hopes?

STEVENSON By Isobel Strong 1s net (Cassell)

It would have been impossible to find any one better qualified than Mrs Strong is to write this little volume for Messrs Cassell's Little Books on Great Writers series If Mrs Strong has not much that is new to tell us she has admirably summarised and arranged all the known facts of Stevenson's career from his childhood onward to the days when as a famous author he lived and died in Samoa There are excellent chapters on Stevenson as a poet friend and as teacher the latter epitomising from his letters and books something of his brave philosophy of life One is rather disappointed that Mrs Strong does not give us her personal impressions of Stevenson and some anecdotes of those four last years of his life in which she acted as his amanuensis there are glimpses of that period and of those dictatings in many of Stevenson's own letters but it would have been interesting to have known how it all seemed from Mrs Strong's standpoint But one is perhaps the more grateful for the personal touches in the book because they are few "Stevenson explained to me once," writes Mrs. Strong, "a little whimsically that when he wrote his books he believed his characters were real people If he once discovered they were only pen and ink his story would come to an end He said, 'An author must live in a book as a child in a game, oblivious of the world'" There is an anecdote of how he once in a drawing-room saw a small boy playing boat on a sofa "The little man rowed and put up sail and hauled in imaginary ropes and finally, tiring of the game jumped off the make belief craft and *walked* to the door Oh' exclaimed Stevenson reproachfully for God's sake *swim*!'" Among the illustrations are good portraits of Stevenson as a child with his mother and in later years and colour pictures of his home at Vailima and of his tomb All the essential story of Stevenson's life is in this little book it is a biography as complete as it is concise

THE FAIR LADIES OF HAMPTON COURT. By Clare Jerrold 12s 6d net (Long)

As all the world knows or at least that portion of it which has visited the Palace there hang on the walls of Hampton Court two series of pictures the one by Lely and the other mainly by Kneller known as the "Beauties" of Hampton Court This title applies strictly only to the series of nine portraits of the ladies of the Court of King William III and Queen Mary II but in the course of time it has been extended to cover the twelve portraits of the ladies of the Court of King Charles II which were moved from Windsor some hundred years or so ago To Mrs Jerrold has come the excellent idea of telling the stories of the heroines of the two series of pictures It cannot be pretended that these stories particularly in the case of the Lely portraits are always edifying but it is an unfortunate fact as Mr Jerrold says that the lives of the greatest sinners give far more scope to the biographer, and are studied with far more interest by the reader than the lives of the virtuous The book forms in fact a fairly complete account of the amours of Charles II with a few sidelights of far less general interest upon the life of the Court of William and Mary The author naturally devotes



Princess Mary (afterwards Queen of England) as Diana.
(After Lely)
From 'Fair Ladies of Hampton Court,' by Clare Jerrold (John Long)

most space to the three women, the Duchess of Cleveland, Louise de Kerouaille, and Frances Stuart who with Nell Gwyn (whose portrait is not included in the gallery), exercised the greatest influence over King Charles. The sharply contrasted characters of her protagonists are exceedingly well brought out by Mrs. Jerrold, and we have no doubt that her chapters will prove of much assistance to the general reader in estimating the forces behind the throne of Charles II. A considerable amount of research has clearly been necessary in the compilation of the shorter biographies of the less well known but not necessarily better behaved ladies, but on the whole the reader will find most to interest him among the earlier pages of the book. The volume is well produced and is illustrated with twenty-two reproductions of the pictures of the "Beauties."

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS.

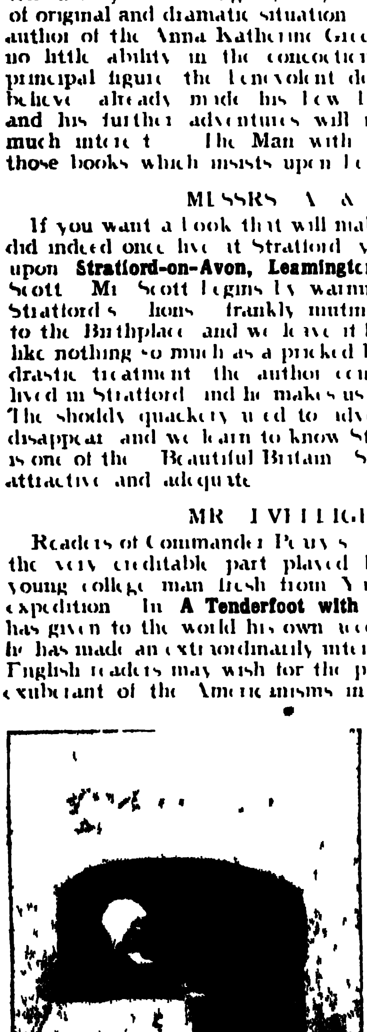
In **The Man with the Black Cord** (6s.) Miss Augusta Groner tells a very bewildering mystery story, which presents a number of original and dramatic situations. Miss Groner is an Austrian author of the Anna Katherine Green school, and she possesses no little ability in the concoction of detective stories. Her principal figure, the benevolent detective Joe Muller, has, we believe, already made his bow before an English audience, and his further adventures will no doubt be followed with much interest. "The Man with the Black Cord" is one of those books which insists upon being read at a sitting.

MESSRS. A. & C. BLACK.

If you want a book that will make you feel that Shakespeare did indeed once live at Stratford you will expend a small sum upon **Stratford-on-Avon, Leamington, and Warwick,** by Dixon Scott. Mr. Scott begins by warning us that he is, as regards Stratford's lions, frankly mutinous. And he takes us first to the Birthplace and we leave it behind us a few pages later like nothing so much as a pricked bubble. Yet in spite of this drastic treatment the author convinces us that Shakespeare lived in Stratford, and he makes us feel his very spirit in the air. The shoddy quackery used to advertise Shakespeare seems to disappear and we learn to know Stratford aright. The volume is one of the "Beautiful Britain" Series, and its illustrations are attractive and adequate.

MR. EVELEIGH NASH.

Readers of Commander Peary's "North Pole" will remember the very creditable part played by Mr. George Borup, the young college man fresh from Yale, during the last historic expedition. In **A Tenderfoot with Peary** (6s. net) Mr. Borup has given to the world his own account of his experiences, and he has made an extraordinarily interesting book of them. Some English readers may wish for the pruning of a few of the more exuberant of the Americanisms in which the writer indulges, but taken as a whole they undoubtedly add to the vivacity and grip of the volume, which we may say is entirely outside the range of the ordinary travel book. There are a large number of excellent illustrations, most of which have not appeared before.



"In the House of Shon Roberts."
From "The End of a Song," by Jeannette Marks. (Putnams.)

MESSRS. PUTNAM'S SONS.

The End of a Song by Jeannette Marks (5s. net) is a quaint and charming little story of life in a Welsh village told in a style that although it lacks finish is bright and sympathetic. Shon Roberts and his wife Nancy are a wealthy old couple, devoted to each other; they have no children, and this fact and her husband's meanness over money matters are Nancy's two, and only, troubles. In the village lives Will Morris and his twelve motherless children, and knowing that her husband will humiliate her by the small amount he will give to the collection that is being made for the Morrises, Nancy, who still possesses a wonderful voice, sings at a benefit concert arranged on their behalf. The story goes on to tell how the Morrises are rendered homeless by the advent of a flood that sweeps away their cottage, and how the children are distributed among the kindly neighbours until a fresh home can be found. Old Nancy is overwhelmed with delight at having two of the children to look after, and with a heavy heart returns them to their father when their new home is ready. Then Will Morris dies and the children are left destitute. What becomes of them, and how Shon is made to realise his wife's hopes, and what happens at the end of a song—these things keep the interest well sustained.

New Books of the Month.

FROM SEPTEMBER 10 TO OCTOBER 10.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

BARNETT, SAMUEL A.—Religion and Politics. Lectures Given in Westminster Abbey. 2s. 6d. net. (Wells Gardner)

Comfortable Words for Christ Lovers. Being the Visions and Voices Vouchsafed to Lady Julian, Recluse at Norwich in 1373. Transcribed and Edited by the Rev. Dundas Harford, M.A. 1s. 6d. net. (Allenson)

DUJARDIN, EDOUARD.—The Source of the Christian Tradition: a Critical History of Ancient Judaism. Revised Edition. Translated by Joseph McCabe. With Map. 5s. net. (Watts)

EUCKEN, RUDOLF.—Religion and Life. With Portrait. 1s. net. (British and Foreign Unitarian Assoc.)

Fountain Unsealed, A: A Popular Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society, 1910-11. With 10 Illustrations. (Bible House, Queen Victoria St., E.C.)

GAMBLE, JOHN, B.D.—The Spiritual Sequence of the Bible. With Preface by the Rev. A. A. David, D.D. 2s. 6d. net. (Macmillan)

Golden Thoughts from Thomas à Kempis. With 4 Illustrations and End Papers in Colour by Byam Shaw. 1s. net. (Cassell)

Great Secret, The: Being the Letters of an Old Man to a Young Woman. 3s. 6d. net. (Watts)

GREY, REV. H. G., M.A.—St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. 3s. 6d. net. (Robert Scott)

KNOOP, DE BARONESS FREDA.—All Hail! Simple Teaching on the Bible. With 11 Illustrations in Colour (5 in Photogravure) from Old Masters, by Annie Thynne. 21s. net. (A. L. Humphreys)

MARDEN, ORISON SWETT.—The Miracle of Right Thought. With Frontispiece. 3s. 6d. (Cassell)

McNEILL, REV. JOHN, B.A., D.D.—Christ and the Christian Life. With Portrait. 2s. 6d. net. (Morgan & Scott)

MILTON, JOHN.—The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates. Edited with Introduction and Notes by William Talbot Allison, B.D., Ph.D. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton)

NEWTON, REV. JOHN.—Cardiphonia; or, The Utterance of the Heart, in the Course of a Real Correspondence. With Appreciation by the Rev. Dr. Alexander Whyte. 3s. 6d. net. (Morgan & Scott)

NOEL, FREDERIC.—The Epistle of Saint John, Verse by Verse, with Short Reflections on each verse suitable for daily use. 1s. net and 1s. 6d. net. (Mowbray)

OMAN, JOHN, Hon. M.A., D.D.—The Church and the Divine Order. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton)

PATTERSON, CHARLES BRODIE.—A New Heaven and a New Earth; or, The Way to Life Eternal (Thought Studies of the Fourth Dimension). 4s. net. (Bell)

Petrarch's Secret; or, The Soul's Conflict with Passion. Three Dialogues between Himself and St. Augustine. Translated from the Latin by William H. Draper. With 2 Illustrations. 6s. net. (Chatto & Windus)

Poetics, The, of Aristotle. Translated from Greek into English and from Arabic into Latin, with a Revised Text, Introduction, Commentary, Glossary and Onomasticon, by D. S. Margoliouth. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton)

PRIEST, A, OF THE DIOCESE OF WORCESTER.—Mysteries for the Meek: a Series of Little Sermons at the Lord's Service. 1s. 6d. net and 2s. net .. . (Mowbray)

Religion, The, of the Future, and other Essays. By Ten Authors. 2s. net. (British and Foreign Unitarian Assoc.)

STALEY, VERY REV. VERNON.—Church Customs Described and Explained. 4d. net and 6d. net. (Mowbray)

Three Stages of Unitarian Theology, and other Essays. By 7 Authors. 2s. net. (Brit. and Foreign Unitarian Assoc.)

NEW EDITIONS.

CLEAVER, THE LATE REV. W. H., M.A.—Plain Sermons on the Sacrament of the Altar. Fourth Edition. 1s. net. (Mowbray)

FRAZER, J. G., D.C.L., LL.D., Litt.D.—The Golden Bough: a Study in Magic and Religion. Part III., The Dying God. Third Edition. 10s. net .... (Macmillan)

FICTION.

ADCOCK, A. ST. JOHN.- Two to Nowhere. With 12 Illustrations by Morris Meredith Williams. 6s. ......(Unwin)

ARMFIELD, CONSTANCE. -Sylvia's Travels. With 16 Illustrations in Colour, 2 in Half Tone, and 21 Line Drawings in the Text and End-Papers by Maxwell Armfield 6s. net ....(Dent)

ARMOUR, MARGARET. Agnes of Edinburgh. 6s. (Melrose)

AUSTIN, F. BRITTEN.—The Shaping of Lavinia. 6s. (Constable)

AVERY, HAROLD. Every Dog His Day. 6s. (Stanley Paul)

BEGBIE, HAROLD. The Challenge. 6s (Hodder & Stoughton)

BELL, R. S. WARREN. Company for George. 1s. net (Greening)

BENDALL, GERARD. The Progress of Mrs. Cripps Middlemore. 6s. ....(Lane)

BENNETT, ARNOLD. Hilda Lessways 6s. ....(Methuen)

BEVAN, TOM. -Rebels and Rogues. With 4 Illustrations 5s. ....(Nisbet)

BONE, FLORENCE. The Hidden Highway. 6s. ....(R.T.S.)

BORDEAUX, HENRI The Parting of the Ways. Translated by Louise Seymour Houghton 6s (Chatto & Windus)

BOWEN, MARJORIE. God and the King. 6s. ..(Methuen)

BOYD, MARY STUART. The Mystery of the Castle. With 4 Illustrations in Colour by A. S Boyd 5s ..(Nisbet)

BREBNER, ARTHUR. -Patches and Pomander. 6s. (Blackwood)

BROOKFIELD, CHARLES F Jack Goldie, or The Boy who Knew Best. With 10 Illustrations (one in Colour) by A. F. Jackson 5s. . . . .(Duckworth)

CHAMBERS, ROBERT W The Common Law. With 56 Illustrations by Charles Dana Gibson 6s (Appleton)

"COILA Blue Bell and Heather 3s 6d. net ....(Ouseley)

COLLODI, C. Pinocchio the Tale of a Puppet Translated from the Italian by M A Murray With 13 Coloured and 35 Line Illustrations and End Papers by Charles Folkard 5s net . ...(Dent)

COMFORT WILL LEVINGTON She Buildeth Her House. With Frontispiece in Colour by Martin Justice. 6s. (Lippincott)

CONRAD, JOSEPH Under Western Eyes 6s .(Methuen)

CORNFORD, L COPE Troubled Waters 6s ..(Blackwood)

COTTERELL, CONSTANCE. The Honest Trespass. 6s (Nash)

DART, EDITH Likeness 6s .. (Mills & Boon)

ELLIS, BETH A King of Vagabonds 6s .. . .(Blackwood)

EVANS, REGINALD Captive Honour With Frontispiece in Colour 6s .(Hodder & Stoughton)

FILLMORE PARKER H The Young Idea With 7 Illustrations by Rose Cecil O Neill 6s .. . . ..(Lane)

FORBES, GEORGE F R S. Puppets a Work-a-day Philosophy. 3s 6d. net .. . .(Macmillan)

Forest Days Retold for Boys and Girls by Alice F. Jackson With 8 Illustrations in Colour by Jack Orr. 1s. 6d. net (Jack)

Fortunes, The, of Nigel Retold for Boys and Girls by Alice F Jackson. With 8 Illustrations in Colour by Murray Urquhart. 1s 6d net ....(Jack)

GARVICE, CHARLES. The Other Girl 6s .... (Hodder)

GAYE, EMMA. A Comedy of Circumstance With 5 Illustrations (one in Colour) by Wallace Morgan 6s. (Hodder)

GIRVIN, BRENDA. Master Piccolo the Story of a Gipsy Boy. With 9 Illustrations (one in Colour) by Horace Quick. 3s. 6d. ....(Allen)

GLEIG, CHARLES Contraband Tommy With 8 Illustrations by Murray Urquhart. 5s ....(Jack)

GOULD, NAT. A Cast Off. 1s net and 2s. ....(Long)

GRIER, SYDNEY C The Keepers of the Gate. With 8 Illustrations and a Map 6s ....(Blackwood)

GRONER, AUGUSTA. The Man with the Black Cord. Translated by Grace Isabel Colbron With 2 Illustrations by Phil Sawyer. 6s. ....(Chatto & Windus)

Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales. Translated by H. Oskar Sommer. With 24 Illustrations in Colour by Cecile Walton. 7s. 6d. net ....(Jack)

Happy Hearts: a Picture Book for Boys and Girls. Edited by Harry Golding. With 11 Coloured Plates, End Papers, and about 150 Black-and White Illustrations. 3s. and 4s. ....(Ward, Lock)

HARVEY, ROSS. The Captain's Chum. With 13 Illustrations (one in Colour) by Kingsley Howe. 5s. ......(Unwin)

HAVERFIELD, E. L. An Impossible Friend. With 4 Illustrations (one in Colour). 3s. 6d. ....(Nisbet)

HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL. A Wonder Book and Tanglewood Tales. With End-Papers and 10 Illustrations in Colour by Maxfield Parrish. 12s. 6d. net ....(Laurie)

HELPS, J. SIDNEY.—The Peach Garden a Chinese Story. With 11 Illustrations. 1s. 6d net ....(Kelly)

Henry Cassland: His Personal Narrative of the Thames-side Murder. Edited by Hubert Druce. 6s. ....(Melrose)

HEWLETT, MAURICE. -The Song of Renny. 6s. (Macmillan)

HICHENS, ROBERT.—The Fruitful Vine. 6s. ....(Unwin)

HOCKING, JOSEPH.—The Wilderness. With 4 Illustrations in Colour. 3s. 6d. ....(Hodder & Stoughton)

HOME, HENRIETTA.- -The Fledglings. With Frontispiece. 2s. net ....(Elkin Mathews)

HORN, KATE.—The Love locks of Diana. 6s. (Stanley Paul)

HOWELL, CONSTANCE.—Mrs. Charteris. 6s. ....(Ouseley)

HOWES, EDITH.—Fairy Rings. With 4 Illustrations in Colour by Frank Watkins. 3s. 6d. net ....(Cassell)

JACOBS, W. W.- Ship's Company. With 23 Illustrations by Will Owen. 3s. 6d. ....(Hodder & Stoughton)

JAMES, HENRY. -The Outcry. 6s. ....(Methuen)

JEPSON, EDGAR.—Pollyooly. 6s. ....(Mills & Boon)

JORDAN, HUMFREY. The Joyous Wayfarer. 6s. (Blackwood)

KENNEDY, SARA BEAUMONT. - Cicely: a Tale of the Georgia March. With Frontispiece in Colour by John Edwin Jackson. 6s. ....(Hodder & Stoughton)

KENNY, LOUISE M. STACPOOLE. Carrow of Carrowduff. 6s ....(Greening)

KERNAHAN, JEANIE GWYNNE, and COULSON KERNAHAN Bedtime Stories With 6 Illustrations by Dorothy Furniss. 2s. 6d. net ....(Nisbet)

LANG, MRS.- The All Sorts of Stories Book. Edited by Andrew Lang. With 5 Coloured and 13 Full page Plates and 30 Drawings in the Text by H. J. Ford. 6s. (Longmans)

LAUGHLIN, CLARA E.- Everybody's Lonesome. With Frontispiece by A I. Keller. 2s. net ......(Putnam)

LEA, FANNIE HEASLIP - The Danger Zone. 6s. (Melrose)

LEE, EDMUND, LL.B. Helga Lloyd. a Romance of Grasmere. 6s. net . ...(Clarke)

LEIGHTON, MARIE CONNOR The Bride of Dutton Market. With Frontispiece. 6s. . ...(Ward, Lock)

LONGSTAFFE, JOHN LAWRANCE.- Old Henry. 6s. (Allen)

LUCAS, REGINALD - The Cheerful Day. 5s. net (A. L. Humphreys)

MACKIE, JOHN Black Man's Rock a Story of the Basuto War (1870 81). With 4 Illustrations. 1s. 6d. and 2s 6d ... .(Nisbet)

MACKIE JOHN Hidden in Canadian Wilds. With 4 Coloured Illustrations by Arthur Twidle. 5s. (Nisbet)

MACNAMARA, RACHEL SWETE. Spinners in Silence. 6s. (Blackwood)

MALET, LUCAS (Mrs Mary St Leger Harrison).- Adrian Savage 6s ....(Hutchinson)

MARCHMONT ARTHUR W. In the Name of the People. With 3 Illustrations. 6s. . ...(Ward, Lock)

MARKS, JEANNETTE The End of a Song. With Frontispiece in Colour 2s net .... (Putnam)

MARSHALL ETHEL. Hope is King 6s. ....(R.T.S.)

MASEFIELD, JOHN.- Jim Davis. 6s ....(Wells Gardner)

McCARTHY, JUSTIN HUNTLY. The Fair Irish Maid. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett)

MENDL GLADYS. The Roundabout. 6s. (Chapman & Hall)

MERRICK, LEONARD - The Position of Peggy Harper. With Frontispiece in Colour. 2s. net ....(Nelson)

MICHAELIS, KARIN.- The Dangerous Age. Letters and Fragments from a Woman's Diary. Translated from the Danish. With Introduction by Marcel Prévost. 3s. 6d net ....(Lane)

MOLESWORTH, MRS Fairies Afield With 8 Illustrations by Gertrude Demain Hammond. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan)

MORRIS, ROWLAND - When a Man's Married. 6s. (Nash)

MORTON, FRANK The Yacht of Dreams. 6s. ..(Melrose)

MUNRO, H. H ("Saki") - The Chronicles of Clovis. 6s. (Lane)

MURRAY, ALEXANDER D. Esther Grant. 6s. ....(Long)

NESBIT, E. Dormant. 6s. ....(Methuen)

NEWBOLT, HENRY. The Twymans a Tale of Youth. 6s. (Blackwood)

NORMAN, MRS. GEO. Delphine Carfrey. 6s. (Methuen)

OLLIVANT, ALFRED The Taming of John Blunt. 6s. (Methuen)

ONIONS, OLIVER. Good Boy Seldom: a Romance of Advertisement. 6s ....(Methuen)

OPPENHEIM, PHILLIPS The Double Four. With Frontispiece in Colour by Cyrus Cuneo. 6s. ....(Cassell)

OYEN, HENRY. Joey the Dreamer a Tale of Clay Court. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton)

PATTERSON, J. E Love Like the Sea. 6s. ....(Heinemann)

PENNY, F. E The Rajah. 6s. ....(Chatto & Windus)

PHAYRE, IGNATIUS The Shrine of Sebekh. 6s. (Constable)

PORTER, GENE STRATTON. A Girl of the Limberlost. With 3 Illustrations in Colour by Wladyslaw T. Benda. 6s. ....(Hodder & Stoughton)

RANSOM, ARTHUR. The Bosbury People Circa A.D. 1900. 6s. ....(Stephen Swift)

Redgauntlet. Retold for Boys and Girls by Alice F. Jackson. With 8 Illustrations in Colour by Monro S. Orr. 1s. 6d. net ....(Jack)

REYNOLDS, MRS. FRED. As Flows the River. 6s. (Chapman & Hall)

RHODES, KATHLYN. Flower of Grass. 6s. ....(Hutchinson)

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From "STORIES FROM HANS AN[illegible]." Illustrated by EDMUND DULAC.

The Christmas Number of The Bookman.

"I AM A BOOKMAN."—James Russell Lowell.

No. 243. Vol. XLI. DECEMBER, 1911. Price One Shilling.
Subscription rate 8s. per annum post free. Published Monthly.

News Notes.

The Christmas book season bids fair to be one of the best on record. We should say, at a venture, that Christmas books are even more plentiful this year than last, and among them are many of outstanding importance. In our ordinary pages, and in two large illustrated Supplements, we have endeavoured to present an adequate survey of this vast and crowded field, and at the same time have devoted nearly twice us much space as usual to the reviewing of general literature. Our thanks are due to the several publishers who have kindly allowed us to reproduce the excellent colour-plate engravings included in this number. Our cover design is a reproduction of one of Mr. Frank Reynolds's delight ful illustrations from Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's new edition of "David Copperfield"; and we present with this number a portfolio of beautiful colour-plates by Mr. Hugh Thomson, reproduced from the same firm's illustrated edition of Sheridan's "School for Scandal."

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has written a new story—a romance of the world as science and sanitation will have developed it in another century or so. He is calling it "As Easy as A.B.C.," and it is to make its first appearance in the *London Magazine* next March.



Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. E. T. Cook,**
whose "Life of Ruskin" (Allen) is reviewed by Mr. A. C. Benson on page 133.

One or two reviewers of the new "Life of Ruskin" have said that its author, Mr. E. T. Cook, was a pupil of Ruskin at Oxford. We happen to know that this is a mistake. Mr. Cook was not even one of the band of diggers at Hinksey which included Arnold Toynbee, Alfred Milner, and other distinguished men. At that date he was a schoolboy at Winchester, and going up to Oxford he was in time to hear only one course of Ruskin's lectures (in 1877) before the Professor's breakdown. His personal acquaintance with Ruskin came later. Shortly after leaving Oxford, Mr. Cook joined the staff of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, serving successively under Lord Morley and Mr. Stead. He had long been a student of Ruskin's books, and that fact was sufficiently apparent in his contributions to the paper. Ruskin had by that time ceased to send copies of his books and pamphlets to the press, and it is curious that many of his works—including what many consider his masterpiece, "Præterita"—received no notice whatever in any of the literary journals of the day, except one. The one exception was the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in which Mr. Cook always wrote upon any new work that Ruskin produced. On his side, Ruskin selected the *P.M.G.* as the medium through which to address the public with "Arrows of the Chace," and on one occasion he wrote to the editor: "There is some one on your staff who knows my books better than I do myself." In 1883 Ruskin resumed his Professorship at Oxford, and Mr. Cook was deputed by Mr. Stead to go down and report his lectures on "The Art of England." There is a letter from Swinburne in the Library Edition of Ruskin which makes reference to one of Mr. Cook's reports. He afterwards reported

Ruskin's suggestive but rather incoherent lectures on "The Pleasures of England," and in a letter published in the *P M G* Ruskin wrote "I have seldom had occasion to pay either compliments or thanks to the British reporter, but I must very seriously acknowledge the help now afforded me by the digested plan of my Oxford lectures drawn up for the *P M G* very wonderful piece of work, it seems to me, not only in summarising, without any help from me whatever a line of thought not always by me enough expressed, but in completing by illustrating it from other parts of my books, often more fully than against time I could do myself Shortly after this Ruskin on a visit to London called at Northumberland Street in person to see the editor Mr Stead happened to be out, and Mr Cook, then assistant editor received him That was the real beginning of an acquaintance between "the Master and his student

In 1888 Mr Cook produced his "Popular Handbook to the National Gallery to which Ruskin contributed a charming preface and in 1890 Mr Cook collected many of his *P M G* articles into a volume called "Studies in Ruskin' The Library Edition of Ruskin, of which he is editor (assisted by Ruskin's literary executor, Mr Alexander Wedderburn K C) has occupied much of Mr Cook's time during the last nine years We understand that the publishers Messrs George Allen hope to issue the final volume of this monumental work, containing bibliography a catalogue of drawings, and an elaborate general index either at Christmas or early in the new year



Dr. Fridtjof Nansen.

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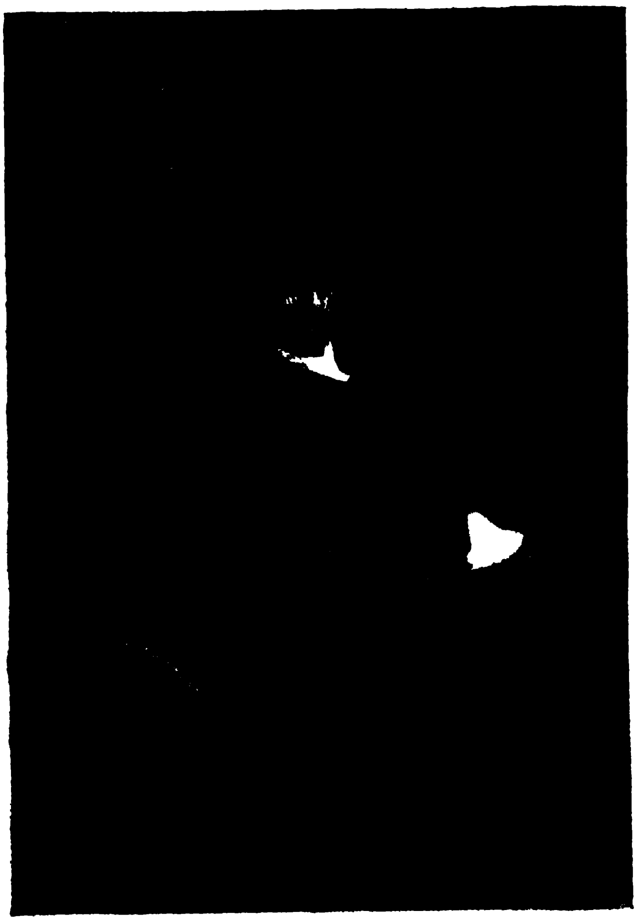
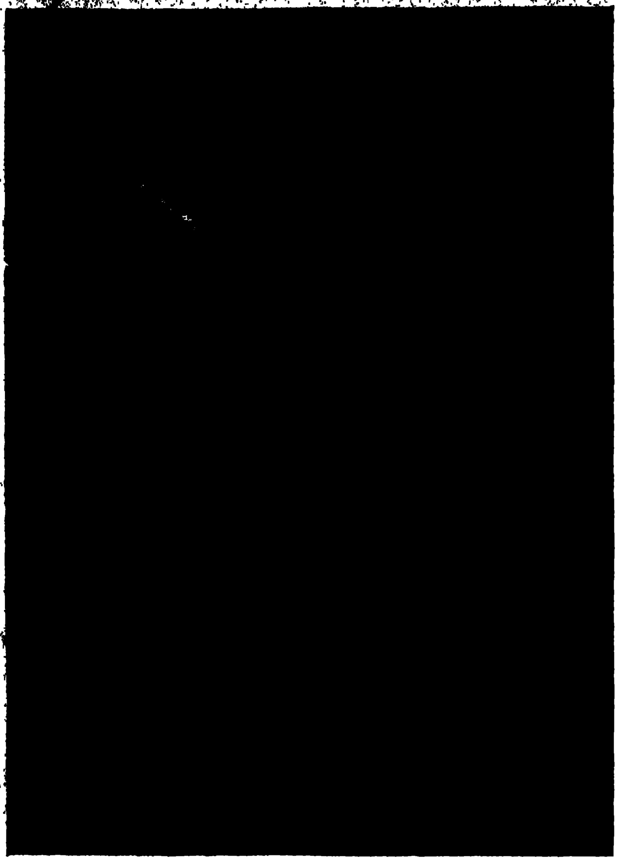


Photo by Elliott & Fry **Mr. W. Clark Russell.**

The dwindling ranks of the older Victorian novelists have suffered a heavy loss by the death of Mr W Clark Russell at the age of sixty seven For long past Mr Russell had been an invalid but he accepted the limitations of the couch and the bath-chair with a cheerful serenity He was the son of Henry Russell the famous composer and singer of "Cheer Boys Cheer" After spending eight years in the merchant service he turned to literature In 1874 he published his first novel 'John Holdsworth Chief Mate and followed this a year later with what was perhaps the best and certainly one of the most popular of his novels "The Wreck of the *Grosvenor*' He wrote some twenty other romances of the sea and several books of essays and articles mainly concerned with seafaring and the life of the sailor. His latest book was a third edition of his ballads and poems 'The Father of the Sea, and Other Legends of the Deep which was published last spring by Messrs Sampson Low & Co

The most popular of the new school of book-illustrators are probably Frank Reynolds, Arthur Rackham, Edmund Dulac, Hugh Thomson, Willy Pogany, and Charles Robinson Mr Rackham continues his pictorial interpretation of Wagner's operas this year by illustrating Miss Margaret



From a photo by Mr. George Howlett. **Mr. Willy Pogány.**

Armour's translations of "Siegfried" and "The Twilight of the Gods," in a handsome volume published by Mr. Heinemann. Mr. Rackham's work is much better known than he is himself. Almost all we know about him is that he did not enjoy the usual art training—which may



Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. Arthur Rackham.**

account for his strong individuality of style; and that, having practised drawing and painting successfully in his spare time, he was courageous enough to throw up a commercial situation at the age of twenty-five, and enter upon the artistic career that has brought him fame, and, so far as one can see, fortune. He did a good deal of work for the *Graphic*, *Sketch*, *Punch*, and other of the illustrated weeklies, and was soon in demand as an illustrator of books, among the more notable of which have been "Rip Van Winkle," "Peter Pan," "Ingoldsby Legends," "Midsummer Night's Dream," Grimm, and (last year) "The Rhinegold" and "The Valkyrie." The only new fact we have discovered

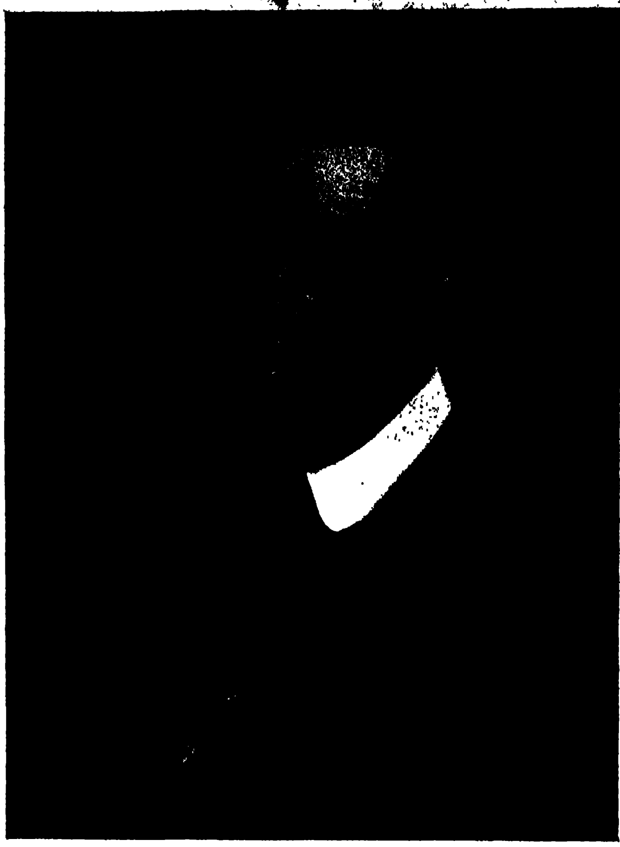


Photo by J. Russell & Sons. **Mr. Frank Reynolds.**

concerning him is that he can play tennis rather well, but as he is suffering with "an elbow of sorts" he thinks of giving up this game next year, and playing at something easy—like golf.

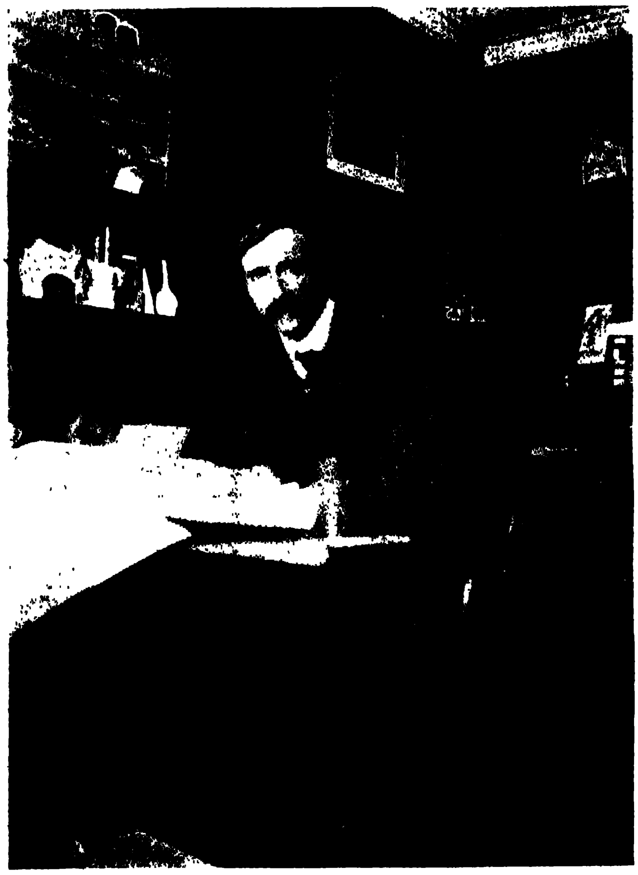
Mr. Edmund Dulac was born at Toulouse, in France, and after a reluctant attempt to become a barrister, studied at an art-school there, then spent two years in Paris, during which he studied for six months at the Julian Academy, and thereafter started to illustrate books. In the meantime he painted a few portraits and exhibited at the Salon. In 1905 he came to England and became a contributor to the illustrated magazines, and worked for various publishers, illustrating among other volumes "Fairies I have Met" (now published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton), and an Alphabet

for Messrs. Warne. For the last five years he has concentrated his efforts on publishing one book each year with Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, beginning with "The Arabian Nights" (of which a new edition is just published), and following that with "The Tempest," Omar Khayyam, "Some Old French Fairy Tales," and this year with "The Stories of Hans Andersen."



Mr. Edmund Dulac.

As for Mr. Charles Robinson, he, like Mr. Frank Reynolds, was, as it were, born in the purple. His grandfather, Thomas Robinson, was a wood engraver; his father, Thomas Robinson, was an



Mr. Charles Robinson.

artist, and for twenty-five years on the staff of the *Penny Illustrated Paper*; and his brothers, T. Heath Robinson and W. Heath Robinson, are distinguished artists and book-illustrators. Mr. Charles Robinson was apprenticed to lithography for seven years with Messrs. Waterlow, and studied at Hatherley's under Professor Crompton. His first work of importance as a book-illustrator was done in Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verse" for Mr. John Lane, and, for the same publisher, in editions of Eugene Field's Poems and Gabriel Setoun's "Child World," and, in conjunction with his brothers, in "Andersen's Fairy Stories" for Messrs. Dent. He has illustrated a number of toy books and many children's books for Messrs. Blackie, and his delicate imaginative work in "The Secret Garden" and "The Sensitive Plant" (both published by Messrs. Heinemann) makes these among the most charming colour-books of the year.

Although Mr. Frank Reynolds is the son of an artist, and in his early years learned much from watching his father at work, and practised, with and without permission, with his father's palette and



Photo by J. Russell & Sons. Mr. Hugh Thomson.



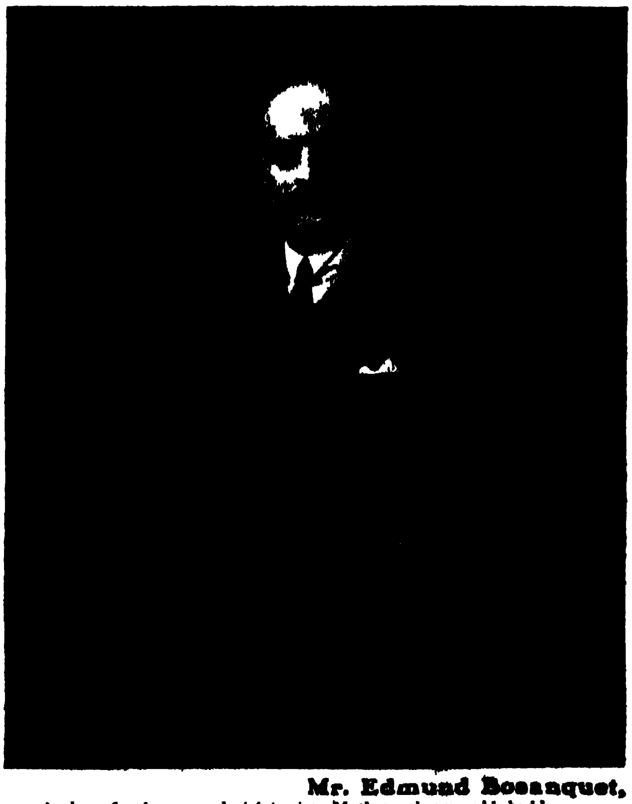
Mrs. Corra Harris,
Whose successful novel "A Circuit Rider's Wife" was published last month by Messrs. Constable.

brushes he made his first start in life in a commercial establishment. He soon withdrew from such uncongenial occupation, however, and after a course of study at Heatherley's, where he too came much under the influence of Professor Crompton, he became a contributor to *Pick-Me-Up*, the *Sketch* and the illustrated press in general, and before long his characteristic drawings had become a familiar feature in *Punch*. It has been said that "Frank Reynolds produces comedy where other men succeed only in perpetrating farce," and it was this spontaneous inherent quality of humour and the easy finish of his draughtmanship that won instant and wide recognition for his masterly colour illustrations to "Pickwick" last year. He is essentially a "character" artist, and instead of exaggerating and caricaturing the creations of Dickens he presented them as natural human men and women—real characters in a real comedy of life, and in his new book this year he has done the same for "David Copperfield." Mr. Reynolds is happily still a young man, though he has had his biography written and his art critically discussed by Mr. A. E. Johnson in one of the volumes included in Messrs. A. & C. Black's "Brush, Pen, and Pencil" series.

There is no need to say much of Mr. Hugh Thomson. He is not exactly one of the newer book-illustrators, though he is a very long way yet from being one of the older ones. Every book-lover knows his wonderfully delicate line work in the "Highways and Byways" series, or has been taken with the beauty and old-world grace he has got into his illustrations to the novels of Jane Austen—a catalogue of the volumes that have been enriched with his drawings would fill a column at least. This Christmas he has illustrated Sheridan's "School for Scandal," and how admirably that witty eighteenth-century society comedy lends itself to the daintiness and reticent humour of his style is apparent from the three plates included in the portfolio that is given with the present number.

Mr. Willy Pogany is by birth a Hungarian, and though we are forgetting about that and beginning to count him as one of our own artists, his native country is wise enough to remember it, and the Hungarian Parliament has shown its appreciation of him by buying some of his pictures for the nation. Mr. Pogany has not had his way in art made smooth for him. He had a hard time of it whilst he was studying in Paris, then came over to England and illustrated several books for Mr. Fisher Unwin, and the critics and the public were not slow to recognise the force and imaginativeness of his unique style. Last year he fulfilled the high promise of his earlier work with his illustrations to Messrs. Harrap's beautiful edition of "The Ancient Mariner," and his principal work this year is in the new English rendering of "Tannhauser" that the same firm is publishing.

To meet the lack of a series of English Poetry Readers in our schools Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves has



Mr. Edmund Bosanquet,
Author of a clever novel, "A Society Mother," that is published by Messrs. John Long, Ltd.

selected and edited, and Messrs. Horace Marshall & Co. are publishing such a series, the first six volumes in which, at eightpence net each, are now ready. These volumes include Shakespeare, Milton, Scott, Tennyson, Wordsworth, and Longfellow. The selections have been made with great taste and judgment; the passages chosen from each poet are admirably suited to the requirements of the school reading class, and the little volumes are clearly printed and very neatly bound.

Everybody who enjoyed the rollicking humour of "Through Green Glasses" and other of Mr. Edmund Downey's amusing farcical books will be pleased to hear that he has broken a long silence with another book in the same vein which Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. have just published. It is called "Dunleary Humours of a Munster Town," and is Mr. Downey's twenty-fifth work of fiction.

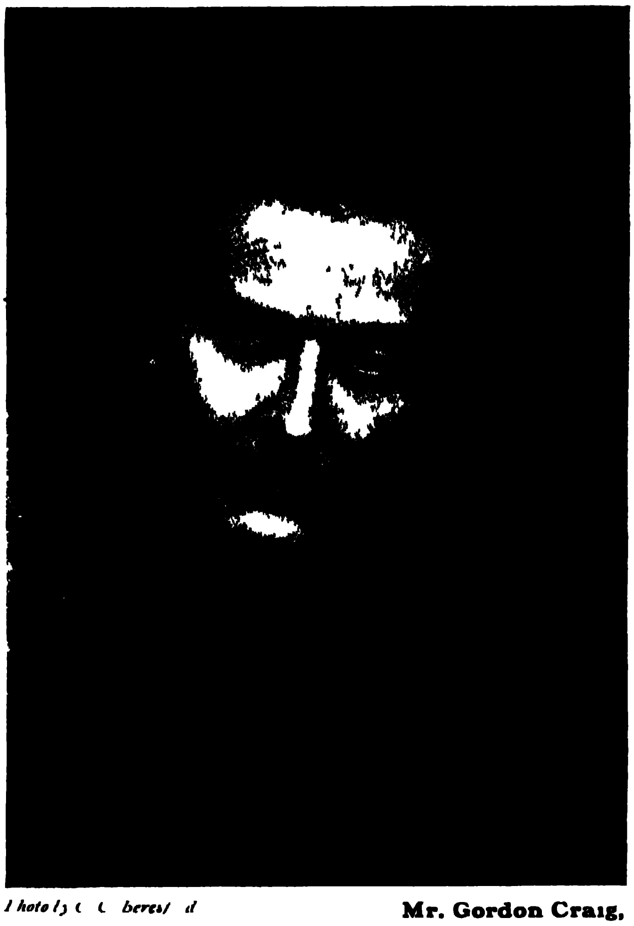


Photo by C. C. Beresford. Mr. Gordon Craig, Whose "Art of the Theatre" Mr. Heinemann is publishing.

The newest volumes in Messrs. Williams & Norgate's Home University Library series include "The Papacy and Modern Times," by Dr. William Barry (which Monsignor R. H. Benson is reviewing in our next issue), a concise and very useful History of Modern English Literature, by G. H. Mair, "The Dawn of History," by Professor Myres, "A History of Our Time (1885—1911)," by G. P. Gooch, "The Evolution of Industry," by Professor Macgregor, "The Civilisation of China," by Professor Giles, and other equally authoritative brochures on Science, Psychical Research, English Law, and Astronomy. Looking down the list of subjects treated, and the names of the authors who deal with them, we are increasingly grateful to the enterprise that has given the reading public so valuable a series of new educational books at so small a price as a shilling a volume.

Mr. Plowden contributes to "Marriage Making and Breaking," by Charles Tibbits (Stanley Paul), an Introduction that is likely to give rise to some discussion. Mr. Tibbits's book is a very able exposition of the present state of the marriage law, and suggests some drastic reforms, which are justified by Mr. Plowden's assertion, from his experience as a magistrate, that if our divorce laws are to remain unmodified, "they must continue to be a fruitful source of human vice and misery."

The new edition of Mr. Stanley Weyman's novels that Messrs. Smith, Elder are publishing contains a general preface, in which the author incidentally pays a very graceful compliment to his publishers and his literary agent. "I am grateful to my publishers," writes Mr. Weyman, "for treatment always just and on occasion generous; to my agent, Mr. A. P. Watt, not for his skill and tact only, but for the friendly offices and unflagging zeal of a quarter of a century."

The new "Odd Volume," edited by Mr. John G. Wilson and published in aid of the funds of the National Book Trade, numbers amongst its literary contributors Arnold Bennett, Hilaire Belloc, Alfred Noyes, Eden Phillpotts, John Galsworthy, Mrs. John Lane, Barry Pain, Ian Hay, Mostyn T. Piggott, Leonard Merrick, and other well-known writers; and amongst its artists G. K. Chesterton (with a series of four drawings), Frank Brangwyn, Frank Reynolds, Lawson Wood, C. E. Brock, and J. A. Shepherd. It is an excellent shillingsworth published in an excellent cause, and its success is, as usual, a foregone conclusion.

Mr. Eveleigh Nash is publishing in January a book by Mrs. Clare Jerrold on "The Early Court of Queen Victoria." It is a study of the life of the late Queen and the personal influences surrounding her in the most critical years of her reign, from 1837 to 1841, and deals with matters that are largely overlooked by ordinary histories.

In connection with the King's visit to India, Mr. Alfred Wilson, the well-known export bookseller, supplied identical libraries of about two hundred and fifty books to the P. and O. vessels *Medina* and *Maloja*. They were all bound in half calf, with the bookplate of the ship inside. The library for the King himself consisted of rather over fifty volumes, which were bound in full red morocco with gilt tops and had His Majesty's cypher on the side. These books were prepared from a list supplied by one of the suite as being His Majesty's preference, and included Macaulay's Essays, Froude's "Short Studies," books by Kipling, George Eliot, Thackeray, Dickens, etc., and the Lives of Dundonald and Clive. In addition, a list was received of about thirty books selected by the Queen, and it was intimated that Her Majesty would prefer them to be supplied in their cloth covers as published. This list was headed by a complete set of Kipling's works, followed by Stevenson's Letters, the "Life of Lord Granville," "The Position of Women in Indian Life," and novels by a variety of authors in which no one name predominates, but which obviously represented Her Majesty's personal likings.

The latest additions to Messrs. Herbert & Daniel's useful and tastefully produced "Regent Library" series are "Thomas Love Peacock" and "Mrs. Gaskell," with biographical and critical Introductions by W. H. Helm and Mrs. E. A. Chadwick respectively. Messrs. Herbert & Daniel are to be congratulated on the success with which they are carrying out their intention of making these volumes of carefully chosen extracts of real use to the busy man who has little time for reading and wants to get at the best that has been written by the best authors without having to read everything they have written.

Under the title of "Cœur As" "The Scarlet Pimpernel" has just been produced in Berlin, and has been received with great enthusiasm both by the press and the public. The German version of the play, which is a very close adaptation from the English original, has been prepared by Mr. A. H. Quaritsch. Owing to the great success of "Cœur As" in Berlin, it is to be produced in Vienna immediately.

We regret that by an unfortunate slip last month we gave the name of the late Archbishop of Canterbury as "Christopher Benson." It should, of course, have been Edward White Benson.

The January BOOKMAN will be a Christina Rossetti number, and will contain an interesting personal and critical article on Christina Rossetti by Katharine Tynan. Other important articles in this number will be "Poets and Poetry" by Dr. William Barry; "Shakespeare Again," by W. H. Hudson; "Bergson and about Bergson," by Stephen Reynolds; "Rival Sisters," by Dixon Scott; "Hannah More," by Thomas Seccombe; "Dean Swift's Correspondence," by Y. Y.; "The Papacy and Modern Times," by R. H. Benson, etc.

"THE BOOKMAN" GALLERY.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

THIS year Mr. Coulson Kernahan attains his majority as a writer of books. It is just twenty-one years since *Lippincott's Magazine* published as its special supplement that strangely impressive, sombrely imaginative dream-story, "A Dead Man's Diary." The "Diary" appeared anonymously, and when its immediate success led to prompt republication in a separate volume the name of the author was still withheld. But it created such an unusual sensation and gave rise to so much curiosity, was so widely read and discussed, was commented on from the pulpits and so eulogised by reviewers (Mr. J. M. Barrie, by the way, gave it most generous praise in the *British Weekly*, to which he was at that date a contributor), that it was not long before most of us had, one way or another, found out that the great unknown was Coulson Kernahan.

This was Mr. Kernahan's first book. He had done a good deal of work for the newspapers and magazines; he had already been discovered in a quiet way by that now forgotten novelist, the good friend of so many literary aspirants of his day, F. W. Robinson, whose *Home Chimes* contained the morning efforts of some half-dozen novelists and essayists who have nowadays fulfilled the promise that he saw in them; but it was "A Dead Man's Diary" that first introduced Mr. Kernahan to the general world of readers and at once gave him a place among popular authors.

Mr. Kernahan, who is proud of the fact that he is an Irishman both on his mother's and his father's side, is the son of Dr. James Kernahan, M.A., F.G.S., and one suspects that the atmosphere and influences that were about him in his earlier years are largely responsible for the religious mysticism that is so essentially a part of his character, and for setting the bent of his thoughts towards the things of the spirit, the problems of sin and righteousness and the wonder and mystery of the life eternal. Dr. James Kernahan, who is still hale and active, is an accomplished Biblical student and commentator, and his brother, the Rev. Canon Kernahan, B.D., is rector of Hillsborough, County

Down, and occasional preacher before Trinity College, Dublin.

Whilst we are talking of Mr. Kernahan's family we may add that his sister, Mary Kernahan Harris, is a frequent contributor to the magazines and author of a delightful and successful little book, "Nothing but Nonsense"; and his wife is Mrs. Coulson Kernahan, the well-known novelist, who has written also many charming fairy stories for children, and has lately been collaborating with Mr. Kernahan in a volume of such tales that Messrs. Nisbet are publishing this Christmas under the title of "Bedtime Stories."

Before and after the appearance of "A Dead Man's Diary"—for some twenty years in all—Mr. Kernahan was reader and literary adviser to Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co., and in that capacity proved the soundness of his judgment by securing a first hearing for a goodly number of young and then unknown men who have since come into their own, and he is genial and generous enough to take more pride in this fact and in the books that certain of those men have dedicated to him than in any books he has written himself.



Mr. Coulson Kernahan.
Frontispiece portrait from "Dreams, Dead Earnest and Half Jest." (Jarrold & Sons.)

His duties as reader to a great publishing firm filled up much of his time, and if they brought him pleasurable experience they brought him also much labour and anxiety and made him acquainted with those "thorns in the cushion" that Thackeray writes about so feelingly. He gathered up something of his recollections of all this into the lecture on "The Sorrows of a Publisher's Reader" which he delivered with immense success in London and the principal towns of the kingdom a few years ago. But he found time amidst these distractions to contribute to the *Fortnightly*, the *National Review*, the *Nineteenth Century*, and other of the magazines and reviews, and in 1893 published "A Book of Strange Sins," an admirable collection of short stories, which included "The Literary Gent," a grim study in dipsomania and vanity, one of the most powerfully realistic things he has ever done. This story was issued subsequently as a separate booklet and sold by the hundred thousand.

A year later (in 1894) came the first of Mr. Kernahan's three books of essays, "Sorrow and Song"; the second, "Wise Men and a Fool," not following it until 1901; the third "Dreams, Dead Earnest and Half Jest," was published by Messrs. Jarrold less than a year ago. These essays, the first volume in particular, met with an enthusiastic reception from the reviewers and from the public; they are marked by the same thoughtful, sympathetic outlook on life and something of the same imaginative quality that went to the making of "A Dead Man's Diary" and "A Book of Strange Sins," and by a scholarly critical faculty for which those other books had offered no scope.

Then, in 1895, Mr. Kernahan wrote "God and the Ant," the first of that brilliant series of religious booklets with which his name has become most popularly associated. In this field of literature he has won for himself a unique position; he has had followers, but they have always kept the followers' usual place and never overtaken him. The only living writer in this kind who has done work of equal force and beauty is Miss Olive Schreiner, and since she has turned her attention to more mundane themes he has been left without a rival. A year later came "The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil," to be succeeded after a long interval by "The Face Beyond the Door" (1904), "The World Without a Child" (1905), and "The Duel" (1906), and also in 1905 by a collected edition of these striking and enormously popular dream-stories under the general title of "Visions."

Meanwhile, beginning with the publication of "Captain Shannon" in 1899, Mr. Kernahan had been making a new reputation for himself as a frankly sensational novelist. "Captain Shannon," "Scoundrels & Co." (1901), "The Jackal" (1905), "The Dumpling" (1906), and "The Red Peril" (1908) are ingenious stories of crime, mystery, and exciting incident; their plots are cunningly contrived, their characters strongly drawn, and they are written with much more of original inventiveness and literary art than usually go to the making of popular melodrama. In "The Dumpling" he brings in among his rascals and detectives a notable imaginative figure—a sort of Napoleon of the poor, a man who sets himself to organise the workless and the downfallen and has dreams of leading them up out of bondage and righting the old wrongs of the squalid underworld. But though these novels, both at six shillings and at sixpence, have been widely read, and though his miscellaneous essays have enjoyed a very considerable vogue, the fact remains that it is by his religious booklets Mr. Kernahan is best known. One reason for this is undoubtedly that here he has broken new ground and is working a vein that is peculiar to himself. Another is that he has a fine gift for doing good work in a popular way, and has so fashioned his visions into words that they have not only a profound moral and spiritual significance, but each tells an intensely dramatic story in a succession of graphically realised pictures. His literary method in these booklets anticipated the

cinematograph, he takes some great problem of the day and develops it in a glowing panorama of moving pictures that is as clear to the mental apprehension of his audience as the procession of living scenes and persons that is cast visibly upon the screen and pictorially relates its story is to enthralled multitudes of onlookers. More than all, perhaps, it is the transparent sincerity and earnestness of the writer that give his visions such sway over the minds and imaginations of his readers, and since they preach no narrow creed or dogma but enunciate the eternal truths that underlie all dogmas and all creeds they have met with unanimous approval at the hands of widely differing religious bodies and individuals. The late Bishop Creighton was as warm in his commendation of them as was the late Hugh Price Hughes; the Rev. R. J. Campbell has been at one in his admiration of them with Dr. Horton, Dr. Campbell Morgan, and the Rev. F. B. Meyer; and one such prose-poem of Mr. Kernahan's, "The Lonely God," attracted the attention and won the good opinion of Stevenson when it appeared in Jerome's *Idler*.

In the course of a recent conversation Mr. Kernahan said that these religious booklets of his were all "imagined" and never "invented"; that is, the idea for each invariably came to him unsought; he never consciously went seeking it. His novels, on the contrary, are, he admits, "merely mechanical in construction"; he describes them as "just yarns," and regards them as of little worth. He places so little value on them himself that he protests he has no right to the name of novelist and prefers to describe himself simply as a "writer." With the new book that Messrs. Cassell are publishing this month, "The Man of No Sorrows," he returns to that type of dream-story in which his finest work and his greatest triumphs have been achieved. "Any small success my writings may have gained," he says, "is due, in my opinion, to the fact that I work in absolute sincerity and always, I hope, in intense sympathy with and some understanding of my fellow creatures. What knowledge I have comes more from studying men, women, and children, Nature and the animal creation, than from poring over books."

You have only to look at Coulson Kernahan to know that he is no cloistered student whose library is all his world. He is not satisfied merely to read about life; he glories in going out and about and rubbing shoulders with it. Nowadays he is seldom seen in London literary society; he lives at Hastings, and whilst his brother-authors are bleaching in the city streets or dining together in crowds he is striding on long walks by the coast or into the country, getting a wholesome tan upon his face and filling his lungs with good fresh air and his eyes and his mind with the views and visions and large musings that are to be seen and heard in the quietude of lonely places.

He counts among his friends many who have done things not in literature alone but in divers fields of human activity, as you may gather from the numerous portraits on the walls of his library that bear friendly autographs of such men and women as Grant Allen, Lord Roberts, Tennyson, Marion Terry, Mark Twain, Oscar Wilde, Irene Vanbrugh, H. G. Wells, Hall Caine, George Meredith, H. B. Irving, Edward Whymper; and among his books you find some inscribed "With kind regards from A. J. Balfour"; "From your old chum Jerome K. Jerome"; and a collected edition of Swinburne "To Coulson Kernahan, whom Swinburne dearly loved and who was dearly loved by him, with affectionate regards from Theodore Watts-Dunton."

There is another volume on his shelves that is by no means to be overlooked, and that is a copy of the large-paper edition of "Lyra Elegantiarum," in the editorial work of the last edition of which Mr. Kernahan collaborated with Frederick Locker-Lampson, and on the fly-leaf of this Locker-Lampson inscribed some lines which, with Mr. Kernahan's permission, are here for the first time put into print:

To Coulson Kernahan from Frederick Locker.

Verse of Society
Filled with variety
Sentiment piety
Lark and ebriety
Strictest sobriety
No impropriety—
Here Locker and Kernahan, and Kernahan and Locker
Tie a posy for Beauty. That nothing should shock her
That's their anxiety!"

One of the most versatile of living authors—Coulson Kernahan is essayist, critic, poet, novelist, lecturer—above all, a dreamer of dreams, he is yet so alert and sensitively in touch with the every-day affairs of the world around him that he even takes an active interest in politics, is especially energetic in the matter of National Defence, and when the Territorial movement started he promptly became an officer in that volunteer Army and has given a vigorous account of what he has seen and done and thought in that capacity in some articles in the *Daily Mail* and in his book, "An Author in the Territorials" (1908), declaring that his acquaintance with this phase of military life has taught him more of the class of men from whom "Tommy" is drawn than he could have learned by a year's reading; that it has helped him to understand and appreciate "Tommy Atkins" as he never understood and appreciated him before.

Two mistakes common to successful authors Mr. Kernahan has wisely avoided. He has not overwritten himself; despite many tempting offers from publishers when his earlier books were "booming," he resolutely took his own way and kept his own pace. He never had any ambition to turn out two or three volumes annually, and his twenty-one years of literary life have produced well under twenty-one books, and a half-dozen of these have been no more than 6,000 words in length; moreover, he has not settled down to use up and then use over and over again a limited stock of experiences, but has been and is still all the while broadening his outlook and adding to his knowledge of men and of the hearts and the souls of men.

THE READER.

PETER AND WENDY.*

By Alfred Noyes.

PETER Pan exists. That is the first and last thing to be said about him, and it is the highest praise of Mr. Barrie's genius. Peter Pan exists as very few other characters in fact or fiction exist. He is independent of print and paper. Artists may come and go; but they cannot hold or bind him. He refuses to be captured, and Mr. Barrie aids and abets him in his elusiveness.

There are certain inhabitants of our imagination who exist there by divine right, apparently, for though we have never met them, we know them so well that we could almost assume an absurd authority, and dispute this or that point in the official biography written by the mere author of their being. They exist as the Sphinx, as Napoleon, as Blackbeard exist. We cannot pluck the heart out of their mystery, but woe betide the unfortunate historian who discovers that rum was unknown upon the Spanish Main; that Napoleon always wore goloshes in wet weather, and that the Sphinx was a hastily executed caricature of an unpopular Suffragist in ancient Egypt. There never was, and never can be, a complete imprisonment of such beings within the pages of a book. One of the canniest titles of our time was that given by Lord Rosebery to his Napoleon—"The Last Phase", and yet—the great being escaped, leaving perhaps one spur behind him, and a little of his profile. But what an achievement it is to create such a being, to create, out of the stuff of dreams, a living creature that leaps away from the pen and out of the pages of the book, and off the stage, and straight into the hearts and minds of us all, there to live and enchant and defy capture for ever. It was done by Defoe with Robinson Crusoe. It was done, in the grand style, by Cervantes with Don Quixote. It was done by Shakespeare with Hamlet, with Ariel, and with his Fools. But who that has taken these creatures into his own heart will be quite contented ever again with any printed record? We may search the pages of Cervantes for a glimpse of our hero, but it is like reading old letters, harrowing and unsatisfactory. Yet, after all, this is the great, the supreme test—does the character live beyond the book? And this test is answered by Peter Pan. He has been staged, sculptured, painted, sung in verse and prose, and by the genius of Mr. Barrie he has transcended it all as, I cannot but think, an immortal personality in the annals of fairyland.

In "Peter and Wendy" Mr. Barrie has not made the mistake of capturing his discovery, and delivering him over to his readers, bound hand and foot. In spite of all that has gone before, the reader devours the book greedily, and on page two hundred and sixty-seven he is left still hungry for more. It is with infallible art that Mr. Barrie approaches the perilous task of this delightful narrative of "specimen days" in the life of Peter Pan. It is made quite clear to us from the outset that Peter Pan does exist. As for Wendy and the rest of her family—"of course they lived at 14." Thus Mr. Barrie, on his opening page and the reader is at once conscious that the number has always been in his own address-book. Never is the reader allowed to think, for a moment, that this record of Peter Pan's adventures is in any way exhaustive. "To describe them all would require a book as large as an English-Latin, Latin-English Dictionary, and the most we can do is to give one as a specimen of an average hour on the island. The difficulty is which one to choose." Mr. Barrie decides between that sanguinary brush with the red-skins at Slightly Gulch and several other equally exciting crises, by tossing for it. We follow the delightful magic thread of the tale through a purple forest of adventure. On all sides we are surrounded by infinite possibilities; yet we are kept cunningly to the matter in hand. It is this that distinguishes the story of Peter Pan from all other creations of the kind. In "Robinson Crusoe," for instance, we are distinctly limited and it was only by an oversight of the author that the shipwrecked mariner was able to divest himself of all his clothes, swim out to the wreck in the offing, and fill

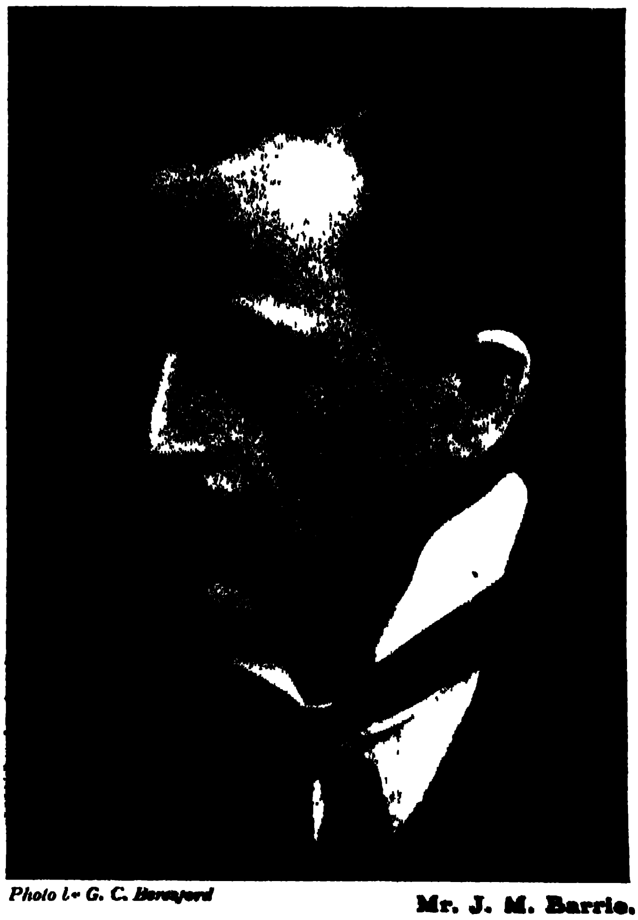


Photo by G. C. Beresford **Mr. J. M. Barrie.**

* "Peter and Wendy." By J. M. Barrie. Illustrated by F. D. Bedford. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

his pockets with ship's biscuits. Incidents of that kind do happen in a dream, and they happen in this modern tale of a dream-island, but only with the sanction of the rare genius that controls the happenings. Mr. Barrie knows the map of his dream-island, and never loses his way in it. He leaves that delightful adventure to the reader, and gives him room enough to wander from earth to heaven. For the map of his Never-land is the map of a child's mind—"always an island more or less, with astonishing splashes of colour here and there, and coral reefs and rakish-looking craft in the offing, and savages and lonely lairs, and gnomes who are mostly tailors, and caves through which a river runs, and princes with six elder brothers, and a hut fast going to decay, and one very small old lady with a hooked nose. . . . On these magic shores children at play are for ever beaching their coracles. We too have been there, we can still hear the sound of the surf, though we shall land no more."



WENDY'S STORY

Drawn by F. D. Bedford
From 'Peter and Wendy,' by J. M. Barrie. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

That is Mr. Barrie's version of the "Ode on Immortality"; and though the deep note be only perceptible to the grown-up, and even to him only as a distant sea-murmur, like the sound of a most delicate and ethereal shell, it is always there. We see the floating trails of glorious cloud, and

> "the children sporting on the shore,
> And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore"

But Mr. Barrie will not consent to the theory that the gleaming magic must fade into the light of common day. The addition to the legends that concludes this book of "Peter and Wendy" is one of the most enchanting in the history of fairy-land. The boys are grown-up and done for. "You may see the twins and Nibs and Curly any day going to an office, each carrying a little bag and an umbrella." Wendy grew up and had a little daughter. Peter Pan, with the fickleness of children who are always "gay and innocent and heartless," had been left behind, forgotten, in the Never-land. One evening he flies in again at the window. "He was exactly the same as ever, and Wendy saw at once that he had all his first teeth." She has forgotten how to fly, and wants to turn up the light so that he may see the change in her.

> "For almost the only time in his life that I know of, Peter was afraid. 'Don't turn up the light,' he cried.
> "She let her hands play in the hair of the tragic boy. She was not a little girl heart-broken about him; she was a grown woman smiling at it all, but they were wet smiles."

It would not be fair to divulge the conclusion, but the whole of the chapter entitled "When Wendy Grew Up" tugs at the heart, and is a masterpiece of that pathos which trembles into smiles. No man living has written anything finer, and it defies criticism. It is enough to say that in reality the conclusion is no conclusion. The book is like the mind of Wendy's mother, or those "tiny boxes, one within the other, that come from the puzzling East. However many you discover there is always one more." Just as there are innumerable untold adventures around the thread of the story, so there is no real beginning and no real end. It is obviously a little piece of immortality. It is a book that goes on for ever, in every sense of the word; and its hero can never grow up or grow old "so long as children are gay and innocent and heartless." To understand this book, as all children under ninety will understand it, is to love it and never forget it. To criticise it, in the ordinary sense of the word, would be like dissecting a man's heart. There are pages in it that can only be described as the most sensitive in modern literature.

RUSKIN.

By A. C. Benson.

When Ruskin was old and broken, not long before he sank into the final ten years' silence, one of his home-circle, speaking to him of "Præterita," which was then nearing its end, said, naming some episodes to him, "But will you not write of this and that?" and added, "You have given so incomplete a picture of yourself!" He replied half smiling, but with a flash of the old authoritativeness, "I have told people all that it is right for them to know!" He did not, alas, even complete "Præterita"; but it may seriously and decisively be questioned if a great figure like Ruskin has a right, so to speak, of mortmain over the record of his life. He was, if any one ever was, a public man. He had told the world his beliefs, he had directed it, inspired it, scolded it, even vituperated it. He had opened his mind and heart to mankind, he had never withheld himself or his wealth or his words; and in such a case the world has a right to know, in so far as that knowledge does not violate the privacies of other living persons, what that authority, that opinion, that counsel were based upon; why he thought as he did and acted as he did.

And now, more than a decade after his death, comes Mr. Cook's great book,* a solid, careful, sympathetic narrative, copiously illustrated from letters and diaries, and bringing the man's whole work and life into one plane, so that we can see it entire and complete. So much has been said and written and remembered about Ruskin who, whatever else he was, was certainly one of the most vivid personalities of the age—that in much of his survey Mr. Cook cannot break new ground; but he puts many episodes in a clear light. For one thing, he makes much plainer the peculiar relation which existed between Ruskin and his parents. We know from eye-witnesses how in his presence they retained, till he was a middle-aged man, much of the brisk authority of his childhood. How they would interrupt a monologue of their renowned son to ask what he was saying and to call it nonsense; and how sweetly and graciously he would accept the contradiction and hold his peace. But we see now that in his letters he would take them almost harshly to task for the mistakes they had made in his nurture; and there is a letter from the father, in answer to one of Ruskin's remonstrances, which in its noble patience and its affectionate humility casts a very beautiful light upon the whole relation. The old man wrote:

"I have, you know, my dearest John, two things to do, to indulge you and to leave you and Mama comfortably provided for . . . on the subject noticed in one of your letters on our different regard for public opinion, this is a malady or weakness with me, arising from want of self-respect. The latter causes much of my ill-temper, and when from misunderstanding or want of information I was losing some respect for you, my temper got doubly bad. We are all wanting in our relations towards the Supreme Being, the only source of peace and self-respect. But I never can open my soul to human beings on holy subjects."

That is one of the most beautiful and wonderful documents in the whole collection, and it shows how tender and perfect was the confidence and the regard with which the father treated the son. Again, Mr. Cook with great delicacy and frankness puts the whole tragedy of Mr. Ruskin's unhappy love for Rose La Touche in a perfectly clear and simple light, and just outlines the elements, hitherto unknown, which complicated beyond all hope of disentanglement the unhappy affair. This is very important, because there is nothing in Ruskin's whole life which had so deep an effect on his later development as this episode; and we can only say that for once we have a very sad and sacred story perfectly told with frankness and restraint.



John Ruskin.

From the drawing by George Richmond.

Yet there are many mysteries unsolved and perhaps insoluble. Mr. Cook does not linger over the mournful business of Ruskin's marriage and its dissolution; and nothing that he says serves to explain how it was that one of the most acutely sensitive of men can have borne such an incident, as he obviously did, not only with entire and complete indifference, but with a patent renewal of vigour and interest.

Mr. Cook's criticism of Ruskin's writings is throughout clear, sensible, and appreciative; if there is a fault, it is almost too sensible a treatment, if that is possible. The expression of a temperament like

* "The Life of John Ruskin." By E. T. Cook. 2 Vols. 21s. net. (George Allen & Co.)

Ruskin's is often ahead of his judgment, and it is on that very fact that much of his effect upon thought depended. His real work as an art-critic was not that he disposed of a weak and conventional tradition of art, or that he substituted another tradition stronger perhaps but hardly less conventional for it, but that he really brought art within the reach of people who had never before regarded it as a serious concern or as a source of refined pleasure, and taught them both to use their eyes and to interpret what they saw. Of course Ruskin over-interpreted a good deal of art; he mistook accidents and incidents for purposes and motives, having himself little creative faculty he mistook the quality of creation and substituted an intricate ethical and intellectual process for what was often only a happy improvisation. He may have injected—nay, he did inject—into his treatment of art a great deal of intention which was not really there; but after all, art is a symbolical thing; the pictures are there and then suggestiveness is there, and a picture like a sunset may mean very different things to different people. What Ruskin did was to inspire men to see the impulse behind the expression. He hypnotised the artistic world for a time into seeing with his eyes and thinking with his mind, and of course created for a season a race of epigoni, Ruskinians who copied their master's affectations, and saw nothing outside the circle of his lantern. But all that dies away, and there remains the fact that he quickened the artistic temperature of the world.

In architecture the direct effect which he produced was almost disastrous. The growth of natural taste, of native tradition, had in England been horribly distorted by the Romantic movement and still further cramped by the Oxford movement. Ruskin added a fresh and wholly deplorable impulse to the mean and exotic conventionalism. We seem at last to be finding our way to a real and vital kind of architecture. Ruskin only delayed that development by transplanting an entirely inappropriate tradition of building and ornament. But it all serves to illustrate the incredible persuasiveness and force of the man and the magical quality of his influence.

Of Ruskin as an Economist Mr. Cook has much that is true and weighty to say. Ruskin disguised his message by fantastic preferences and his solution was vitiated by his romantic sense of feudal institutions. But he did undoubtedly see far into the complex situation and he saw too that the question is not one of statistics and commercialism but penetrated through and through with psychology. Much of what he indicated has become a matter of accepted fact, and to him and William Morris belongs the credit of having offered really fruitful and hopeful methods of attacking the social problem. No one can say where it will all end, but any one who studies Ruskin's political economy will be amazed to see how clearly and independently he came to an unacceptable conclusion which, if not wholly confirmed by subsequent development, was at least abundantly justified.

One of the most striking points about Ruskin as a writer—and this Mr. Cook brings out very clearly and finely—was that the less artificial he became and the more he violated all accepted traditions of style and method, the more forcible and beautiful his expression became. Of course the earlier practice, the Hooker influence, the Johnson influence, was not thrown away. But any one who reads Ruskin discriminatingly can see how all the tricks and poses of the early pompous highly mannerised style died away and left him able to do what many prophets have in vain desired to do, namely to think aloud distinctly and beautifully, and to make his later writing as allusive, as free, as natural as such rapid and kaleidoscopic thought can be. "Præterita" must remain in its fragrance and limpidity one of the most beautiful books of the time; but "Fors Clavigera" is a still more magnificent case of the expression of personality, which may be fairly held to be the last possibility of art.

And that is the final impression of Mr. Cook's calm, just and temperate presentment, that Ruskin's message to his time is the message of a personality, not the message of a critic or an economist or a littérateur. His passage was loud and bright like the passage of a sound or a flame, and yet for all his tenderness, his intimacy, his playfulness one feels him to have been a solitary man. He loved and caressed humanity as most people love and caress animals; he was aloof, apart all the time, thinking his own thoughts, dreaming his own dreams; even his closest friendships were critical friendships; he never got very far away from the duty of correction. But it remains the record, the tremendous output, the restless energy, the heart-breaking industry as the monument of a spirit which burned and glowed with a furnace-like conflagration. Ruskin's life, we may say without exaggeration, is one of those which confirms man's flashing hope of immortality as with an answering peal of thunder. The thing, the man, the soul behind the man is so intense and so individual that one recognises in it the awful and impenetrable essence of life and force, the essence that may be imprisoned, tortured, wounded, maimed, yet is of its quality vital, ineffaceable, immortal.

ART AND LITERATURE.

NOTES ON SOME OF THE CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

IF Art is a jewel of many facets, I am afraid the Art Critic is too often an unfortunate gentleman who is so dazzled by one of them that he can't see any of the others. For myself, I have abstained from becoming an art critic because I have a selfish objection to limiting my sources of enjoyment. I have rather a nice taste in caviare, but it does not spoil my appreciation of the common roasts and boileds. If you bring me a Whistler and a Millais I don't sigh "How happy could I be with either!" but am easily able to be quite happy with both.

WHISTLER.

I have just been reading Mr. and Mrs. Pennell's fascinating biography of Whistler,[1] and found it so absorbingly interesting that it kept me still reading when I ought to have been doing other things. But the one quality that disappoints me again in Whistler, as it has always disappointed me, is the imperfection of his artistic sympathies; and it disappoints me too to find that Mr. Pennell seems to share that disadvantage with him. I am relying on Mr. Pennell's not caring two straws for my opinion, and therefore forgiving me for saying this. Bitterness is always a small thing, and Whistler was so great that one wonders he was incapable of recognising the different greatness of some of the contemporaries at whom he sneered. And I wish Mr. Pennell had not felt it necessary to the vindication of Whistler's genius that he should write: "The classic machines of Leighton, Tadema, and Poynter appealed to the artless scholar; the idylls of Millais, Marcus Stone, and Leslie to the artless sentimentalist; Watts preached sermons for the artless serious; Stacy Marks raised a laugh in the artless humourist; Herbert and Long edified the artless pious." There is something more than that to be said of Millais and Watts, at all events, and we may safely leave the future to say it. For the moment perhaps it is enough that Mr. Pennell's appreciation of Whistler is perfect; he gives such fine and sympathetic criticism of his work and so intimate and living a picture of the man himself as makes this one of the few great biographies in English literature.

After all, it would be a dreadful business if every artist had the same ideal and worked on the same principle and they all had only one style between them. I have been spending a day pleasantly enough in looking through a number of the Christmas colour books, and though I am full of admiration for Edmund Dulac's fanciful, delicate work, I am very glad that Frank Reynolds, Arthur Rackham, Willy Pogany, Charles Robinson, Hugh Thomson, Cayley Robinson, and a score of others give us something that is at once different and equally admirable. Art would be a dreary affair if it appealed simply to connoisseurs. No one artist satisfies everybody, but every artist satisfies somebody, and it is by this breadth and variety of its manifestations that Art becomes a living force and takes hold upon the common heart of the world.

WAGNER AND HANS ANDERSEN.

Mr. Rackham won golden opinions last year for his brilliantly imaginative interpretations in colour and line of the bizarre, fantastic, legendary stories of certain of the Wagner operas, and now he repeats his last year's triumph in the illustrations he has done for Miss Margaret Armour's translations of "Siegfried" and "The Twilight of the Gods."[2] He has found in the grim humour of Mime, the weird ugliness of Fafner, the elvish daintiness of the Rhine maidens subjects peculiarly suited to his powers; and another of the Wagner legends, "Tannhäuser," has supplied Mr. Willy Pogany with scenes of sensuous beauty and unearthly vision, scenes that are edged with mystery and wrapt in the elusive dream atmosphere that he knows so cunningly how to portray. In certain qualities of fantasy and delicate strength and lurid imaginative daring Mr. Rackham and Mr. Pogany are, in their separate styles, inimitable; but for sheer grace and poetry

[1] The Life of James McNeill Whistler. By E. R. and J. Pennell. New and revised edition. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

[2] Siegfried and The Twilight of the Gods. Translated by Margaret Armour. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. 15s. net. (Heinemann.)

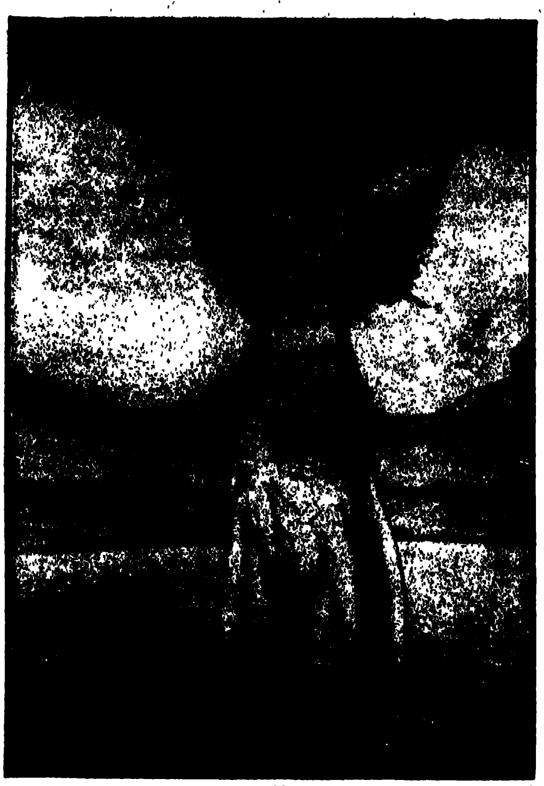
[3] Tannhäuser. Translated by T. W. Rolleston. Illustrated by Willy Pogany. [illegible] net. (Harrap.)



Selborne.

(Reduced.) From a colour illustration in "The Natural History of Selborne" (Macmillan.)

of feeling I am inclined to give the palm to Mr. Edmund Dulac. I doubt if Mr. Dulac has ever done better work as a book-illustrator than he has put into the series of colour-plates with which he has illustrated Hans Andersen.[1] I am not so much taken with his presentment of such themes as the bad demon and the mirror, quaint as they are; but look at the real Princess rising up in her high, huge bed; or the Snow Queen flying over the snow-cowled house-tops, with the lighted windows of the church and the houses glowing through the night; or the bored Princess seated on her throne; or, perhaps best of all, little Gerda drifting down the river in her boat, and the old, old woman coming out of her house, by the door of which the wooden soldier stands on guard; and you cannot but feel how wonderfully he has caught the charm and quaint, serious fancy with which the imagination of the child invests such matters.



"As byrde in bour."

(Reduced) From a colour-plate by Keith Henderson in "The Romaunt of the Rose." (Chatto & Windus).

We pass out of these dreamlands into the homelier world that is our own dwelling-place when we open White's "Selborne"[2] and let our eyes travel over Mr. Collins's leafy landscapes and his living glimpses of the quiet byways and pleasant country cottages among which Gilbert White lived and worked. In this large volume, with its many beautiful plates, White's immortal letters are ideally enshrined. It is never a far cry from natural history to poetry, and we are still in our old earthly world but among its more intensely human elements when we turn to the "Songs and Lyrics of Robert Burns."[1] Scenery plays a large part again in the illustrations, but a charming figure of womanhood moves across the banks and braes, a toil-worn cotter tramps over the brown moor, a ploughman pauses at his labour in the billowy field. Mr. William Macdonald's introduction is a sound, discriminating piece of criticism; so far from resenting the unpleasant truths in Henley's critical essay on Burns, he accepts them indifferently, and is contented that none the less Henley found in Burns true matter of humanity and literature, and that so "his work has done more to de-provincialise Burns—to dissipate, I mean, the subtly limiting and obscuring presupposition of provincialism with which many even of the worthy were wont to approach him—than all the annual panegyrics of the Poet's own countrymen, most of which, to be sure, have wrought to quite contrary effect." A hard but just saying, and one that the Burns Clubs might profitably think about.

[1] "Stories from Hans Andersen." Illustrated by Edmund Dulac. 15s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

[2] "Natural History of Selborne." By Gilbert White. Illustrated by G. E. Collins. 10s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)



"Wherever I wander, wherever I rove, The hills of the Highlands for ever I love."

From "Songs and Lyrics of Burns." (Lee Warner.)

MAETERLINCK.

It is almost as impossible to make pictures for some books as to make words for some music, and although

[1] "Songs and Lyrics of Robert Burns." Illustrated by W. R. and R. P. Flint. With an Introduction by William Macdonald. 10s. 6d. net. (Lee Warner.)

"The Blue Bird"[1] has been produced successfully on the stage, and we are familiar with its principal scenes in sketches and photographs, I should have placed it among those books that are better left unillustrated. It is all so intangible, so concerned with the inner rather than the outer life, so compact of imagination, that I confess I approached this pictorial edition of it hesitantly. The most delicate handling might so easily thumb the dust of dreams on the wings of Maeterlinck's spiritual allegory and mar its loveliness. Though Blake could see the airiest and most shining angels with the eye of his soul, they became heavy creatures of flesh in his pictures But Mr. Cayley Robinson has met the difficulties presented by the elusive allegorical significances of "The Blue Bird" with unerring tact and a sensitive artistic reticence. He has illustrated the mysticism of the story, in its remoter aspects, in a purely decorative fashion; and these decorative paintings, like the others, all of which lean to the more simply human side of the drama, are excellent and entirely satisfying. The air of wonder and mystery that forms the native atmosphere of the play seems to have entered subtly into the soft, misty blues and greys, and into all the lights and shadows of Mr. Cayley Robinson's pictures. One of the "Land of Memory" scenes has perhaps too solid a look, but the other, where the children are groping their way out by the trees, and the little cottage and its people are nothing but glimmerings and ghostly hints in the gloom, has the true dream-like, fading unsubstantiality.



The Bird about to fly off from between the children's hands.

From one of F. Cayley Robinson's illustrations in colour in "The Blue Bird," by Maurice Maeterlinck. (Methuen.)

As for exactly what the symbolism of the play may mean, we need not trouble ourselves overmuch about that. It means as much for each of us as we can read into it. Mr. Henry Rose, who wrote a book on Maeterlinck's Symbolism in "The Blue Bird," has just published another on Maeterlinck,[1] with special reference to the symbolism in the same play, and he says it "is primarily an allegory on Man's search for spiritual truth." On the other hand, Mr. Edward Thomas, in his acute and ably written volume on the life and work of Maeterlinck,[2] declares that "the Blue Bird means happiness, as the White Peacocks of 'Serres Chaudes' mean ennui, and no more." One of the most interesting of the chapters Mr. Thomas devotes to discussing Maeterlinck's books is that which offers a thoughtful study of the "Life of the Bee,"[3] of which Messrs. Allen have published a sumptuous new edition, illustrated in colour by Edward J. Detmold. Everybody who knows Mr. Detmold's work will guess without any describings of mine with what delicacy and realistic vividness he has given form and hue to the bees and flowers that decorate these pages. There are wonderful pictures of the honeycomb; of the interior of a hive with the bees swarming in and founding their city; and, a masterly piece of life and colour, the duel of the Queen Bees,

[1] "The Blue Bird." By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Illustrated by F. Cayley Robinson. 21s. net. (Methuen.)

[1] "On Maeterlinck: or Notes on the Study of Symbols." By Henry Rose. 1s. net. (Fifield.)

[2] "Maurice Maeterlinck." By Edward Thomas. 5s. net. (Methuen.)

[3] "The Life of the Bee." By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alfred Sutro. Illustrated by Edward J. Detmold. 21s. net. (Allen.)

For the book itself I shall content myself by agreeing with Mr Thomas who says "It is without contemporary rival in its own kind whether among books on the bee or among natural histories in general, for no writer of comparable power has concentrated himself upon one subject in the same imaginative spirit

M Maeterlinck's new little book on 'Death'[1] breathes something of that vague but heartening suggestion of eternal hope that underlies the allegory of The Blue Bird Until I read it for myself I gathered from various reviews that it was devoted to a proposition that doctors should mercifully end the life of a patient who was beyond possibility of recovery and dying in pain This, however, is only an incidental argument and forms but a small part of this little volume which sets itself to account for the horror we have of dying and to show how that horror may be subdued It speculates reverently but fearlessly on the after life, and puts the case for some form of immortality beyond the grave with a clearness and largeness of vision that all who go in dread of the great darkness will find consoling and sustaining It proves nothing, of course but it opens wide a door of infinite hope

[1] Death By Maurice Maeterlinck Translated by A Teixeira de Mattos 3s 6d net (Methuen)

TENNYSON AND SHELLEY.

Tennyson's style is essentially pictorial even when he was didactic, as in In Memoriam he still thought and wrote continually in pictures, so that almost all his poetry cries out to the artist to give its crowding fancies and glittering imagery visible shape and colour and none of it more insistently than those glamorous mediæval stories that Miss Brickdale has illustrated very happily in this fresh edition of The Idylls of the King"[1] Shelley too, makes a very special appeal to the artist, but offers him less scope and puts a higher tax upon his power of imagination and his gifts of expression for Shelley has less traffic with the visible world of men



The Duel of the Queens.

From the colour plate by Edward J Detmold in "The Life of the Bee," by Maurice Maeterlinck. (Allen.)

[1] "Idylls of the King By Tennyson Illustrated by Eleanor Fortescue Brickdale. 15s net (Hodder & Stoughton)

and facts, and more with that of the spirit and of dreams, with abstractions of the winds, the clouds, and the sky, and

> "dewy morn and odorous noon and even
> With sunset and its gorgeous ministers
> And solemn midnight's tingling silentness"

But in Messrs. Hutchinson's edition of Shelley's "Nature Poems,"[1] Mr. William Hyde has captured something of the dazzling, evasive meanings that shimmer and darkle under Shelley's glorious lines, and has got into his sixteen illustrations the tone and atmosphere of the poems, and strange shadows of their frail, ethereal splendours.

It is one of Shelley's poems, "The Sensitive Plant,"[2] that has inspired the latest achievements of Mr. Charles Robinson and, to our thinking, the most finely imaginative and most delicately finished paintings he has ever done. The obvious motif that runs through and harmonises his work here is this: starting from the gate that shows upon the cover, he proceeds to conduct you through a wondrous garden in company with the charming little amorini and cupids who fly or poise or sit or run or lurk among blossoms above or below the text on every page; and from time to time he stops and in the large plates notes some of the more striking, more beautiful of the thoughts and images that arise out of the poem. In a scholarly, interesting preface Mr. Edmund Gosse tells of the origin of "The Sensitive Plant," and of the worthy but somewhat disillusioning lady who was the original of that sweet lady the mistress of that wonderful garden in which the plant grew.

[1] "Shelley's Nature Poems." With Water-Colour Drawings by William Hyde. 7s. 6d net. (Hutchinson.)

[2] "The Sensitive Plant." By Shelley. Illustrated by Charles Robinson. 15s. net. (Heinemann.)



"They found a naked child upon the sands
Of dark Dundagil by the Cornish sea;
And that was Arthur."—Tennyson

From a colour plate by Eleanor Fortescue Brickdale in "Idylls of the King." (Hodder & Stoughton.)

FOR CHILDREN.

"A Book of Children's Verse,"[1] compiled and arranged by Miss Mabel and Miss Lilian Quiller Couch, must be about the largest and most magnificently produced anthology in existence for children; certainly it is the amplest I have seen, and the best. There are poems among the two hundred included that will suit boys and girls of all ages and all dispositions, and they are well and comfortably arranged in sections under such artful headings as "Fairies and Fancies," "Birds and Flowers, Beasts and Insects," "Stories in Verse," "Romance and Heroism," "Fun and Frolic," "Bedtime," and "For Sundays and Quiet Days." You feel secure of the editors' fitness when you notice that they have not kept to the beaten paths, but know their subject so well that in addition to poems by many of our greatest poets of the past, they take in much delightful work by lesser known writers, living and dead, and that in addition to some of the most characteristic of Jane and Ann Taylor's quaint, inimitable verses they give you a goodly number of the dainty, fancifully humorous poems of that too little remembered laureate of the nursery, W. B. Rands.

The greatest writers of stories for children have always been also the greatest writers of fiction for adults, so it is not at all surprising that the first of living French novelists should have given us such a book as "Honey Bee"[2]: "one of the loveliest and noblest of stories," as Mrs. John Lane, the translator, says in her introduction: "a story overflowing with poetic imagination, wisdom and humour," and yet with

[1] "A Book of Children's Verse." Arranged by Mabel and Lilian Quiller Couch. Illustrated by M. Etheldreda Gray. 15s. net. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

[2] "Honey Bee." By Anatole France. Translated by Mrs. John Lane. Illustrated by Florence Lundborg. 5s. (John Lane.)

its golden-haired princess, who gives her name to it, and her good and lovable dwarfs, all as simple and enchanting as Cinderella Aladdin, the Sleeping Beauty, and those other immortal romances of childhood Mrs Lane has caught and kept the charm of the original in her excellent translation and Miss Florence Lundborg has repeated it in her very pleasing and sympathetic illustrations

OLD ROMANCE.

Three books that come trailing with them a glory of old-world remembrances are these "Stories from the Pentamerone"[1] "The Romaunt of the Rose"[2] and that most haunting and impressive of morality plays "Everyman"[3] The first follows the translation that was made by Taylor in 1847 it includes some of the best and most famous of the Pentameron stories and finds an understanding and gifted illustrator in Mr Warwick Goble "The Romaunt of the Rose" is of course, in Chaucer's rendering no modern poet could hope to surpass the winsome quaintness and fitting naivete of that ancient paraphrase and it is the highest praise the artists could have to say that their carefully reproduced water colour drawings harmonise perfectly with the text I should need more space than remains to me if I attempted to say all that should be said of "Everyman" Nothing but its own inherent beauty of idea and the native sweetness and goodness of its poetry has saved it from being lost long since with the hundreds of other moralities that Time has ages ago dropped into that wallet at his back wherein he puts alms for oblivion This is a very worthy edition of what has become a classic in its kind, and Mr Amschewitz has subtly preserved the unaffected, effective simplicity and rich mediævalism of the play in his remarkable series of colour-plates

There is a fragrance in the look of Mr Wright's "Roses and Rose Gardens"[1] and in the sound of its title that somehow brings it into harmony with those old imaginative stories I have just turned from. Roses are inseparable from romance but Mr Wright limits himself to the indispensable practical aspect of them, and tells you all about their history and how and where to grow them The amateur gardener cultivating roses for pleasure and to glorify his own garden and the more serious horticulturist growing them for the market or for exhibition purposes will find all the hints and information he requires to those ends in this volume of Mr Wright's It is the rose-grower's complete vade mecum

I have left myself no room to do more than add a passing reference to the several good books that still remain on my table—good books I premise because I selected this handful only from among such of the Christmas volumes as for the merits of their authors or artists or both I can unreservedly recommend One is Izaak Walton's "Complete Angler"[2] so redolent as Mr R B Marston writes in his capital preface "of everything that adds delight to fishing" and in the pictures to which I think with Mr Marston, the artist, Mr James Thorpe has caught so admirably the light-hearted joyous almost boyish spirit of Walton Another is a new and very beautifully illustrated edition of Michael Fairless's one immortal volume of picturesque and graciously philosophical essays, "The Roadmender"[3] Others are

[1] "Stories from the Pentamerone" Selected and Edited by E F Strange Illustrated by Warwick Goble 15s net (Macmillan)

[2] "The Romaunt of the Rose" With 24 Illustrations in facsimile from Water Colour Drawings by Keith Henderson and Norman Wilkinson of Four Oaks 21s net (Chatto & Windus)

[3] "Everyman" A reprint of the text as edited by F Sidgwick With 12 Plates reproduced by the Medici process after the Water Colours by J H Amschewitz £2 2s net (Lee Warner)



Venice.

From a colour plate by William Hyde in "Shelley's Nature Poems." (Hutchinson)

[1] "Roses and Rose Gardens" By Walter P Wright. 12s 6d net. (Headley Bros)

[2] "The Complete Angler" By Izaac Walton. Illustrated by James Thorpe 15s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton)

[3] "The Roadmender" By Michael Fairless. Illustrated by E. W. Waite 7s 6d net (Duckworth.)

Messrs. Bell's new edition of "Jane Eyre,"[1] which is in the series that Miss M. V. Wheelhouse illustrates so charmingly, and has an admirable preface by Mr. Clement Shorter; an attractive edition of "Don Quixote,"[2] with illustrations by Paul Hardy, from the same publishers; a beautifully got-up reissue of Blackmore's great romance of Exmoor, "Lorna Doone,"[3] with seventy-three illustrations by Gordon Browne, thirteen of them in colour—a most desirable Christmas gift-book; and Dana's "Two Years before the Mast,"[4] from Macmillan's, with a very good introduction by Sir Wilfred Grenfell, and a series of colour illustrations by Charles Pears that, to my thinking, include some of the finest of those sea-pictures that he paints so effectively and with such an individual touch.



Gubbio: Via Carmignano.

From a drawing by Yoshio Markino in "A Little Pilgrimage in Italy," by Olave M. Potter. (Constable.)

YOSHIO MARKINO.

I start a new line with "A Little Pilgrimage in Italy,"[5] partly because the last paragraph was getting long, but chiefly because the art of Mr. Yoshio Markino is a thing of itself and cannot be bracketed with anything else. Miss Potter tells us that she set forth on a summer morning with two other pilgrims "in search of sunshine and the middle ages," and she found both in Italy, in the streets of the great towns on the plains, and more especially in the hills and among the ancient cities of the hills, and she relates the story of that pilgrimage in these fascinating pages. It is, as she promises at the outset, "a book of simple delights, a chronicle of simple pleasures," and this delight and these pleasures are accentuated for the reader by Mr. Markino's exquisite presentments of the haunts of peace and beauty that the pilgrims visited.

Two large and handsome volumes containing a number of delicate and strikingly effective etchings and drawings by Mr. Muirhead Bone and Mr. Hanslip Fletcher[6] are among the most notable of the year's art books, but I am leaving the remarkable work of these two artists to be fully and adequately dealt with elsewhere. Another to be dealt with elsewhere is the dainty new edition of Mr. Alfred Noyes's mystic, tenderly fanciful narrative poem, "The Forest of Wild Thyme."[7]

[1] "Jane Eyre." By Charlotte Brontë. Illustrated by M. V. Wheelhouse. 3s. 6d. net. (Bell.)

[2] "Don Quixote." Illustrated by Paul Hardy. (Bell.)

[3] "Lorna Doone." By R. D. Blackmore. Illustrated in colour and with pen-and-ink drawings by Gordon Browne. 10s. 6d. net. (W. & R. Chambers.)

[4] "Two Years before the Mast." By Richard Hanry Dana. Illustrated by Charles Pears. 8s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

[5] "A Little Pilgrimage in Italy." By O. M. Potter. Illustrated by Yoshio Markino. 12s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

[6] "Glasgow: Fifty Drawings." By Muirhead Bone. With Notes on Glasgow by A. H. Charteris. (Maclehose.)—"Edinburgh Revisited." By James Bone. With Etched Frontispiece, 16 Mounted Collotype and 50 Line Drawings by Hanslip Fletcher. 21s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

[7] "The Forest of Wild Thyme." By Alfred Noyes. Illustrated by Claude E. Shepperson. 6s. and 10s. 6d. net. (Blackwood.)

"The Flower of Gloster"[1] was the name of a barge on which Mr. Temple Thurston went a voyage up the less-frequented canals of England, and in a book named after the barge he describes with all his wonted charm and humour the characters he met and the places and things that he saw. Incidentally he sows his pleasant pages with shrewd reflections and light but acute bits of philosophy, and beautifies them with Mr. W. R. Dakin's graceful colour-drawings.

But as it does not seem appropriate to end a Christmas article with a summer voyage on a barge, here is yet one more book, and one that is of a Christmassy and in every-way different kind. It is "Below Zero"[2]—a collection of irresponsibly humorous verses by A. E. Johnson, illustrated by laughable and equally irresponsible colour pictures by Noel Pocock, and all about bobbing, ski-ing, curling, skating, and those winter sports that belong to this time of year and so help me to a seasonable note to close on.

S. J.

[1] "The Flower of Gloster." By E. Temple Thurston. Illustrated by W. R. Dakin. 7s. 6d. net. (Williams & Norgate.)

[2] "Below Zero: A Travesty of Winter Sport." By Noel Pocock. With Verses adapted to the Occasion by A. E. Johnson. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

DECEMBER, 1911.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

The date fixed above for sending in answers does not apply to Competitors resident abroad, except in the case of competition No. 2; answers from foreign or Colonial readers for competitions 1, 3 and 4 (the subjects of these being the same each month) will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt.

Each competitor may send in any number of attempts, provided each attempt is written on a separate sheet of paper.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best New Year resolution supposed to be made by any well-known living author, in four lines of verse.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

V.—A SPECIAL PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS, beautifully illustrated in colour, will be given for the best selection in prose or verse of what has been said in literature about (1) The companionship of dogs, (2) The loss of a dog, (3) The intelligence of dogs.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

I.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to Miss A. J. NORTON, of 63, Ivy Road, Northampton, for the following:

A KEEPER OF THE ROBES. BY FRANKFORT MOORE. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"O my prophetic soul—my uncle!"
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet* V 40.

We also select for printing:

THE MISSING MILLIONAIRE. BY CHRISTOPHER WILSON. (Blackwood.)

"Blow him again to me."—TENNYSON, *Sweet and Low.*

(Beatrice A. Hotten, 42, Thornhill Road, Islington, London, N.)

A BAD BEGINNING. BY KATHARINE MACQUOID. (Smith, Elder.)

"Her 'prentice han' she tried on man. . . ."
ROBERT BURNS, *Green Grow the Rashes, O.*

(Miss M. O. Bartlett, 128, Bethune Road, Stamford Hill, N.)

THE DANGER ZONE. BY FANNY HEASLIP LEA. (Melrose.)

"'Will you walk into my parlour?'
Said the spider to the fly."
M. HOWITT, *The Spider and the Fly.*

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, The Manse, Derby Road, Woodford, N.E.)

CHURCH CUSTOMS DESCRIBED AND EXPLAINED. BY THE VERY REV VERNON STALEY. (Mowbray.)

"It cannot be—it is, it is
A hat is going round"
O W HOLMES *The Music Grinders.*

(Mrs. Dora Maw, 2, Heathfield Park, N.W.)

PAY DAY. BY C. H HENDERSON (Constable.)

"Hail! smiling morn
That tips the hills with gold"
Old Glee Music by SPOFFORTH.

(Miss M. Dean, 38, Hall Lane, Hindley, nr. Wigan.)

TWO TO NOWHERE. BY A. ST JOHN ADCOCK (Unwin.)

"The dish ran away with the spoon"
Old Nursery Rhyme.

(E. A. Pearson, Heath House, Fleet, Hants.)

THE IRON WOMAN. BY MRS MARGARET DELAND. (Harpers.)

"I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden"
P. B SHELLEY.

(Daisy H. Badland, 41, Bickerton Road, Wadsley Bridge, Sheffield.)

THE QUEEN'S TRAGEDY. BY ROBERT HUGH BENSON. (Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons.)

AN IMPERIAL VICTIM. BY MRS. CUTHELL (Stanley Paul.)

"The Queen of Hearts she made some tarts,
Upon a summer's day,
The Knave of Hearts he stole those tarts,
And took them all away."
English Nursery Rhyme.

(Grace Kinnear, Kirkby Road, Ripon, Yorks; Miss Shaw, Chesterholme, Park Road, Ipswich; Miss W. McCormick, Rocklands, Tramore, Waterford, and Leslie M. Priest, 101, College Road, Norwich.)

II.—We have received so many good passages from English literature concerning Christmas that it has not been easy to arrive at a decision. Some forty or fifty competitors have sent extracts from Dickens, and nearly as many from Washington Irving; four have sent the same excellent paragraph from James Smetham's Letters; a goodly number have chosen something from Addison, Ruskin, Lamb, George Eliot, Richard Jefferies, Hardy, Kipling, Stevenson—eight have sent the same famous passage from the latter—and it is pleasant to find Alexander Smith well remembered. On the whole we have decided to award the PRIZE OF THREE NEW

BOOKS to Mr J. RICHARD ELLAWAY, of Lynmoor, Basingstoke for the following

"For at least one night on each year over all Christendom there is brotherhood. And good men sitting amongst their families or by a solitary fire like me when they remember the light that shone over the poor clowns huddling on the Bethlehem plains eighteen hundred years ago, the apparition of shining angels overhead, the song 'Peace on Earth and Goodwill towards Men' which for the first time hallowed the midnight air, pray for that strain's fulfilment, that battle and strife may vex the nations no more, that not only on Christmas Eve but the whole year round men shall be brethren owning one Father in heaven."—ALEXANDER SMITH, *Dreamthorpe*.

The best of the other extracts have been sent by the Rev. Charles Henry Hodgson (Wells next Sea), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), R. C. Cochran (Paisley), Edna Smallwood (Highbury), Mrs. Couchman (Exeter), Thomas Lankear (London, S.E.), Mrs. Chas. Wright (Sutton), Mrs. Pocock (Yeovil), H. P. Ogle (Budleigh Salterton), Barbara M. Pippet (Solihull), K. Capper (Saffron Walden), A. Cameron Shore (Croydon), Janet Tatham (Guildford), Alice M. Morgan (Sheffield), Miss Oldham (St. Andrews), Mrs. Sybilla Stirling (Glenfarg), Miss C. Ogle (Budleigh Salterton), Miss Shaw (Ipswich), George Stanton (Leicester), W. Everitt (Nottingham), Charles Webb (King's Lynn), Helen Crawford (Ballymena, Co. Antrim), Mrs. G. M. Norman (Bury), Mary E. Everitt (Ipswich), Muriel M. Jones (Swansea), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn), M. Cornish (London, S.E.), A. R. Williams (Worcester), Grace Kinnear (Ripon), Fredk. Edgar Bolt (London, S.E.), A. Mannington Sayers (Sheffield), Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown (S. Woodford), R. G. Wyatt (London, E.), Rev. J. Hern (Rowlands Castle), Mrs. Tyson Waller (Hull), A. Smith (Leith), J. Beckett (Wolverhampton), Evelyn M. Abbott (Old Malton), Charles Powell (Manchester), Daisy H. Badland (Sheffield), Edward John Hales (Wolverhampton), Miss Mackechnie (St. Andrews), Emily Hunt (Llanfanfechan), John W. Aspinall (Liverpool), Mrs. Mabel Webb (King's Lynn), Nora Davison (Somerset), Lucy J. Taylor (Birmingham), Miss M. S. Lambert (Putney), George Fawcett (Belfast), J. H. Cocke (Stockport), Irene Pollock Lalonde (Bath), Miss M. E. Swain (Gillingham), Alex. McLennan (Callander), Harold Denning (Hale), J. N. Lloyd (Godalming), Miss I. C. Rhodes (Harrogate), Miss I. Mugford (Sutton-at-Hone), Grace Pardoe (London, S.W.), J. A. Adamson (Liverpool), William Morriss (Sheffield), E. Waller (Wimbledon), Ellen I. Clutterbuck (Bromley), Daisy I. Smith (Walsall), W. A. Gilmour (Kingstown), J. B. Young (East Croydon), Mrs. Lister (Northallerton), Thomas George Sloane (Belfast), Vivien D. Newman (Birmingham), Isa M. Jackson (Glasgow), Ronald H. Kidd (Hampstead), Gerard W. Meuter (Worthing), F. B. Worthington (Barrow-in-Furness), Leslie M. Priest (Norwich), Mrs. Creswell Payne (St. Austell), Miss E. Porter (Belfast), Emily Harrison (Kensington), E. Railton Ward (Altrincham), Mary C. Jobson (Middleton-one-Row), Ernest A. Fuller (Greenwich), Edith E. Davies (Cardiff), John Murdoch (Edinburgh), Mary Brice (Hyde Park, W.), Miss R. Goodwin (Clapham), F. W. Johns (Taunton), Ethel Ford (Gt. Malvern), J. Herbert Brown (Hull), Mrs. Tyson Waller (Hull), Lilian James (Beaconsfield), M. E. Hobson (Malton), Beatrice Craig (Strabane, Co. Derry), Miss B. Spencer (Weston), H. Jacob (Greystones), and H. Caby (Fordham).

III. A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to MISS EMILY HUNT, of Glasfryn, Llanfanfechan, for the following:

POOR EMMA. By [illegible]. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The [illegible] tribulation meted out to Emma in the last chapter



The Wind in a Frolic.

From one of Miss Etheldreda Gray's illustrations in colour in "A Book of Children's Verse." Arranged by Mabel and Lilian Quiller Couch. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)



THE NEVER NEVER LAND

Drawn by F. D. Bedford for "Peter and Wendy" by J. M. Barrie (Hodder & Stoughton.) See page 131

is a real solace to the sympathetic reader who has followed with no small indignation the heartless tyrannies practised upon her husband and stepson. Her character is unfortunately not untrue to life. The pleasing difference between the sisters' dispositions is well drawn out. Linda's fine independent spirit as contrasted with Emma's cringing toadyism. One of the most life-like characters in the book is the strenuous old aunt whose adherence to the system of "thorough" in domestic matters, even when away from home, makes a very amusing picture.

Other good reviews received are:

ETHAN FROME. By EDITH WHARTON. (Macmillan.)

It is impossible to praise this little masterpiece too highly. Though a tragedy it is written with such simplicity, restraint, and complete mastery of style as to be without any sordidness. The theme is an old one—that of a man in love with a woman not his wife—but the ending, grave, tragic, yet curiously inevitable, is one we have never met before. A sense of atmosphere is conveyed throughout the book with peculiar strength. While reading it we could see the "waves" of snow described and hear the wind scouting round that deathly New England farmhouse.

(Miss M. V. Woodgate, 68, South Eaton Place, S.W.)

THE MAHATMA AND THE HARE: A DREAM STORY. By RIDER HAGGARD. (Longmans.)

Rider Haggard has done as much for English country life as any living man. He tells this beautiful dream story with fairness, humour and delicacy. Mahatma, in Shadowland, meets a hare who relates his bitter earthly experiences. He is eventually rescued in the open sea by Tom, the Squire's son. In the Land of Shadows the hare and Squire meet. When the Shining Presences appear to admit souls from South and North, from West and East, the hare is bidden to pass in first, because he has suffered most and has the first right to taste of peace and oblivion.

(M. A. Newman, The Old White House, Badingham, Suffolk.)

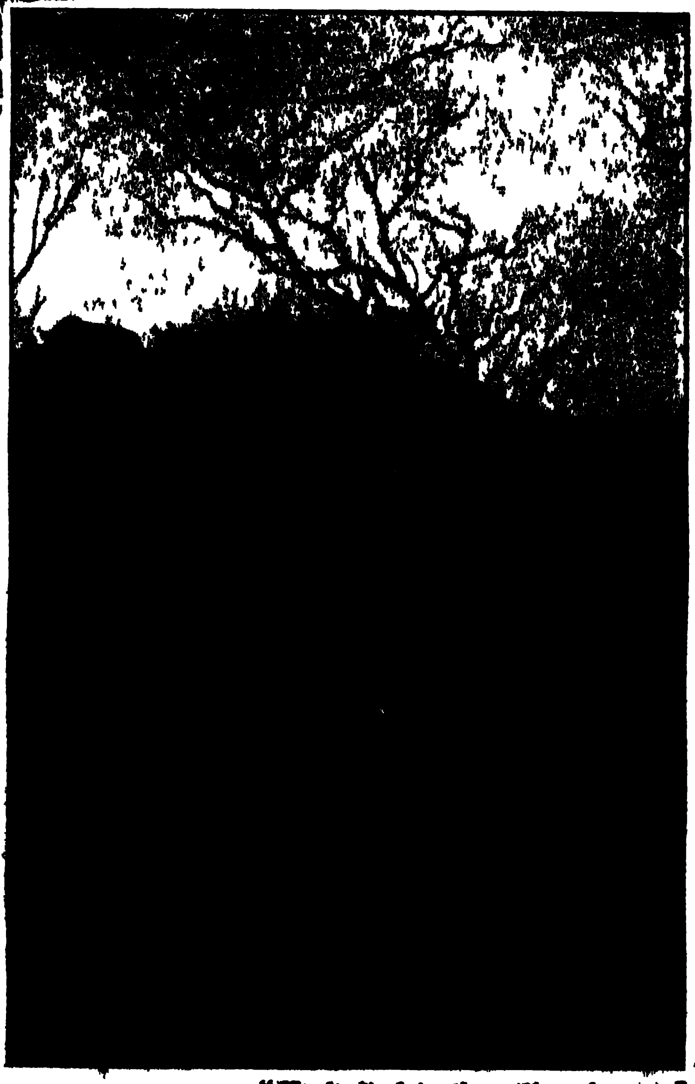
THE CRITICAL ATTITUDE. By FORD MADOX HUEFFER. (Duckworth.)

Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer is singularly fitted for the role which he has assumed. He exhibits, in an exceptional degree, that air of detachment so necessary to the balanced critic, and shows himself capable of constructive as well as destructive work. Whilst it is the true function of criticism to expose faults and shortcomings, nothing is gained by the use of the heavy hand. Even a castigation may be benevolently inspired, and in the book before us the heart is never entirely dominated by the intellect. The result is an excellent piece of sane criticism and literary craftsmanship.

(Wallace West, 66, Lady Somerset Road, Highgate Road, N.W.)

THE LETTERS OF A SPINSTER. By WINIFRED JAMES. (Chapman & Hall.)

Perhaps the most interesting thing connected with this book is the fact that on its title page Miss James acknowledges the authorship of "Letters to My Son." These other letters are written with just the same charm and with delightful inconsequence. As the spinster herself says, they are really talks, and that is why they so very much remind us of Mrs. John Lane's essays. Miss James's heroine reveals herself as such a charming person that the hitherto opprobrious name "spinster" must become



"He halted to the stile whereon I had just risen and sat down."

From a colour illustration by Mr. F. Wheelhouse in "Jane Eyre." (Bell & Sons.)

a synonym for a truly sympathetic and delightful woman. May we soon have some more letters.

(Irene Pollock Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

THE SONG OF RENNY. By MAURICE HEWLETT. (Macmillan.)

Mr. Maurice Hewlett's new story, "The Song of Renny," is a strongly coloured full-blooded romance of the middle ages. He avoids giving it the character of an historical novel by carefully omitting all data that would identify places or personages. It is a vigorous story which breathes the spirit of a lawless time, when might was right and when religion, which might be styled superstition, had a really controlling influence over society. There is a certain touch of brutality in the telling of the story, but it must be allowed that it is quite in keeping with its subject.

(Miss B. O. Anderson, 11, Lonsdale Road, Scarborough.)

MAETERLINCK. By EDWARD THOMAS. (Methuen.)

Maeterlinck has found in Mr. Edward Thomas a subtle critic and eloquent interpreter. The Belgian writer's elusive personality, his symbolism, his quasi-mystic philosophy, his unique dramatic productions, his limitations, are all ably presented in the pages of this interesting book. His work as poet, essayist and playwright is fully reviewed, and his development traced from the dreamy poetic vagueness and alluring beauty of his earlier plays, such as "Pelléas et Mélisande," to the fuller blooded later dramas of "Monna Vanna" and "Mary Magdalene," and the charming "Blue Bird." For his marvellous "Life of the Bee," Mr. Thomas has unstinted admiration.

(Kate Lee, 9A, Vaughan Road, Harrow.)

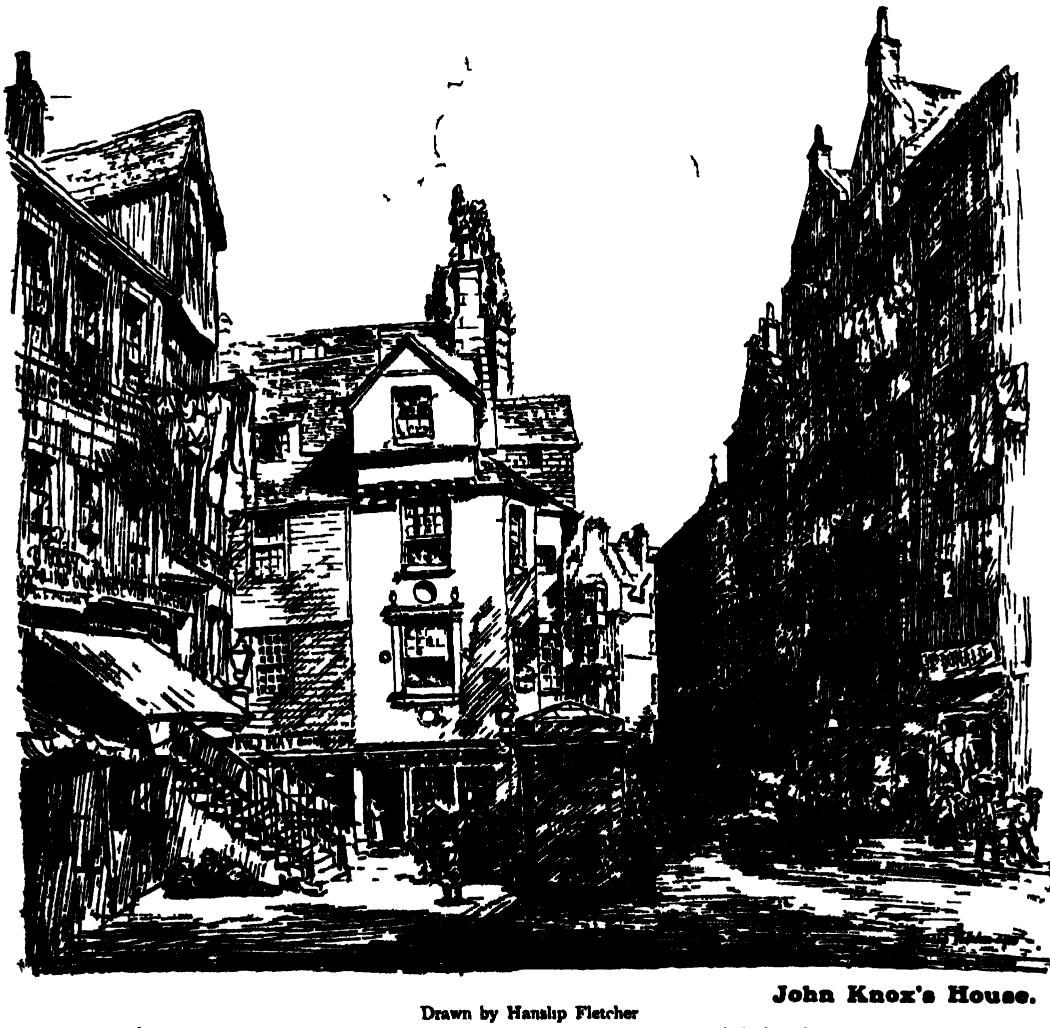
THE POST IMPRESSIONISTS. By C. LEWIS HIND. (Methuen.)

Mr. Hind distils joy and hope as invitably as the sun. Reading him you are impressed again with the immense privilege of life; he guides you down the illimitable avenues of Art; and glimpsing its possibilities you feel that the eternal riddle is half solved, for opportunities of light and leading are beckoning on every hand. His book is well done, and the articles, selected from various sources, are most adroitly dovetailed. He is the high priest of Post Impressionism, and his championship should surely prove auspicious, for he is the most persuasive of our living art critics.

(Beatrix Terry, 374, Brixton Road, London, S.W.)

We specially commend also the reviews sent in by Wm. Currie (Edinburgh), Geo. Stanton (Leicester), Louise A. Beveridge (Belfast), Miss O. W. Sinclair (Bedford Park), Miss F. S. Alexander (Stoke Newington), Miss I. Mugford (Sutton-at-Hone), Mrs. A. G. Cheverton (St. Margarets-on-Thames), Evelyn M. Abbott (Old Malton), L. H. Burgess Smith (Golders Green), William Morriss (Sheffield), F. C. Lum (Stamford Hill), J. Swinson (Tunbridge Wells), Miss Van der Pant (Ashford), W. M. Lodge (Norwood), Miss E. Moore (Oxford), Mildred Thorp (Hull), G. M. Ellwood (Grimsby), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), M. H. A. Jewell (New Malden), E. Rippon (Hull), J. Howard Francis (Merthyr Tydvil), E. I. Seymour (Kilburn), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), M. Cornish (London, S.E.), Miss I. M. Wagstaff (Leighton Buzzard), Edna Smallwood (Highbury), A. I. Williams (Worcester), Arthur B. Blundell (Southport), H. McKnight Myers (Muswell Hill), F. E. Bolt (Anerley), Mrs. H. M. Cresswell Payne (St. Austell), Janet Tatham (Guildford), Alfred Victor Waller (Sunderland), A. H. Scales (Paddington), Miss A. M. Morgan (Sheffield), E. R. Ward (Altrincham), Mrs. Sybilla Stirling (Glentaig), I. Harrison (Bristol), Margery Wilkins (Uttoxeter), Lilian James (Beaconsfield), James Brenton (Tottenham), Vivian Ford (Bristol), S. A. Doody (Boscombe), Annie Jones (Brixton), Rev. C. H. Hodgson (Wells-next-Sea), F. W. Johns (Taunton), William F. Robinson (Cambridge), and Edith Dolton (Newbury).

IV.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to Mr. GEORGE STANTON, of 47, Kirkdale Road, South Wigston, Leicester.



John Knox's House.

Drawn by Hanslip Fletcher.

From "Edinburgh Revisited," by James Bone. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

PHILANTHROPY AND PUBLIC SPEAKING.

By George Bernard Shaw.

Note.—Mr. Charles Rowley has written a very remarkable book that he has called "Fifty Years of Work Without Wages." It is the story of his own life; he was born at Ancoats, where five or six years before the founding of Toynbee Hall in London he and some kindred enthusiasts founded an institution of that kind that did much good work towards the betterment of his native town and the teaching its people something of the arts of life. He numbers, or has numbered, among his friends Madox Brown, William Morris, the Rossettis, Holman Hunt, Walter Crane, Canon Barnett, George Bernard Shaw—to mention only a few of the great men of whom he has much of interest to tell in his pages; and in the following characteristic article Mr. Bernard Shaw, in return, expresses his personal opinions and experiences of Mr. Charles Rowley.

ROWLEY would be a delightful man to know if it were not for the Ancoats Brotherhood. Palissy, the potter, is said to have kept his furnace alight at a crucial point in his process of white enamelling by throwing all his furniture into it. But this was only once in a way. The Ancoats Brotherhood is always at a crucial stage and requiring the sacrifice, not of Rowley's furniture (though it will probably come to that some day), but of himself chronically and continually, and, at intervals of a few days, his friends. No matter on what spot on the globe you may happen to be, you are never safe from a summons to come to Ancoats and speak for the Brotherhood, or sing for the Brotherhood, or fiddle for the Brotherhood, or do something else equally exhausting and distressing for the Brotherhood. Its appetite for art and oratory is insatiable. It is my firm belief that 99 per cent. of the deaths that have occurred within the last quarter-century among the public-spirited men of this country are due to diseases of which the seeds were planted during untimely journeys to Manchester. Rowley is the only man alive who could induce any sane man to go to Manchester unless he had urgent and lucrative business there; and he abuses his powers mercilessly. My friendship with Rowley has taught me to avoid disinterested men like the plague: they never want anything for themselves; but their rapacity on behalf of the community costs more than the visits of ten burglars.



"'You old villain!' cried my mother."

(From a colour-illustration by Gordon Browne in Blackmore's "Lorna Doone." W. & R. Chambers.)

Rowley's friends once tried to buy him off. Having ascertained that he was rather hard up at the moment, they persuaded him that his health was failing, and that he should go to Italy to recover. They also begged him to accept a sum of money sufficient to keep him there in luxury until he had acquired idle habits and that love of Italy which makes people so loth to leave it when it has once got hold of them. Rowley, somewhat to their surprise, made not the smallest difficulty about accepting the money, and went off to Italy without a blush. This seemed a good beginning, and his friends breathed freely at last, and told each other that it was the best investment they had ever made. The next thing that happened was that Rowley came back in triumph with a beautiful twelfth-century baptismal font, which he presented to the Manchester Corporation for their School of Art. He was in great spirits, having been able to procure the font at the cost of all the money he had taken away with him plus £25 of his own. Of course this fixed the yoke on our necks more firmly than ever. How can you refuse a journey to Manchester and a platform speech to a man who does things like this? I believe I was the only one who had strength of mind to revolt. "This," I said, "is not philanthropy: it is slavery. Perish Ancoats and its murderous Brotherhood:

I'll have no more of them." But even I did not arrive at this point until Rowley had got every speech out of me that I was capable of making.

The climax came when, in an attempt to behave myself particularly well for Rowley's sake, I preached a really good sermon, which was received with great enthusiasm, enforcing the Christian view of life as a continual effort to ascertain the right (Watch and Pray, in short) as opposed to the Judaic view that one's religious duty begins and ends with observing the law. In Manchester such opinions are unfamiliar. A Manchester reporter who was present he had probably mistaken the Brotherhood for the football club - proclaimed in print next day that I had advocated, as a rule of life, the systematic breach of the Ten Commandments (the inadequacy of which I had no doubt demonstrated with some pungency). A Bishop very naturally thereupon denounced the Brotherhood as a temple of Satan, leaving it an open question whether I or Rowley was the arch-fiend, and the north was aflame for several weeks with pious indignation. One incident of that stressful time that stands out in my recollection is that one of the most liberal annual subscriptions to the Brotherhood was withdrawn. I saw my chance and jumped at it. For ever after when Rowley ordered me to the front, I sheltered myself behind that subscription. "No, my dear Rowley," I would say, "if I could do you any good by coming down and speaking for the Brotherhood, I would, as I have so often proved; but I should only create misunderstandings and do you harm. Remember that subscription," etc., etc., etc. When the subscription was resumed, which of course it was soon (you don't get away from Rowley so easily as that, Ten Commandments or no Ten Commandments), I had to fall back on evasions so barefaced that out of mere regard for my soul Rowley stopped tempting me to make them; but I do solemnly believe that if I had not extricated myself from the jaws of the Brotherhood I should either have perished miserably like so many others or else have been compelled to deny my services to every other public institution in the kingdom.



"Here's the turkey. . . . How are you? Merry Christmas!"

(Reduced.) From a colour-plate by A. C. Michael in 'A Christmas Carol,' by Charles Dickens (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Besides, orating in Ancoats is attended with every circumstance that can make public speaking trying both to the speaker and his audience. Rowley proceeds on the sound principle that however good sermonising may be for people's souls, it will bore them so fearfully that unless he begins with some good music they will not come, and unless he consoles them with some more afterwards they will not stay. The wretched speaker is thus placed in the position of a man who is interrupting a concert which everybody is enjoying. To understand the horror of this, you should see Rowley saying to the audience with an air partly of forced geniality, partly of veiled menace, "I am sure you will give our friend a hearty welcome," and then lifting his hands as high as possible and clapping violently. Of course the audience politely does its duty, and the speaker, with a feeble grin, rises and, nine times out of ten, begins with "Mr. Chairman, the words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo," at which the audience, who have heard that opening so often that it is like "Dearly Beloved Brethren" to them, resign themselves to the worst, and generally get it. I will not be mock modest enough to pretend that I am an exceptionally dull chin-musician; but I bar having to come in on top of Beethoven. The intensity of effort required to pick up a concert, and carry it on without dropping the pitch by pure tub-thumping, without even the orchestral accompaniment that the meanest melodramatic villain is granted, can be appreciated only by those who have tried it.

And then the tea afterwards! Nice kind people with "Well, you did your best, old chap," in every wrinkle of their smiles. It has been my lot to address audiences whose one object has been to prevent a word of my utterances being heard, and whose frenzied insults have kept my utmost powers of repartee and hard-hitting argument at full stretch for an hour. I would cheerfully take on ten such audiences rather than this

quiet, friendly, consolatory, but knowing and critical Ancoats Brotherhood.

Still, Rowley is right in his methods. The problem he has to solve in his propaganda of high art among the people is not, as many people imagine, the imposition of a refined culture on a class of coarse persons who are intensely recalcitrant to it. Ancoaters who are by nature recalcitrant to Bach and Beethoven simply do not join the Brotherhood, just as the same sort of people in the richer classes do not go to Symphony Concerts but to races and shoots. The Brotherhood automatically selects from the population of Ancoats the people who need and appreciate music and literature as naturally as others need and appreciate bull-dogs and tobacco. The proportion of them is quite as large as, possibly larger than, the proportion in Mayfair. The real difficulty is to provide these people with high art without making the Brotherhood a sort of Capua, like those German towns which impress the English tourist so deeply with their atmosphere of music and painting and drama and discussion of art, but as to which you will learn, if you ask in the most thoughtful quarters, that promising men who go to live there do no more good work, and crowds of young students who imagine they are entering on a career as artists are really doing nothing but leading very loose lives. High art, taken by itself, and cut off from all the other foods of mankind, is rather more mischievous than an exclusive diet of brandy would be. When Rowley says, in effect, to the Brotherhood, "You shall not wallow in Beethoven all the afternoon: you must have a tonic: you must wake up and think about public affairs and about the soul of your country between the quartets," he is precisely right. The result justifies him: his people are cultivated but not demoralised. And this is why public speakers must suffer the contrast with Beethoven, and rouse the audience out of its beauty sleep with the discordant tones of the platform orator shouting facts and figures—mostly very uncomfortable ones—at them. I shall be reminded, of course, that a Beethoven Allegro or a Bach toccato is no bad preparation for a strenuous grapple with real life. My reply is that if art is taken neat, so to speak, Beethoven and Bach drop out of the programmes and give way, first to Schubert and Brahms, and then to music in which pure sensuousness has extinguished the last spark of thought and conscience—"art for art's sake," as foolish people used to call it. I therefore plead for the unfortunate speakers that with all their air of driving Beethoven and Bach off the platform it is they who really keep them on it. And it is by his discovery of this that Rowley scores over all other Sunday entertainers of the people, and maintains over his friends, without losing their friendship, that tyranny which I have faintly attempted to describe.

ONE OF THE GREAT MASTERS.*

By Walter Jerrold.

A SHORT while ago a lady asked me to my great astonishment, "Do you know anything of Edward Lear's books?" I was doubtful whether to regard the question as a reflection upon my knowledge of literature—and incidentally upon those responsible for my upbringing—or as an indication that the great master of nonsense had fallen into such neglect that any one happening upon him felt the glory of a new discoverer. Another lady, seeing upon my desk the daintily attired portly volume of "Later Letters" and the earlier "Letters" which it now so pleasantly companions, said "Who *was* Edward Lear?" The second of my questioners is old enough to have been brought up on fairly early editions of the "Books of Nonsense"—and she knew not Lear! She is herself a writer of some standing—and she knew not Lear! Surely there can be but few people who have had the good fortune to have had a healthy upbringing in circles where books are used at all, who are in so deplorable a plight. Deplorable it is, for

> "A little nonsense now and then
> Is relished by the best of men,"

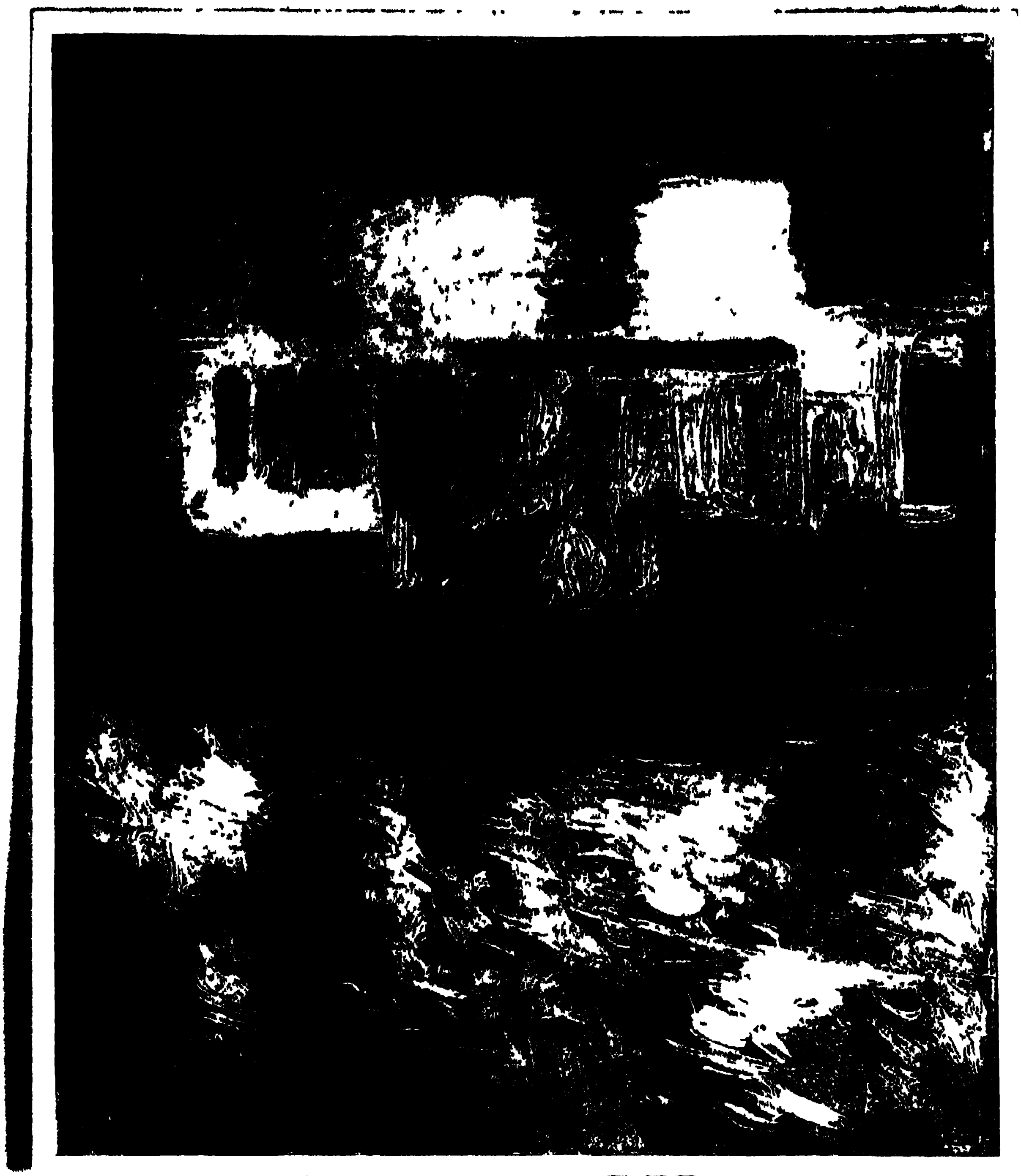
and it is vitally necessary to the proper education of the young.

These two books may make but little appeal to those who know not Lear; but those who do know him will hold out both hands in welcoming the one as a supplement—verse, prose, and pictures—to the "Nonsense" books (immortal as childhood), the other as a further revelation of the character of the writer of those books, a further addition to the shelves on which we keep the letters of Lamb, FitzGerald and the rest of that small company of correspondents who, writing for the few, delight the many. Lord Cromer says: "Perhaps the



From a drawing by Edward Lear in "Later Letters of Edward Lear." (Fisher Unwin.)

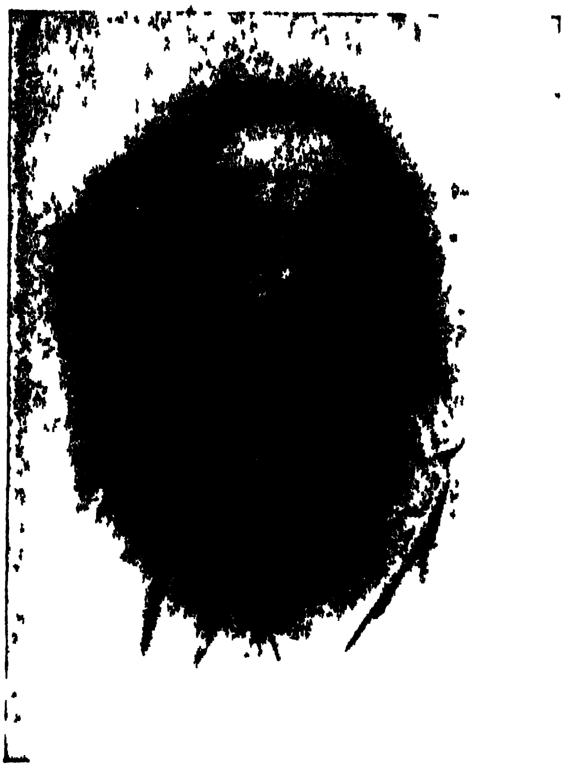
* "Later Letters of Edward Lear, author of 'The Book of Nonsense,' to Chichester Fortescue (Lord Carlingford), Frances, Countess Waldegrave, and Others." Edited by Lady Strachey of Sutton Court. With 83 Illustrations. 15s. net. (Unwin.)—"Queery Leary Nonsense: a Lear Nonsense Book." Edited by Lady Strachey of Sutton Court. With an Introduction by the Earl of Cromer. 3s. 6d. net. (Mills & Boon.)



THE PINK LADY
(From the impressionist painting by Fergusson)

HISTORY OF PAINTING'
By Haldane Macfall
In Eight Volumes

(T. C. & E. C. JACK)



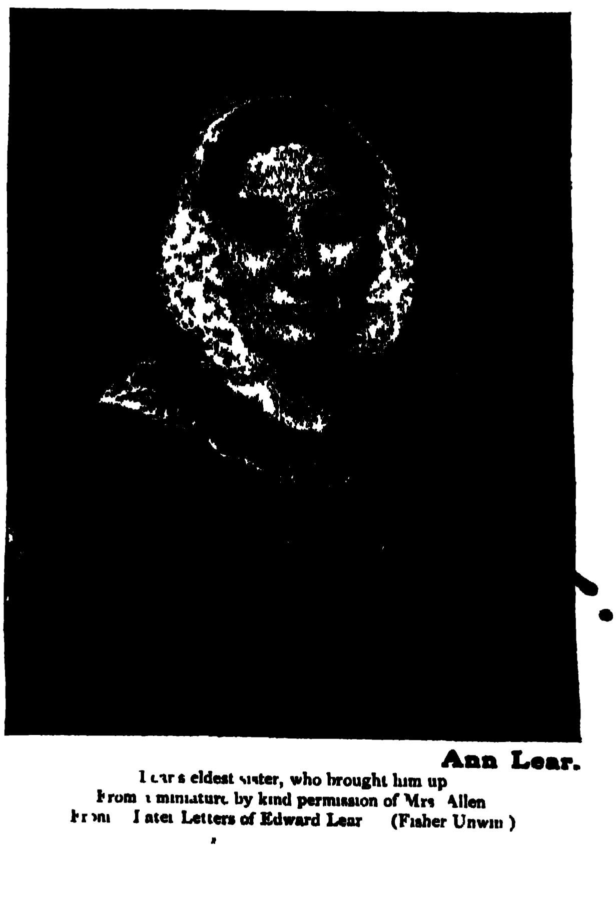
Edward Lear in 1867.
Taken in Alexandria.
From "Later Letters of Edward Lear," edited by Lady Strachey.
(Fisher Unwin.)

best monument to the memory of Edward Lear is to be found in the merry laughter which his works and drawings have excited amongst children whom he loved so well. He lives and will continue to live in the minds of the public as one of the great classical authors of nonsense. The two volumes of his correspondence, of which Lady Strachey has now given us the second, should ensure his living also among the letter-writers.

It was as a landscape painter that Edward Lear first won his fame; his "Nonsense" (originating in the playfulness of his spirits in company or correspondence with his friends) at length reached the public and gave him popularity, and the happy preservation of so many of his letters should give him a new kind of reputation. Lear was a man who retained throughout life something of the naivete, something of the perennial capacity for wonder, of a child; and his letters, with his unselfconscious bubblings of fun, will assuredly delight all who retain some share of that same capacity. The joy in nonsense is the joy which will keep a child agog with delight before Punch and Judy and send it to sleep at a performance of one of Mr. Bernard Shaw's plays. There is the genuine nonsense which justifies its name and the nonsense which is employed as a mask for the disguising of the ironic and the sardonic and other uncomfortable masqueraders, and it is as master of the first kind that Lear won his popularity, and will long continue to hold it. So surely had he struck the vein of nonsense from the first, that when "The Book of Nonsense" was originally published just half a century ago, one of the severest of the review-journals referred to it as a reprint of nursery rhymes! Lear was not of course the inventor of the "nonsense" form of verse, and what his reviewer of 1861 had in mind was probably a booklet published about forty years earlier, consisting of crude drawings accompanied by such verses, some of which soon found their way into the collections of nursery-rhymes. Mr. Thomas Congreve, who contributes some prefatory reminiscences of Lear to the "Later Letters," says:

I have always believed that in his heart of hearts he was prouder of his 'Book of Nonsense' than of his paintings; and recalls what delight Lear always had in a favourable review, how he chafed under an unfavourable one, and yet how unconcernedly he took all criticisms of his pictures. Lord Cromer, on the other hand, thinks that Lear felt some slight disappointment that his fame rested on the "Nonsense" rather than on his merits as an artist. From one of his letters we learn that ingenious people tried to give the credit for the book to an eminent statesman, for in the course of a letter to Lady Waldegrave in 1866 Lear said:

> A few days ago in a railway as I went to my sister's, a gentleman explained to two ladies (whose children had my "Book of Nonsense") that thousands of families were grateful to the author (which in silence I agreed to) who was not generally known—but was really Lord Derby: and now came a showing forth which cleared up at once to my mind why that statement has already appeared in several papers. "Edward Earl of Derby (said the Gentleman) did not choose to publish the book openly, but dedicated it as you see to his relations, and now if you will transpose the letters LEAR you will read simply EDWARD EARL." Says I, joining spontanious in the conversation, "That is quite a mistake: I have reason to know that Edward Lear the painter and author wrote and illustrated the whole book." "And I," says the Gentleman, says he, "have good reason to know, Sir, that you are wholly mistaken. *There is no such a person* as Edward Lear." "But," says I, "there *is*—and I am the man, and I wrote the book!" Whereon all the party burst out laughing and evidently thought me mad or telling fibs. So I took off my hat and showed it all round with Edward Lear and the address in large letters—also one of my cards, and a marked handkerchief: on which amazement devoured



Ann Lear.
Lear's eldest sister, who brought him up.
From a miniature by kind permission of Mrs. Allen.
From "Later Letters of Edward Lear." (Fisher Unwin.)

those benighted individuals, and I left them to gnash their teeth in trouble and tumult."

Although there is much of delightful nonsense in these letters, there is much else as well, in the way of anecdotes and reminiscences of notable people, and many touches on serious subjects which show once more that the true humorist is a man who thinks and feels deeply; above all, the letters are delightful in their revelation of the author as one whom it must have been good to know. In the "Queery Leary Nonsense," Lord Cromer quotes a letter which he received from Lear, every word of which is mere nonsense-coinage, and often in his regular correspondence he introduced such amusingly meaningless words. Writing to his friend Lord Carlingford he said:



Edward Lear in 1881.
From a photograph.
From "Later Letters of Edward Lear." (Fisher Unwin.)

"I have often seen in lists of dinners 'Cabinet puddings' named. Now what I have a painful curiosity to know is whether all your Cabinet Ministers have such a pudding placed before you at Cabinet Councils, and if W. E. G. has a huge big one at the head of the table? Respond—this being an imporant philopobostrogotrobbicle question."

The whole volume is one that is to be read and enjoyed by all who delight in a lovable nature expressed in easy friendly talks on paper, the talk in this instance of one who might well have echoed the wise man's words, "Here comes a fool—let us be serious."

The "Queery Leary Nonsense"—the title, Lady Strachey tells us, was Lear's own—contains a very interesting introduction by Lord Cromer, in which are given many of Lear's droll drawings and brief notes. Lord Cromer tells us, too, that the score of bird portraits—including the Runcible and Scroobius—in this miscellany were drawn for the purpose of instructing a young child in colour differences. These birds and the many other drawings—some of them to old nursery favourites—with the new nonsense verses together form a volume which should prove a welcome addition to the older Lear books, and serve to delight many children.

New Books.

THE LIFE OF PARACELSUS.*

It is a little difficult at the present day to accept Browning's Paracelsus as the outcome of a serious knowledge respecting the man himself and his writings, or as a help to his understanding on our own part. It is a record at length of the manner in which a singular personality and a strange life presented themselves to the poet's mind. When Browning says that his sheaf of dramatic scenes can be slipped between the leaves of any memoir of Paracelsus, he means that the broad facts are—broadly speaking—respected, while he has a right to his own inferences and constructions on character and purpose. All this is legitimate, and does not need debating, but that which remains over is the distinction between him who aspired and attained within the consciousness of the poet, *anno* 1835, and him who toiled, suffered, aspired and made his bid for attainment between the years 1493 and 1541. The late Miss Stoddart gives us her assurance that the poem inspired her Life of Theophrastus, though it might be more literal to say that her interest in the one—as an old admirer of Browning and member of the Browning Society—led her to those studies which so late as this present year have culminated in the other.

* "The Life of Paracelsus: Theophrastus von Hohenheim (1493—1541)." By Anna M. Stoddart. With Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)

Mr. John Murray in a few memorial words, which read pathetically, tells us that Miss Stoddart, whose death took place a few hours after passing for press the last sheets of this volume, had devoted her whole life and energies for some years to the work. The statement can obtain only in a very general way, for she depends almost exclusively on German research, which is quite ready to the hand of the seeker, and during recent times has provided ample material. From her preface it appears that she had meditated the possibility of the Life for a period of twenty years, but did not initiate the undertaking till the early part of 1910. As a biography on the external side, it is in most respects excellent. By following her German authorities, Miss Stoddart has given us not only the literary, medical, and scientific history of Paracelsus, but the itinerary of his whole life. As a vindication of his motives and character, it commands my whole sympathy. It must be said that we have for the first time a worthy memorial in English, and there is nothing which ranks second thereto. She has shown his utter devotion to the art and science of healing, with the ground from which he worked. Amidst the manifest pride and overwhelming self-praise which are features so marked in his writings, she has shown also his sincerity, his singleness and his great charity towards the poor, for whom all his gifts and experience were available, without money and without price. She is not entirely and

always right amidst the enthusiasm of her vindication which here and there blunts her critical perception and in matters of expression takes her into unfortunate paths of the superlative Nor does the need of vindication arise in the measure which she supposes

It is generally understood and allowed that Paracelsus was a new light in medicine and surgery at his period No one qualified to express an opinion has said otherwise for a considerable number of years It was different in the days when Robert Browning wrote his quasi dramatic poem Then very few understood on what principle or in respect of what disposition he selected his character whose very name if it spelt anything stood for imposture and the bombast which was one of his titles But it is in no sense now necessary to speak of rescuing his memory from contemptuous oblivion or to suggest as Mr Murray says that Paracelsus is known mainly in this country through Robert Browning He is perfectly well known appreciated and in some respects over appreciated not only here but in America and in France It is true that the interest is largely of what is called the occult kind it is not too thorough and it is not of the critical kind but about its diffusion there can be no question The work of Miss Stoddart is not the first Life which has appeared in English so to speak at full length There is that of Dr Franz Hartmann which for all that I know to the contrary may be still in print and has certainly passed through more than one edition It is not a satisfactory memorial it is an attempt to explain Paracelsus along modern theosophical lines but it exists and to those who can accept the construction it is as much a vindication of its subject as the work of Miss Stoddart In quite another category there is also my own edition of the Hermetic and Alchemical Writings by or attributed to Paracelsus containing nearly everything outside his surgical and purely medical works I agree with Miss Stoddart that these last may call for scholarly editing and whether they will receive it in France I cannot say but the fact remains that they are in the course of publication in the French language and will I understand be followed in due time by the texts which belong more especially to the domain of occult philosophy

Miss Stoddart's memoir stands however by itself and as she knows nearly all that has been said and done in Germany during the past twenty five years her book is assuredly a new light on its subject in several important respects She has made it moreover one of living interest from the first to the last page Perhaps she has here and there overladen it a little but this is pardonable enough and this too has its own side of interest One does not usually begin the life of one's hero by a history of his birthplace through the early Christian centuries and yet it is good to read what is said about Einsiedeln while certain digressions on contemporaries of Paracelsus complete a picture which is throughout well filled otherwise

Of his life itself I can say a few words only Paracelsus was of Swiss origin but part of his boyhood was passed in Carinthia and it is probable that he became a student at Basle The foundation of his knowledge was laid in his father's library and in conjunction with his father's studies In the same way he was grounded in chemistry which then signified alchemical research theories of alchemy transmutation and hermetic medicine Of medicine also he learned much from his father and probably pursued the regular course at Basle but there is no account of his graduation Among many other places we hear of him at Vienna and Paris at different Italian centres and even in England He visited the Netherlands Denmark Sweden and Russia proceeding subsequently to Constantinople In 1526 he was appointed town physician and lecturer on medicine at Basle It was there that his persecutions began for a reform in medicine found no favour with the vested interest He relinquished the appointment and resumed his wanderings over which it is impossible to follow him His last travelling stage was Salzburg and there he died on September 24 1541

When Miss Stoddart passes from external things from the claims of Paracelsus in medicine and surgery to what may be called the inner doctrine of his writings we enter a different field, and become acquainted with her limitations Ordinary readers will bring away an impression that the sage of Hohenheim was an enlightened doctor of his period using some of the jargon which connects with occult sciences but quite liberal and modern in his views concerning them Miss Stoddart is not intending to apologise for a great man accused falsely of magic yet she reduces his connection with certain arts of which he was a chief exponent If he sometimes derided astrology like Thomas Vaughan at others he defended it as shown by his treatise on Hermetic Astronomy He was moreover no less an alchemist in the accepted sense of the term than physician in the accepted sense, as other texts remain to make evident Miss Stoddart is also an unsafe guide in the side-issues of her subject her digressions for purposes of elucidation on Neoplatonism Kabalism, Rosicrucianism and so forth bespeak very slender acquaintance while her application of the term mystic to certain personalities including Paracelsus himself indicates that this subject is also beyond her province

These facts do not seriously alter the value of her monograph it culminates in the force of the end when a plain and simple style rises for a moment to eloquence and we feel that hers has been truly a successful vindication of its subject and is likely to be a lasting memorial

A E WAITE.



Paracelsus, aged 24.

From the painting by Scorel 1517 now in the Louvre Gallery

From "Life of Paracelsus," by Miss A M Stoddart (John Murray)

THE ODYSSEY OF THE NORTH.*

Never before has there been an arctic book like unto this one which, strictly speaking, is not an arctic book. It was to have been one, according to Dr. Nansen's plan. His object was to show how and where arctic exploration began, whither it led, and what it did. But in looking for a starting point he found himself in a fog of conjectures, false literary traditions, and the unquestioned copying of one author by another. So he came to probe deeper and deeper, aided all the time by learned professors, into ancient myth and legend, till mist after mist had been dispelled and he could show us clearly, almost irrefutably, how the ancients extended their knowledge of northerly Europe, and how in later times further north-easterly and north-westerly exploration was carried on by the early Celts and Norsemen, and subsequently by the more modern adventurers. The book is *the* saga of its subject, and fitting indeed it is that the work should come from the hand of a Norseman who has penetrated deep into ice-bound latitudes, has the spirit of adventurous daring in him, yet is a man of science and learning. It is truly a wonderful story of human effort, persistency, and achievement that he tells us in plain language, in the very style of which there is a continual ring and cadence of high endeavours and great fruition.

By such means as references in ancient MSS., amber, existing cromlechs, and hard logic, Dr. Nansen proves, so far as it can be proved, that long before the beginning of history there were trading routes from what is now Spain to the cradle of the Teutonic race, possibly to the south shore of the Baltic. Then taking up the story of Pytheas, we find that this young Phœnician went farther than Britain, that he voyaged up north to the Shetlands, then crossed to Norway and called it Thule. We see how the Irish of the eighth century, in nothing more than sea-going coracles, discovered the Faroes, then Iceland, only to be driven out presently by adventuring Norsemen. Writing of the Scandinavian voyagers who, primarily for plunder and conquest only, were moving back the barriers of ignorance and darkness, Dr. Nansen says:

> "First they crossed the North Sea and sailed constantly to Shetland, Orkney, North Britain and Ireland, then to the Faroes, Iceland and Greenland, and at last they steered straight across the Atlantic itself and thereby discovered North America. We do not know how early the passage of the North Sea originated, but probably it was before the time of Pytheas and much earlier than usually supposed."

With deference, however, to the learned and intrepid author, we venture to think that here he claims too much—in other words, he does not advance sufficient proof of what he claims to be facts. We are entitled to ask, as we are desirous of believing when it is put before us, where is the actual evidence that Norsemen had crossed the North Sea prior to the discovery of Britain by Pytheas? Not in the rude rock carvings of boats which are to be seen in Scandinavia to-day, with their fifty rowers and an additional armed crew to a boat only fifteen feet in length, and are so like Greek and Roman galleys that they were probably copied—with such changes as suited the native mind—from representations carried north by those overland traders whose existence Dr. Nansen has taken such enormous pains to prove, or might have had their originals in the vessels of Pytheas and the Phœnicians who followed him northward. Again we ask for proof of the statement that the Norsemen discovered America by sailing directly across the Atlantic. We are quite ready to believe they did if we can but see evidence enough, such as the doctor has produced on other points and at such great length and previous labour.

Besides, we are shown so clearly, step by step, how the Norsemen came to the islands immediately north of Scotland, how they then heard of the Faroes and sailed there, next of Iceland and went marauding there, then how Eric the Red discovered Greenland by being storm-driven out of his course, and how he and others made new homes there. Thus point by point we have actual history of their crossing the Atlantic to within a few days' sail of the coast of Labrador. Thus we find it so easy to believe—and really do believe—that the Scandinavian Icelanders were the first Europeans to reach North America, but not by a direct crossing of the Atlantic.

Still, in spite of our thinking that Dr. Nansen claims rather too much for the early Norsemen, we quite readily say that he has written a truly important book on the subject of early northern and western exploration, a book which, as it has taken years of hard work, much learning, and great natural abilities to produce, must stand as the last word on its subject till newer material be found, and that is very likely to be never. As to the arctic ventures proper, with which the doctor deals so much less than with the more valuable researches and deductions concerning ancient things, he writes, and who shall deny?—

> "Every complete devotion to an idea yields some profit, even though it be different from that which was expected. From first to last the history of polar expeditions is a simple, mighty manifestation of the power of the unknown over the mind of man. . . . Ever since the Norsemen's earliest voyages arctic expeditions have certainly brought material advantages to the human race, such as rich fisheries, whaling and sealing, and so on; they have produced scientific results in the knowledge of hitherto unknown regions and conditions; but they have given us far more than this: they have tempered the human will for the conquest of difficulties; they have furnished a school of manliness and self-conquest in the midst of the slackness of times of transition, and have held up noble ideals before the rising generation; they have fed the imagination, have given fairy tales to the child, and raised the thoughts of its elders above their daily toil."

All in all the book is, as we have said, so great a contribution to northern and north-western exploration as to be a monumental and a permanent landmark in the tremendous wastes whereof it treats so masterly and on the whole so conclusively. The two handsome volumes are exceedingly well indexed, and really enriched by numerous illustrations and reproductions which considerably help the reader to a closer grasp of this absorbing story of human heroism, striving, and success.

J. F. PATTERSON.

* "In Northern Mists: Arctic Exploration in Early Times." By Fridtjof Nansen, G.C.V.O., D.Sc., D.C.L., Ph.D., Professor of Oceanography in the University of Christiania, etc. Translated by Arthur G. Chater. Illustrated. 2 Vols. 30s. net. (Heinemann.)

MR. TRENCH'S POEMS.*

There are fifteen new poems in "Lyrics and Narrative Poems." The rest of the book, with one or two omissions, such as "The Voice from the Column" and the "Ode on the American Massacres," consists of the contents of "Deirdre Wed," published in 1901, and of "New Poems," 1907. Among the fifteen are three—"Prelude to a Masque," "Requiem of Archangels for the World," and "Bitter Serenade"—which, if they do not surpass, certainly do not fall short of Mr. Trench's previous achievement. Still, this is not a large body of work to represent four years of a man's lifetime, and Mr. Trench may not escape the charge of sterility which it is the fashion to level at poets who, unlike those of another time, make the writing of poetry the delight of their leisure rather than the task-work of every day. Every lyrical poet has to resist the temptation to say over again, more eloquently, practisedly, but less well, what he has said once and for all in his first impulse. Only the few refrain their hearts and leave the little that they really burned to express, and gave life to out of their enthusiasm, to represent their true and complete accomplishment.

Every such poet's work, too, if it be scanned closely, is usually found to reveal one recurrent definite idea, one prevailing theme of inspiration. No words could better

* "Lyrics and Narrative Poems." By Herbert Trench. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

express the haunting fundamental thought that underlies Mr. Trench's poetry than a line from his "Prelude to a Masque" (Ben Jonson's "The Vision of Delight"): "Life, it hath still and fragrance, infinity and repose." Who can with fulness of tongue, he asks, "Utter this widening World of to-day with old completeness?"

> "And so some Dance, [illegible] some [illegible] of a Song, or a Stave,
> Is our time's best incarnation, all we can humbly demand—
> Who feel a power through the [illegible] thrilling Wave upon Wave,
> Each Wave by a greater that follows compelled to expand, expand!"

That aspect of the world and of human life never wearies his thought, though the outcome of his brooding contemplation and questioning be only that we may become at length aware of an audience Divine. "Who knows?" Again and again the intense realisation of the infinity, the complexity of this riddle, the world's whither and why, is expressed now in one form, now in another, together with the reiterated remembrance of the despair or hope or courage, the unabashed, however vain, effort with which man confronts and endeavours to answer it—man the solitary and transitory, man the eternal and ever-returning. The "Stanzas on Poetry," the "Ode to Beauty," the "Requiem," "Apollo and the Seaman," "Starlight Delilah," "The Old Fable," "Multitude Remoulded," even that exquisitely peaceful echo of war, "I heard a Soldier," and many other poems repeat, each one in its own fashion, an effort to discover and to reveal a motive [illegible] beyond life's present power to grasp, and beyond the power of words to do much more than adumbrate.

[illegible] to the world and the universe Mr. Trench puts the same questions in such poems as "I seek thee in the heart alone," and indirectly "Bitter Serenade." Whither am I tending? What is the meaning and value of it all? So also in thinking of the loved one in "Come, let us make love deathless," and "You were tired, swift on the moment of peace press [illegible]" the question whether, regarding the world without or the world within, what shall survive [illegible] it leave behind it. [illegible] There come a moment in the twilight [illegible] describe the hush, the transfiguration, the [illegible] of light that precedes at times the fall of dark. Many a poet would be content to leave the impression simply recorded. Mr. Trench turn from the flowers [illegible]

> [illegible]
> All [illegible] moment
> [illegible]
> [illegible]
> [illegible]
> [illegible]
> [illegible]
> [illegible]
> [illegible]

The same question [illegible] in "Who knows" [illegible] against the cloud of glory. But though question so often remains in Mr. Trench's poetry, the suggestion of scepticism or of negation is very far from being the residuum, as it were, that remains in the mind after reading this volume. The delightfully simple and telling close to the "Apollo" is far rather that: "And very rare is such fundamentally reflective, introspective poetry, the work of a thinker and a dreamer, the extraordinary [illegible] ness of feeling, the [illegible] consciousness and beauty, the spiritual and intellectual passion which are so much the mark of these poems, which give them their unquestionable individuality and yet do not disturb their essential 'repose.'"

The defects or exaggerations of technique in Mr. Trench's work are precisely what are natural to it: the word too well chosen that draws attention away from the thing it is intended to express, the too elaborate or ornate phrase, a certain hardness of outline, a tendency towards hyperbole, towards orotundity, and towards becoming a little vague, like the idea of infinity itself. Such poetry too, when it declines from its own level, does not decline into the naïve and thin, but into the rhetoric. This is the wrong side, as it were, of Mr. Trench's clear, delicate, often brilliant and beautiful web of poetry, the design of which, and the means by which he endeavours to execute it, are, as is so often the case, best described in his own words, a stanza from a poem entitled "Fragment":

> [illegible] the treasure ship I sought,
> The [illegible] and the [illegible]
> [illegible] wherewith my own was wrought
> [illegible]
> [illegible]
> And [illegible] almost caught
> All [illegible]
> [illegible]
> [illegible]
> Will the [illegible] to turn it now
> Will the [illegible]
> [illegible]
> The full theme of the song.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

THE MAN OF NO SORROWS.*

Reduced to simplest outline, the story of Mr. Coulson Kernahan's new religious booklet is this. There arises in the East a new Messiah, who has power to heal the sick and raise the dead. In personal appearance he bears a strange likeness to Christ himself, but he wears robes of fine linen embroidered with jewels, and instead of proclaiming that through sorrow is the only way to perfection, he comes with a gospel of joy, and would lift all thought of sorrow from the world's heart. "The burden of the Cross I lift from your shoulders, the shadow of the Cross I banish for ever from your sight. Here and to-day we take an eternal farewell of the Religion of Sorrow."

His doctrine [illegible] acceptance elsewhere, and are at last received with acclaim throughout England. He is the new Messiah, full of love and reverence for the Master he displaces, but strong in the conviction that mankind will be [illegible] and regenerated and find peace through joy, and not through sorrow, for to sorrow is [illegible] fellow men, and to be guilty of black ingratitude to the Giver of All.

The people [illegible] accept his teaching, and transform the earth into a holiday garden. For a season men and women were happy and contented, turning life into [illegible] all were ready to eat their fill. But they [illegible] simple and [illegible] they [illegible] presently [illegible] and with the [illegible] and love [illegible] also, and [illegible] beauty fade from their faces [illegible] degenerating into an utterly selfish [illegible] of primitive barbarians; when the Christ, the Man of Sorrows, returns, and the new Messiah in humble and contrite despair owns his error, and [illegible] that the Cross he had cast down shall be lifted [illegible] and now not only the Religion of Sorrow, but the Religion of Love which cometh out of that Sorrow, shall rule men's hearts and conquer the world.

It is [illegible] underlying truth, its oblique imaginative comment on the religious life and thought of our own day, that give this poetic parable its significance and its power. The book is alive with meaning and suggestion. Mr. Kernahan has vindicated the central truths of Christianity in other allegories, in other visions, but in none more earnestly, nor with a more delicate literary skill than in this, in which he sets himself to interpret the mystery and the ministry of Sorrow.

* "The Man of No Sorrows." By Coulson Kernahan. 1s. net. (Cassell.)

THE FREEING OF ITALY.*

It is pleasant just now for reasons that do not need particularising to be reminded of a time when Italian patriots fought for what was beyond doubt a noble cause and might rightly claim to be consumed with a passion for liberty. Few revolutionary movements have had such justification as that which resulted in the making of a United Italy; in few have the favours of fortune been so thoroughly earned by patient and unselfish effort. Two men may be credited with about an equal share in realising the dreams of Mazzini, and their co-operation was none the less real for their seeming to be rivals who were often at odds. Without Cavour's sleepless vigilance no less than without Garibaldi's inspiring leadership Italy's nationality must have remained an ideal; the statesman was as necessary to the success of the *risorgimento* as the guerilla chief. Yet it is to Garibaldi, the modest and self-effacing soldier, the hero whom the interests of the country he had liberated could give up power and step back into obscurity, that our affections instinctively turn because greatness has here seen combined with simplicity and no excuses have to be made for anything which even approximates to double-dealing. The traditional estimate of him, it is agreeable to note, still holds the field despite the emergence of new historical documents and the scrutiny to which his every action has been subjected by modern critics. Among the latter an English historian has made his mark, thus continuing those friendly relations with Italy which have characterised no less our literature than our politics. No foreign event, I think, it may be said quite safely, apart from the French Revolution has ever left such an impression on our poetry and fiction as the struggle for Italian freedom. Mr. G. M. Trevelyan then was but treading in the footsteps of a line of distinguished English authors, George Meredith and the Brownings among the number, when he devoted himself to the work of composing what were a Garibaldian trilogy. The final volume of his series has now been completed, and here once more he proves himself admirably equipped for his task, bringing to it the right discrimination, enthusiasm and gift of picturesque description. This time he has had to deal with the all-important developments of the summer of 1860, that *annus mirabilis* indeed which saw within a few months the Bourbon *régime* driven from Naples and the barrier of the Papal States broken through so effectively that the last hindrance to Italian unity was swept aside. Mr. Trevelyan's style does justice to his subject alike in its vivacity and in its self-restraint, and the reader will turn the last page of his book only regretful that its writer has come to the end of his labours and deeply impressed with the romantic nature of the theme.

Into the details of this story of Garibaldi and the Making of Italy, or of the character of its hero, there is no necessity to enter. The fact that King Victor Emmanuel was afraid to face the crowd of Naples without the popular dictator sitting by his side is evidence enough of what an actor in the drama thought of Garibaldi's achievements. And we need no other testimony to his courage or his humility than that which is furnished by two well authenticated pictures of history. When on the withdrawal of the Bourbons he accepted the Neapolitans' invitation to enter their city unguarded by his troops, there were friends of his who feared lest he should in his triumphal progress draw on himself the fire of the guns left behind in the forts. Garibaldi deliberately stood up in his carriage and faced the loaded cannon with the result that some of his enemies saluted and none of them discharged a shot. Again when owing to the jealousy which the Piedmont regular soldiers felt for his volunteers he found his services rewarded with neglect, so far from reproaching



Garibaldi in Old Age.

[illegible]

the monarch whose claims he had always recognised, he slipped away quietly by night to his island home of Caprera, taking but a bag full of seed corn for his farm as the loot of all his victories and descending to the rank of a petty farmer. These events speak for themselves, and no historian could enhance their appeal by the embroidery of comment. The author of the volume before us avoids making any such mistake. Where however Mr. Trevelyan does let himself go with advantage to the student of modern Italian history is in the matter of the assistance Garibaldi obtained from three different quarters. Little as he would have liked to admit it, nay perhaps little as he knew it, the victor of the Volturno was greatly in Cavour's debt. His biographer is not extravagant in terming Cavour his good angel. That the diplomatist would have preferred to see the kingdom of the Bourbons overthrown by an internal revolution rather than by Garibaldi's red shirts is true enough. But when once he discovered that he had miscalculated the mood of King Francis's army he did all he could to make his rival's invasion a success. Just as it was he whose secret benevolence equipped Garibaldi with troops and ammunition and transports, so at the critical moment when the repulse before Capua might have been followed up by more serious defeat he launched the army of Piedmont against the Papal States and took the Bourbon force in the rear. His own Sovereign's interests no doubt also influenced him in this move, but it was always his idea that the King and the Dictator must act in alliance, and it was due to his clever tactics and apparent duplicity that the Powers did not intervene in Italy. England, of course, thanks to its Premier, was always, if the term may be permitted, a friendly neutral. But there was a time when, at the instigation of Napoleon, she seemed likely to act in a way that would have meant the ruin of the cause Cavour and Garibaldi alike had at heart. It was suggested to

* Garibaldi and the Making of Italy. By G. M. Trevelyan. 7s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

Lord John Russell that the English and French fleets should police the Straits of Messina and prevent Garibaldi's landing in Italy. He thinking the proposal was instigated by Piedmont would have agreed had not Cavour in post haste sent an envoy who was a personal friend of Lord John's and was able to explain the fatal significance of any such policy. This story Mr. Trevelyan is able to put in print for the first time as a result of a study of the Russell family papers. He is also able to reveal another fact hitherto unknown which illustrates the enthusiastic interest taken by Victor Emmanuel in Garibaldi's enterprise. When the Dictator contemplated invading Naples the King wrote a formal letter condemning the idea, but at the same time he sent a private note urging Garibaldi to disregard these orders and to say in reply "you cannot obey the wishes of the King but must reserve full freedom of action." The note is still extant.

After such instances have been given it is unnecessary to say that this volume shows in every chapter signs of the most painstaking research. It has also besides an index and several appendices four capital maps which render aid to an understanding of Garibaldi's marches and campaign, and in the text will be found graphic account of the scenery through which the red-shirt army passed that prove that the writer must have covered the whole ground himself. Indeed no more conscientious contribution to history than Mr. Trevelyan's has been issued for many a long day.

E. C. BRITAIN.

THE UNDERMAN.*

It is difficult to read Mr. Grierson placidly. He has been praised by Maeterlinck. He was praised by Professor William James. In America a veritable Grierson cult has sprung into existence. And he has certainly written one very vivid book on his childish memories of the American Civil War. But it is his essays and not the memories which are praised. his "Celtic Temperament and Modern Mysticism" or rather the two collections so named after their first chapter. These essays are wonderfully easy to read. They are graceful flowing and at a glance urbane and lacking in exaggeration. The writer is obviously a very clever man with a natural talent for the pen, infinite assurance and an impressive cosmopolitanism. He speaks *ex cathedra* without argument and with very little illustration. He advances by a series of assertions all made in the same cool easy way, whatever their degree of probability. He is a great admirer of aphorisms and epigrammatic sentences, or as he says himself, "I seek the soul of an author in two things, the aphorism and the descriptive passage." There is no lack of aphorisms in his own work, in fact almost every sentence is an aphorism. I will take an example from his note on the question of endowing artistic talent:

"No man," he says, "who does not believe in the immortality of the soul cares much what becomes of anybody with a gift."

My second example is from his essay on "Memorable Expressions": "Four things are usually found in memorable expressions: a clear idea, a deep sentiment, the right words, and a rhythmic arrangement of words." Here usually and the right words should be noted.

Looking back over this book I find again and again examples of those rapid strides so characteristic of genius—one footmark on one hilltop and one on the next, not a continuous hobnailed chain. See, for example, how he glides in a later passage of the essay on "Memorable Expressions":

"Writing of Shelley's 'Prometheus Unbound' Francis Thompson alludes to a poetic world 'where the very grass is all a rustle with lovely spirit things, and a weeping mist of music fills the ear,' which is one more proof that it takes a genius to deal adequately with genius. How tame, after writing like this, is the prose of people who sit in easy chairs and moralise about the intellectual meanings of the poets!"

He assumes at once, and without mentioning the assumption, that Thompson's words are good and good in their place, which his quotation does not prove, and then he declares that because one genius *has* written as he pronounces adequately about another, therefore it takes a genius, etc. The remaining sentence would not do credit to any one, let alone Mr. Grierson. Sometimes these strides seem to denote an ordinary *non sequitur*, for example:

"It is the mission of an epigrammatic age to reduce to a minimum the power and influence exercised by the merely formal and respectable. The position a man has occupied in society will count for nothing in the judgment of posterity."

Naturally the essay on "Mystery and Illusion" contains most of these strides. One moment he is speaking of spiritual serenity and of a particular kind, "the result of inborn goodness strengthened and brightened by the going and coming of a thousand illusions, those phantoms that elude the sentinel at the threshold of reason." The next moment he is off with illusion unrelated to serenity; the next after he returns with the statement that "it is through the gate of illusion that most of us attain the finest glimpses of the Eden of serenity. Illusion is the fretwork of the house of life, the belfry of sound and symbol." His exuberant fancy makes illusion a phantom, a gate, a fretwork and a belfry. Here is another curious pronouncement:

"As for the thing we are pleased to call respectability, there never was a man or woman of original power who gave it serious consideration. Spinoza polished spectacles, Shakespeare was an actor, Burns a ploughman, Lincoln a rail-splitter, Milton a despised Puritan, Whitman and Stevenson bohemian adventurers."

I confess I find these things bewildering, and the most bewildering are too long to quote. But not to end on a note of doubt I will give a few further specimens of Grierson's epigrammatic wisdom.



Francis Grierson.

From a portrait by Coslin, St. Petersburg.

From "Humour of the Underman," by Francis Grierson (Stephen Swift).

* "The Humour of the Underman and Other Essays." By Francis Grierson. 3s. 6d. net. (Stephen Swift.)

Dante has to be reached while Michelangelo reaches us; the one works on our imagination, the other on our feeling.

At no special time has the world progressed more rapidly than at any other time.

[If there were committees for endowing genius] The little man would always take the [illegible] and genius, if it got anything at all, would get the [illegible].

What we call a literary age is always brought to an end by a period of criticism, for it is a climate used not so much by critical ability as by method, patience and judgment.

Words of more than three syllables are fatal to direct and simple emotion. But in much of the greatest prose and poetry words of one syllable evoke the most potent charm and the most haunting music.

There are writers and thinkers in the world greater than any that ever lived.

The secret of perennial youth is wonder.

Almost all modern art is theatrical [illegible] itself.

Perhaps the most dangerous thing of the present time is the increase of knowledge and the decrease of wisdom.

Probably no living writer could write so many sentences which invite remembrance.

EDWARD THOMAS.

THE SONG ARTISTIC.*

This is the month though perhaps not precisely the happy morn when the domestic vocalist overhauls his repertory and complains bitterly that there is nothing new. He goes over once more the old stuff sung and unsung by him and by everybody else till the notes are an abomination and the words unutterable. The cause? Well, for the singer if he be frankly and incurably unliterary; otherwise the lyrics of the commercial modern song would revolt his taste and insult his understanding. And the last condemnation of the usual setting is that it fitly matches the words. Outwardly and visibly an [illegible] and quivers; it is desperately lacking in every quality of good music as the lyric is in good poetry. Of course there are good, even many real modern songs. There are for instance the songs of Brahms and Richard Strauss and Hugo Wolf; but not to mince matters, even when these are not beyond the technical capacity of singer and player (as they usually are) they are almost always beyond the receptive capacity of the household audience. I speak of the ordinary, not specially musical family. You may go back to Grieg or further still to Schumann and Schubert, but without disloyalty you cannot help wishing that you could add to these something else with the contemporary note and accent.

Let me then after this egregiously lengthy preamble introduce to your notice six songs by Johan Backer Lunde, compatriot of Grieg, but speaking for himself with his own matter and his own style. The first, "My love is like the red red rose," has a quaintly [illegible] accompaniment that seems alternately to echo and anticipate the voice. It is in marked contrast to the second, a boldly, even grimly original setting of Tennyson's "The Owl." With No. 3, "The Snow Bird," set to a poem that is [illegible] of American origin, we get, as it were, a change of sex, for while the first two seem to demand a male voice, this is essentially feminine. The same may be said of No. 4, a cradle song called "My Little Bird," and No. 5, a baby song by Laurence Alma Tadema called "Strange Lands." An ethereal fairy song to the words of Moore's "Hush, hush," completes the half dozen.

I commend them all to singers of taste. Their strength is in harmony perhaps rather than melody, but they are really vocal. Moreover Mr. Backer Lunde is merciful to the [illegible] necessary accompanist. One or two of the songs are as simple to the player as "Du bist die Ruh," and the hardest is not beyond the reach of quite a moderate pianist. I do not know whether the copies I have seen are the only forms available. If so I suggest that a transposed edition would be welcome, as these are all fairly high for the voice. "The Owl," with its wide compass of two octaves, is the only one that would not bear putting down a tone, or even a third. But in any form they are welcome. They are not only original, but their originality is of the kind that tells—in other words, they appeal both to the cultured amateur and the casual listener. THE BOOKMAN is not a definitely musical periodical, but just as it has always stood for style in literature so it may, without impropriety, offer its welcome to style in another and, after all, a kindred art. The ears that are keen to the modern harmonies of our best contemporary prose and verse will not be closed, I am sure, to these other harmonies and melodies of Mr. Backer Lunde's—effects that are in their way as decisively literary as they are authentically musical.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

* English Songs. By Johan Backer Lunde. 2s. net each. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

MR. MAX BEERBOHM'S EXTRAVAGANZA.*

In "Les Fourberies de Scapin" Molière says: "However short the absence from his home of the head of a family, he should turn over in his mind all the unpleasant incidents that may greet him on his return—imagine that his house is burnt down, his valuables stolen, his son crippled for life, his daughter dishonoured—and whatever of these things has not happened put it down to his good fortune." Surely something analogous to this should be the attitude of mind in which to approach a new book by one of our favourite authors. Prepare for the worst and you shall never know disappointment. Prepare for the best and you are asking for disillusionment.

Unfortunately for myself, before receiving "Zuleika Dobson" for review I came across an article on Mr. Max Beerbohm's latest venture by Mr. Alfred Sutro which led me, as it must have led everyone else who read it, to suppose that here we were at last face to face with a new and unique masterpiece—an epoch-making book worthy to take its place on our bookshelves by the side of "The Tale of a Tub" and "Gulliver's Travels." Further, I was unfortunate enough to read in the publisher's foreword that "Zuleika Dobson's coming to Oxford and becoming the Helen of an Undergraduate Troy is described in this volume with all the piquant wit and light subtle caressing satire that in his caricatures and dainty essays have made Max the joy of the most fastidious public, and that the denouement—the final universal [illegible] of all Oxford, headed by the Duke of Dorset in his Garter robes—is one of the most delightful pieces of extravagant comedy in the world." Poor Mr. Max Beerbohm, how he must cry, "Preserve me from my friends!"

Now I am a professed admirer of Mr. Beerbohm's genius, as indeed but a month or two ago I was privileged to prove at some length in these pages. And nothing would have pleased me better than to have found myself agreeing with Mr. Sutro that Mr. Beerbohm had in this book done something transcending anything that he had hitherto accomplished. But I am jealous for Mr. Beerbohm, and I refuse to be party to scratching his back when he does not deserve it, and so encouraging him to waste his invaluable gifts on what must at its best be pronounced an imposing failure.

Let it not be supposed that there is no cleverness in this book. There is plenty—enough indeed to have made a volume of a quarter of its size an almost worthy companion to "The Happy Hypocrite," with which he delighted us fifteen years ago. Let me give a taste of it. Of the Duke of Dorset he writes:

> The clock of the warden's drawing-room had just struck eight and already the ducal feet were beautiful on the white bearskin hearthrug. So slim and long were they, of instep so nobly arched, that only with a pair of glazed ox tongues on a breakfast table were they comparable.

That is a triumphant simile. Of Oxford's married fellows:

> There are the innumerable wives and daughters around the Parks, running in and out of their little red brick villas, but the indignant shade of celibacy seems to have called down

* "Zuleika Dobson." By Max Beerbohm. 6s. (Heinemann.)

on the dons a Nemesis which precludes them from either marrying beauty or begetting it.

Of the Rhodes scholars:

The Duke was not one of those Englishmen who fling, or care to hear flung, cheap sneers at America. When anyone said in his presence that America was not large, he would firmly maintain it was. He held too, in his enlightened way, that Americans have a perfect right to exist. But he did often find himself wishing Mr Rhodes had not enabled them to exercise that right in Oxford. They are so awfully afraid of having their strenuous native character undermined by their delight in the place.

That's good satire and done in the best Oxford manner.

Of man as a gregarious animal:

You cannot make a man by standing a sheep on its hind legs. But by standing a flock of sheep in that position you can make a crowd of men. . . . A crowd, proportionately to its size, magnifies all that in its units pertains to the emotions, and diminishes all that in them pertains to thought.

I admit the cleverness of these passages, and am duly grateful for them, but the gems are too far apart. It is as though a jeweller had essayed to decorate an ironclad, and had carefully inserted a diamond over each porthole. They are lost in the immensity of the setting. In a word, Mr Beerbohm has proved once more, as Mr Kipling and a dozen other literary miniaturists have proved, that a six-shilling novel is too large a canvas for their meticulous art. To switch off to another metaphor, they are splendid sprinters, but a mile or three-mile race is outside their limit. I am of course perfectly aware that, just as Oscar Wilde said that at the premiere of a play it was not the playwright who came up for judgment but the audience, so I run the risk of its being thrown in my teeth that in condemning the work of a professed humourist I am myself being found guilty of a lack of humour. But it must be understood that the condemnation is only relative. I so heartily admire Mr Beerbohm's work that I judge him by the high standard which he has hitherto set himself. I do not say for a moment that, judged by itself, "Zuleika Dobson" is not worth reading, but I do distinctly say that, judged by Mr Beerbohm's past as an author, it is not worthy of him. For the first chapter or two I was [illegible] all aglow with Mr Sutro's enthusiasm. I found myself laughing out loud. I read of Zuleika's triumphs in Paris, Berlin, Yildiz Kiosk, Peterburg and Madrid, but as I proceeded I laughed no more. Indeed I could have cried with disappointment at finding how, after the first good wine, the feast grew, if I may be allowed the expression, thinner and thinner. I think Mr Beerbohm was growing tired. He could not stay the course. And I caught the infection.

G. S. LAYARD.

FREDERIC HARRISON'S AUTOBIOGRAPHIC MEMOIRS.*

The title of Mr Harrison's book is well chosen, for it is a collection of *memories and opinions*, and not an autobiography such as Gibbon and Franklin have given us. And although there are many letters, public or private, and manifestos printed or reprinted in these 703 pages, the reader is frequently referred to other of the author's publications for a fuller development of his views. He has avoided reminiscences of living persons and controversies. Whilst this may increase the placidity of the book, it has the defect of rendering it less complete as an autobiography. The story of a life devoted to conscientious efforts for the public good such as Frederic Harrison's has been is well worth telling. The English apostle of Positivism differs from many who have striven to benefit the community in the important circumstance that he has never had to struggle with the sordid cares of everyday existence. He came of prosperous middle-class stock and has had no bitter fight for bread, education or recognition. His circumstances were easy, but instead of doing as so many of his class when so placed have done, instead of sacrificing himself and his ideals for money or social position, he has joined the sacred band "Who scorn delights and live laborious days" in the service of humanity.

Born in 18[illegible], Mr Harrison has lived through a period of rapid and far-reaching changes which has left him keenly conscious of defects and dangers in the new order and yet generally optimistic as to the future. He has sometimes had to stand in a minority of protestors against the madness of crowds and the folly of statesmen—falsely so called—and has done so with a courage and dignity worthy of the best tradition. He has come in contact with men and women of distinction in different lands. There are fewer graphic details or good stories than might have been expected. One of the best relates to Thackeray. "Once when I was invited to meet the great rebuker of snobs at dinner he was kept away by an attack of gout. We learned from the *Times* next day that the remedy he had taken to [illegible] his gout was dining with a duke." Matthew Arnold he compares to a free-thinking Abbé at Voltaire's supper parties. "Z[illegible] action in the Dreyfus case he regarded as not more than literary effusion"—surely a harsh judgment. As an exponent of Comte he came in touch with many Frenchmen, but his sympathies with Latin Europe [illegible] him fool [illegible] France at the Teutons. His dislike of German [illegible] perhaps hinders him from frank appreciation of Germany's great gifts. He has a generous word for the much maligned Commune of Paris. Its misdeeds were all imputed with those of Versailles. Mr Harrison regards Gambetta as the real founder of the Third Republic, which in its earlier years had to struggle against the statesmen who would willingly have surrendered the new constitution if they could only have [illegible] to the succession.

Exceedingly interesting chapters are those in which Mr Harrison deals with his relation to Positivism and the work in Newton Hall. His endeavour has been to make the Faith he publicly [illegible] and st[illegible] data of history, not as isolated facts but in their true relation to each other and as parts of a great and systematic whole. In [illegible] articles [illegible] in which even sound [illegible] in a wilderness of speculation [illegible] the insistence on [illegible] of things in their entirety as a whole [illegible]. Mr Harrison has printed a number of [illegible] letters [illegible] written during his tour in the United States will be recognised by other visitors as [illegible] pictures of the [illegible] keenness and overflowing [illegible] of the Americans. It is interesting to find in Mr Harrison a champion of the county J.P., but he also [illegible] the [illegible] of a system by which the benches are packed with a [illegible] majority of men of one political colour and of one class. Whilst the bulk of the population live by the work of their hands, labour has practically no representation in the county magistracy. The case when stated carries its own condemnation.

In memorable words Frederic Harrison records that he has had a long, happy, busy life. His spiritual experience has led him from Orthodox Christianity to the Church of Humanity, one of the smallest of the many sects that exist in this country. He has done good service for real education; he has striven to secure juster relations between Capital and Labour; he has had the courage to advocate unpopular causes [illegible] the British people of their international [illegible] has [illegible] reproved the godless [illegible] possibility of conquest or of monetary [illegible] the abolition of the Decalogue. He has [illegible] of controversy and evil word, but in his serene old age he claims to have resignation, peace and hope. He has more, he has the respect and admiration of all those who value honesty, courage and fidelity to ideals of truth and good citizenship.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

* Autobiographic Memoirs. By Frederic Harrison, D.C.L., Litt.D., LL.D. With Portraits. 2 vols. 30s. net. (Macmillan.)

A ROMANCE OF COMMERCE.*

Disraeli has said in one of his novels that there are always adventures awaiting the adventurous The truth of this remark will be apparent to everybody who follows Mr Ross's account of how a sea captain's son built up a vast and prosperous business of how this Captain Northwood and his son Johnnie were inextricably ruined and finally of the courageous manner in which both father and son struggled gallantly but vainly to recover their lost position From the first page to the last incident crowds upon incident and adventure follows adventure with a profusion such as perhaps the East alone can supply nowadays Even a Henty did not imagine experiences more thrilling than those which the Northwoods (and doubtless many another man besides them) underwent And these experiences lose the minimum in the telling His style indeed is far from being literary and one notices the employment of many slang phrases but Mr Ross writes in a bold robust vein which is on the whole admirably suited to his narrative of the doings and sayings of men in whom the natural passions often ran tumultuous and who had in them much of that epic spirit which characterised the old sea dogs of Elizabethan days

Captain Northwood's first expedition was typical of the man's courage He found in Batavia a revenue cutter which the Dutch Government had rejected as unfit to ply round the Java coast on preventive service This vessel he bought, made some alterations in her and then putting his young wife and child and a cargo of cocoanuts aboard sailed the ship successfully into Melbourne harbour His intention to make a fortune on the Australian goldfields failed and returning to Singapore Captain Northwood began to trade between that port and Labuan and Brunei The trade was dangerous as the coast swarmed with pirates but Northwood beat off all attacks and had the faculty of winning the friendship both of the native potentates and of the [illegible] naval officers and civil servants His advice to his son—"never ill treat or kill a native if you can possibly help it It is ungentlemanly and wicked and it never pays in the long run"—marks him out as a man of a different stamp from many of his rivals and no doubt goes far towards explaining his success with the natives The Europeans were equally delighted with his genial straightforward manners and it may be confessed were prepared to assist the undertakings of a man whose arrival in port was always signalised by invitations to Sybaritic banquets washed down with copious supplies of iced champagne and such like luxuries These friendships he turned to good account notably when he induced the captain of H M S *Sharpshooter* to tow his sailing vessel the whole way from Labuan to Singapore and thereby performed the voyage in a dead[illegible] and [illegible] perhaps

[illegible] The [illegible] Mr [illegible] ownership of [illegible] block but he does not appear to have possessed so much commercial ability as his father He had a genius for getting himself into tight places The story of how he was rescued from one peril by his Scottish engineer deserves mention The *Alastor* had run upon a dangerous reef and was being attacked by a swarm of natives in their prahus When the pirates boarded the ship Johnnie Northwood was prepared to shoot but McCracken fitted up a hose on the main deck and announced his intention to "*wash the decks* wi' hot water and if they pirates happen to get what I might ca' a *jit bath* it'll no kill the scoundrels" The ruse was completely successful As the torrents of boiling water hissed along the deck the savages yelled with agony and jumping overboard left behind all their pistols muskets krisses and even articles of clothing

Nor was young Northwood without presence of mind himself On one expedition he found himself alone and unarmed amidst a number of mutinous Papuans To have seized his gun from the man who was carrying it and to have fired would have been fatal Walking up to the biggest he dealt him a smashing blow between the eyes which he followed up with a rib roaster which sent the sooty ruffian end over end To his surprise the rest of the Papuans broke out into roars of laughter They had never seen fighting before which knocked a man over without killing him and the whole thing appealed strongly to their aboriginal sense of humour

Episodes such as those quoted might be paralleled almost *ad infinitum* and indeed these volumes contain in themselves the materials for countless stories of adventure It would however be an injustice to Mr Ross if one gave the impression that his book is nothing but a collection of exciting incidents On the contrary he has embodied in his memoirs a quantity of valuable information and he has many hints to offer which are worthy of consideration not only by commercial men but by even more august personages It remains to be said that the book is illustrated with a number of excellent photographs

M H H MACARTNEY

* "Sixty Years Travel and Adventure in the Far East" By John Dill Ross 2 Vols 24s net (Hutchinson



A Street in Labuan.

From 'Sixty Years Travel and Adventure in the Far East,' by John Dill Ross (Hutchinson.)

BEHIND THE DIKES.*

Mr Meldrum has covered a far wider field than his title advertises and a mere illuminating treatise on every [illegible]

* "Home Life in Holland" By D S Meldrum [illegible] (Methuen)

of Dutch life we have never seen Throughout the book on every page there are unmistakable signs that we have here the work of one who is thoroughly at home with his subject Never have we occasion to undergo that unpleasant sensation of having information laboriously pumped straight out of the sea of the library into our own private dike Instead we have the pleasant satisfaction of feeling that the writer not only speaks from intimate personal acquaintance with his subject but what is even more important from intimate love of it

His thorough acquaintance with the country shows itself in a refusal to dogmatise on questions of the most vital moment Among casual observers, one will say that the country is frightfully religious another will complain that it does not seem to have any religion at all Mr Meldrum declines to commit himself either way Part of the truth seems to be that the old deep religious feeling of the country is largely obscured from the view not only of strangers but of the Dutch themselves by their love of dissent springing from the sturdy independence of the national character

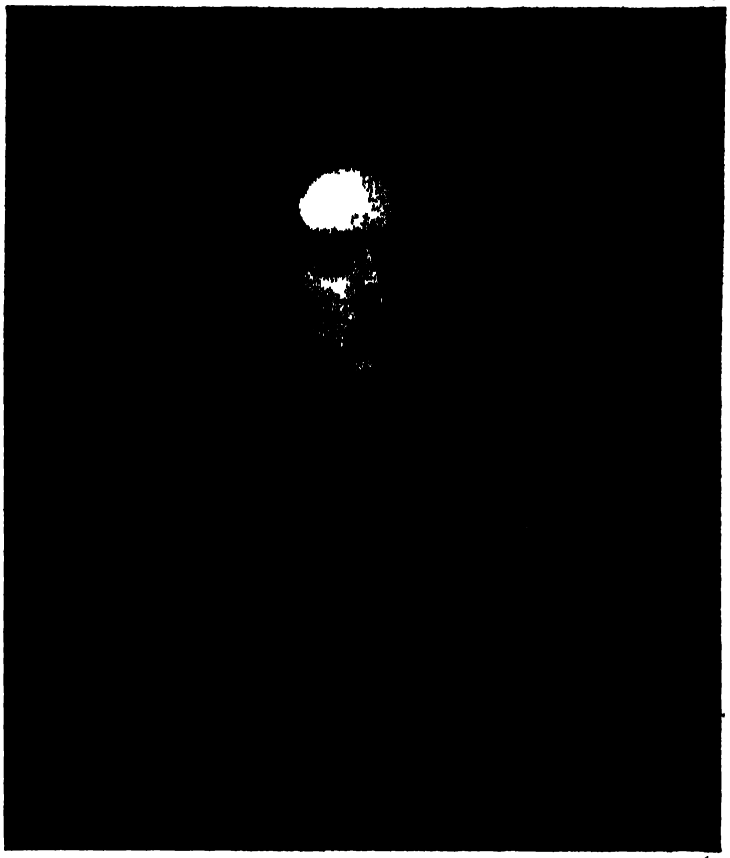
This individualism this independence born of the eternal struggle against the forces of Nature disappears sometimes in a way astonishing to strangers and gives place to its opposite The most individualistic among peoples suffers from the most excessive State regulation How this comes about how the life and death struggle with the sea with all the minute and scientific forethought it entails has produced a passion for the formal and precise and how this passion reconciles the Dutchman to a multiplicity of rules and regulations is brought out by our author in one of his most luminous chapters The same struggle with the sea also acts more directly in curbing the intensely independent spirit of Holland When danger threatens all unite to obey the dike count they allow their property to be impounded if necessary their own persons to be impressed for the work

Thus it comes about that such an individualistic people has been able to digest the all saving gospel of co-operation which in the last ten years has given a fresh lease of prosperity to agriculture Dipping down beneath the broad surface of national life our author introduces us to a thousand and one delightful and instructive pictures of life in Holland Just beneath the surface if not on it we come across the revolution on a small scale wrought by the bicycle Mixed with the bicycle bell we hear the eternal clatter of the sabot the "konk k" of the bucket set down on brick and the "gulp t" of the pump in the village square we hear the beautiful fairy call of [illegible] over [illegible] see the market cart "cart of Holland's plenty!" What vision are awakened by thy green amplitude! of gardens from Limburg to the Langedyk, where the blunt toes of ten thousand sabot brush the dews of morning from leguminous verdure By means of his magic carpet the author takes us right into the family circle explains the servants positions particularly the mystic "juffrows" goes into details over costumes, manners lessons and other things too innumerable to mention and does it all in the pleasantest possible fashion so that we part excellent friends

CLARENDON CHAMPIONED.*

Whiggery, avowed or latent has long laid down the law as to the merits of the men who made kaleidoscopic history in the seventeenth century Its estimates have been practically unchallenged except by the puny voice of the sentimentalist, uncritically reverent of all things appertaining to the Stuart These little Ajaxes make but laughable defiance of Macaulayan lightnings The

* "The Life of Edward, Earl of Clarendon" By Sir Henry Craik 2 Vols 21s net (Smith, Elder)



Sir Henry Vane, the younger.

[illegible] (Smith Elder.)

Tory point of view however voiced by one having authority and applied to a central figure of the epoch in question, is another matter The Tory and the churchman's view of Clarendon put forward by Sir Henry Craik must command respect even when it does not find adherence

Sir Henry Craik makes no bones about his partisanship Clarendon to him is a man whose is so eminently staid and conventional a figure can be It is, perhaps unfortunate that the author's should coincide so nearly with his subject's own valuation of himself and his environment While not actually stultifying Sir Henry's arguments, this might provoke a criticism which needs skilful answering and against which there is little provision made in the book except the guarantee on the title page As a matter of fact no one is likely to accuse Sir Henry Craik of timidly accepting Clarendon's own estimate either of himself or of the men and affairs with which he came in contact But again if the book itself is the work of an untried man such a charge might justifiably be levelled

This is largely the author's own fault "Even to reproduce with copious annotations the foundations upon which my narrative is based" he writes "would have encumbered my main object which is by examining the evidence available to show to the ordinary reader how the events of his time presented themselves to Clarendon how his part in them was justified and how sound are the reasons for believing that part to be a great one The first of these objects (and the better fulfilled) does not seem perfectly compatible with the other [illegible] Clarendon's views are of the utmost interest [illegible] of his age and a modern digest of such lengthy [illegible] this is by no means to be sneered at But [illegible] history a man is hardly to be judged on his own evidence alone Sir Henry Craik is possibly right in not loading his pages with references though one would have thought that the susceptibilities of even the most "ordinary reader" would not have been hurt by an unobtrusive bibliography. But the only authority he does name with any frequency is Clarendon himself though Gardiner is periodically

hauled up for reprobation for having dared to differ from the Chancellor and the contemporary estimates and portraits which he quotes are likewise always Clarendon's. Hyde was undeniably a shrewd judge of men and admirably candid but no one would insult him by calling him impartial. His data therefore cannot be accepted without critical examination and Sir Henry Craik by eschewing chapter and verse makes it difficult for us to accept his valuation against that of students like Gardiner and Ranke. Indeed it seems a pity since no one is likely to take the trouble to write Clarendon's life again that all the valuable data were not once for all amassed. Thoroughness is not pedantry that is a matter of touch. And there must be much in the less obvious contemporary sources which would have added to the accuracy of the portrait sources which there is no evidence that the author has tapped.

The weight of Sir Henry's judgment of his subject's achievement as apart from his intentions is another matter. It may be asked whether a statesman can be called great whose effect on his country's history was so small as Clarendon's. In practical politics ideals without the power of carrying them out at least in part are insufficient. And Clarendon was after all rather an intellectual figure. As a paper politician he was admirable a little hide-bound. His moderating influence both before the war and after the Restoration was what was needed if only he had had the influence as well as the moderation. He lacked the personality which can mould events. He stands a monument of many excellent qualities and the troubled waters of the seventeenth century swirl past him. Compare him with a man on whom Sir Henry Craik heaps unmitigated and uncritical vituperation, Shaftesbury, whatever his vices, had for the last ten years of his life an ideal as clear as Clarendon. He drove at it through mud. He died believing in its future but in the end his ideal was accomplished as it would not have been but for his restless brilliant unscrupulous energy. Surely he was a greater statesman than Clarendon.

But if the value one attaches to the Chancellor's ideals is a question of politics the respective values of ideals and achievements is a question of ethics. On one point however it is possible to dogmatise. Sir Henry Craik's book is very readable and that is a book's most necessary virtue. His prose moves on in the pleasant and stately manner appropriate to Tory prose and he has caught his subject's knack at telling portraiture. In the difficult task of keeping a just proportion between the personal and the general he has succeeded to perfection. Clarendon keeps the centre of the stage and we are not given a new history of England but the march of events and the Chancellor's exact relation to them are clearly shown. Little fault can be found with the accuracy of his facts however one may differ from him or Clarendon's reading of them. And every historian who is worth reading is a partisan. There is much in Sir Henry Craik's volumes which will irritate all except the remnant that thinks with him but nevertheless they are interesting and a valuable contribution to biographical literature. Clarendon's life was well worth writing anew and it is suitable that he who whatever one thinks of his statesmanship was undoubtedly a prince among historians and the king of historical portraitists should have a worthy biography.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH NONCONFORMITY.*

Three or four years ago in his Hulsean Lectures upon the Rights and Responsibilities of National Churches Professor Masterman remarked that "the supreme purpose of all Church organisation should be to give to this voice [of the Holy Spirit] an adequate vehicle for the utterance of itself." He further argued against clericalism as an obstacle to this purpose. Mr. Clark in the introduction to his history defines the Nonconformist spirit as the tendency to exalt life above organisation. "This is the Nonconformist spirit, the spirit which does not begin by looking outward for something to which it may cling but which flies at once to the innermost place, sets the spiritual processes going there and then let the outward things determine themselves as they may. Organisation has no primary value in itself but only a derived." Accordingly he views the Establishment of religion by the State as a contradiction of "the principle that organisation must be made by life." He is careful to explain that Nonconformity is not a mere negation; it cannot be defined in terms of opposition to any organisation, for organisation is secondary on the scale of its values. He candidly admits that there may be seceding bodies which are not informed by the genuine Nonconformist spirit. As a matter of fact he begins by saying that historic Nonconformity has not been a perfect embodiment of the Nonconformist ideal. Still his postulate is that no single organisation has the right to claim finality and that the adherents of any one organisation are not entitled to set themselves up as the autocrats of the religious world. This flows from the positive Nonconformist principle that life determines organisation.

Whether this definition is satisfactory or not, which some might argue it is theoretic rather than practical, it determines the point of view from which the following chapters have been written. As the tone of the introduction suggests, the book is by no means a partisan plea for the Dissidence of Dissent. Mr. Clark has too fine a temper and too wide a knowledge of the history to produce a one-sided statement which suppresses and twists fact in support of a ready-made conclusion. He has his conviction upon the essence and beauty of what he calls the Nonconformist spirit, but any one who will read for example his pages on Laud will admit that his religious assumptions have not warped his charity or his historic sense.

In the present volume he is dealing with the earlier manifestations of the Nonconformist principle. Its first exponent was Wiclif. In him the Nonconformist spirit with its emphasis upon the inner life of the Christian as essential came suddenly and powerfully before the English mind. The reformation under Henry VIII advanced Protestantism but really gave a set back to the Nonconformist spirit. Mr. Clark refuses to regard Lollardism as the genuine heir of Wiclifism and is therefore unable to accept Dr. Gairdner's view that the quasi-religious reformation was carried out on Lollard lines. But when the Protestant organisation was crystallised under Elizabeth the cult of the Nonconformist spirit rose, and the rest of the volume is devoted to "the childhood of Nonconformity," to the rise of the Independents, the Nonconformist movement within the Church and the struggles of the Puritan period.

It is rather a depressing survey. Perhaps Mr. Clark would reply that any such feeling of depression is due to the facts. An ideal becomes more or less corrupted in entering the rude world of men and things. One has often to admire the spirit and to deplore the policy of the chief agents. Even the heroic Independents were not always true to their principles. As for the stricter Presbyterians, they were as much sticklers for organisation as the Episcopalians. The result is that on Mr. Clark's reading of the religious history of England the Nonconformist spirit is always hovering round the organisation of the Church, correcting, protecting and asserting itself, but apparently unable to gain any coherent or effective expression. Which leads one to ask whether it is not possible that such factors as discipline and tradition may not have been allowed

* History of English Nonconformity. From Wiclif to the Close of the Nineteenth Century. By Henry W. Clark. Vol. I. From Wiclif to the Restoration. 15s. (Chapman & Hall.)

Yet ever and anon some child of Man,
Desperate with grief or weary of his life,
Will seek and find her palace in the wood,
And dwell with her, and think himself a god;
Until the mortal senses flag, until
The mortal heart grows cold — and thro' the flowers
Hell gapes to hide for aye his monstrous sin.



sufficient weight in the author's definition of religion and whether any Christian organisation which is vitally active ought not to be able to correct itself normally from within. Mr. Clark seems to feel something of this when he comes to deal with the Quakers. In speaking of Quakerism he notices its religious individualism, the excessive lengths to which its contempt for organisation was driven, the extreme readiness with which it gave the protesting and negative spirit the rein. But it might be retorted, is not this the logical outcome of the Nonconformist spirit in its depreciation of organisation? The Christian Church as a society and institution must exercise some discipline over its members and adhere to some form of government. So long as it is Christian the inner life can surely be relied upon to react on the organisation and maintain the supremacy of the spirit. A corporate body is no more the necessary antagonist of the spirit than is any other form. Granted that it is more difficult in a State-established church than in any other to preserve this vitality and flexibility, still is it accurate, for example, to assert that "the less highly or more flexibly organised churches . . . have always been nearer to toleration than those more elaborate or more unbending in their system"? They may have been in theory, but in practice they were not, and are not, always.

These are some queries suggested by Mr. Clark's reading of English religious history. But it is not possible to lay down his thoughtful and educative book without a sincere word of praise for the admirable spirit in which it has been written. It is characterised by what Bagehot called "an animated moderation," which is only too rare in church histories of any school. The blend of strong conviction and of fairness to the other side is extremely attractive.

JAMES MOFFATT.

DAN RUSSEL, THE FOX.*

It is refreshing to get away from the unfamiliarity of the new Irish convention in literature and to find oneself again in the somewhat narrow but very real world depicted by the charming joint authors of "Dan Russel the Fox." That is not to say that they penetrate very deeply into the heart of the Irish people, or endeavour to unravel the tangled skein of perplexities which make Irish life at once the most fascinating and the most baffling of all studies in sociology. Mr. Stephen Gwynn says somewhere that the Irish priest holds the secret of Irish life. The saying is true, and in the volume under notice the priest makes a single appearance, big and black in his soutane and birretta, a figure fraught with the romance of the religion that satisfies the political as well as the practical side of the Irish people. Katharine, the English heroine, sees a woman in a dark blue cloak coming forth shriven from the confessional and wonders what sins she had been ingenious enough to commit in what appeared to be complete solitude. That gives the keynote of the book: the spiritual life of the people is untouched and no attempt is made to link up the causes which make Dark Rosaleen the most sorrowful figure in the history of the world. And this is perhaps as well. What the authors have given us is a story full of movement, of cloud-dispelling humour, of speeches racy and whimsical, with only a hint of tragedy and despair.

The characterisation is excellent. There is Mrs. Delanty, the pretty little widow who made a living out of horse-dealing and could vet a horse or a hound better than any one in the county, a brave and pathetic, if not always edifying figure, and deserving of a better fate than to be forced to accept the maudlin mug Fanshawe to save the man she loves from having to go to America because his stepbrother has decided to relinquish the mastership of the hounds and dispense with his services as huntsman.

The contrast between the M.F.H., Augustus Fitz-Symons, a vulgar, selfish and half-drunken bully, and his stepbrother, John Michael, with his Spanish beauty, shy, gentle manners and unrivalled courage and skill, is perhaps the most effective in the book.

> John Michael was a younger brother of the old-fashioned tribal type, who existed happily and penniless'y under the suzerainty of his elder brother. There had indeed been a vague period when he was going to be a doctor, during which he had acquired by some process of natural selection such facts as were of value to him, when he relapsed into the state to which he was born, kennel-boy, stable-helper and his mother's right-hand man. . . . The process of earning a livelihood presented itself to him in but one form, that of picking a likely colt and passing him on. What remained of his mental horizon was occupied by the hounds.

Here is a characteristic experience of the M.F.H. He had taken it into his head to visit the kennels before breakfast.

> Save for a thin wisp of smoke the abode of the kennel-boy, some fifty yards away, showed no sign of life. Mr. Fitz-Symons advanced upon it; as he did so the kennel-boy's mother burst forth, and in the shock of meeting the master revealed that he was on his way to let out the dogs into the yard.

Mr. Fitz-Symons's reception of this intelligence need not be set down, but it at once drove the kennel-boy's mother into the higher realms of fancy. She declared that there was not a day in the year that that little boy wouldn't let a yowl out of himself below in the kennels at five o'clock in the morning, but she called Heaven to witness, he had a gumboil inside in his mouth this three days, and he was dead with it; it would take him six months to eat a biscuit. . . . Remembering "The Real Charlotte" and "The Silver Fox," one more than half regrets that the public insists on the author being humorists only, but that is to look a gift horse in the mouth.

H. A. HINKSON.

*"Dan Russel the Fox: An Episode in the Life of Miss Rowan." By E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross. 6s. (Methuen.)

THE FALL OF NAPOLEON III.*

By his personal experience of France, and particularly by his acquaintance with Irish Frenchmen, and his wide knowledge of Empire literature and memoirs, Mr. Legge is well qualified to write on the brilliancies and blindnesses of the court which Napoleon III. raised so quickly. For the most part historians have condemned the Emperor as an unscrupulous intriguer and adventurer, or belittled him; a chauvinist, Victor Hugo, the most fecund genius of his day, branded him as Napoléon le Petit, and naturally enough France, by the pens of a thousand writers, indicted the author of her great disaster. Yet his last Prime Minister, M. Ollivier, valiantly continues his defence, and the monumental apology is already in its fifteenth volume. Other less partial writers, especially those on Italian history, are inclined to take the view that the Emperor was more an idealist in difficulties than an adventurer, and there must have been gifts almost amounting to genius in the man who held the Paris of last century fascinated for more than a decade, won the alliance and allegiance of Palmerston and the esteem of Queen Victoria. He must always be condemned for certain crimes at the bar of history: he did not desire war with Prussia, but intoxicated by glory or benumbed by opiates he allowed Bismarck to force on the contest. He really wished to see Italy freed from Austrian control, but he mixed his generous idealism with a desire for gain, so that the man who lost Alsace and Lorraine was the man who gave Savoy to France. He dreamed of a Liberal Empire, but he stooped to the lowest devices and trickeries of despotism. Moreover, the society which grew up round his court was brilliant with

*"The Comedy and Tragedy of the Second Empire: Paris Society in the Sixties, including Letters of Napoleon III., M. Piétri, and Comte de la Chapelle, and Portraits of the Period." By Edward Legge. 7s. 6d. net. (Harpers.)

the brilliance of vulgarity, with the ostentation of wealth and the extravagance of fashion—a society of tinsel and display in which the millionaire bestrode the world. Nero would have been happy in it, but Marcus Aurelius and even Louis XIV. would have disdained it. "It smelt of gunpowder and patchouli," says Lord Ronald Gower.

Perhaps Napoleon's marriage to the beautiful Spaniard, who declared that her motto was "all or nothing," was the most creditable action of his life, and Mr. Legge has much that is interesting to tell of the Emperor's courtship and married life. From a political standpoint the marriage was a folly and Thiers declared: "There is nothing to be feared from people who are only tipsy, but they are to be dreaded when they get quite drunk." Lamartine, however, said that the Emperor did wisely in marrying the woman he loved, instead of bargaining for a German princess with large feet. Later in life the Empress said that greatness could be purchased too dearly. Few women have had more tragic sorrows to endure, and the sacredness alike of sorrow and of age forbids any criticism of the living. Mr. Legge proves himself a chivalrous advocate, as in his earlier book; to some extent he disproves the charge that the Empress was the main personal influence in instigating the great war, and he places to her credit at least one saying of insight and high spirit: "No Buonaparte can return to Paris unless victorious."

In the pamphlet published under the name of the Marquis de Gricourt, but written by Napoleon himself during his captivity after Sedan, the Emperor discusses with plausibility and detachment the responsibility of the war. He argues that the Ministry and the Chamber, which for years had insisted on reducing the army, were determined on war, and that public opinion had been so violently agitated in France that it spurned all conciliatory measures.

> "At the same time we own that the duty of the Emperor was to have shown himself wiser than the nation, and avoided war even at the cost of his crown. His excuse is that he accepted the con[illegible] but without ardour, as a man who engages in a duel bec[illegible] his honour and duty demand it, not considering that his opponent may be stronger than himself. Doubtless he may have been carried away at the moment by national *élan*, by unlimited confidence in the power of his army; and dreams of military glory, perhaps even of territorial aggrandisement, may have stifled in his breast the calm reasoning of the statesman."

This is probably a true statement of the personal position, but it cannot alter the fact that the Emperor neglected—or allowed his ministers to neglect—alike the military warnings of Colonel Stoffel, his attaché in Berlin, and the diplomatic preparations which were essential for success. The situation of Europe was such that the only hope, either of peace or of successful war, was an agreement between France, Austria, and Italy. The Emperor's attempts to secure this showed that he realised the necessity, but he allowed the war to be forced on while he was still negotiating and still haggling about the protection of the Pope's temporal power! History has few more bitter ironies [illegible]n that a great nation should have been temporarily over[illegible]med because its ruler was dazed and entangled over [illegible] questions as the Spanish marriage and the Papal [illegible]ty. Bismarck meantime had made his agreement [illegible]ssia and the German forces leapt upon France [illegible]er army was "surprised *en flagrant délit* of forma[illegible]hile her ministers were still negotiating.

WALFORD D. GREEN.

[illegible] MORE JACOBS.*

[illegible] Jacobs [illegible] Two or three years ago I said [illegible] "He can't go on. He is bound to work [illegible]on. He will have to change his types of [illegible]ke up some new line of humour." But Mr. [illegible]oing on; he is still working the same rich particular range of life and character to which he deliberately limits himself begins to show any signs of exhaustion. So in one sense I give him up, and shall prophesy about him no more, but in another sense I do not give him up, and so long as he can go on offering us such joyous, mirth-compelling books as "Ship's Company," I certainly never shall.

There are a dozen new stories in this volume, and the worst you can say of them is that some are even better than others. One can give no fair idea of any of them by outlining their plots, for though they depend largely for their fun on oddities or farcicalities of action and incident, they depend even more for it on the curiously quiet drollery of their dialogue, on whimsical, unexpected turns of phrase, and on the quaint individuality and humour of Mr. Jacobs's style of narration. You have the authentic Jacobs touch that tells things most effectively by leaving them unsaid in such bits as the night-watchman's remarks, in "Good Intentions," on jealousy:

> "You can't argufy with jealous people, and you can't shame 'em. When I told my missis once that I should never dream of being jealous of *her*, instead of up and thanking me for it, she spoilt the best frying-pan we ever had."

Or again when the night-watchman, in "Skilled Assistance," discourses on the short tempers of women:

> "The way she talked to me just now you'd think I was paid a-purpose to wait on her. I asked 'er at last what she thought I was here for, and she said she didn't know, and nobody else either. And afore she went off she told the potman from the 'Albion,' what was listening, that I was known all over Wapping as the Sleeping Beauty.
>
> "She ain't the fust I've 'ad words with, not by a lot. They're all the same; they all start in a nice, kind, soapy sort o' way, and, as soon as they don't get wot they want, fly into a temper and ask me who I think I am. I told one woman once not to be silly, and I shall never forget it as long as I live—never. For all I know, she's wearing a bit o' my 'air in a locket to this day, and very likely boasting that I gave it to her."

The night-watchman's stories are always among the best, but there are others here that are at least equally good—"Fine Feathers," for instance, which tells how a greengrocer's wife and aspiring family tried and for a while succeeded in forcing him to wear a collar, a tall hat, and a decent suit when he went out of doors after business hours, till he turned the tables on them by introducing so much etiquette into the house that they were glad to let him fall back into his old easier habits; "Friends in Need"; "Fairy Gold"; and "For Better or Worse," a delightfully humorous tale that ends on one of those casual, elusive, pathetic notes that Mr. Jacobs now and then introduces into the most farcical of his stories with such unobtrusive art and such cunning effectiveness. If Mr. Jacobs were a new writer "Ship's Company" would make a reputation for him; for the humour of it is as free and irresistible, as sparkling and as full of sly laughter as it was in "Many Cargoes," with which his reputation was made.

S. J.

THREE ESSAYS IN SELF-REVELATION.*

There is always pleasure in finding among the crowd of books made for the market any that seem to have been written for their own sakes. Three such books are before us: a dialogue, a book of short essays, and a book of still shorter poems in prose. All three are attempts at more or less intimate self-revelation. The first, by Mr. Robert Douglas, is the least intimate of the three. It discusses the place of art in the modern state, and the value to the community of unsuccessful artists. The question is interesting and worth discussion, but the value of the book lies not in its opinions but in the revelation of a charming scholar who has resigned the Civil Service for the service of literature and is concerned to justify himself to a friend.

[illegible] [illegible]inging gold out of it, and neither he nor the [illegible]

* [illegible]mpany." By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d. (Hodder [illegible]

* "The Choice." By Robert Douglas. 3s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)—"Between Two Worlds." By A. E. Lloyd Maunsell. 5s. net. (De La More Press.)—"The Invaded Solitude." By Magdalen Rawlins. [illegible]

He shows in the reasons of his resignation a rare breadth of mind and a noble disinterestedness in the service of mankind. He would not be out of place in that club whose discussion of politics made the delicate work of art that Mr. Dickinson called "A Modern Symposium." Plato, Emerson, and perhaps Mr. Dickinson have taught him to speak, and his speech, though it is not on the level of his masters' prose, is worth hearing.

The other books are less concerned with things outside themselves, and, as experiments in literature, are more interesting. "Between Two Worlds" is a curious, windy little work, with flashes of power. The manner is borrowed from Carlyle, by a youngish author (feminine, we almost think) who has read W. B. Yeats, and learnt to hypnotise herself, and to write in a kind of waking trance. She recognises as good writing whatever passages seem to be dictated by something of which she is not conscious, of which it would be almost blasphemous to suppose she might be mistress. There are many such passages in the book, passages whose power is reflected from the vehemence of her self-hypnotism. Such writing is not common, and always contains a conditional promise. Any young man (or woman) who has been able to write in this way may, when he dares to write unhypnotised, find that he possesses one at least of the secrets of literature. But there is always a danger lest a mistrust of the apparent barrenness of writing that is without this quality of trance should frighten him into a continued imitation of himself, a substitution of a conjuring trick for what, once in his life, has been a real manifestation of the magi. We suspect this author is a woman, in spite of the fact that the supposed confessions are those of a man. The man is crippled, and lies in a bed by a window, thinking of life and death. Incidents of a charming unreality occur; he suggests that Carlyle should have said "vestments" instead of "clothes" (a quite unconscious self-revelation); he lends books to a "Celtic" shepherd; he ends this book of his own with a description of death comparable to Poe's dialogue between "Monos and Una." We hope that the author's own death will at least be postponed until she has shown whether or no she has the strength to write without first setting herself within a magic circle and putting her pen at the service of wandering spirits.

"Between Two Worlds" is a psychological phenomenon interesting to all who care about the secrets of literature. Miss Rawlins's book ("The Invaded Solitude") is a psychological phenomenon interesting to all who care about the secrets of womanhood. It has but little to do with art. It is impossible to think of literature while reading it, unless a remembrance that there is such a thing as good writing makes one annoyed at such phrases as "lostly wandering." It is impossible to think of literature because of the insistence of life. It is a naked and violent book. The desire in it is fierce; the possession vehement; the despair desolate. It is a book in which soul and body are one. It is an animal book, and yet its desires and griefs are translated into the sun on the hills, the grass in the wind, the reflection of stars in water. There is a certain drunkenness in its adjectives, but it corresponds with the drunkenness of soul and body that is the inspiration of the book. "Pour ne pas sentir l'horrible fardeau du Temps qui vos brise épaules et vous penche vers la terre, il faut vous enivrer sans trêve. Mais de quoi ? De vin, de poésie ou de vertu, à votre guise. Mais enivrez vous." Why not with adjectives? Miss Rawlins attempts the most painful, the most difficult task of vivisection. One by one, these pages, these half-pages (most of the pieces are scarcely more than a few sentences) build up a ruthless exposition of a woman's heart. The very nerves seem to have learnt the use of words. We think not of literature but of life, and are grateful for the momentary relief of those occasional uncertain adjectives. That gratitude is the proof of Miss Rawlins's success.

R.

FRANCE AND THE FRENCH IDEAL.*

What modern nation rouses the same interest as France? Its political and literary ideals have been nearly always in the van of European thought, and even the ideas of other nations have found it necessary to go to Paris in order to become universal. Italy delights us with its monuments of vanished greatness; Spain has sunk into a lethargy from which she shows few signs of awakening; while Germany, once the home of plain living and high thinking, has chosen to devote her best energies to a mere material advancement. But it would scarcely be an exaggeration to call France the laboratory of Europe, and, to take a single instance, it is within her borders that the labour troubles which are at present felt throughout Europe are most intense, and it is to France that many shrewd observers look for their solution. "They talk loudly," wrote Duruy in the depressing years that followed the war with Germany, "of our faults and our caprices. They vaunt the glories of their own lands . . .



Fénelon.

From "The French Ideal," by Madame Duclaux. (Chapman & Hall.)

but ours is the first language they learn after their own, and the first glance they cast beyond their own frontiers and their own history falls on our France."

Even those who think this an exaggerated estimate of the French influence will turn with interest to the two volumes at the head of this notice. They are very different in scope, yet in a sense they are complementary. Madame Duclaux has attempted, in four essays dealing with four great men, to extract the quintessential qualities of "the French ideal." Mr. Dawbarn, who is the Paris correspondent of a London journal, gives us [illegible]urvey of the France of to-day, "a moving pict[illegible]tellectual and brilliant people, a picture fo[illegible]ersonal observation and inspired by strong sy[illegible]." The method of Madame Duclaux is int[illegible]imate; that of Mr. Dawbarn extensive and externa[illegible]he one is content to watch the procession as it passes by, pointing out its most striking features, and speculating as to the

* "The French Ideal." By Madame Duclaux. 7s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)—"France and the French." By Charles Dawbarn. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

direction in which the main body seems likely to go. The other places her four sitters before the reader, draws their mental and moral portraits in careful detail, and leaves upon the mind her own view of the leading characteristics that make the people to whom these four sitters belong.

The four personages in whom Madame Duclaux studies the French ideal are, to give her own classification, "Pascal, the Pragmatist; Fénelon, the Theosophist; Buffon, the Naturalist; and Lamartine, the Romantic." The last two are not very happily chosen, but in Pascal and Fénelon — who occupy more than three-quarters of the book—we have most of the qualities which every thinking Frenchman would recognise as ideal. "Physicist, pragmatist, artist in prose, inventor, mathematician, man of the world, and saint," Pascal was almost a microcosm of France. He held, as M. Fortunat Strowski has recently demonstrated, from Montaigne, that type of French scepticism and French amenity, and piercing through all his earnestness and austerity there are gleams of scepticism as well as flashes of that vivacious mocking humour, that delight in paradox, that fondness for throwing dust in the eyes of the world which are distinctive of French *blague*, and are seldom to be seen to advantage in the writers of any other country, with the possible exception of the Frenchified Heine. To live the intellectual life in all its fulness is, perhaps, the biggest section of the French ideal, and this Pascal undoubtedly achieved. And yet the geometer who pointed the way to Laplace, the physicist who ranks with Newton and Torricelli, the profound author of the "Pensées," was able and willing to hold his own in the elegant exchanges of fashionable *salons*, to give proof in the "Provinciales" of a refined malice which Voltaire might have envied, and to write a "Discourse sur les Passions de l'Amour" which, as Madame Duclaux says, is "the last faint murmur of *l'amour courtois*." What could be more essentially French?

When we turn to Fénelon, we encounter another aspect of the French ideal, and not the least merit of Madame Duclaux's book is that she does something like justice to Fénelon's greatness. Towards the end of his life, Brunetière's hatred of mysticism and leaning towards reaction led him to judge Fénelon harshly—"Ce coquin de Fénelon!" he used to say. Lord Acton's is a sounder and more generous estimate:

> "He is the Platonic founder of revolutionary thinking. Whilst his real views were little known, he became a popular memory; but some complained that his force was centrifugal, and that a Church can no more be preserved by suavity and distinction than a State by liberty and justice. . . . Until he came, the ablest men, Bossuet and even Bayle, revered the monarchy. Fénelon struck it at the zenith, and treated Lewis XIV. in all his grandeur more severely than the disciples of Voltaire treated Lewis XV. in all his degradation." "There were moments when his steps seemed to approach the border of the undiscovered land where Church and State are parted."

The four words "suavity," "distinction," "liberty," and "justice" give the key to Fénelon's character, and had Louis XIV. been less dazzled by his own splendour, or the placidly selfish Madame de Maintenon less of a bigot, Fénelon might never have gone to Cambrai and France might never have seen the Revolution.

Little space is left for Mr. Dawbarn's volume, which, as was said above, is the book of a detached observer of the passing show. He is strongest when writing on politics and education, but his judgments on contemporary literature [illegible] very illuminating. He dismisses Anatole [illegible]ntence, considers Rostand to be one of the greatest contemporary [illegible]ers living, and reaches the conclusion that "[illegible] have momentarily become exhausted in their [illegible] expression, and have little left to say." This is a strange verdict on a nation whose living and active writers include Anatole France, Bourget, Barrès, Lemaître, the Marguerittes, and Faguet, and these are but a few of the names that at once present themselves.

A. W. EVANS.

SEVEN NOVELS.

"Infinite variety" or "to suit all comers" might be the general title of an article on the following seven books; for to some extent they form a study in contrasts. In "Broken Arcs," by Darrell Figgis,[1] we get, as the title suggests, a serious story of modern life, in which the intentions and the actions of a group of humans sometimes clash, sometimes contradict, yet sometimes triumph together. The early part of the tale where Rose Foggetty, child of a stern, religious farmer, goes to service, and is brought low through her great love, is almost reminiscent of the work of Thomas Hardy. The after-life of Rose, of her early lover, and of the man who comes to her later, the scenes in the world of larger schemes and commerce, are blended into a strong story, with an underlying insistence upon the power of destiny.

In contrast to this novel, we come to "Daisy the Minx," by Mary L. Pendered,[2] in which the reforming of a prig is the main event. Humphrey Shaw was certainly a prig among prigs, only saved by the fact that there was a foundation of manliness and decency in him. The music-hall favourite who undertakes his "cure" is well, if conventionally, drawn, and readers who enjoy the frivolity of the story will not grumble at its inevitable conclusion.

A note of tragedy is touched in Ernest Davies's "The Moment,"[3] a book which well sustains the favourable impression created by his earlier satire. A midnight quarrel with his brother-in-law ended in the accidental drowning in the Seine of Rupert Haines. The surmises of the shrewish widow, skilfully fostered by a blood-sucking lawyer, expose the brother of the dead man to the baseless slander of a gossiping country town. Mr. Davies describes the genesis and growth of a slander with much incisive satire, and exhibits real psychological power in analysing the distress of mind of the real causer of the accident, the brother of the incensed widow. How to head off his family from their mistaken revenge, without revealing his own share in the tragedy, is the *motif* of this powerful story. Mr. Davies is too skilful an author to overdo his satire, and there are love and loyalty in the book, as well as passion and meanness.

In Tom Gallon's company we enter the region of pure farce.[4] The title of his story, "As He was Born," refers to the remarkable posthumous revenge exacted by his uncle on light-hearted Felix Delany. The uncle's unexpected intrusion in the middle of one of his nephew's bohemian supper-parties was followed by a scene of outrageous horse-play, during which the uncle was hurt both in his person and his feelings. Later on, when the spendthrift had arrived at bankruptcy, he learned that he was made his uncle's heir on condition of entering Umberminster, his uncle's native town, naked as he was born, and remaining there a month to shift for himself as best he can. Thanks to the imagination of Ninetta Monday, a humble member of the Mapletoft Orphanage, Felix was accepted as a River God, and provided with the necessary blanket. Felix then, in colloquial language, never looked back, and was presently installed in the house of Alderman Twentyman (where he was first discovered "borrowing" the aldermanic wardrobe) as a hewer of wood and drawer of water. From such a situation Mr. Gallon may be depended on to wring all the possible fun, and there is no dull page right up to the triumphant return of Felix, with his bride Ninetta.

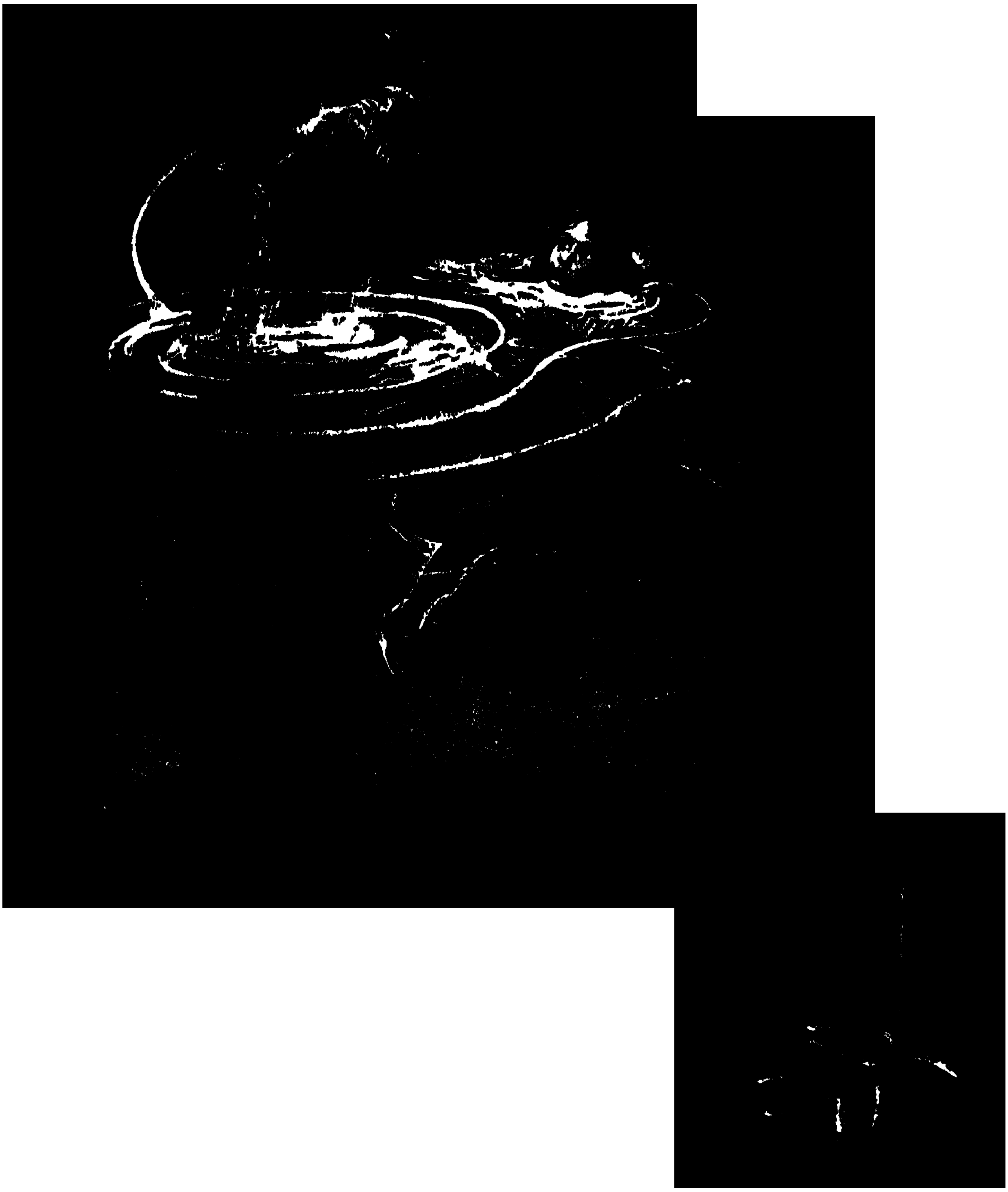
A quieter tone is struck in "The Third Miss Wenderby,"

[1] "Broken Arcs." By Darrell Figgis. 6s. (J. M. Dent & Sons.)

[2] "Daisy the Minx." By Mary L. Pendered. 6s. (W. J. Ham-Smith.)

[3] "The Moment." By Ernest Davies. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

[4] "As He was Born." By Tom Gallon. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)



by Mabel Barnes-Grundy.[1] The story introduces us to a circle of charming people, Mr. and Mrs. Wendelby and their children; but it is of Diana, the third Miss Wendelby, that the book chiefly tells—Diana as child, girl, and woman. We first see her when suffering at the age of seven from "religious mania"—a complaint brought on by the verse in the Bible which assures sinners that their scarlet sins may become white as snow. The sins which Diana committed that she might witness some miraculous whitening of scarlet naughtinesses ranged from the tearing up of valuable books to the smashing of her mother's watch; and she bravely scourged her infant heart that she might become an angel. The same courageous, unhesitating carrying out of actions which she considered "straight" marked her character from infancy to womanhood, and scourged her grown-up heart many a time as fiercely as it had done in her childhood. But the book must not be thought to be all striving and sober hammering out of character. It is written with a most attractive lightness of touch, and contains the amusement as well as the seriousness of life. Diana Wendelby possesses personality, and enjoys and suffers accordingly. The end of the book we are pleased to say leaves the hero and heroine happy, and convinces readers who have followed the author's literary career of her steady advancement in her art.

The next book is by an old favourite in an old favourite style. It is "The Smugglers," by S. R. Crockett, and its sub-title "Being Some Chronicles of the Last Raiders of Solway" promises that it shall be an adventure story, and one which shall give us again the good stuff with which Mr. Crockett first captured our attention and affection. We know that all will be well when the first chapters find the hero, the nephew of the minister, plotting with a bare-legged gipsy girl to prevent the stealing of the minister's pony by the girl's own people, a compact having been made between them and sealed with blood that "thus we mingle our hearts' blood and are for ever bound to be true the one to the other." The blood, we hasten to say, came from the lips, brought to the surface by a special splinter of wood, but the sealing of the vow held its solemn emotions for the boy and girl comrades. From this picturesque beginning down by the shore we pass on to an adventurous chronicle which brings Scots and gipsies into close touch, and takes the reader from the village of Orraland to the danger of the sea, and on to the forts and deserts of the East. When Mr. Crockett is in this vein we get excitement on every page, and what with fighting, escapes, kidnapping, mutiny and love, we have a story quick and thrilling, written in the author's old best manner.

The last of our seven contrasts is a collection of ultra-sensational tales by M. P. Shiel, the first of which, "The Pale Ape,"[3] gives its name to the volume. We feel that in these pages Mr. Shiel has yielded to temptation, and has been so much carried away by his craving to horrify us that he has made his stories suffer in consequence. The pale ape is horrible enough, and all the surroundings are made sufficiently creepy to please the sensation lovers, but we cannot help feeling that the scenery is painted and the horrors arranged as if for a cinematograph show. We see too clearly the paint, the mechanism, and the intense desire of the writer to make our flesh creep. Mr. Shiel can do better than this.

L. Q. C.

[1] "The Third Miss Wendelby." By Mabel Barnes-Grundy. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

[2] "The Smugglers." By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

[3] "The Pale Ape." By M. P. Shiel. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

HISTORY IN DOUBLET AND PERUKE.*

History is transformed into a new and living thing when inside the dry hard shell we find the rich ripe kernel of a family's history. We are no longer dealing with facts but with flesh and blood men of like passions as ourselves. Nowhere is the transformation so complete, nowhere is history so unified as in the two handsome volumes before us. The battle of Marston Moor assumes a totally different aspect when we realise that one of those who charged into the thickest of the fray was a deformed stunted man who had left his beloved mathematical books in order to help his brother and his king; a man so humble about his great attainments, so sweet in temper in spite of his terrible thorn in the flesh, so cheerful and merry as to win the enthusiastic admiration of all who knew him.

Old familiar towns and streets assume a new and picturesque garb when we restore to them their rightful possessions, then put in the highly coloured family life of years gone by. In Fleet Street we hear, as perhaps Shakespeare did, the clash of swords when the Capulets and Montagus of Elizabethan times, the Stanhopes and Shrewsburys, engaged in one of the many combats that marked their venomous feud. Even the dull purlieus of Gower Street are illuminated with we know not what some shy retiring will-o'-the-wisp light when we picture to ourselves Henry Cavendish in one of these houses fleeing from the face of man and woman to bury himself in his scientific researches, or calculating by formula the date of the next appearance of his tailor. Even Tunbridge Wells becomes a place of light-hearted gaiety as we imagine the great Georgiana and her companions passing the evening with whist, Macao or catches such as "I am come a lusty wooer, my dildin, my doldin." How dull, flat and unprofitable was the episode of Arabella Stuart in the old history books! How instinct with life and reality it becomes when the curtain is drawn and we see the fair adventuress clad in a man's doublet and peruke, boots with red tops and sword, leave Barnet stealthily and ride to Blackwall. We can picture the agonised wait in the tavern for the husband who never came, the row down the river to the French brig, while the belated husband pursues in the disguise of a carter. We can see the flurry of the alarmed officials, the putting of men and boat into an oyster boat, and the exciting pursuit. Scarcely less romantic is the story of the love-match between Lady Jane Grey's sister and the young Hertford, and one leaves the story of these lives with a haunting sense of the injustice of Fate, for while the fair women perished miserably, their lovers managed to restore their shattered prestige and lived to make a brave show in the annals of their time. From the purely family point of view the records are interesting as showing the connection between the two great houses of Cavendish and Newcastle, and how the Cavendish houses of Bolsover and Welbeck Abbey became the property of the Dukes of Portland. Finally the philosopher will here find ample material for reflecting how often the regular descent of a title from father to son fails to materialise, and how in some cases, the Newcastle family for example, Nature seems to set her face against the continuance of the time-honoured line.

THE FRENCH AND BRITISH GENIUS IN PAINTING.†

The two new volumes of Mr. Mac[illegible]ory of Painting fully maintain the high standard [illegible]eir predecessors, and again we marvel how th[illegible] done

* "The Cavendish Family." By Francis Bickley. "The Seymour Family." By A. Audrey Locke. 15s. net each. (Constable.)

† "A History of Painting." In Eight Volumes. Illustrated with 200 Plates in Colours. By Haldane Macfall. Vol. VI, The French Genius; Vol. VII, The British Genius. 7s. 6d. net per vol. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

at the price. Were this a mere compilation, a mere *pasticcio* of the Histories of Art which had gone before, it would be surprising enough, but it is nothing less than astonishing that in addition to the beautiful illustrations and the noble printing, we should be presented with letterpress teeming with suggestion, significant, allusive, pregnant with new meaning and new light!

As those who have followed Mr. Macfall so far know, he has all along maintained the thesis that Art, like religion, must not be the mere trimming of life, that it is of vital consequence to, the daily need of, every human being, that its business is not the mere striving after the perfection of idealistic form or beauty, but the interpretation, the emotional utterance, of life, and that, lacking it, we shall never have our eyes fully opened to the wonderful works of God. And his method of treating the History of Painting is consonant with this thesis. His is no dry-as-dust catalogue of artists and works of art divorced from their surroundings, but a cunningly devised tale of artists and art movements interwoven with, demonstrated to be part and parcel of, the general history of mankind and the periods in which they flourished. To take Vol. VI., which brings French painting up to the end of the eighteenth century, he shows historically and topographically how the beginning of art in France was in reality an alien thing, a branch of the Flemish School, transplanted into French soil by the enterprise and patronage of the Dukes of Burgundy, fruitful in itself but fruitless so far as native art was concerned. He demonstrates how alongside this northern plant, another exotic, this time Italian from the south, was rooting itself and flourishing until the two culminated and died within two years of one another, with François Clouet and Primaticcio as their final blossoms. Then how a second Franco-Flemish school arrives with Henry of Navarre, important this time rather for its consequences than for its achievements, because through it inherent French art is stimulated to the birth in the persons of the brothers Le Nain, who were to the underrated seventeenth century what the great Chardin was to prove to the eighteenth. True, the Flemish character is writ large across their work, as indeed the Roman character was to be writ across the work of their greater successors, Poussin and Claud, but for all that they, with Bourdon, were of true French blood and so legitimately the fathers of those who discovered in themselves the individual French spirit which was, after passing through the splendid mock-heroics of Le Brun and others, to culminate in the gay domesticity of Watteau, Lancret, Nattier, Chardin Boucher, Greuze, and Fragonard. That and a great deal more Mr. Macfall demonstrates with a healthy eclecticism which puts to shame the narrow prejudices of too many of our older art critics. On the same lines he treats the British genius in Vol. VII., showing it under pupillage, longer or shorter, to Holbein, Anthony More, Mytens, Rubens, Van Dyck and others, until it too finds itself, and all the time he continues to impress us with the broadness of his sympathies, the gratitude and admiration he feels for all honest endeavour.

Doubtless there is some crudity in Mr. Macfall's writing, the result of the high pressure at which he has had to work combined with an overwhelming desire to drive home his enthusiasms, but, in saying this, I repudiate any suggestion of crudity of thought behind the writing. Emphatically [illegible]ing of the sort. On the contrary I find a ri[illegible]gment, which is the essential thing. Not that Mr. [illegible]acfall's judg[illegible]ts are final. Indeed, I feel sure that, having [illegible] se[illegible] of humour, he would be the last to claim for the[illegible] a[illegible] such quality. For art criticism, like everything els[illegible] i[illegible] subject to passing prejudices of which the world can only estimate the value or no-value when it has moved sufficiently far away to see the true perspective. But this I do say, that, for the moment, nothing could be more wholesome, pleasant, and stimulating for no matter whom, than to read steadily through these delightful volumes, not accepting everything for gospel, but taking all into serious consideration because it is the mature thought of a man worthy of attention.

One word as to what we are promised in the eighth and last volume, which must of necessity plunge us into the lively polemics of our own times. Mr. Macfall seems to me to stand for Hope as against the Academics who, looking on the past as holding a finality of achievement, stand for Hopelessness of the future. Throughout he insists, and insists rightly, on the development of the craftsman's orchestration, giving full credit to such capital departures as that of Caravaggio and his Tenebrosi, by which the instrument of art was preparing itself for the touch of the superman whatever time he might arrive.

G. S. LAYARD.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S NEW NOVEL.*

It is twenty-three years since Mrs. Humphry Ward took the reading world by storm with "Robert Elsmere," and the problems of life—especially its religious problems—that she handled so effectively in that memorable novel still remain unsolved, though many of them have assumed new aspects; and in "The Case of Richard Meynell" she faces the later development of those obstinate questionings of sense and outward things and the doctrines and dogmas of religious belief to the broadening and simplifying of which Robert Elsmere was devoted. Richard Meynell takes up the torch that was lit by Elsmere and carries it forward into the widening world of modern thought.

Richard is a "Modernist"; he has no patience with the bondage of petty forms and creeds and kindergarten ritual, and aiming at breaking down the obsolete barriers that divide sect from sect in the Christian Church he founds a brotherhood of sincere believers and hopes to be allowed to keep this brotherhood within the pale of the Establishment, but the mediæval forces of bigotry, the narrow autocracy of Church government, prove too powerful for him, and in the end he is driven out from that timorous body which always martyrs its pioneers and then slowly follows in their footsteps.

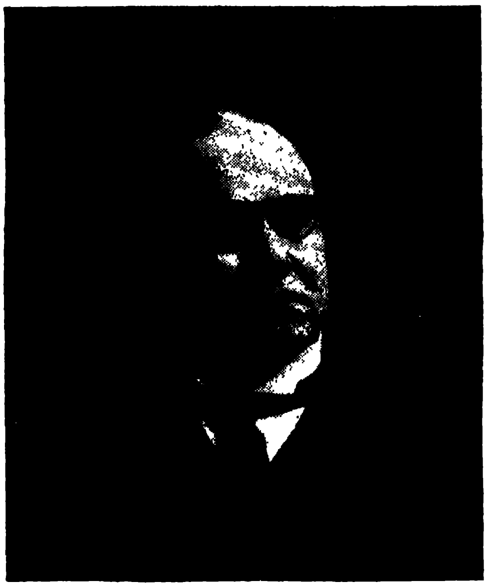
But into the strong religious interest of her book Mrs. Humphry Ward has woven a poignant romance of love and sorrow that the majority of her readers will find more interesting still. The love of Richard for Robert Elsmere's daughter, Mary, is a comparatively quiet and anyhow a charming idyll. It is the story of the gentle, kindly Miss Puttenham and the tragedy of Hester Fox-Wilton that appeals most potently to our imagination and our sympathy; it is a story that wears such a vesture and colour of living humanity that the religious and theological wrangling with which it is environed sounds as mean and soulless by comparison as the inconsequent chatter of voices heard in the pauses of some great music. When Richard is in the thick of his struggle for religious freedom, and has been summoned before the Ecclesiastical Courts, his position is undermined by a scandalous rumour that he and Miss Puttenham are Hester's father and mother. The rumour is true so far as it concerns Miss Puttenham; Richard could easily prove his own innocence but will not stoop to explanations that would involve the reputations of others and that Mary Elsmere and the friends who know him do not require him to make. There is a fine moment when, at the inquest on the unhappy Esther, Miss Puttenham comes forward and publicly claims her as her child; but this is only one of many striking scenes in a very remarkable book. Mrs. Ward has never drawn her characters with surer knowledge and insight. "The Case of Richard Meynell" is a worthy pendant to "Robert Elsmere"; in dialectical skill it at least equals the earlier novel, and in point of sheer human interest we think it surpasses it.

* "The Case of Richard Meynell." By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

BART KENNEDY, HIS BOOK.*

One-tenth of the world—the governing tenth—seldom knows what the other nine-tenths think, since votes may often express nothing but a choice between two evils. Many of the errors which have hampered the progress of democracy are due to the fact that the man who works is inarticulate; he cannot guide his leaders nor instruct his teachers, for lack of the faculty to express what he knows and feels. Therefore a book by a man who preserves intact the attitude of mind and the conclusions of the great dumb masses has value as a document apart from any other merit it may possess. Such a book is "The Human Compass," by Mr. Bart Kennedy, in which he sets forth the philosophy of life as it reveals itself to a poor man in a rich world.

Every class believes itself to have a monopoly of the more obvious virtues, and the class which is called "lower" is no exception to this rule. Its members see in themselves standards of usefulness, of honesty, of unselfishness, and the rich are those who have sacrificed this standard. They can conceive no other way of becoming rich; Mr. Kennedy is clear that no man can make his way in "this knock-'em-down and drag-'em-out planet" who observes "copy-book maxims" of conduct and principle. He has an anecdote of "the charitable parson with the gigantic heart," who philanthropised by giving a tramp a job at less than the current rate of wages and so made a profit on his benevolence; and there is an implication that some such commercial motive is the inspiration of most, if not of all, philanthropy. The tramp, it is true, was attempting a simple variant of the confidence trick on the parson, but that is not admitted as an excuse.



Mr. Bart Kennedy.

It is not a new discovery that the economic world sorts its inhabitants into hermetically sealed compartments labelled "classes," but is it true that our house is as strongly divided against itself as Mr. Kennedy represents? His only remedy for the evils of our system is for the poor to unite to abolish wealth: he takes no account of those tendencies, daily more manifest and more effectual, to justify the balance of existence and equip both labour and capital with a plain duty towards humanity. The outlook for reform is a poor one if the great mass of the people have not perceived these tendencies, and if there exists among them no answering spirit of moderation, tolerance, and social purpose.

In previous works—I note they already number fourteen—Mr. Kennedy has favoured his readers with glimpses of his origin and career, when his life was an adventure, and he was by turns tramp, sailor, opera singer, navvy. In his present book he returns freely to his reminiscent vein. In the chapter entitled "The Fast," he relates how he waited sixty hours to obtain two dollars from a theatre manager, and while he waited he starved. He remembers with zest his partnership with the Birmingham sailor, when the pair of them sang for a living in the saloons of a colliery town on Vancouver Island. Mr. Kennedy would like to repeat that experience, even now. "How fine it would be to wander along the roads singing and gathering in the coin," he sighs. He has even endured the "knock-out," of which recently we heard so much. He was struck in the middle of the forehead by a navvy, "a particular friend of mine":

"His fist seemed to touch me in the lightest way in the world. I remember just feeling it—as if it were a kind of gentle, ethereal caress. And then I had a sense of floating. And then came darkness. . . . I was as right as a trivet next day."

Among the author's acquaintances is an American confidence-trickster residing in London, who makes an income of five thousand a year by the practice of his art. He has discovered the great truth that the man who most readily falls a victim to his wiles is the person with the makings of a thief in him—or, as Mr. Kennedy puts it, "a 'mug' must have it in him to be a 'crook' before you can separate him from his 'wad.'" The surest method of robbing him is by persuading him that he is about to make some money by easy dishonesty.

There are chapters on Wagner, on politics, on Continental travel, and these are but a few of the points which Mr. Kennedy enumerates in boxing "The Human Compass."

PERCEVAL GIBBON.

* "The Human Compass." By Bart Kennedy. 6s. (Sampson Low.)

THE WORLD'S HIGHWAY.

Next to the company of a faithful friend, what's better than that of a good book?—the book that represents some phase of actual life not entirely and exactly as it is, for that would be crude, repellent mostly and often offensive to no good purpose; but the book that, with varied geniality, satire that is not mordant, and incisiveness, shows enough of its subject to make us, with some degree of faithfulness, imagine the whole. Such things are, indeed, blessings to the mind. Therefore, and with no lack of reverence, we say: Blessed are those who see truly and show us the best of what they see.

Such a one is Mr. J. Johnston Abraham. A surgeon, apparently in a London practice, he knew that he needed the temporary change which present-day strenuousness forces sooner or later on most of us. A pathologist-friend emphasised the fact by saying, "Ass! It's a ship you want." So for a ship the surgeon looked—first in the City, where (and the irony of it!) he found the main qualification to be teetotalism. In addition to this he was asked if he could organise concerts, did he understand music, could he give references to two persons of recognised position in Society, and was he a British subject? As to his place in the world of healing—ye gods of Humbug! What was that against abilities to entertain the passengers and his recognition in "Society"? To the honest surgeon new to the ways of shipowners the City of London was a city of vain shibboleths. So he up and gat himself to the p[illegible] of the Mersey, and there shipped for ports east of Sue[illegible] The trip took him out to Japan, and home again, with a call at Batavia. And if ever an Eastern voyage was faithfully presented to the reader, this * is that voyage. The [illegible]ghtness, the literary quality, the entertaining glimpses of actual things, the scraps of real dialogue and the genial humanness of it all are irresistible.

* "The Surgeon's Log: Being Impressions of the Far East." By J. Johnston Abraham. With 44 Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)



From "My Tropic Isle," by E. J. Banfield. (Fisher Unwin.) **The Bungalow.**

who is indifferent to the decrees of constituted society; who is aloof from popular prejudices; who cares not for the gaieties of the crowd or the vagaries of fashion; who does not dance or sing, or drink to toasts, or habitually make any loud noise or attend garden parties; who has no political ambitions; who is not a painter, or a musician, or a man of science; . . . who is a casual, a nonentity, a scout in the van of civilisation dallying with the universal enemy, time can such a one, so forlorn of popular attributes, have aught to recite harmonious to the ear of the world?"

In Mr. Yexley's volume * we have a literary effort of far higher importance than the surgeon's "Log," yet its literary quality is much the less of the two. His name is, of course, well known as an authority on naval matters; and here, in expounding a brief for contemporary men of the lower deck, he goes some way in showing what the life of blue jackets was in the past. In his Introduction he says: "It is an exceedingly unpleasant, and not always a profitable task, to expose the feet of clay of a popular idol, and he who dares to do it must be prepared for the rending that is sure to follow." But this is just what Mr. Yexley doesn't do. That popular idol, which is known by the word "Navy," is certainly the whole Service in a general way; yet in the mind of the people at large four-fifths, or more, of it are the bluejackets themselves. And it is not the shortcomings of these men which the author so ably and fearlessly exposes; it is the faults of the officers, of the innumerable "Regulations," half of which are silly, of the endless petty things that are made punishable and put into the minds of the men the permanent idea that they are being *driven* instead of *led*. Thus Mr. Yexley, contrary to exposing the clay feet of the people's idol, keeps the idol unsmirched and makes it still more an idol by showing how unfairly it is treated. Well, it needed to be done, and here it is well done.

So from that broad highway of the world we pass to Mr. Banfield's tropical spot thereon. And here, again, we find a literary friend † with whom it is good to sit back in an armchair, the while he, with such sweet sanity and touches of nature, puts us at peace with the world of blatant effort and empty vanities by genially proving how very empty it is. Mr. Banfield will be pleasantly remembered for his "Confessions of a 'Beach-comber.'" (He is not, and apparently never was, a "beach-comber" proper; but never mind that now.) And the man himself along with the *raison d'être* of his book can be seen in the following:

"How quaint seems the demand for details of life on this Isle of [illegible]ent and S[illegible]nce! Lolling in shade and quietude, was I guilty [illegible] indiscretion when I babbled of my serene affairs, and is the penalty so soon enforced? Can the record of such a narrow, compressed existence be anything but dull? Can one

To the ear of the world? Well, to certain portions of it, no. But when the total is made do those portions matter? Again, no. So we say—Yes, to us whom circumstances have imprisoned in the hubbub of blatancy give more of your island peace, your sea-lapped content; of that feeling, so common to you and so rare to us, "which comes like the benediction that follows after prayer." Indeed, this is what Mr. Banfield does here, through the warm days and the slumbrous nights, in his "delicious isle" in the South Pacific, and dear is the reading of it all—so dear, so restful, yet so true to its locale that we find it difficult to put the book down.

J. E. P.

* "Our Fighting Sea Men." By Lionel Yexley. 6s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

† "My Tropic Isle." By E. J. Banfield. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

THE MILLIONAIRE AND THE MILLION.*

Perhaps one of the truest things in these four books is the assertion of Mr. Townsend Martin that "the age of arrogance is ended." In this democratic era Jack is, in all essentials, as good as his master—and generally he knows it. The arrogant man no longer impresses people; his fussy self-importance appeals only to our sense of the ridiculous and we have to laugh at him—some of us openly, and the rest behind his back. There really is something little and childish in all swaggering, in all pretentiousness, in all silly pride of mere wealth, and as the world matures and grows wiser it becomes conscious of the stupidity of such qualities; it realises that they are the mere noise of the empty vessel, or the cheap finery in which the poor of soul try to disguise their poverty, and it is setting about a revision of the standards by which it judges of a man's capacities. No doubt a pretty large survival of us do still preen ourselves on nothing better than the size of our bank balances, just as our primitive, more childlike forbears boasted and took precedence according to the number of glass beads they had accumulated, or the number of scalps they had captured from less cunning or less covetous mortals, but these are a dwindling minority, and such of us as still bow down to

* "Inspired Millionaires." By Gerald Stanley Lee. 3s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)—"The Passing of the Idle Rich." By Frederick Townsend Martin. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton).—"One of the Multitude." By George Acorn. With an Introduction by A. C. Benson. 6s. (Heinemann.)—"Troubled Waters." By L. Cope Cornford. 6s. (Blackwood.)

them have grace enough to be ashamed to be caught in the act.

Money is an excellent thing in your pocket, but when it gets into your head it makes a pitiable creature of you. Both Mr. Martin and Mr. Lee are agreed that the mere rich man is no longer of any actual use, and that the community is not going to go on honouring him simply because he has got a lot of spare cash. "We have come to the end of the story," says Mr. Martin. "The days of the idle rich in America (and he might truthfully have added in England) are as a tale that is told. To-morrow in this land there will be one of two things: either an evolution or a revolution. Either by one of those characteristically swift and marvellous changes for which the history of our race is noted the class which I represent will be merged into and assimilated by the body of the nation, as it was half a century ago, or we shall stand face to face with the forces of anarchy, Socialism, trade unionism and a hundred other cults that either do represent or claim to represent the spirit of this mighty people, and we shall re-enact in this land some of the most terrible tragedies of history." He thinks there is no middle course; but here Mr. Lee parts company with him, for though he says—

> We begin to spell out the new century, a great wonder and pain upon us—some of us. What is it we see as we look forth? Society moved to its foundations, our whole modern life slowly, mightily, across the world, and with a great sigh of a hundred years, lifts up from this twentieth century, rousing itself. It is making itself ready for the longest reckoning, the greatest battle in history. The field is already white with the tents. They are going out to meet each other unless something can be done about it; on the one side Capital, God with a Gun, going out to meet Man, Man with a Fist, a terrible light in his eye.

Mr. Lee has a remedy, not in the assimilation of millionaires by the mass, but in the advent of a gilt-edged human being whom he names "the inspired millionaire." I confess that Mr. Lee's notion of what is to constitute an inspired millionaire is not exactly clear to me. This ideal creature is not, as the author explains in a postscript to his book, "a man who necessarily has a million pounds, but the man who is worth it to the rest of us, and who thinks he is worth it." Well, a good many of us are like that; I am not so sure that I don't think I am worth that much myself; nevertheless the cash does not materialise. Further, Mr. Lee lays it down that his millionaire must be a monopolist without being mean, that is, he should secure his monopoly by some supreme mechanical invention, "by some sheer overwhelming service to mankind, by saving every man on the planet several pounds a year," that he should be "professional with his invention, act like a gentleman or an artist with it, dedicate it to humanity and himself together, keep absolute control of it in order to make it creative and emancipating at every point where it touches human life, scatter the opportunity and freedom of the new invention into the daily lives of the men who are making it in the factory, and the daily lives of the men who are selling it in the streets; in other words, the first man who will present this barbaric world with one industry that has been civilised in spite of it, and with no one to say it nay, will be the greatest and most impressive and most memorable figure in modern times. . . . The business of being such a millionaire and running such a co-operative industry is to be a religion and an art; a fortune carefully and nobly acquired in this way will be looked upon like a great work of art, like Wagner's Parsifal, Raphael's Madonna. . . . Some one is going to loom up in England or America soon with a factory that will rank with Shakespeare's Hamlet, Homer's Iliad and the Sixteenth Chapter of Isaiah."

Discounting such extravagances as these, you will find that Mr. Lee has much to say that is profoundly true and suggestive about the ways in which the millionaire may hold his riches in trust for the whole community and stand glorified as a righteous captain of labour; and if only Mr. Townsend Martin could persuade his Idle Rich to read "Inspired Millionaires" they might turn from the disgustingly luxurious orgies that he condemns in them and learn to employ their superfluous wealth as a spade instead of as a toy, as a beneficent bridge to span the gulf that yawns betwixt them and the million that toil for a bare subsistence, instead of as a ridiculous barrier that keeps them apart from the million but not above it. I have seldom read a more scathing indictment of the follies and the wasteful and absurd excesses of a certain section of high society than Mr. Martin brings against his own class in "The Passing of the Idle Rich," nor such a lyrical glorification of wealth and the heavenly uses it may be put to in the service of mankind as Mr. Lee gives us in his "Inspired Millionaires."

And if, while you are about it, you care to know something of that plodding million that is no longer ignorant or inarticulate, and that waits for the inspired millionaire to get to work upon and among it, read Mr. George Acorn's "One of the Multitude." It is the life-story of a man who was born in a slum and through squalor, slavery and many privations worked his way out of it into a position of moderate comfort and humble happiness. It is a human document in the truest sense of that overworked phrase—a frank, vivid revelation of the difficulties, miseries, humiliations which a man born to all the disadvantages of poverty must needs face desperately and overcome if ever he is to emerge into something of the sunlight. In spite of its touching record of sad and sordid experiences, this book leaves one, as Mr. A. C. Benson remarks in his admirable introduction, "hopeful and encouraged, deeply conscious of the problem" (that is, Mr. Lee's inspired millionaire's problem of "how to give all opportunities for orderly life and security and honest work") "but with a firm belief that the enigma is solving itself, and that the surest sign of this is the fact that such a life as is here described can yet pick its way without stain through the mire, and successfully claim its share in the best and richest inheritance of men, the inheritance of light and beauty and truth."

Mr. Acorn, speaking from personal experience, has a good word to say for the University Settlements. "Permeation of the lower classes by Settlements is a splendid thing—the best way I think of raising the tone of East End life of all methods I have seen applied." On the other hand, Mr. Cope Cornford, also speaking after close study of his subject, writes with some scorn of those institutions, and in his new novel, "Troubled Waters," makes Nevil Romney, sick and disgusted with what he has witnessed of life and work in one East London Settlement, demand of the Sub-Warden:

"I ask you what in the name of common sense you people think you are doing here? Good God! You sit round and babble while people are dying of slow torture. If there was a man among you worth a damn he'd be carrying the red flag into the West End. . . . I'm not good enough for this place. I can't live next door to hell and amuse myself by looking through the bars."

Those who have read Mr. Cornford's poignant investigation into the conditions of life and labour at the bleaker end of London, "The Canker at the Heart," will know that he does not speak in that quoted passage without most intimate knowledge of his subject. But "Troubled Waters" is not only a study of slum life; it is a vigorous realistic romance of commercial and industrial life in London and in one of the north country factory towns, its outstanding character being Dick Denman, a rugged, hard, self-confident, somewhat swaggering fellow who climbs up out of the deeps, and becomes a Labour leader and Member of Parliament. There is a bizarre element of mystery and sensation imported into it with the arrival of the sick and apparently dying Mr. Lerculy, a grim, strange, eerie personage back from some queer lawless commercial enterprise overseas and bent upon blackmailing the city magnates he had served there—a grimly grotesque character drawn with considerable subtlety and skill; but it is on the development of the love of Nevil Romney and Ida Borlase amid the change and clash and vicissitudes of life as it is lived by master and worker in the world of to-day that the main interest of the

story centres—a strong and brilliantly written story which dramatises and translates into action something of the struggle between capital and labour that is dealt with more didactically in the other three of these books

A St John Adcock

Novel Notes.

GOOD BOY SELDOM. By Oliver Onions 6s (Methuen)

Of English novelists of the day who are still in the thirties Mr Oliver Onions is one of the most considerable, and his achievement is the more remarkable in view of an adventurous versatility, a quaint spirit of emulation, that leads him to experiment in ever so many different *genres* Mr Onions is indeed the De Wet of fiction, you never know in what part of the land he is going to turn up next In "The Compleat Bachelor" he gave us several quite charming "Dolly Dialogues", in "Admiral Eddy" he wrote some delightful stories about children in "The Exception" he tackled a problem novel—somewhat after the manner of Henry James, in "Tales of a Far Riding" and in "Pedlar's Pack" he brought together some extremely powerful and pathetic short stories dealing with rural life and primitive emotions, in "Little Devil Doubt" he made a ferocious attack on the aims and methods of the Yellow Press, while in "Widdershins" he invented some of the most thrilling of new shudders just to show us that Algernon Blackwood is not the only author who can write a fine ghost story In his new novel which bears the not too felicitous title of "Good Boy Seldom" Mr Onions returning to the manner of "Little Devil Doubt" ventures afresh on the sociological romance the novel of modern tendencies, the object of his present onslaught being the abuse of advertisement, a business in the service of which he claims that most of the genius and imagination of the day have enlisted themselves In scope and intention the book is wholly a satire, a triumphal paean half ironical, half admiring raised in honour of the superman, the predatory financier whose fallacious prospectuses entice the money from the pockets of the small investor, and a mordant and remorseless jibing at the underdog "the five-hundred pounder" whose greedy credulity and aridity of imagination, joined to his devotion to the cult of Smuchism— the ignoble gospel of Self-Help which preaches no higher virtues than thrift, temperance, hard work, and contentment—render him the predestined gull of any advertisement promising large dividends and smacking somewhat of romance But though Mr Onions takes this rather Olympian view of human nature, a view which De Maupassant took with such unerring effect in "Bel Ami," he is aware all the time that it is but a partial one, that it is forced on him by the necessity of isolating his sharks and their victims the better to study them at close quarters and to make them subservient to his main idea So while we are shown James Enderby Wace steadily progressing upwards—printer, caterer, advertising expert, exhibition organiser, at last company promoter and member of Parliament—and finally shipwrecking his career through his one redeeming quality, his love for that superior parasite, Lola Harrison, star of musical comedy, we are never allowed in reading of the characters to lose sight of the doctrine their careers illustrate. This doctrine of the omnipotence—the temporary omnipotence—of advertisement is rammed home again and again in the book and illustrated in the hundred ingenious ways which a man of Mr. Onions' resources can command, while the sidelights on politics, religion, and social questions which the author's development of his main theme allows him to flash are as searching as any furnished by the author of "The New Machiavelli" "Good Boy Seldom" is indeed an amazingly clever and arresting book, the most vital and most stimulating work which Mr Onions has yet given us It presents a big idea—the romance of advertisement— with unflagging wit, humour, and irony, in the highest of spirits and with the keenest sense of actuality It has a real vision of the social evolution of our times and with this, and despite this, a sane and consistent clarity of outlook

THE MAKERS OF MISCHIEF. By Stanley Portal Hyatt 6s (Werner Laurie)

Says Mr Bernard Shaw in one of his caustic prefaces, " no editor publisher, or manager will now accept a story or produce a play without 'love interest' in it" "The Makers of Mischief" is a notable exception to this dictum, and Mr Hyatt has proved that he, for one, can escape from the obsession of sex Despite its title, misogynists may rest assured that no woman takes part directly or indirectly in the story The result is essentially a tale of action, a virile tale of life and death in the heart of Lobengula's country Thrilling indeed are the adventures of Jim Hale an English hunter under Lobengula's protection, who is tempted to enter the terrible Kalahari Desert in quest of museum specimens of rare animals and accidentally stumbles upon a German plot for the invasion of Matabeleland Mr Hyatt gives a masterful picture of the various forces of intrigue and conspiracy at work in Lobengula's camp and his comments are as bold as they are characteristic For instance "Cecil Rhodes became a great national hero Lobengula has become the villain of the piece So it will go on but sometimes knowing the facts I wonder what the gods think about it all I suppose they laugh" "The Makers of Mischief" is alive with genuine adventure and so good is the telling that one never doubts for a moment the truth of the story

LIFE. By W B Trites 6s (Wyman)

Our only quarrel with Mr Trites lies in the fact that his title is a conceited one His book indeed describes "Life," but it is not by any means the whole of life nor even an ordinary part of it The main characters and their surroundings are unfamiliar and exceptional though we are bound to confess that the author endows them with conviction Barbara Gwynne the heroine, an American shop girl of great beauty and latent talent is studied in her relations with the young Dr Ford—in emblem perhaps of the author's ideal man— and with Jerome McWade This latter is we think, the most remarkable character in the book At the beginning he is merely a pushful shop-assistant, but the accidental discovery of the secret of the manufacture of a face-cream launches him in business as the owner of a "beauty shop" The manner of his gradual advancement, his enterprise in other businesses and eventually in finance, his extraordinary shrewdness and business instinct and, above all, his unscrupulousness—these are all described by Mr Trites in a way which cannot possibly fail to impress the reader "Life" is not entirely a pleasant book, but it is unquestionably one which should be read We will even call it remarkable, in spite of the fact that the page of extracts from reviews of Mr Trites's earlier book, "John Cave," shows that that epithet has already been bestowed upon the author at least four times

THE LOVELOCKS OF DIANA. By Kate Horn. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

In its "motive" this is a story of the good old-fashioned kind, in which poetical justice is inflexibly dispensed. Rogues and sharpers are arranged against love and beauty in distress, and the ultimate triumph of the latter is as complete as the most sentimental reader of melodrama

could wish. Diana Ponsonby is the drudge-of-all-work in a boarding-house at Malta, where she was left to repay by her drudgery the debts of her dead father, a shiftless and somewhat discreditable officer who had been asked to quit the service for his regiment's good. Then enters Major Cassell, whose villainy is of no uncertain type; and presently the scene shifts to London, showing the beautiful Diana serving as a decoy in a beauty shop kept by the Major's sister, the self-ennobled Baroness von Poppenheim. Almost at the moment of her leaving Malta, Diana in her darkest hour had been saved from suicide by Jem Burne, whom fortune and fiction clearly indicate to be the hero of the romance. But Jem is far away, and meanwhile the Major's stratagems prosper exceedingly. The solution of the plot is left to a rather dreadful Nemesis, for among the crowd who come to witness the d... of the new assistant in the beauty shop (one of the Baroness's ingenious methods of allurement) appears an aged sinner who is no other than Diana's grandfather, who does not outlive his shame. The course for the true lover, whose mind had been temporarily poisoned by the Major's slanders on Diana's past, is cleared with a somewhat Hamlet-like thoroughness by the Major's madness and murder of his weak but not unlovable sister. The story satisfies the demands both of interest and justice.

CAN MAN PUT ASUNDER? By Lady Napier of Magdala. 6s. (John Murray.)

Shona Bucaldine had been through several London seasons without securing a husband, and her parents were beginning to feel the strain, both physical and financial, which a London season involves. Up to the time when the story opens Shona had not seriously contemplated the necessity of marrying. She was an only child devoted to her parents, and perfectly content to live with them in their beautiful home in the Western Highlands. But chancing to discover that her mother was really anxious to see her settled, she allowed herself to accept the impetuous attentions of George Gascoigne, and ultimately to be rushed into marrying him before she had time to realise that she was not in any real sense in love. Gascoigne was wealthy, but he had a past in the person of Lady Cyril Gorhambery. Lady Cyril was too clever to allow Gascoigne to compromise her, but she was not the woman to surrender him to his young wife without a struggle. What distinguishes this story from a host of others on similar lines is that Lady Napier has the advantage of first-hand knowledge of London society. She has a keen eye for character and can hit off a type in a few deft phrases, and her people talk and behave exactly as real people do. A certain hardness in the treatment of the London scenes is relieved by some delightful and wholly sympathetic descriptions of the Western Highlands.

WHEN A MAN'S MARRIED. By Rowland Morris. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

With the grave moral questions involved in "When a Man's Married" we have here nothing to do—the author has held up the mirror of life without undue comment. Yet if the reviewer feels distaste for the personality of a heroine who encourages the caresses which involve such elaborate concealment, and cannot lose sight even for a moment of the injury done to John's unresponsive wife, this is due to the imaginative truth of the author, who not only never glosses over a difficult situation, but even presents a character whose spell is supposed to be potent, with such life-like accuracy that the woman in question will be judged like any other acquaintance, according to the temperament and outlook of the reader. Moreover, he reveals the other side of his gift in the fine simple prose of those brief passages in which he gives haunting expression to the fact that a self-renouncing love needs no earthly fulfilment to make it a supreme treasure of this mortal life. The closing chapters are the finest, and masterly indeed is the description of the mining accident in which John Owen risks his life to save a man who suspected him of a wrong he had not committed, and expiates a folly into which he had descended when struggling against more subtle misery. Wholly free from priggish or didactic tags, the book is quite untainted by that modern paganistic view which treats the most sacred bond of life as one to be broken at will; and it was probably meant to suggest that there are moral conventions, often lightly scoffed at, which are based upon enduring facts of human nature, so that the man who escapes from the conventions of his own limited circle without the strengthening support of a definite moral ideal or spiritual guidance is likely to bring untold suffering on himself and others, even though, as in John Owen's case, his innate nobility of aim emerge purified and strengthened if he follows the light, so far as he can see it, in unselfish sacrifice.

ANTHEA'S GUEST. By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. 6s. (Methuen.)

Although no doubt she was very hardly treated, her "guest" probably had a salutary effect upon Anthea, for when she went to Germany at the beginning of the story she was merely the ordinary spoiled young person who has always had her own way, and is convinced that that way is right. But Lydia Jordan was one of the first people she met in Berlin, and Lydia was accustomed to getting her own way—instead of merely having it. In this art she is a past mistress, and Anthea soon finds that acquaintance with her entails consequences of an undesirable nature. At any rate the despised Lydia, to whom Anthea was kind only because it was convenient, takes the conduct of affairs entirely into her own hands, and Anthea would have had a very bad time but for the opportune Jem. That is the whole story, but we cannot give any indication of the charm and naturalness of its telling, the quiet and unforced humour of its situations, the admirable art of the book. These things the reader must discover for himself.

THE DOUBLE FOUR. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. 6s. (Cassell.)

London is always fascinating and often thrilling, but as seen by Mr. Oppenheim it simply palpitates with thrills. No one has ever crowded more thrills into the square inch, no one is more prodigal of sensations than Mr. Oppenheim. Did you notice the fat man lunching yesterday at the Savoy at the next table to yours? You thought he was merely a stockbroker over-eating himself, or a successful publisher stalking a shy novelist. You were wrong, hopelessly wrong. Had Mr. Oppenheim been with you he would have told you that the fat man was no less a personage than—but hush! The mere mention of his name might set Europe in a ferment. For safety's sake let us call him Baron X. Did you notice something bulging out the breast pocket of his coat? You thought it was a cigar case. Wrong again. Who but Mr. Oppenheim would have guessed that that bulge was caused by a copy of the secret treaty between San Marino and the Emperor of Timbuctoo? That lunch was a mere "blind" to throw the sleuth hounds of the Double Four off the scent. An hour later Baron X, wearing clerical attire and a false beard, in the back room of a public-house in Whitechapel handed that treaty to the Ruritanian minister, who was also suitably disguised in accordance with diplomatic etiquette in such cases. Had his mission failed Baron X would have dashed to some obscure Soho restaurant where he would have committed suicide, which is indeed the only use to which some Soho restaurants can be put. Life in Mr. Oppenheim's company is never dull. You move in the most exalted circles, lunching and dining in the best restaurants, and the darkest secrets of all the chancelleries in Europe are revealed to you. In penetrating the mysteries of European diplomacy

Mr. Oppenheim has but one rival, and his name we dare not mention for fear the minions of the Double Four should remove him—or us.

CAPTIVE HONOUR. By Reginald Evans. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The author of this fine story has already made a reputation, endorsed by good judges, by his striking romance entitled "Dear Loyalty." It is always interesting to come across an author who, as we believe is the case with Mr. Evans, is not strictly a professional writer, but a man of business, with very special knowledge of the country and the people that he essays to portray. Very wisely then, we think, Mr. Evans takes us back to Spain, of which he writes with a touch so convincing that his readers could have no doubt of its being the result of an intimate and first-hand acquaintance. The subject of this story is extremely attractive; it records the struggle and ultimate success of an almost quixotic loyalty and noble pride against the blows of chance. Don Maximino had been left stranded by the misfortunes of the Carlist cause, and the story discovers him in his feudal retreat where, with his daughter and a few faithful henchmen, he is making a bold face against starvation. The poor Don was unaware of the amnesty which had restored his estates, and the interest of the story turns on the plot of his arch-enemy's son to win his daughter and her undreamed-of fortune. The villain enters the castle as an artist commissioned to copy an heirloom, which should serve as the ensign of the Carlist cause, but Love also enters, in the guise of a wandering painter, who proves to be a versatile and powerful Spanish noble. With the help of a Cardinal, a charmingly drawn diplomat, the Don's eyes are at last opened, and he is liberated from the bonds of quixotic honour which so long had held him captive. It is a gallant story, well and vigorously written, and we like it not the less because the real hero is not the successful lover, but the father who is a worthy kinsman of the Knight of La Mancha.

THE UNOFFICIAL HONEYMOON. By Dolf Wyllarde. 6s. (Methuen.)

Dolf Wyllarde has proved herself a conscientious literary artist, and as such she deserves to be taken seriously. If her latest novel should be esteemed a little daring, it is no matter, for there is nothing exceptionable in it. It is unconventional, if you will. Leslie Mackelt is a Scottish maiden, born of a missionary family, of dour upbringing and stifled feminine instincts, but with a brave and plucky little heart and an original temperament that hungers only when necessity compels her to leave the conventions outside the sphere of her activities. Miles Trelawny is a major in the cavalry, free-thinking, debonair, but possessed of profoundly decent instincts. Fellow-passengers on a mail-boat on the Southern Ocean, the two naturally enough never exchange a word on the ship itself. But they are both hurled by a typhoon on the sandy shore of a little coral island, bruised and battered, but relatively intact. A curious boy and girl comradeship ensues. Their life for many months is described with an art that is reminiscent of Defoe, Stevenson, Stacpoole, and other writers, which is only to say that Miss Wyllarde's book should be added to the ranks of classic coral island yarns. The coming of love was inevitable, of course, but its initial stages are treated with delicacy, albeit with a certain artistic brutality, for the two can exist side by side. The rescue is of course a conventional mechanical appliance of the story-writer, for it would have been difficult to finish the tale without it.

THE CREATURE OF CIRCUMSTANCE. By Lady Troubridge. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

It is the old story, a woman, beautiful and honoured in society, who has an episode in her past which places her at the mercy of another woman. When both women are in love with the same man, trouble begins. It does not end until this novel is almost done, but in the course of it there is plenty of intrigue, blackmail, and sensational doings. Zara, the heroine, is pitted against her rival and former employer. A modern Iago, who is rather melodramatic, is provided in the person of Joe Villars. There is a foreign dancer, and a coarse financier. Such are the main figures of the little drama, which follows the conventional lines for the most part. The tone of the book is fairly represented by the closing words: "'My girlie, my angel, my own, own sweet love!' Oh! foolish words so often said, so little meant, yet there is nothing sweeter on this side Paradise."

THE HOUSE OF MANY VOICES. By Bernard Capes. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

Mr. Bernard Capes has crowded a host of good things into this novel—a wealth of varied incident, an alluring atmosphere of mystery, a brilliant array of characters. The strange events resulting in a certain balloon escapade at the time of the Franco-Prussian War are given merely by way of prologue to a story which is decidedly up-to-date in its setting, containing as it does a delightfully humorous skit on the fashionable pastime of pageantry. In the rôle of hero the diminutive Sir James Penney is as refreshing as he is unexpected. Few indeed would look for heroics in so droll a figure as Sir James—"the very embodiment of a human bantam. . . . He was a masterpiece in little, a four-foot-six design for an heroic statue of elegance, an anatomy of perfection interpreted into an atomy. He wore a monocle, his clothes fitted him to a mole, he even affected, by choice, ties suggestive of the speckled 'sebright.'" Yet he was not the kind of man "to truckle because he was tiny," and our admiration for the chivalrous Sir James grows steadily with his exploits from his luckless attempt to rescue Patricia, the heroine, from a bullying tramp—an essay which ends in the baronet's small body being flung ignominiously over a hedge—to his equally luckless tilting adventure in the spectacular tournament, and Patricia's refusal of his offer of marriage: "No, certainly not. How dare you ask me!" "Because I never supposed you would." Nevertheless, though there are far taller and handsomer and cleverer men in the field, Sir James wins Patricia in the end, and thanks to the discovery of a long overdue letter the gloom and the terror of the weird haunted "house of many voices," which with its still more weird occupants broods darkly in the background of the story, are happily dispelled. This is more than a readable novel, it is a really enjoyable one, and should be added to one's library list without delay.

THE DEMPSEY DIAMONDS. By Allen Arnot. 6s. (Lane.)

Most people are familiar with those embarrassing problems of social etiquette which used to be stated in a more or less algebraical form, and led up to the final question—what should A do? The complications of the plot of "The Dempsey Diamonds" tempt us to essay a similar algebraical statement of it. If A is engaged to B and in love with C, and if C is engaged to D and in love with A, and if B is very much in love with A, what should A B C and D do. On the face of it the problem appears insoluble. "Mate in three moves," in the language of the chess problem, seems bound to end in disaster and unhappiness; and so in fact it did. Miss Arnot, whose name, it must be confessed, is unfamiliar to us, has hardly succeeded in solving the insoluble. Besides, the problem was still further complicated by the diamonds, which we were in danger of forgetting in the intricacies of the love entanglement. When an elderly maiden lady attempts to convey thirty thousand pounds' worth of diamonds to a grandchild whose existence is unknown to the world, complications are bound to follow. Especially is this the case where the grandchild is in entire ignorance of her own parentage, and is not intended to know whence the mysterious gift comes.

Parenthetically it may be remarked that it would be difficult to choose a more inconvenient medium than diamonds for conveying property to an impecunious governess of unknown parentage. The setting of the story is Scotch and the local colour is well done. Many of the details are obviously taken from life even if the plot is not. There are hints of amateurishness in the technique and the complications of the plot are rather beyond Miss Arnot's capacity to unravel. But the story is pleasant and readable though we should advise Miss Arnot to attempt a simpler scheme next time.

THE KINGDOMS OF THE WORLD. By Lloyd Osbourne. 6s. (Methuen.)

Matthew Broughton having been expelled from the United States Naval College at Annapolis for ragging a negro cadet became a wanderer and finally drifted to the South Seas. In the Islands he turned his nautical experience to good account and became skipper of a vessel whose mysterious owner lived in a kind of palace and apparently enjoyed unlimited wealth. This enigmatic personage passed by the name of John Mort which even the rather slow witted Broughton guessed to be an assumed name. He was tall and aristocratic in bearing and his walk suggested that he had served in a cavalry regiment. But he was haunted by the fear that the mystery of his identity would be pierced and when Broughton finally wearied of his roving life and home sickness drove him back to the States he gave John Mort a solemn promise never to mention him or do anything to put his enemies on the track. Broughton gave the required pledge readily enough and had no reason to anticipate any difficulty in keeping it but unfortunately he fell into the hands of an impecunious American journalist and to his horror for in the Islands he had had no experience of the inquisitiveness of American journalists he found his story written up into a sensational article with screaming headlines in the heaviest type. No sooner had the article appeared than Broughton found himself exposed to the strangest persecution. Mysterious visitors offered him enormous bribes for any clue to the whereabouts of his patron. He refused the bribes and his persecutors determined to secure by force what they had failed to obtain by peaceful persuasion. Broughton who was now in want of money found that it was impossible to obtain a job or having obtained one to keep it. He became the gymnastic instructor at a young men's institute only to find himself suddenly dismissed without reason. An undertaker's widow took him into partnership and he no sooner found himself on the way to moderate prosperity than the business was bought by an unknown purchaser and closed down without explanation. Attempts were made to kidnap him and wherever he turned he found himself engaged in a hopeless contest with a world wide but nameless organisation. At last he resolved to give up the struggle and return to the Islands only to find himself on board ship in the hands of his persecutors. He made a desperate effort to scuttle the ship only to be rescued by an armoured cruiser belonging to the mysterious power. Then at last the mystery was unveiled and he learned the identity of John Mort. It would not be fair either to Mr Osbourne or to the reader to reveal the secret. We can only say that it turns upon a tragedy of European history which puzzled and shocked the world in the eighties. Whether Mr Osbourne is justified in making his plot hinge on a tragic incident in the history of one of the oldest royal families in Europe is a question for the moralist rather than the literary critic. The story at least is intensely exciting, and the love interest and the local colour are worked in with a practised hand.

The Bookman's Table.

THE BARGAIN BOOK. By Charles Edward Jerningham (Marmaduke) and Lewis Bettany. With 9 plates and 9 Tabular Charts. 7s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

Those who know Marmaduke of *Truth* as a collector may perhaps open The Bargain Book with an idea that it is intended for the guidance and behoof of his brother experts in the curio collecting field. It is that and more. Mr Jerningham and Mr Lewis Bettany have collaborated in the production of a volume that will interest and amuse not only collectors and the dealers in curios that feed or prey upon that insatiable tribe but the far larger public who neither buy such rarities nor sell them. It is a perfect mine of good anecdotes; it tells of astonishing finds of treasures that have been recovered from the earth and by all manner of strange chances from all manner of strange hiding places. Its tales of bargain hunts, of the ignorance of dealers and collectors, of famous thefts in the art world, customs of the sale room and tricks of the dealers make most varied and delightful reading. "A cynic has said," write the authors, "Some steal for profit—they are criminals; some for pleasure—they are kleptomaniacs; others for profit and pleasure combined—they are collectors." The attack made on the last named class is of course far too sweeping, and yet it must be confessed that unscrupulous collectors are more numerous than might at first be suspected, and they proceed to unfold a series of entertaining anecdotes that more than justifies them in saying so. To read of the curiosities that may even now if you are lucky be picked up for a trifle in Old Curiosity Shops and of the precious relics known to exist though their whereabouts is not now discoverable is enough to start many of us on this exciting and profitable pastime. There is, you gather from this book, more of uncertainty, more



A Typical Scene in the Caledonian Market.
From a Sketch by Oliver Onions.
From "The Bargain Book," by C. E. Jerningham and Lewis Bettany. (Chatto & Windus.)

scope for hope and despair in it than in playing bridge or backing horses—there is enough of stirring incident and rattling good fun in it anyhow to furnish Messrs. Jerningham and Bettany with material for one of the best collections of miscellaneous stories we have ever come across.

JEAN DE LA FONTAINE. By Frank Hamel. 16s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

Macaulay, in his essay on Boswell's "Life of Johnson," observed that many persons who have conducted themselves foolishly in active life, and whose conversation has indicated no superior powers of mind, have left us valuable works. Goldsmith, he points out, was described by one of his contemporaries as an inspired idiot. "La Fontaine," he continues, "was in society a mere simpleton." For an elaboration of Macaulay's estimate of La Fontaine in society we commend Miss Frank Hamel's biography and study. Though there is a good deal that the reader will probably consider superfluous, the easy and interesting style in which the book is written will (if the reader is of our opinion) certainly condone for that fault. Jean de la Fontaine, the man, weak, erratic and indolent, is not a very appealing figure. Genius, as Miss Hamel hints, is called upon to cover a multitude of sins. Fortunately for La Fontaine his genius was so large a cloak that it all but shielded his short-comings. True, he was a boor and the essence of selfishness. True, too, that he treated his wife shamefully, and did not even know his own son by sight. And again it is true that he wrote indecent tales which, as Miss Hamel says, it is impossible to whitewash. No one can deny or excuse La Fontaine his culpable sins, and let us add his biographer (to her credit) has not attempted the task. But in contrast to everything derogatory, we must remember that La Fontaine was constant in his friendships; his attachment to François Maucroix lasted his entire life, and, as in Montaigne's love for Etienne de la Boetie, reveals much that is true and tender in his nature. Then again he was not vindictive, and soon made amends for little squabbles; and for his "Contes" he publicly apologised, confessing on his deathbed that it was an abominable book and ordering its extermination. Moreover, we must not overlook the fact that his conversion took place (on his deathbed), though Miss Hamel suggests that "it would have seemed much more like him if he had gone to his grave the old reprobate he really was." Finally, of course, Jean de la Fontaine wrote the famous "Fables." Miss Hamel's chapters on "The Fables" are the best in her book.



Jean de la Fontaine.
After a painting by Rigault. Engraved by Edelinck.
From "Jean de la Fontaine." By Frank Hamel. (Stanley Paul & Co.)

THE WIND ON THE HEATH. By May Byron. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

If you read a few years ago a volume of Poems by M. C. Gillington (Mrs. Byron) you will open "The Wind on the Heath" with great expectations, and what is more, you will find that the book realises them. There was work in that earlier volume that marked Mrs. Byron as a poet of true and high inspiration, but there are poems in this new book that are better than the best that was in the old. In her choice of themes and in her treatment of them Mrs. Byron covers an unusually wide range. There are swinging, vigorous ballads of seafaring and sea-fighting, such as "The Ballad of Fairweather Jack," "Sea Ghosts," "The Ballad of London River," and "The Pageant of Seamen":

> "The song of the sea-adventurers that never were known to fame,
> The roving, roistering mariners that builded our England's name;
> Foolhardy, reckless, undaunted,
> Death they courted and taunted,
> In the jaws of hell their flag they flaunted, answering flame with flame."

There are lyrics of intense and passionate emotion—"Childless," or "At Bay," which voices the mother's fierce protest against the influences of ancestry and environment that may drag her child into the dust and frustrate her hopes of him, but cannot break the dear bond that through the worst of it all shall keep him hers for ever; there are "The Little Gardens," "The Household," "Columbines," and many another poem that is instinct with tenderest feeling and dainty fancifulness; and in breezy, spontaneous songs like "The Song of the Tinker," "The Call," "The Gipsy Taint," you feel the very breath and spirit of the open air and the wind on the heath. Mrs. Byron writes in divers moods, and has rare gifts of imagination, a sure sense of the magic of words and a cunning in metrical harmonies that enables her to give poetic thoughts poetic utterance and to infuse into her ballads of glamorous rough adventure the fire and forcefulness of strenuous life.

BUSHMAN FOLK-LORE. By W. H. I. Bleek, Ph.D., and L. C. Lloyd. 21s. net. (George Allen & Co.)

It says little for the credit of British scientific enterprise that a work of such outstanding importance to philology as this should have remained inaccessible to the public for twenty-five years simply because no publisher could be found to undertake the expense of a special fount of type. Dr. Bleek, greatest of philologists, was the first scientific man to devote serious attention to the subject of the Bushman language and folklore, and in 1871 he began the careful and laborious collection of data on which the present book is based, the work being continued after his death, in 1875, by his sister-in-law and co-worker, Miss Lloyd. That was thirty years ago, and so long ago as that the Bushman had well-nigh disappeared from South Africa. There is no longer any place in the scheme of things for palæolithic man, even in the Dark Continent. Had it not been for the penal settlements Dr. Bleek would probably never have had any opportunity for making a prolonged study of Bushman types, but three decades ago a few survivors of this persecuted race were still to be found in most of the South African jails, expiating crimes that always

proved to be concerned with cattle-raiding, for had not the white man possessed their fountains, and shot all the game that had been their fathers' from time immemorial? and how else could they stay the gnawing hunger? A genius for the acquisition of tongues enabled Dr. Bleek to construct an alphabet with eighteen additional symbols to represent the extraordinary clicks and grunts that only Bushmen knew how to produce, and the Government allowed him to take prisoners of the dying race away from the jail and attach them to his household. At one time a whole Bushman family were encamped in the compound. The interest and the affection of several members of this extraordinary nation were gained by kind and judicious treatment, with the result that scores, even hundreds, of Bushman legends were enabled to be taken down and transcribed. Kabbo, who provided fifteen of the stories now published, was, says Miss Lloyd, an excellent



A Grass Bushman.

From "Bushman Folk Lore," by W. H. I. Bleek and L. C. Lloyd. (Geo. Allen & Co.

narrator, who patiently watched until a sentence had been written down before proceeding with what he was telling. One or two youths betrayed capabilities for delineating natural objects by brush or pencil, and several of their works of art, notably a graphic study of male and female ostriches and young ones, have been reproduced.

I REMEMBER: Memories of a "Sky-Pilot" in the Prison and the Slum. By John William Horsley. 7s. 6d. net. (Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.)

"To be a man of Kent is, of course, a great thing." Canon Horsley is proud of his county, and not the least interesting part of his book is the opening section upon his schooldays at Canterbury. One of his school-fellows was Walter Pater. Another "occasional playmate of mine was Kalli—I forget three or four subsequent syllables—an Esquimaux, who had been brought home by an Arctic explorer." From Canterbury he went to Pembroke College, in Oxford, but had to leave without a degree, "owing to loss of income." He then became a curate, and was eventually appointed chaplain to the Middlesex Prison. Here his practical, social bent proved of real service. His chapter on prison work and prison reform is full of sound sense. One remark is striking. "I would here add that it is a pity that reporters always take notice of the statements of ex-prisoners that they have been hounded down by the police and have lost situations through their interference. I have frequently heard these statements and frequently examined them (down to this present year), but I never found one to be true. The story is usually quite baseless; but when work has been lost it has been usually by the man himself opening his mouth." Mr. Horsley's next sphere was in Woolwich, where, as Rector of Holy Trinity, he made matters warm for landlords of insanitary houses and for evildoers generally. In 1893 he was made Rector of St. Peter's, in Walworth, and ten years later he was appointed to be Canon of Southwark, besides being Mayor of Southwark, President of the Conchological Society, and Grand Chaplain of England to the Freemasons. Canon Horsley is fond of quoting his own poetry, and he even gives extracts not only from his evidence before Royal Commissions but from his own sermons. There is a story of a preacher who inserted this advertisement in the newspapers: "Left by mistake in a train, a bag containing sermons, of no possible use to any one but the owner." Canon Horsley's sermons do not seem to justify this description. Still, the practice of reproducing such extracts is not to be commended to writers of clerical autobiography. Apart from this, the book reveals an energetic, versatile personality, with strong views upon the iniquity of betting and drinking, with admirable zeal for the social and moral welfare of the people, and with moderate High Church principles. Canon Horsley's vigour has enabled him to get over a large amount of ground in the course of his strenuous career. The glimpses which this autobiography offers into his manifold activities are decidedly pleasing. For a clerical book of reminiscences there is a remarkable surplus of social interests over ecclesiastical, but probably this will not detract from its popularity. Canon Horsley has generally been an unconventional free-lance; but, if his method and opinions have not always been drilled into the form approved by Convocations and Bishops, he has served the church militant with ungrudging ardour

MEMORIES, PERSONAGES, PEOPLE, PLACES. By Henry G. Huntington. 21s. net. (Constable.)

It must be frankly confessed that Mr. Huntington's memories are rather tantalising. Here is a book written by a man who has known beautiful women like Mrs. Langtry, admirals of the position of Lord Charles Beresford and Sir Henry Keppel, *diplomats* so distinguished as Sir Rennel Rodd and Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, statesmen of the rank of Francesco Crispi and Joseph Chamberlain, politicians as interesting as James G. Blaine and Henry Labouchere, heads of State such as King Edward VII., General Grant, and President Cleveland, and authors so famous as Russell Lowell, Thomas Hughes, Mark Twain, and Henry James—to say nothing of "royalties," counts, and princes by the dozen; and yet so discreet is he that he gives none of these celebrities away, and says nothing about any one of them that is in the least degree intimate, scandalous, or even mildly apocalyptic. What a smile of conscious superiority will wreath the features of the Countess of Cardigan as she turns the pages of this immaculate work! There are, of course, excellent things in it, but they lie rather wide apart. Born seemingly of rich American parents and educated at Harvard, its author has evidently lived a very full life. As a young man he made the tour of India, he went to the Cape, and he travelled over Europe before settling down in his country's consular service in Italy—a land which, in this respect like his friend Ouida, he seems to know and to love beyond any other land. And—though he appears to be a reasonably modest man and of himself says little more than is absolutely necessary for the purpose of elucidating his narrative—we gather that his social gifts are such as to give him a ready *entrée* anywhere. An enthusiastic yachtsman, a devotee of the dance, a duellist *malgré lui*, a lover of music and possessor of a fine voice, a patron of the arts and a painter too, Mr. Huntington seems to have been as popular at Florence as at Washington, as much at home dancing at a Quirinal ball as indulging in his favourite sport at Cowes as a member

of the Royal Yacht Club The chapters of his book which are most valuable from the informative point of view are the three in which he sets forth the facts of the Italian emigration to America describes the latest—the 1910—art discoveries at Pompeii illustrating them by some very effective reproductions in colour and pronounces his frank and unqualified judgment on Ouida the woman There is indeed an *olla podrida* of instructive and amusing matter in Mr Huntington's handsomely produced volume and the portraits of beautiful women and distinguished men with which it is so lavishly embellished should help to make it one of the most popular gift books of the day One word of criticism in conclusion the author is not of course a professional man of letters but even so he should distinguish between affectionate and affectional relations

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Notes on New Books.

MESSRS M H GILL & SON DUBLIN

If **Ardnaree** by Randal McDonnell is fiction then it is fiction written with consummate skill But it purports to be The Story of an English Girl in Connaught Told by Herself and edited from the original MSS and we fully believe the truth of this statement If it is fiction we confess ourselves to have been entirely convinced of its being truth And if indeed it is truth we congratulate Mr McDonnell upon a most alluring find It is not that the story is remarkable in any way but it is so naive so natural so revealing and in the end so touching that we ourselves have been charmed by it Ireland in the early nineteenth century are the place and period and some celebrities mingle with a crowd of men and women in its pages

MESSRS MILLS & BOON

Sir Allison Mayne walked steadily out on to the landing stage which ran into the lake then one after the other he flung the twins into the water This is the promising introduction of Miss Maude Annesley's new novel **All Awry** (6s) The twins are Clotilde and Jack Mayne and Clotilde is really the better boy of the two Her scorn for her sex leads her later to sign on as a purser in disguise and there follows a very entertaining Robinson Crusoe comedy The fourth officer finally reconciles Clo to her sex and makes a pleasant love story run smooth

The Rambles series of Messrs Mills & Boon makes an excellent beginning with two attractive volumes It has been the desire of the publishers to make the books something more than the ordinary record of travel and to this end they have secured the services of writers who may justly claim to be expert in their subjects Miss Frances M Gostling in **Rambles around French Châteaux** (6s) imparts much freshness to a subject which in places is somewhat hackneyed The motor car proved of invaluable assistance to the author in a five weeks tour which took her from Havre to St Malo via Arles and Loire In **Rambles in the Black Forest** (same price) Miss I A R Wylie also gives the reader the benefit of personal experience of a more restricted area while she utilises her intimate knowledge of German manners and customs nowhere more quaint than in the Black Forest—to good effect Both volumes have numerous illustrations from photographs as well as a few in colour

MESSRS J B LIPPINCOTT CO

A strange mingling of old fashioned elements in a new fashioned dress characterises Mr Will Comfort's novel **She Buildeth her House** (6s) The opening chapter is entitled Paula Encounters the Remarkable Eyes of Her First Giant and Hearkens to the Second Thundering Afar off This prepares the reader for the discovery that the entertaining love story of Paula Linster and Quentin Charter is cumbered by a good many literary affectations which are not strong enough however to smother the vitality of a really good story The denouement is worked out under the fiery rain of Mont Pelée and gives us several chapters of really powerful descriptive writing

MESSRS SAMPSON LOW & CO

It is sometimes pleasant amidst the rush of machine made fiction to come across a specimen of the genuine old fashioned yarn Four excellent examples of this unpretentious genus are provided in **Under Western Skies** by Francis Sinclair (6s) Whether they tell of Australian bush the high seas or the prairie they have all the genuine ring and justify the author's preference for stories which come from memories in the heart to those constructed by the genius of the head"

MESSRS DUCKWORTH & CO

"The realities of the world affected me as visions and as visions only while the wild ideas of the land of dreams became in turn not the material of my everyday existence but in very deed that existence utterly and solely in itself These words of Poe might be applied to Watteau says Camille Mauclair in his volume **Antoine Watteau** (1s net) And we can well realise as we look at Watteau's delicate and lovely paintings that this brave man turned from the actualities of his life his weakness his ill health the hideous phantom Consumption and dwelt upon his visions till they became real to him in his pictures M Mauclair has not only written a thoughtful and lucid Life of the painter he has portrayed and criticised him as a consumptive dwelling on the link between his illness and his imagination pointing out the *feeling* which underlies his work feeling which is lacking in the work of his imitators This little vloume is an admirable addition to an admirable series

MESSRS HUTCHINSON & CO

Authors are justly indignant when their books are reviewed solely upon their prefaces but Mr Ryan's preface an excellent summary of the life of his heroine completely takes the wind out of our sails Most readers have heard vaguely of Jeanne d'Albret afterwards Queen of Navarre and most of them know nothing more about her But we cannot possibly enlighten them save by summarising the preface of **Queen Jeanne of Navarre** (12s 6d) net which is no proof that we have read the remainder of the book As a matter of fact we have done so and we think highly of it It impresses us as a thoroughly well balanced and well written biography perhaps a little unemotional but entirely sympathetic to its subject Mr Ryan is an accomplished and experienced writer and he shows much skill in the portrayal of the character of the brave and conscientious but rather unapproachable and unlovable Queen There are some particularly interesting illustrations

MESSRS HODDER & STOUGHTON

The Apple of Happiness, by Ethel Turner Mrs H R Curlewis (s 6d) is a well told vivacious and very entertaining story The characters are so natural and true to life that Mrs Curlewis succeeds in gaining our liking for even the most unattractive and unpleasant of them Her glimpses of child life are wonderfully true and show that she possesses a sure and thorough understanding of children The story tells how Edna the youngest of three sisters—daughters of an exceedingly wealthy old gentleman—has married beneath her to the consternation of her relatives and thus has separated herself from the rest of her family After many years of pain her own little girl the eldest sister determines to bring about a reconciliation between Edna and her father and to restore her to the position she lost by marrying Hugh Gillespie Mrs Curlewis writes with sympathy and charm and her new book will appeal especially to women young and old

MR ANDREW MELROSE

Mr Hubert Druce has a decided bent for the gruesome At any rate his **Henry Cassland** (6s) is a book quite sufficiently thrilling for any reader of ordinary nerve In plot it is perfectly simple Henry Cassland a well to do but unsuccessful actor who is obviously more than half insane decides to rid himself of the young woman who may prove an obstacle to his marriage with a very charming girl To this end he schemes and puts into practice a particularly diabolical murder at the same time contriving a strong circumstantial case against another and exceedingly harmless young man He is a leading witness at the succeeding murder trial which ends disastrously for the innocent Cassland's unfortunate dupe is hanged and Cassland himself is left to make an unjustly happy marriage with the object of his affections There may be some moral objections against Mr Druce's book but possibly with the object of meeting such objections the murder is committed in such a manner that its successful issue owes much to coincidence and good fortune But speaking quite unmorally there is no question that the book is a very clever one, and that its author possesses the power of holding the attention of his readers from start to finish

MESSRS BATSFORD

Messrs A E Richardson and C Lovett Gill have compiled in **London Houses from 1660 to 1820** (15s net) a valuable and very interesting account of the wonderful examples of domestic architecture of the renaissance and classical revival periods that are still to be found existing in London The book should prove especially valuable to architects and students of architecture, and it has been so arranged that it will serve as an admirable guide for the visitor to London each of the ninety-eight full-page plates being separately and succinctly described and all of them being dealt with in a series of three special chapters according to the period to which they belong There are introductory chapters devoted to a consideration of the planning of the town house and its interior decoration and a concluding chapter that touches on architectural developments in the outer suburbs of London This is not only, we believe, the first book of its kind on this particular subject, but it is done with such ability and so thoroughly that it seems to leave no opening for a second.

MR. JOHN LANE'S AUTUMN BOOKS

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WIND ON THE HEATH. By ESSEX SMITH.

THE LIFTED LATCH. By GEORGE VANE.

THE BODLEY HEAD, VIGO STREET, LONDON, W.

The Bookman Christmas Supplement



From Tannhäuser (Harrap)

"Sailor, come hither!
Hither, oh! hither—
Let the cold world-wind
Vex thee no more."



From Costumes, Traditions, and Songs of Savoy *(Chatto & Windus)* BARGAINING

THE BELGIANS AT HOME.

By CLIVE HOLLAND 10s 6d net (Methuen)

Belgium has always been a favourite with the English tourist, and the reasons for this are very clear The country is close to England so much so that the cost of the journey for a Londoner is less than that of a trip to Scotland it is very cheap, whether for the traveller or the resident parts of it are picturesque and all of it is interesting, and above all, it is very decidedly foreign ' As a country with an atmosphere of its own, and within reach of the ordinary traveller, it comes second only to Holland Its people, its history, its architecture, and its pictures are alike strange to the Englishman, who has had reason to bewail the lack of a book on the country which shall be less impersonal than Baedeker and equally reliable To such a one Mr Holland's book will be very acceptable The author has a thorough acquaintance with his subject and in a pleasantly chatty fashion he introduces his readers to all the best known sights of the country His accuracy— so far as we can judge from our own experience—is unimpeachable, and his brief sketches of the history of various towns are just what the traveller requires The author has given an added life and interest to a very charming subject Mr Douglas Snowdon has illustrated the volume with sixteen delightfully delicate and sympathetic pictures (reproduced in colours), and there are many other illustrations from Mr Holland's own photographs

COSTUMES, TRADITIONS, AND SONGS OF SAVOY.

By ESTELLA CANZIANI [illegible] net (Chatto & Windus)

The author of this very elaborate work strikes us as a decidedly gifted person To begin with she can write very pleasantly and her record of a number of visits to Savoy makes enjoyable reading This is quite apart from the extra value given to the volume by the inclusion of a large number of translations of local legends and songs The author will impress the reader as having a thorough acquaintance with her subject which she puts to the best account In addition the airs of a large number of songs are printed in full The airs do not all possess beauty to our ears at any rate but there can be no question about the interest with which they are invested And finally, the author is a very accomplished artist as well She gives us a large number of plates roughly fifty all of them reproduced in colour and in addition quite a fair number of line drawings in the text principally of coins and medals The pictures are as full of atmosphere as they are of colour (which is saying a good deal) and though most of them have clearly been painted with a view to supplying a record of the fast dying and wholly original costumes of Savoyards, they are none of them lacking in beauty The only complaint that we have to make is that the author is too modest in referring to her book as a "little collection", it is quite an exceptionally magnificent volume.



From The Belgians at Home *(Methuen)*.

THE EVENING MEAL IN THE BÉGUINAGE. (Photo by Théodo Graeve, Bruges.)

NOTES ON PICTURES IN THE ROYAL COLLECTIONS.

Collected and Edited for the *Burlington Magazine* by LIONEL CUST, M V O Published by special permission of H M King George V 12s 6d net (Chatto & Windus)

The chapters which constitute this exceedingly handsome volume have all, we are told, appeared in the *Burlington Magazine* during the past five years Such an assurance is, of course, a proof of their quality, and it hardly

seems necessary to quote the names of the various contributors. In 1905–6, Mr. Lionel Cust tells us, two large volumes were issued containing "a selection from the best-known pictures at Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle. There remained, however, a large number of pictures, chiefly those collected by H R H the Prince Consort, which were practically unknown, and the interest of which, if of secondary importance from the highest point of artistic value, was not inconsiderable for students and connoisseurs." The writing of a series of articles was therefore undertaken, and the articles themselves were published in the *Burlington Magazine* by Royal permission. In their present permanent form we believe that success awaits them. The illustrations, two of which are reproduced in photogravure, seven in collotype, and thirty-eight in half-tone, are of an unusually high order of excellence, and the general production of the book reflects great credit upon its publishers.



From Notes on Pictures in the Royal Collections *(Chatto & Windus).*

QUEEN CATHERINE HOWARD
(Portrait painted by Hans Holbein the younger.)

THE LIFE OF SPENCER COMPTON, EIGHTH DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

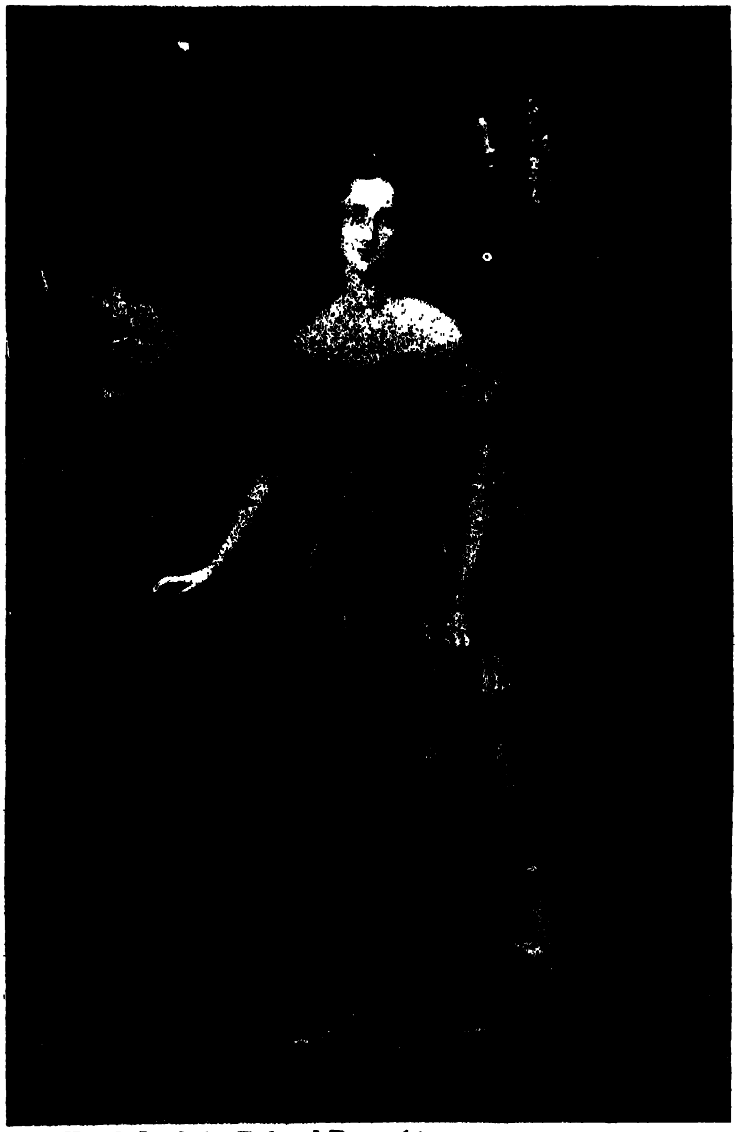
By Bernard Holland, C.B. In 2 Vols., with 12 Illustrations and a Map. 32s. net. (Longmans.)

The best part of this important work hardly comes within the scope of The Bookman. We do not profess to be concerned in any way with politics, while the interest of Mr. Bernard Holland's work is largely political, and we are debarred from giving voice to our opinions upon what is certainly the major portion of the volumes. We can, however, say that Mr. Bernard Holland appears to us to have done his work very well. He writes with a deep and sympathetic knowledge of his subject, and he has invested his rendering of the late Duke's character with force and actuality. Nobody who takes any interest whatever in present-day politics can afford to neglect this lengthy and workmanlike biography.

THE POCKET REFERENCE LIBRARY.

6 Vols. 6d. net each. (Cassell.)

From Messrs. Cassell come half a dozen volumes of "The Pocket Reference Library," an admirably compact and handy little series, the volumes of which are well printed and bound in cloth. Mr. W. Gurney Benham's "Classified Dictionary of Prose Quotations" and Mr. H. H. Thomas's "Pocket Gardener" are frankly condensed from larger works, but they should be none the less useful on that account. The remaining four books are new. Mr. Lawrence H. Dawson gives us a well-arranged dictionary of dates, entitled "When was That?" and Miss Marjory Luxmoore an up-to-date and reliable "Dictionary of Etiquette," while Mr. A. E. Dobbs has hit upon a new idea in an excellent little work dealing with "Abbreviations, British and Foreign," in an exhaustive manner. In his "French Conversation for English Travellers," Mr. F. F. Bovet supplies the tourist with a very large number of useful little phrases. The feature of his book is the simplicity of its classification, for far greater space has been devoted to "miscellaneous phrases" than in any other work of the kind that we remember having come across. It is in every way an admirable compilation, up-to-date—a section of aviation terms has even been included!—simply arranged, and ready of reference.



From The Life of the Duke of Devonshire *(Longmans).* THE COUNTESS OF BURLINGTON. (Painted by T. Lucas, after her death, from a miniature.)

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

By her son, Charles Edward Stowe, and her grandson, Lyman Beecher Stowe. Illustrated. 6s. net. (Nisbet & Co.)

This volume is less suggestive of a biography in the usual sense than of a novel; a novel pleasantly old-fashioned and leisurely in its going, yet sometimes racily and often intensely human, with a variety of interests, domestic, racial, psychological, and spiritual. It is primarily the revelation of a woman, in the depths of her own nature and under the influence of a stern theology and an American environment. Of literature there is far less than might be expected; voluminous as was Mrs. Stowe as an author, we are left with the feeling that literature on the whole was something incidental in her life, mostly the outcome of domestic necessity and lack of pence; once, indeed, inspired by a wave of pity and passion—when, without knowing that she did anything remarkable, she penned "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—and once in her old age—when she recalled New England memories—dictated by love of old times and associations rather than by any compelling creative stress. And the book makes it clear that if she had given nothing to literature her story still would have been exceedingly interesting, well worth telling, even by a great interpreter—such, for instance, as George Eliot, to whom some of the most expressive letters quoted in this book were written. If we take away all the literary interests the story remains full of human appeal, and often vivid with pictures of a character-rich old life long since passed away. Her New England childhood and girlhood were passed amidst a humanity that brooded sternly and darkly on the next world, but showed genial and affectionate traits in this. Her married life was one of stress and struggle, and at the same time deep happiness. Her husband suggests a sentimental woman disguised as a learned professor. He thought her a genius with a supreme mission, and wept over most of her manuscripts. The little, modest, affectionate creature remained unspoiled to the end of her long life, great as were the agitation and admiration she caused. The interests of domesticity, theology, wild and arcadian nature, and human drama and character were curiously blended in her story, and this volume does justice to the blend.

ECHOES OF HELP AND COMFORT.

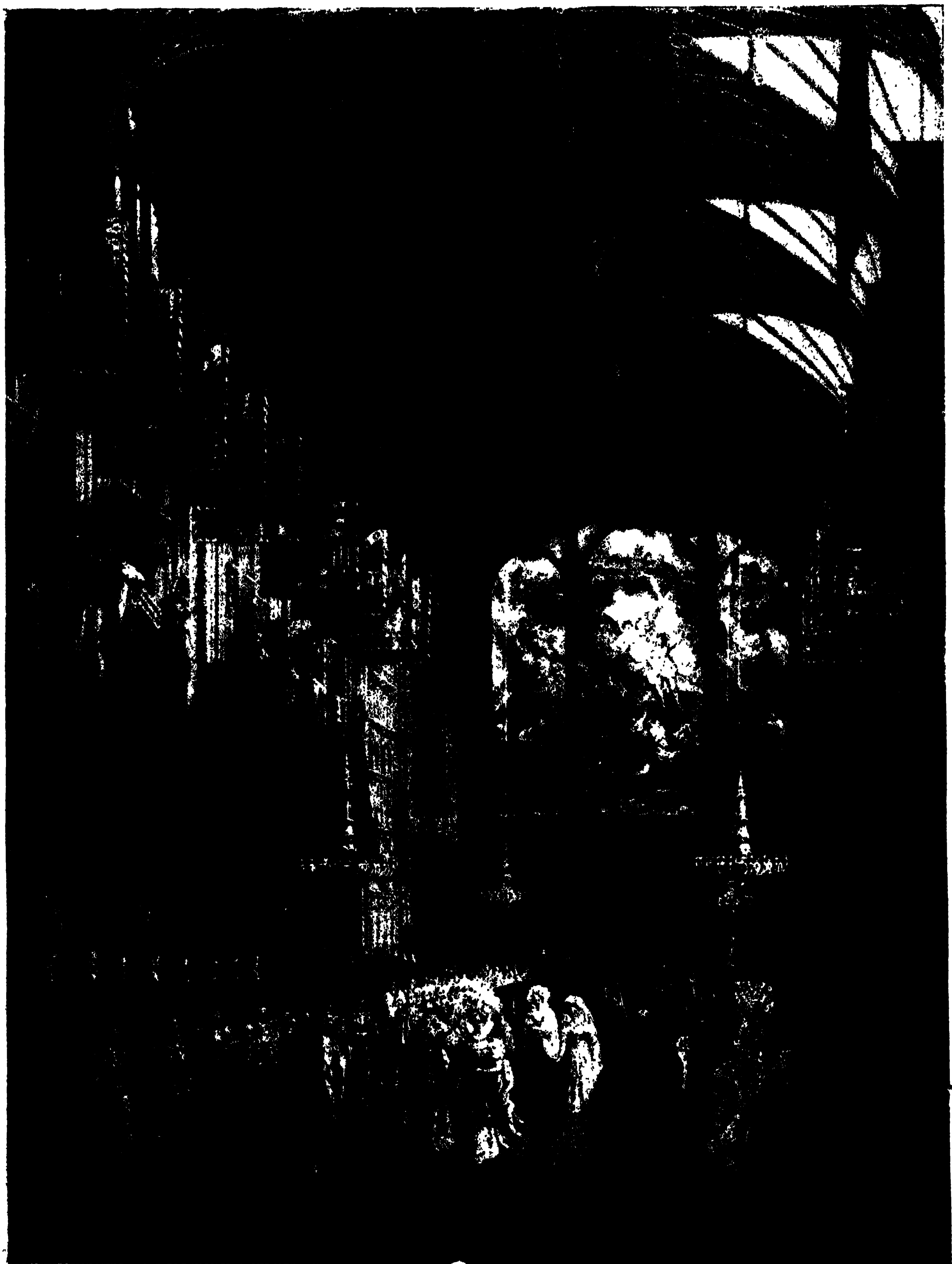
Collected by Lucy E. Martin. 5s. net. (Allenson.)

A particularly charming anthology is that which Miss Martin has collected on behalf of Mr. Allenson. "Echoes of Help and Comfort" consist particularly of extracts from well-known religious writers, many of them being still copyright. The little volume is beautifully produced, and it should have a large sale as a Christmas present to lovers of literature of the "serious" kind.

WINDSOR.

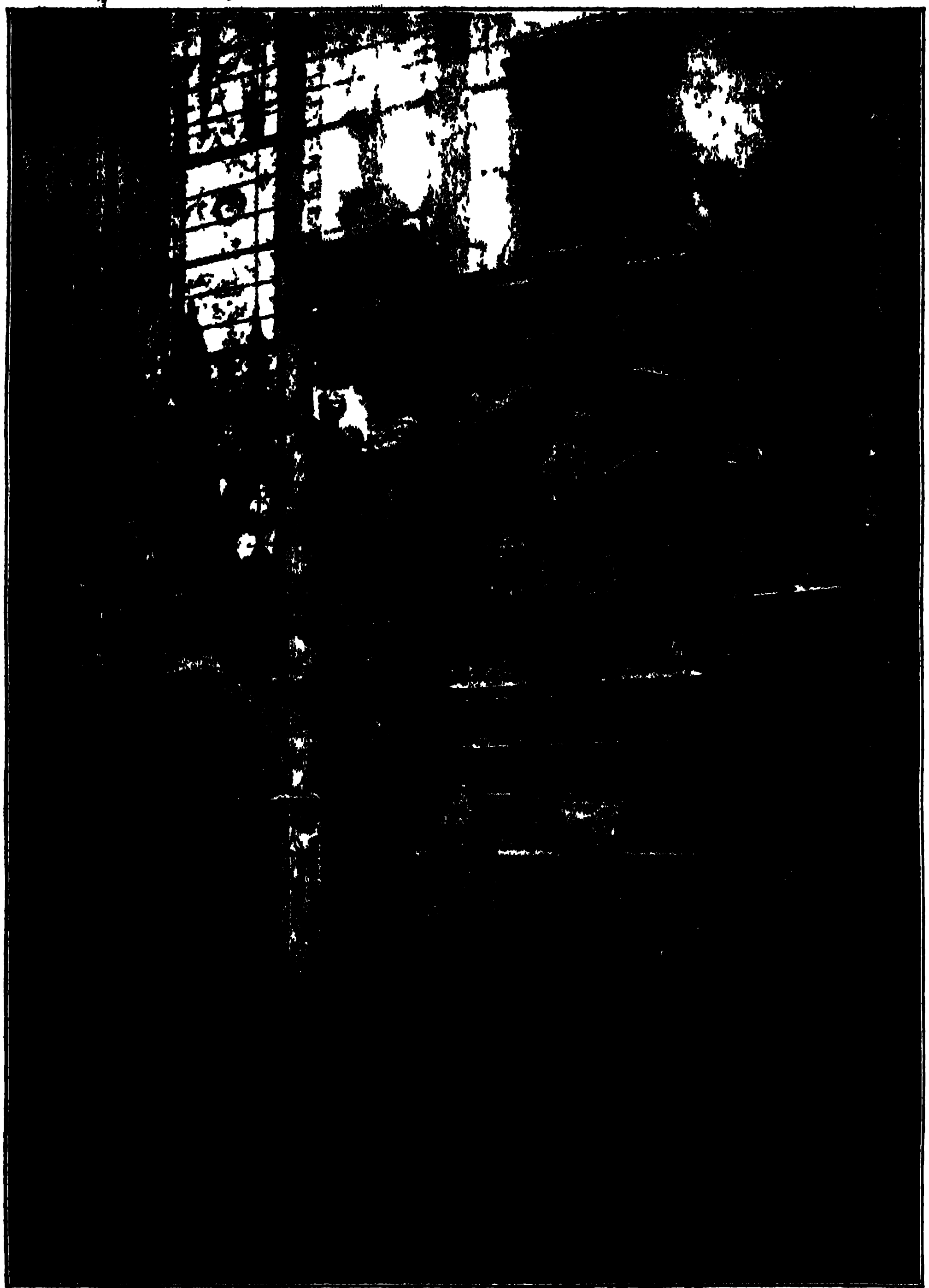
By ARTHUR GODDARD. With 22 Plates and many other Illustrations. £1 11s. 6d. net. (Jarrold.)

"It is all very grand, very beautiful, very striking." So wrote Guizot to his son concerning Windsor Castle, and that is the impression which Windsor doubtless makes upon all who visit it—even its sightseers. And so Mr. Goddard need hardly apologise for having brought before us another volume upon this subject, more particularly as his book strikes out something of a new line. The author has taken pains to collect a large number of illustrations connected with Windsor Castle and with Eton College, and the result of his labours may be seen in the sumptuous volume which is now before us. The illustrations—of which twenty-two are specially prepared plates—are exceedingly numerous, and all justify their inclusion in the book, either by their artistic beauty or by the interest connected with them. The author's text is entirely adequate to its subject—and this is saying a very great deal and he is fortunately possessed of a style which renders the book very readable. In fact, "Windsor" is something more than a beautiful book. It is a volume of great historical importance.



From "Windsor" (Jarrold).

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL: PART OF THE CEREMONY OF AN INSTALLATION OF KNIGHTS OF THE GARTER (F. Mackenzie, 1840.)



From **A History of French Architecture** *(Bell)*

TOMB OF THE DUC DE BRÉZÉ ROUEN CATHEDRAL.
(N D Photo)

THACKERAY'S WORKS.

Catherine. Miscellanies. The Knights of Borsellen. Centenary Biographical Edition 6s net each (Smith Elder)

The publication of these three volumes completes Messrs Smith Elder's Centenary Biographical Edition of Thackeray surely the most complete and most satisfying edition of the great novelist's works that either the student or the general reader could desire There are five hitherto unpublished portraits in these last volumes and a number of new Thackeray drawings, the former including a very charming portrait in colour of Lady Thackeray Ritchie at the age of eighteen, painted by her father Among the "Miscellanies" are included the recently discovered "Cockney Travels" and such of the articles and writings rescued by the researches of Mr. Lewis Melville from the files of old newspapers and magazines as Lady Ritchie is convinced are authentic, as well as "The Orphan of Pimlico" and a number of Thackeray's caricatures. "The Knights of Borsellen" is the fragment of a romance of Henry V.'s time that Thackeray began to write, but put aside to work on "Denis Duval" But more interesting than the romance is Lady Ritchie's introduction to this volume, in which she gives an account of her father's ancestors It is the introductions to the volumes in this edition that give it its unique value and distinction, for they comprise by far the most authoritative and intimate record of Thackeray's life that has ever been published

A MEDLEY OF BIRTHDAYS.

Collected by F J A B 5s net (W Heffer & Sons Cambridge)

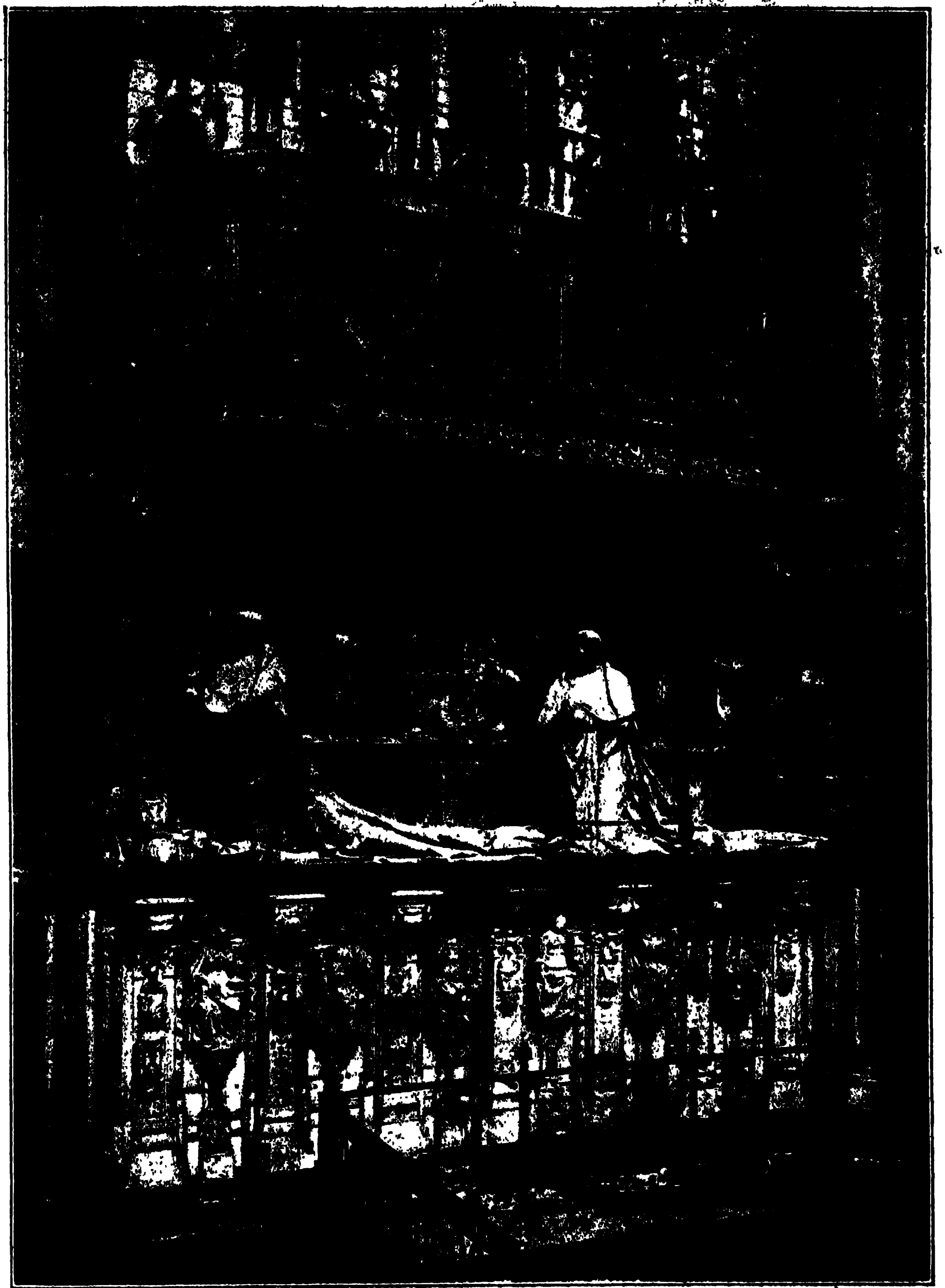
Miss Baumgartner the compiler of this suggestive and original anthology was an old lady who died early in this year, and who had never so far as we know distinguished herself in literature Nevertheless she has devised a sort of birthday book and anthology which is worked on an entirely new scheme Briefly the idea is that every day of the year is the birthday of some one who has said something worthy of preservation Miss Baumgartner we are told hit upon 688 of these persons and there are accordingly at least 688 different extracts in her book Each extract is as self revealing as possible and the general effect of the whole book is certainly somewhat staggering Under July 2 for example, we find a quotation from Cranmer's speech at the stake immediately followed by a couple of sentences from Mr. William Le Queux in praise of the working classes of London; July 17, with Dr Watts and Martin Tupper and even the 26th, with W M Praed and G B Shaw would seem in happier accord The compiler was nothing if not catholic certainly But there can be no doubt that the work makes by far the most interesting birthday book we have ever come across It is a most pleasant combination of amusement and edification

A HISTORY OF FRENCH ARCHITECTURE.

By Reginald Blomfield, A R A, M A, F.S.A. 2 Vols. 5 s net. (G Bell & Sons)

The guiding purpose of Mr Blomfield's work in these volumes has been to show the continuous growth of French neo-classic architecture, from its tentative beginnings in the reign of Charles VIII. to its mature development in the middle of the seventeenth century. Mr. Blomfield has already written a masterly history of renaissance architecture in England, and this later history of the Renaissance in France is a no less conscientious and scholarly piece of

work. Nothing is gained by any too rigid systems of classification; an attempt to classify phases of art or architecture only betrays one into error, for the temptation is not to make the particular label fit the object, but to make the object fit the label. Therefore, Mr. Blomfield is satisfied to give his classifications large margins—there is no precise date at which one style of architecture ended and another began; one style gradually passed into another: "The differences of detail and method are obvious and important, but the essential point to keep in view is that one period grew out of another, and it is only by tracing the pedigree as a whole, by letting the mind range backwards and forwards over the whole field, that it is possible to form a broadly comprehensive view of the scope and meaning of the Renaissance in France." Mr. Blomfield has studied his subject with minutest care; he has taken infinite trouble to get exhaustively acquainted with it, and to examine all examples of public and domestic architecture in France that belong to the period he covers; and he has written in these two stately volumes a history that is as lucid as it is exhaustive. There is a very full bibliography on French architecture, and a number of excellent illustrations.



From A History of French Architecture *(Bell).*

TOMB OF CARDINAL AMBOISE: ROUEN CATHEDRAL. (N.D. Photo.)

WORD PORTRAITS:

Character Sketches of Famous Men and Women.
By MAXIMILIAN HARDEN. Translated by JULIUS GABE. 10s. 6d. net. (Blackwood.)

The author of this work, Herr Maximilian Harden, is perhaps the leading force in German journalism at the present day. As editor of *Die Zukunft*, which he founded in 1896, he has always been a prominent figure, and he has made his paper "probably the most influential, and certainly the most fearless, in its clear and calm critical judgment of all existing German periodicals." The translation of his "Köpfe" has been carried out in a most careful manner, and Mr. Gabe's work on the book is worthy of all praise. Harden writes a German which, in its elusiveness, the extreme length of its sentences, and its wealth of literary allusion, is extraordinarily difficult to translate, and although Mr. Gabe has not succeeded in producing a volume which can justifiably be termed easy reading, "Word Portraits" is at any rate presented to the English public in an idiomatic and careful version. The "Portraits" themselves appear to us to be of varying degrees of merit. "Old William," Bismarck, Richter, Holstein, and Ibsen impress us as brilliant in the extreme, while the savagery with which the author attacks Zola is at least justifiable from a certain point of view. His treatment of the Empress Frederick, however, is frankly cruel, and springs from an unjustly prejudiced state of mind. But there can be no question that on the whole "Word Portraits" is remarkable, and we trust that the welcome extended by the English reading public to Herr Harden will be sufficiently warm to induce the publishers to follow the present volume with others.

THE SEVEN RICHEST HEIRESSES OF FRANCE.

By the COUNT DE SOISSONS. 12s. 6d. net. Illustrated. (Long.)

The curious title of the volume which the Count de Soissons has just issued through Messrs. John Long may perhaps help to bring it the success it deserves. The author sets forth his aims sufficiently clearly in his preface: "The purpose of this book," he says, "is to narrate the extraordinary career of that famous Italian, Mazarin, who came to France poor and relatively unknown, but, nevertheless, became a prince of the Church, ruled over the country omnipotently by smiles, flatteries, promises,



From "The Byzantine Empire" (*Black*).

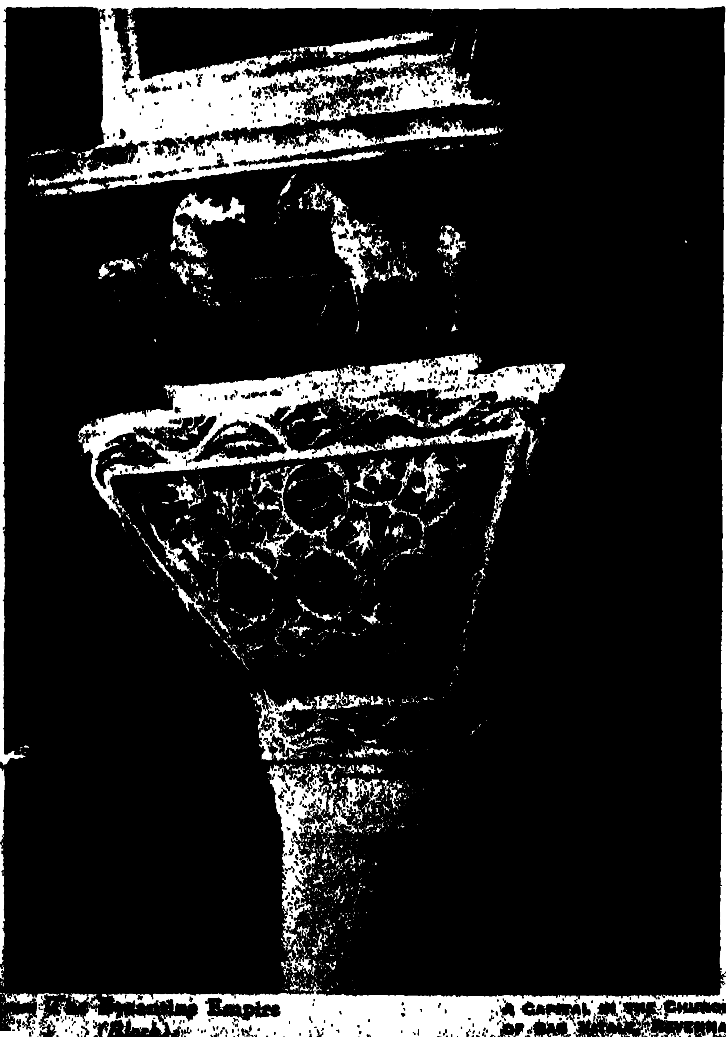
JUSTINIAN TRIUMPHANT: A. GIRAUDON.
(From an ivory in the Musée du Louvre, Paris.)

flexibility, and personal charms; and acquired—for those times—the enormous wealth of a hundred millions in gold, which he was daring enough to take from the exchequer of the King of France for his own purposes. However, the most interesting feature of this volume will be the lives, love intrigues, and remarkable adventures of seven beautiful women, the nieces of the said Cardinal Mazarin, who brought them from Italy to France for the purpose of helping him in his political schemes; he succeeded, by giving them enormous dowries, in marrying them into the best families in the land." This lengthy extract gives a clear idea of the nature of the book the Count de Soissons has written. Quite candidly, it cannot be said that his English style would be good in an Englishman, but it is wonderful in a foreigner, and "The Seven Richest Heiresses" can be read with ease, amusement, and even a good deal of profit. A large number of interesting illustrations add to the attractions of a very attractive piece of work.

THE BYZANTINE EMPIRE.

By EDWARD A. FOORD. With 32 Full-page Illustrations from Photographs. 7s. 6d. net. (Black.)

Mr. Edward A. Foord has written this volume with the intention of filling a gap in English literature. We have had important and lengthy historical works devoted to the study of the Byzantine Empire. We have also had brief sketches, but never before have we come across a manageable and popular history. The author has written his book with enthusiasm, and he has contrived to present to the reader a very striking picture of the break-up of the last remains of Roman power in Europe. The volume is very attractively produced and embodies thirty-two full-page plates and seven sketch-maps.



From "The Byzantine Empire" (Black).

A CAPITAL IN THE CHURCH OF SAN VITALE, RAVENNA. [illegible]

THE FAIR LAND OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

By MAURICE DE WALEFFE. Translated by VIOLETTE M. MONTAGU, with Preface by SIR A. CONAN DOYLE, and 24 Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net. (Long.)

In the Preface which he addresses to Monsieur de Waleffe, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle says that he thinks this book "quite charming, very witty, instructive, and full of interesting observations," and in this judgment we entirely agree with him. The author is an unusually intelligent and wideawake traveller, and his claim that he is the first author to write impartially on Central America is, at any rate, deserving of serious consideration. Monsieur de Waleffe travelled first to Trinidad and Venezuela, proceeding afterwards by way of Panama, Costa Rica, and Jamaica to Havana, a town which he appears to have disliked. He finished his tour with a visit to Mexico, and it is interesting to find that he gives some corroboration of the charges recently brought against the Mexican Government in the work entitled "Barbarous Mexico." The effect that his journey had upon the author seems to have been not entirely pleasing. Truth to tell, Monsieur de Waleffe is a difficult man to please, but there is probably a good deal in the charges which he brings against American political and business methods. He is an exceedingly strong anti-Yankee, and in the United States he sees the Power which is shortly to absorb the whole of Central America and the greater part of the southern continent of



From The Art of the Romans (*Methuen*) — TELLUS GROUP FROM THE ARA PACIS AUGUSTÆ

well. We cannot do more than mention the charmingly witty manner in which the author has written his book and his translator is to be congratulated on the effect of frankness and sincerity which she has so well succeeded in preserving.

THE ART OF THE ROMANS.

By H. B. WALTERS. 15s. net. (Methuen.)

This finely produced and very liberally illustrated volume is one which does credit alike to its author and to its publishers. As Mr. Walters says, the Romans were not an artistic people. But nevertheless the record of their achievement is no small one, and it is the more to the author's credit that he has so well performed the task which he set himself, that of indicating the principal lines on which the study of Roman Art has been pursued is one aim of the present work, but it is also an endeavour to give a brief survey of the whole sphere of Roman Art in a concise and handy form, a task which hardly seems to have been hitherto attempted. Mr. Walters proves himself a painstaking and efficient guide, and his book serves as a most useful introduction to the study of an intricate subject.

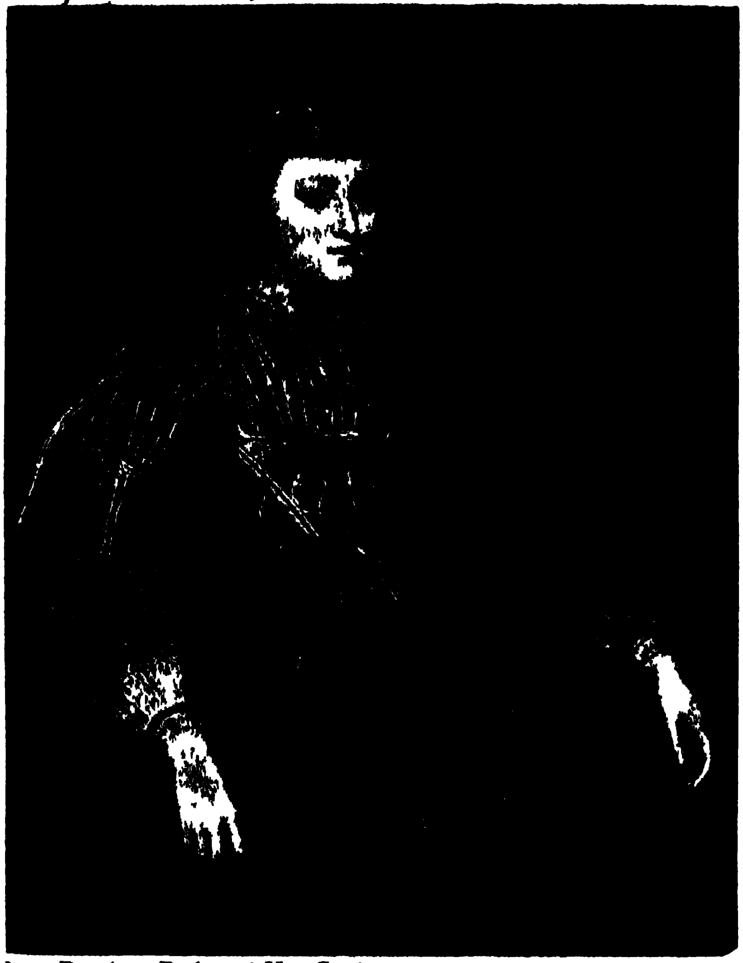
THE CAMBRIDGE MANUALS OF SCIENCE AND LITERATURE:

The Historical Growth of the English Parish Church. By A. HAMILTON THOMPSON, M.A., F.S.A. **Links with the Past in the Plant World.** By A. C. SEWARD, M.A., F.R.S. **New Zealand.** By the HON. SIR ROBERT STOUT, K.C.M.G., LL.D., and J. LOGAN STOUT, LL.B. Illustrated. 1s. net and 2s. 6d. net each vol. (Cambridge University Press.)

Three specimen volumes of the excellent Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature have been sent us. The books are all designed to give as large an amount of information as possible upon special subjects, and it may at once be said that of their kind it would be impossible to conceive of more useful books. Mr. Thompson makes a successful attempt "to supply an account of the historical conditions amid which our parish churches were built, and say something of the builders, and to remove the popular idea still current even among educated people that our architecture is mainly due to the profuse benefactions of the religious orders." Mr. Seward, who is also one of the editors, announces his object is "primarily to call attention to some of the many questions which are raised by an inquiry into the relative antiquity of existing plants, and to illustrate the nature of the evidence afforded



From New Zealand (*Cambridge University Press*) — MAORI CARVING



From Penelope Rich and Her Circle *(Hutchinson)*

ELIZABETH VERNON COUNTESS OF SOUTHAMPTON
(From a Painting by Cornelius Jansen)

by the records of the rocks." In many ways his is the most fascinating of the three volumes which have reached us. But the "New Zealand" of Sir Robert Stout and Mr. J. L. Stout is almost equally well managed. Within a very small space the authors supply an historical sketch of the country, and they devote important sections to government and administration and to social labour and land legislation. All the volumes are well illustrated and neatly bound. At their price they are indeed marvels of value.

PENELOPE RICH AND HER CIRCLE.

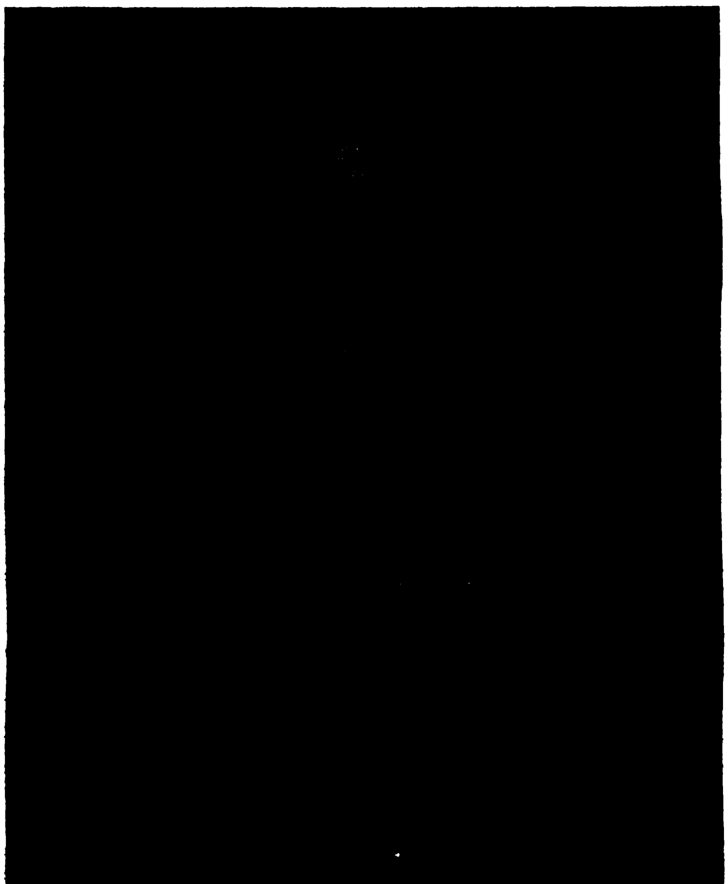
By MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON. With 30 Illustrations. 16s. net. (Hutchinson.)

Mrs. Stepney Rawson, whose novels are, of course, prime favourites with a very large section of the reading public, has, as our readers may remember, had previous experience in the writing of biography, for "Bess of Hardwick" did much to win for its author the regard of many serious historical students. In "Penelope Rich and Her Circle" the author has found sympathetic material, and the picture she paints of a very remarkable woman is vivid in the extreme. As Mrs. Stepney Rawson says, "Penelope Rich's life lies here for our amazement, our pity, not for our contempt. Is it such a small thing to have wrought so fast and travelled so [illegible] in such troubled years? Is it nothing to have brought twelve children into the world for good or evil, to have triumphed over smallpox and measles and the far greater infections of political treasons, to have faced the Privy Council and not been clapped in the Tower, to have dwelt in a house on the verge of bombardment, to have been adored by poets and bookmen, danced and acted at Court, witnessed the production of great comedies, all but overridden a divorce and lived down a social scandal, and lastly to have carried a fair body and a famous and beautiful face erect, youthful and flawless to the verge of middle age? These are achievements enough for one life, and, though they were not all reputable, she must in these be given credit for consistency." All lovers of literature, and more particularly of historical biography, will, if they take our advice, have immediate recourse to Mrs. Rawson's picturesque and fascinating pages.

JIM DAVIS.

By JOHN MASEFIELD. 6s. (Wells Gardner.)

We remember that last year Mr. Masefield had two books published which were probably intended to appeal primarily to boy readers. No boy who read it is likely to forget the very well managed romance of "Martin Hyde, the Duke's Messenger," and now Mr. Masefield obligingly comes forward with another fine historical study which cannot fail to enthral his juvenile readers and should by no means be missed by adults. Jim Davis, the hero of the story, is a youth who accidentally falls in with smugglers, and by reason of his affection for one of the number gives them useful information on one occasion. Later, however, he plans to effect the escape of two coastguardsmen who have been captured by these same smugglers and whose lives he believes to be in danger. His attempt fails, and he is forcibly enlisted by the smugglers, who are anxious to stop his mouth and believe that they will do so successfully by implicating him in their own crimes. Accordingly Jim makes two voyages on the smugglers' boat, voyages which Mr. Masefield describes with remarkable clarity and force. The author's style throughout is excellently adapted to the class of reader for whom he is writing, but the vital interest of the book lies in its story, which holds the reader from first to last. There are also some delightful studies in character, and Mr. Masefield makes a notable success with Marah Gorsuch, the gipsy smuggler. "Jim Davis," in fact, is not only a very jolly boys' book, it is also literature.



From Life of Lord Clarendon *(Smith, Elder).*

LUCIUS CAREY SECOND VISCOUNT FALKLAND

A ROMNEY FOLIO.

With 68 Plates in Photogravure, an Essay and Descriptive Notes by ARTHUR B. CHAMBERLAIN. 15 guineas net. (Methuen.)

The plates included in this magnificent folio have been selected with a view to representing, as far as possible, every side of Romney's art. Many of the pictures are here reproduced for the first time, whilst others have until now been available only through the modern mezzotint. Each is photographed from the original painting, and the photogravure reproductions are perfect in their kind. They include a group of studies of Lady Hamilton and many other of Romney's finest portraits of celebrities and leaders of fashion in his day. Messrs. Methuen are to be congratulated on the appearance of this sumptuous volume, and Mr. Chamberlain, whose book on "George Romney" was issued by the same publishers last year, on the descriptive notes and the able critical essay with which he accompanies it.



From A Romney Folio (*Methuen*). MISS ELIZABETH WALLACE

THE STORY OF CLARICE.

By KATHARINE TYNAN. 6s. Illustrated. (James Clarke.)

The Rev. Alexander Elliott, a pastor of a little sect called the "True Believers," adopts a little girl under peculiar circumstances. Soon afterwards he moves to a charge in the country, where Clarice grows up into a beautiful and refined young woman. She is wooed in turn by Jerry Polkinghorne, the son of a rich brewer, and Hugo Venning, the nephew of Sir Humphry Godolphin, of ancient family. Clarice chooses Venning, whereupon the unfortunate young man is promptly cut off by his uncle, who had great ambitions for him. However, Hugo is made of the right stuff, and resolves to make his way in the world and to marry Clarice in spite of everything. But he has not reckoned with Clarice herself, for she discovers the fact that she is not the minister's daughter—as she had been brought up to suppose—and she feels the slur upon her parentage so acutely that she resolves to give Hugo up. However, she falls ill, and when almost dying consents to a marriage with her lover. The situation is complicated by her recovery, but Mrs. Tynan can always be trusted to work things round to a satisfactory ending. And she does not disappoint the reader here. "The Story of Clarice" is written with all the author's usual charm and ability, which are nowhere more marked than in the presentation of a number of well-differentiated characters.

EASY-CHAIR MEMORIES.

By THE AMATEUR ANGLER (E. MARSTON, F.R.G.S.). Illustrated. 2s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)

The work of the "Amateur Angler"—Mr. E. Marston—is always delicate and likeable. Mr. Marston most decidedly "has a way with him," and the thirteen chapters of this little book are all charming cameos of thought and expression. Mr. Marston begins pathetically: "My angling days," he says, "are over. The May-fly imitation, which goes by the name of the 'Rosebery,' and which caught my last two-pound trout, hangs still as a trophy on the fore-

front of my old cap (still in wear) where I had fixed him after he had done that doughty deed. Like that old trout, I, his captor, have seen the last of my best and fishing days.' It may be so. But as the author says later on in his book, 'I am but a young beginner in this retirement business.' And we hope that he will remain a young beginner for a very long time. We know that he will not allow himself to grow rusty; his pen, perhaps, will still occasionally be taken from its rack and again he will write for us more of those charming angling reminiscences.



From Royal Copenhagen Porcelain
(Fisher Unwin)

VASE PAINTED WITH SNOW SCENE
(By C. I. Lusberg. Exhibited at Brussels Exhibition 1910.)

Meanwhile let us be content with the delightful volume he has just given us; it will linger fragrant in our memory for many a long day.

THE OPINION SHOP.

By Hildric Davenport. Illustrated by Penrhyn Stanlaws. 3s. 6d. net. (Gay & Hancock.)

"The Opinion Shop" is a collection of aphorisms and epigrams which have originally seen the light in the pages of *Life* and the *Smart Set*. Collections of this sort are perhaps more popular in America than in this country, but there is no reason why Mr. (or can it possibly be Miss?) Davenport's book should not be widely read over here. It is witty, pungent and cynical; just the thing for the gentleman who wants to shine at a dinner-party. The author has practically only one subject, but he would probably argue—if ever he condescended to be so platitudinous—that it embraces every other. And when Mr. Penrhyn Stanlaws throws in eleven of his clever and charming drawings, you know quite well that that subject is—Woman.

ROYAL COPENHAGEN PORCELAIN.

By Arthur Hayden. With 5 Coloured and 104 Black-and-White Plates and 70 Illustrations in the text. 42s. net. (Unwin.)

The beautifully printed and elaborate volume now before us has been written by one of the first authorities in English on ceramics. The history of the Royal Copenhagen factory since its establishment in 1779 is one of continuous and unbroken success, and the sumptuous volume which Mr. Arthur Hayden devotes to it [illegible]

justified of its existence. Especial mention should be made of the very large number of illustrations which are included in the volume. With the text, they combine to make it one of the most attractive art-books of the present season.

THE QUENCHLESS FIRE.

By SILAS K. HOCKING. 6s. (Frederick Warne & Co.)

Hugh Saxon, the hero of Mr. Hocking's new book, is accused of highway robbery with violence, and, though earnestly protesting his innocence, and in spite of a good name and honourable record, he is committed for trial, where the chief evidence against him is given by a police inspector. Saxon is defended by a rising young barrister, Noel Parke, and is acquitted, to the unspeakable joy of his mother and sister. But, as the real thief is not discovered, he is shunned by most of the folk in the village where he lives, and has to fight his way through trouble after trouble, with a cloud hanging always over his head. The reader's interest is continually whetted, and page after page is turned with unflagging attention until the last of all is reached. There are happy and unhappy marriages in the book, and the author drives home with vivid and forceful pen the disastrous results of marriages entered into by people who mistake attraction for real love. With its well-constructed plot and skilfully drawn characters, the book thoroughly deserves the warm welcome that is sure to be extended to it by Mr. Hocking's countless admirers.



From Royal Copenhagen Porcelain *(Fisher Unwin).*

VASE WITH DECORATIVE SUBJECT: DEER WITH LEAFY BACKGROUND AND IRIS IN THE FOREGROUND.
(Painted by Gerhard Heilmann in underglaze colours.)

POST LIMINIUM:

Essays and Critical Papers. By LIONEL JOHNSON. Edited by THOMAS WHITTEMORE. 6s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Lionel Johnson published only three books: a large and incisive commentary on "The Art of Thomas Hardy," and two slender volumes of poetry—a small output for the thirty-five years of his short life; but he was always a reticent and fastidious artist, and the steady clearness of

his thought and the quiet strength of his style are qualities that do not come of haste. He wrote, however, a good many essays and reviews for various magazines and critical journals, and these Mr. Whittemore has collected and edited, with a foreword of sympathetic biography. There is a selection of forty-four of these essays and articles, the dissertations of an essentially literary man on literature and literary topics. One is glad to have them saved from the files of the papers in which they first appeared, for they are too good to be lost among the waste of time. They are always scholarly, suggestive, individual, and the best of them justify Mr. W. B. Yeats's praise of Johnson, "the loneliness and gravity of his mind, its air of high lineage." The title given to this book is, says Mr. Whittemore, "an old legal one, and alludes to the right of a man, after a lapse of time, to enter again into his own, over his former threshold." There is work in these pages that will add something to Johnson's reputation, and we purpose returning to this book and giving it ampler consideration in a future issue.



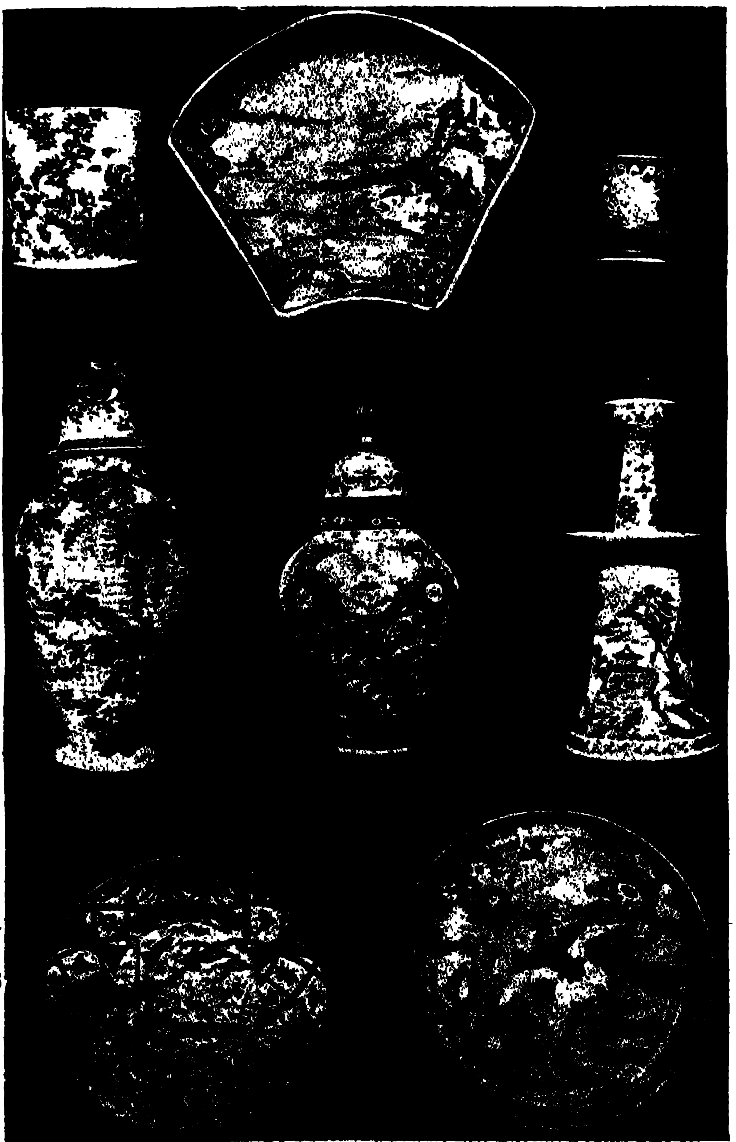
From The Art of the Romans (*Methuen*).

SILVER VASE FROM HILDESHEIM. (Berlin Museum.)

JACK B. YEATS:

His Pictorial and Dramatic Art. By ERNEST MARRIOTT. Containing a Chart of a Pirate Island by JACK B. YEATS and a Portrait. 1s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Mr. Jack B. Yeats is one of those humorous artists whose drawings, as Mr. Ernest Marriott remarks, "have never degenerated into the merely comic." There is humour behind them as well as in them that saves them from that. They are the visible laughter of a man who has a real and delightfully quaint sense of fun. But you shall find him adequately appreciated and his peculiar merits justly praised in Mr. Marriott's interesting little biography. Son of John Butler Yeats, brother of W. B. Yeats, and spending his early, impressionable years among influences that were calculated to encourage and develop any original genius that belonged to him, it is not strange that Mr. Jack B. Yeats has become as strongly individual in art as he is in life. He is not cut to any prevailing pattern; you could never mistake his drawings for anybody else's; they are as vividly and intimately characteristic of him as his handwriting is, or the tone of his voice. Needless to say, then, he is an interesting personality, and Mr. Marriott's book about him is sure of a warm welcome.



1 2 3

1. CUP, MINO WARE. DISH, YEDDO BANKO WARE. SAKÉ CUP, YEIRAKU WARE.
2. VASE, OTA WARE. VASE, ARITA WARE. CANDLESTICK, TOSAN WARE.
3. DISH ARITA WARE. SAUCER DISH, AWAJI WARE.

From The A.B.C. of Japanese Art (*Stanley Paul*.)

BY MOUNTAIN, LAKE AND PLAIN.

Being Sketches of Sport in Eastern Persia. By MAJOR R. L. KENNION. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (Blackwood.)

The Army man who can write pleasant and readable English is something of a rarity, but Major Kennion is decidedly an exception. His "Sport and Life in the Further Himalaya" was an excellent piece of work, and it is now followed up by a book which ought at least to gain an equal, if not a larger, popularity. Eastern Persia is by no means a familiar country to the English reader, and although the author thinks that "most of the 'questions' with which this ancient country bristles have been more than adequately dealt with," there is plenty of room for a book upon its sport. Major Kennion was for some time British Consul at Seistan and his knowledge of the country with which his book deals seems to be considerable. He is interested, also, in natural history, and his work is by no means a mere record of slaughtered animals. It is concluded with an account of an expedition to the Caspian Sea, through country of which little is known to Europeans. Great pains have been expended upon the illustrations, some of which are of much beauty, while all are interesting.

THE WAY OF THE GATE.

By CHARLES CAYZER. 2 Vols 10s net (Kegan Paul)

It is not often that a poet makes his first appearance—and we do not recollect meeting Mr Cayzer between covers before—with two well-filled volumes, and we are not sure that it would not have been wiser if Mr Cayzer had been more severe with himself and pruned these two volumes down into one The effect would have been better for there are trivial and sometimes crude poems in some of his pages that tend to lessen one's enjoyment of the whole and to cloud one's view of the author's real achievement He has a leaning towards poetical conventions it is too late in the day now to address the Muses as "ye tuneful Nine" but there is a good deal of vigour and robust thought in the historical and political poems some of the Nature poems and some of the love poems are very charming and the three dramas that occupy the second volume, though apt to be verbose at times contain passages of real poetic thought and dramatic intensity



From The Art of the Romans (Methuen) SILVER SALVER FROM HILDESHEIM (Berlin Museum)

NINETEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISH CERAMIC ART.

By J. F BLACKER With over 1 200 Examples illustrated in Half-tone and Line 10s. 6d net (Stanley Paul.)

Mr. J. F Blacker argues, very justly, that while many books have treated of the English pottery and porcelain of a past age, there are but few which devote themselves to a study of the present tendencies of English ceramic art. His informing volume commences with the exhibition of 1851, and it is carried down to the present day The author supplies historical studies of the most famous firms connected with the production of pottery He has a thorough critical acquaintance with his subject, and the interest of his volume is greatly increased by the very large number of beautiful illustrations which are included in it



From Nineteenth-Century English Ceramic Art (Stanley Paul). BEAUTIFUL MODERN WEDGWOOD: PORTLAND VASE

CUPID AND CARTRIDGES.

By AUBREY O'BRIEN and REGINALD BOLSTER With 28 Illustrations 10s net (Blackwood)

The ordinary reader who picks up a copy of "Cupid and Cartridges" will very probably be in some doubt as to the exact nature of Messrs. O'Brien and Bolster's volume It is not exactly fiction travel, or sport, and yet it contains a good deal of all three The actual facts, we suppose are that the Cupid portions of the book are fictitious and the Cartridges portions are true Frankly of the two we prefer the Cartridges, for the authors possess the by no means usual gift of being able to write about sport in such a way as to be interesting to the lay reader The fictional portions are less satisfactory, and the love stories which wander rather aimlessly through the book hardly make enthralling reading though the authors' touch is light enough The scene is laid in the Western Punjaub—a country with which both authors are evidently on terms of great familiarity and the descriptions of the manners and customs of the natives



From The Pilgrims' Way *(John Murray).* MERCERY LANE, CANTERBURY.

THE ROMANCE OF AUSTRALIA.

Edited by HERBERT STRANG. 6s. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

Last year Mr. Herbert Strang presented us with "The Romance of Canada," and this year he gives us its companion volume, "The Romance of Australia," a large, stout, interesting book telling of "Australia's discovery and colonisation, and the adventures of its explorers and settlers." "The Romance of Australia," says Mr. Herbert Strang in his preface, "is, like the great island continent itself, a thing apart. . . . In this book an attempt has been made to give, in a series of characteristic passages, a typical picture illustrating every phase in the history of Australia, from the days of the early navigators to the time when the white immigrant had made good his footing in the land." Mr. Strang's attempt is a success on which he is to be warmly congratulated. He has written a delightful volume that will keep the fortunate possessor interested throughout, and leave him the wiser in all that relates to one of the most important and most promising parts of the Empire.

MEMORIALS OF OLD WORCESTERSHIRE.

Edited by FRANCIS B. ANDREWS, A.R.I.B.A. With 38 Illustrations. 15s. net. (George Allen & Co.)

Worcestershire, one of the most picturesque and interesting counties in England, forms the subject of the latest addition to Messrs. George Allen's "Memorials of the Counties of England" series. We have already had occasion to notice earlier volumes in this admirable series, and no disappointment should be in store for readers of the latest addition. The general scheme of the books allows

are effective in an unhackneyed manner. We have special admiration for Chapters XIII. and XIV., which describe a Punjaub fair. In fact, "Cupid and Cartridges" is a very bright and readable book, and those parts of it which are not fiction will be found to be particularly attractive. There are some good illustrations from photographs.

URSULA TEMPEST.

By E. EVERETT-GREEN. With 4 Illustrations by VICTOR PROUT. 6s. (R.T.S.)

Ursula Tempest is a beautiful, high-spirited girl who has spent three years away from her rather dull, middle-class home, as companion to the daughter of a rich family. But she is sent away, for the reason that her attractions are proving too great for the son of the house. On reaching home she tries to settle down to a quiet, useful life, but she finds it—somewhat naturally—a difficult matter, while a source of trouble is the discovery by her mother that Ursula's religious principles have become rather hazy. However, a large fortune is left to the family, and they are able to give up their shabby little home and to go abroad. On their travels they come to the West Indies, where the eruption of Mont Pélée wipes out the whole of Ursula's family, leaving her alone. The author now devotes herself to the gradual awakening of her heroine to the truths of religion, but she encompasses also a satisfactorily happy ending. Miss Everett-Green's abilities are well shown in the careful study which she devotes to her heroine, and her book is throughout readable and of very high tone. It should have a success among that public which is growing weary of the frivolities of the ordinary novel.



From The Historical Growth of the English Parish Church *(Cambridge University Press).* ST. MARY'S, BEVERLEY: SOUTH PORCH.

for the separate treatment of the various subjects of interest by different writers, and in the present volume the editor contributes chapters on "The Benedictine Houses of the County" and "Some County Houses of Stone and Timber." Mr. J. I. Spackman, F.G.S., writes on "The Story of the Ancient and Faithful City," "Some Old Worcestershire Towns," and "Worcester Porcelain," while Mr. J. W. Willis Bund, M.A., F.S.A., Chairman of the County Council, contributes the Introduction and "Worcestershire during the Civil War." Numerous other subjects are treated by capable writers, and there is also included a series of very pleasant and effective illustrations from photographs.



From Memorials of Old Worcestershire *(Allen)*

MALVERN PRIORY
(Photo by H. H. B[illegible]ke.)

JAMES FRASER: LAIRD OF BREA.

By Alexander Whyte, D.D., LL.D. With Frontispiece. [illegible]s. [illegible]d. net. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

"There is nothing," says Dr. Alexander Whyte, "that draws me and holds me and keeps possession of me like The Memoirs of Sir James Fraser of Brea." In this little volume the author does much to account for the hold that Fraser's autobiography has upon him. In a series of meditations Dr. Whyte takes sentences from the Memoirs and expands upon them with regard to the life of Fraser. The book is sympathetically written, and forms a study which should on no account be overlooked.

MOLLY MONTAGUE'S LOVE STORY.

By Katharine S. Macquoid. [illegible]s. (National Society's Depository.)

Mrs. Macquoid's latest novel is perhaps best described as a very dainty and delicate piece of work. There is a fragrant atmosphere about the story of Molly Montague—such as lingers about an old world garden. She is a sweet lovable heroine, yet withal wilful and vain. Geoffrey Northurst, a man of twenty-eight, suddenly discovers he is in love with her, his little playfellow, who is barely seventeen, and though on her part she really loves him, her childish vanity rises between them, and not only their love but all the bonds of friendship that have grown up between them are suddenly severed, and Geoffrey goes to London. A great deal happens before things right themselves again, and many years go by. The story carries us back to the past, when powdered hair and "patches" were in vogue, and told as it is directly and simply, in Mrs. Macquoid's usual sympathetic style, it makes very pleasant reading for all who like a good story and can appreciate the quiet charm of a graceful literary style.

FARTHER AFIELD IN BIRDLAND.

By Oliver G. Pike. Illustrated by the Author with [illegible] Photographs taken direct from Wild Nature. [illegible]s. net. (Jarrold & Sons.)

We had occasion last year warmly to welcome Mr. Oliver G. Pike's "Through Birdland Byways," and he has put us deeper in his debt with the present highly attractive book, "Farther Afield in Birdland." The author possesses not only an extraordinary knowledge and



From James Fraser of Brea *(Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier).*

RUINS OF THE HOUSE OF BREA



From Farther Afield in Birdland (Jarrold).

SEDGE WARBLER FEEDING YOUNG CUCKOO.

appreciation of bird nature, but also great ability and patience as a photographer. We have no hesitation whatever in classifying certain of the illustrations to this book as absolutely unique, and we believe that no one who is really interested in natural history can possibly afford to neglect the work of Mr. Pike.

THE MONKEY-FOLK OF SOUTH AFRICA.

By F. W. Fitzsimons. 5s. net. (Longmans.)

It is after due thought that we have included Mr. Fitzsimons's book in this instead of the Children's Section of the Bookman Christmas Supplement, and we have done so even though it seems to us that the author's wish is to appeal primarily to children, for, as a matter of fact, the work is probably quite as interesting to an adult as to a child. Mr. Fitzsimons is the Director of the Museum of Port Elizabeth, Cape Colony, and he tells us that he has devoted his life to the study of the natural history of South Africa, and that this book is the first of a series which he hopes in time to have published. The style adopted by the author is worthy of remark. He has throughout confined himself to the simplest language, and no portion of the book—except perhaps the preface and the glossary—can possibly be beyond the understanding of a child over the age of eight. The five chapters of the book are devoted to "autobiographies" of typical South African monkeys, and the whole is elaborately illustrated by photographs, mostly of the animals under natural conditions. Very curious is much of the knowledge which the author imparts to his readers, and very interesting indeed is the book. We look forward to other volumes of a similar kind with the liveliest anticipation.



From The Monkey-Folk of South Africa (Longmans).

"I am a Vervet Monkey ..."

GORDON AT KHARTOUM.

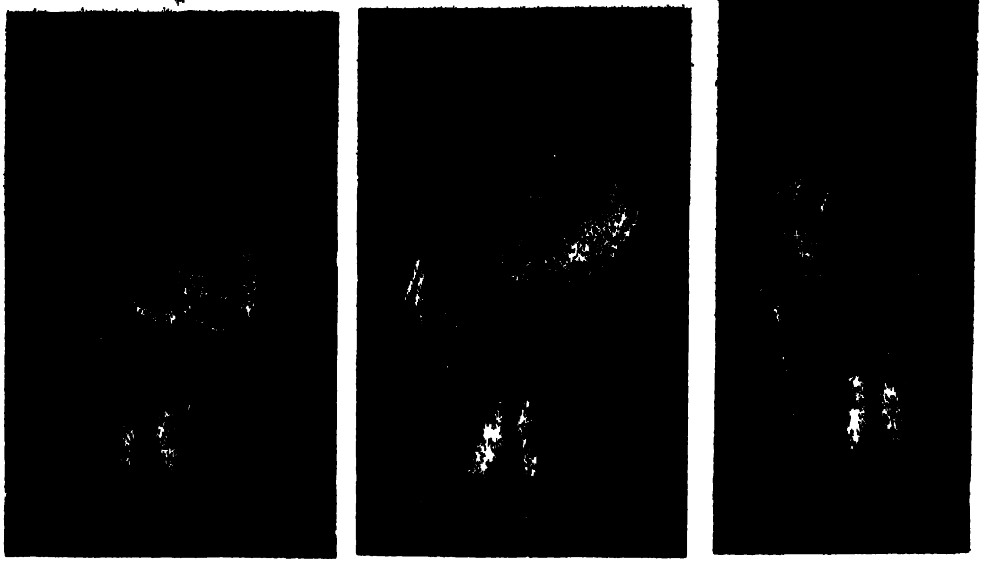
By Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. With Frontispiece. 15s. net. (Stephen Swift & Co.)

It is obviously impossible for us adequately to notice this highly important work in the course of a few lines. We can, in fact, do little more than call attention to its existence. That it has been the subject of a debate in Parliament is probably a fact well known to most of our readers. This adds, no doubt, to its ephemeral interest. But the book is in reality a work of the highest historical importance, and one which needs no such advertisement. The author, who is, of course, one of our leading authorities upon Egyptian questions, was personally acquainted with General Gordon, and had the greatest regard for him. The volume is designed as a continuation of Mr. Blunt's "Secret History of the Occupation of Egypt," and is in some respects a counterblast to Lord Cromer's recent "In Modern Egypt." There is no question of recommending people to read this work. They [illegible]

THE ROMANCE OF THE SEASONS.

By F. Martin Duncan, F.R.M.S., F.R.P.S. With 51 Illustrations from original photographs by the author 6s net. (Chapman & Hall)

Mr F Martin Duncan has had previous literary experience, but he has never we think, written so delightful and imaginative a book as "The Romance of the Seasons" In the three parts into which he divides his volume he studies spring and its effects upon inanimate nature in the first part, the second part is devoted to summer and the third to autumn and winter An extraordinary amount of minute observation of nature has gone to the making of this book some evidence whereof may be obtained from the fifty one photographs which the author has obtained of subjects of every variety



HOW DARE YOU PHOTOGRAPH ME?

THREE CHARACTERISTIC STUDIES OF THE BARN OWL
From **The Romance of the Seasons** *(Chapman & Hall)*

WILD ANIMALS AND THE CAMERA.

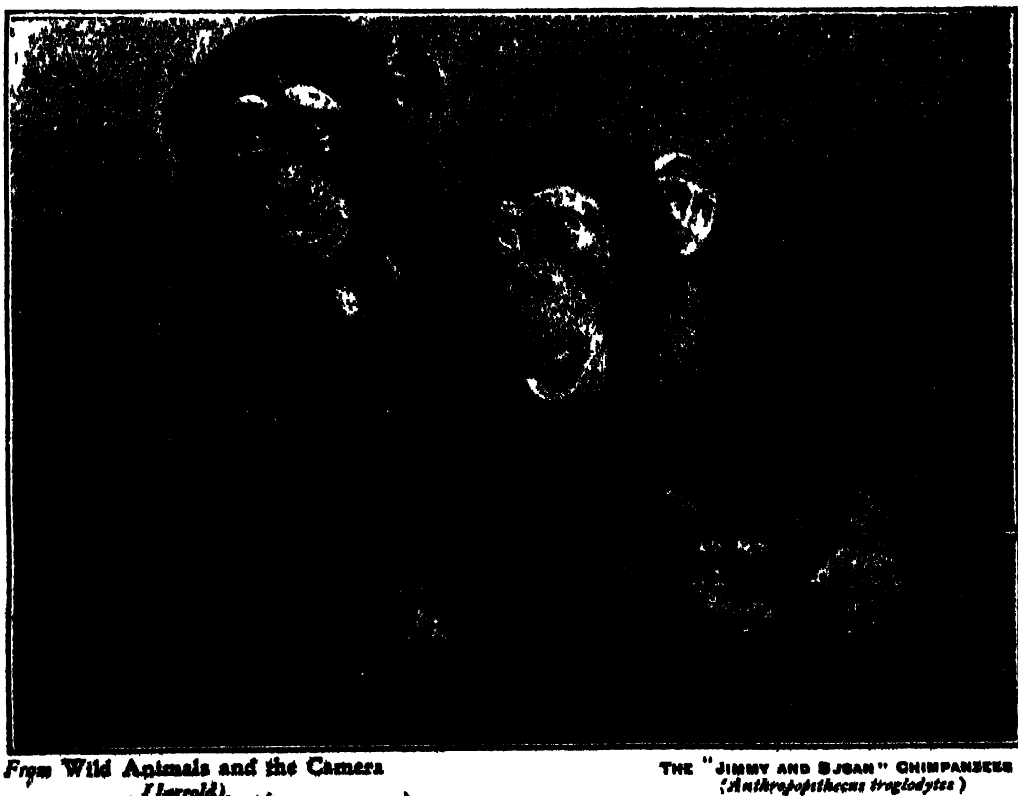
By W. P. Dando F.Z.S. With 12 Collotype Plates and 58 other Illustrations 6s net (Jarrold)

Messrs Jarrold & Sons have made for themselves a great reputation as publishers of works of natural history and the latest addition to their series is a volume of very considerable importance Mr W P Dando is an authority both on zoology and photography and the combination of the two makes quite an extraordinarily attractive volume The photographs are all exceedingly well printed and of the greatest interest both from the naturalist's point of view and from that of the general reader Never before for instance have we seen printed so wonderful a series as that of a chameleon capturing its prey The notes which the author supplies as supplement to the illustrations are most clearly and readably written and Mr Dando may be congratulated upon a volume which does credit both to himself and to his publishers

TALES OF THE UNTAMED:

Dramas of the Animal World. Adapted from the French of Louis Pergaud by Douglas English Illustrated by the Adapter 5s net (Nash)

The Prix Goncourt is awarded annually by the Académie Goncourt for "the greatest piece of imaginative writing of the year." So much introduction is necessary for a proper comprehension of the credentials of the original of "Tales of the Untamed," for in 1910 the prize was won by Monsieur Louis Pergaud with his "De Goupil à Margot: Histoires de Bêtes." On [illegible] the book in the [illegible] published by the *Mercure de France*—the present writer had no hesitation whatever in hailing it as great By no other author has the joy pathos and drama of the life of wild animals been so fully realised or so poetically set forth. But and it is a very big but the whole of certain tales and portions of all of them are totally unsuited for an English audience Mr Douglas English saw this too He says "I reported to Mr Eveleigh Nash that it would be impossible to translate Monsieur Pergaud's stories into English but that it might be possible to adapt them in such a manner as to preserve the spirit of them in an English setting 'Tales of the Untamed' is the result of my endeavour in this direction" Of course, half a loaf is better than no bread and thanks to the ingenuity of the adapter we have here a good deal more than the half-loaf which an ordinary translator would have given us Mr. Douglas English has done very well indeed He has made or written one is not quite sure which a very fine book, and one which we should consider entirely satisfactory if only we had not read the French version But Mr English is to be warmly congratulated on having achieved a vastly higher degree of success than we had thought possible, and



From **Wild Animals and the Camera** *(Jarrold).*

THE "JIMMY AND BJOAN" CHIMPANZEES *(Anthropopithecus troglodytes)*



From **Tales of the Untamed** *(Nash.)* FUSELINE.

we can fearlessly recommend everybody to read "Tales of the Untamed." An original feature of the volume is the series of illustrations by the adapter. They are printed on a tinted background, which has had the effect of softening the lights and shades. We believe them to be photographs, but they are so skilfully printed and so unusually beautiful that we cannot be certain on the point.

A WINDOW IN THRUMS.

By J. M. Barrie. With 11 Illustrations in Colour by A. C. Michael. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"A Window in Thrums" is perhaps as good an example of the tender and whimsical humour of the work of Mr. Barrie as any single one of his books. The new edition of the book which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have just issued has the further advantage of a number of exceedingly clever drawings in colour by Mr. A. C. Michael. The atmosphere of the book seems entirely in accord with the artist's strong sense of character. The only criticism we can bring against his pictures is that one or two of them seem to us rather too highly coloured. In every other respect Mr. Michael has proved himself almost an ideal illustrator of one of Mr. Barrie's best known and most popular books. Great care has been expended upon the production of the book, and it should be in much demand as a Christmas gift.

THE FOREST OF WILD THYME.

By Alfred Noyes. With Illustrations in Colour by Claude A. Shepperson. Cloth, 6s. net. Velvet calf leather, 10s. 6d. net. (Blackwood.)

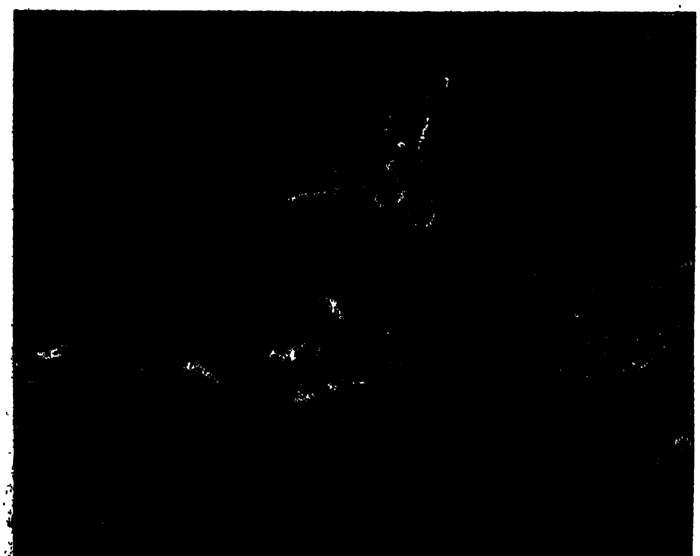
This is an artistically produced and finely illustrated reissue of Mr. Alfred Noyes's "tale for children under ninety." If you read it on its first appearance a few years ago you have assuredly not forgotten it, with its wistful haunting "Prelude," opening:

"Hush! if you remember how we sailed to old Japan,
Peterkin was with us then, our little brother Peterkin!
Now we've lost him, so they say: I think the tall thin man
Must have come and touched him with his curious twinkling fan
And taken him away again, our merry little Peterkin;
He'll be frightened all alone; we'll find him if we can;
Come and look for Peterkin, poor little Peterkin."

The tale of the children who go in search of the little brother who is dead and find him at last is unfolded in Mr. Noyes's graceful and sensitively musical verse with a very delicate fancy, an imaginative understanding of the hearts of children and the fathers and mothers of children, a keen sense of the inner loveliness of human life and the infinite pathos of love and death. It is a fragrant and beautiful story, an essential poem—the sort of story that had to be told in metre and rhyme or not at all, and the art of it is such that it alternately touches one to tears and quiet laughter as very few poems can. Mr. Shepperson's characteristic colour illustrations are excellent.



From **A Tenderfoot with Peary** *(Nash).*
Reviewed in The Bookman for November, 1911.



From **Tales of the Untamed** *(Nash).* HOUBBARD.



From **The Tale of Timmy Tiptoes** *(Warne).* (Reviewed on page 13[illegible])

MAN AND BEAST IN EASTERN ETHIOPIA.

By J. Bland Sutton, F.R.C.S. With 204 Engravings on wood. 12s. net. (Macmillan.)

Dr. Bland Sutton's book forms a most interesting contribution to the kindred sciences of anthropology and natural history. The work is the record of a journey recently taken by the author from Mombasa to the Victoria Nyanza. There he made a wide detour into the Bahr el Gebel, travelling for a considerable distance up the White Nile. The author is always interesting reading, and his account of the life of men and animals in Eastern Africa, while hardly attractive, bears stamped upon it the impress of truth. As Dr. Bland Sutton says, "British East Africa is a land of unsettled problems, and Uganda abounds in ticks, jiggers, tsetse flies, and gnats—a dreadful set of pests for man and beast." These scourges are here considered, as well as one of the greatest curses of Africa—ivory. The volume is illustrated in an unusual manner with 204 engravings on wood.



From Man and Beast in Eastern Ethiopia
(Macmillan)

THE SKIMMER
[illegible]

SPORT ON THE NILGIRIS AND IN WYNAAD.

By F. W. F. Fletcher. With 19 Illustrations. [illegible] net. (Macmillan.)

Mr. F. W. F. Fletcher's work on Nilgiri sport is, he tells us, the first of its kind to be published. The Nilgiris and the Wynaad form one of the principal hunting-grounds of Southern India, so that there is presumably a fairly large public which may find interest and information in the more strictly technical portions of Mr. Fletcher's book, which is certainly exceedingly comprehensive. The general reader will find that the volume is quite an exceptionally readable one, for the author has a strong sense of humour and a decided literary ability. The author's scheme includes a series of separate chapters upon the various kinds of game to be met with on the Nilgiris, in each of which he restricts himself more or less exclusively to the subject of the chapter heading. He gives us, for instance, a couple of chapters on the elephant and the tiger, and one chapter each on the leopard, the bison, the bear, the Nilgiri wild goat, and the sambur, while the conclusion of the book is devoted to the minor game of the country and some pleasant gossip. The volume is well illustrated with photographs.



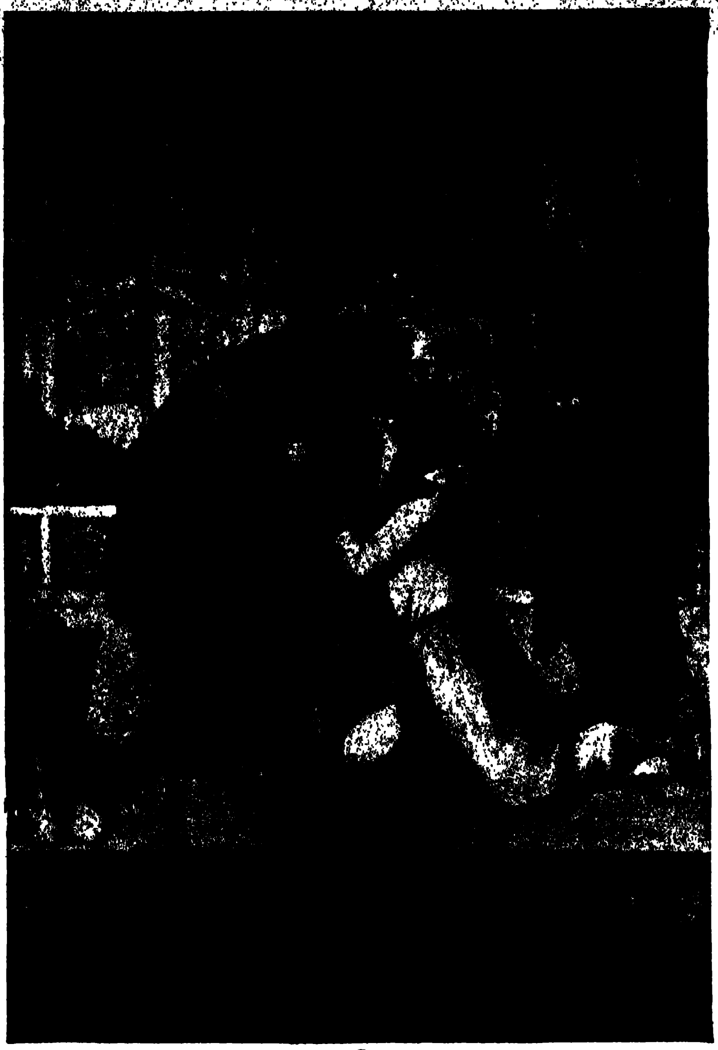
From Sport on the Nilgiris
(Macmillan)

THE BEAR
(Photo by A. T. W. Penn, Ootacamund.)

PRINCE TALLEYRAND AND HIS TIMES.

By Frédéric Loliée. Adapted by Bryan O'Donnell, M.A. With 16 Portraits. 12s. 6d. net. (Long.

The multiform activities of Monsieur Frédéric Loliée are almost as widely known and as generally appreciated in this country as in France, and his latest biography should be generally welcomed. A large amount of new material dealing with Prince Talleyrand and his times has recently been unearthed, and the author has put this to very good use. Monsieur Loliée appears to be of the opinion that the reputation of Talleyrand has suffered at the hands of posterity, but he writes on the whole without any pronounced bias. Mr. Bryan O'Donnell's "adaptation" has been made with considerable skill, and the English version of the book is eminently readable. Those of our readers who are in search of good biography cannot do better than put themselves for a time in Monsieur Loliée's hands.



From Stories of Indian Gods and Heroes *(Harrap).*
(Reviewed on page 106.)

THE TAILOR AND THE CROW:

An Old Rhyme with New Drawings. By L. Leslie Brooke. 2s. 6d. net. (Warne.)

The old rhyme of "The Tailor and the Crow" affords Mr. Leslie Brooke an opportunity for exceptional distinction. The artist has seldom advanced a stronger claim upon public consideration than in this work. The illustrations—of which there are something like thirty-six, six of them being also reproduced, in colour—are full, not only of fine drawing, but of genuine humour, and we sincerely trust that Mr. Brooke will find another subject of the same kind for next Christmas, in which he may follow up the success that this volume is certain to achieve.



A·SUNK·GARDEN·BELOW·TERRACES·

From Garden Design
(Sidgwick & Jackson.)

POEMS.

By Charles Granville. 5s. net. (Stephen Swift.)

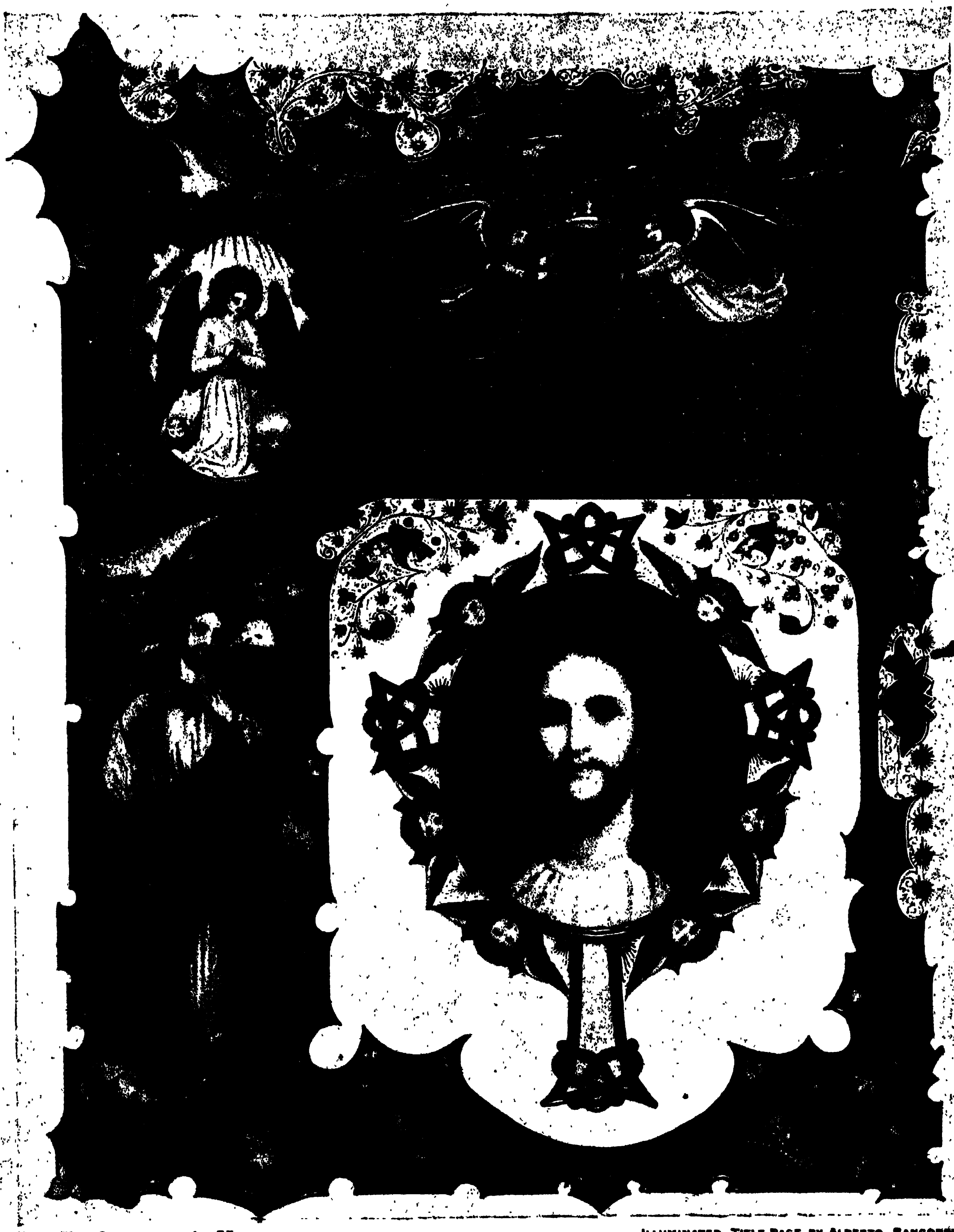
There is something very pleasant about these poems of Mr. Charles Granville's; they have a morning freshness and a quiet charm that are difficult to define. A spirit of hope breathes through them: they touch on many aspects of life with a breadth of vision, a restful philosophy of outlook that are not the everyday moods of the modern Muses. Of many poets you have to write that they reach no sure level of achievement, but every now and then break out into some isolated magic line, some solitary beautiful thought; with Mr. Granville it is otherwise. He gives us no purple shreds and patches, but keeps always at a happy level of thought and expression. His lyrics are not so passionate as they are tender, gracious, charged with subdued emotion; but he writes of life as one who has felt the sorrow as well as the sweetness of it, and of Nature as one who loves her. We welcome Mr. Granville into the ranks of those few living poets whose books we keep as well as read.

OTHER PEOPLE:

A New Album of Drawings. By Charles Dana Gibson. 20s. (John Lane.)

This is the first Gibson book since 1906, and is similar in size and appearance to "Our Neighbours," "The Weaker Sex," and other Dana Gibson collections. It includes hitherto unpublished drawings, as well as a number that have appeared in the American [illegible]

Among them are some clever studies in red chalk, but for the most part they are black-and-white drawings and are, on the whole, perhaps the most mature and finished work of one of the greatest of living draughtsmen.



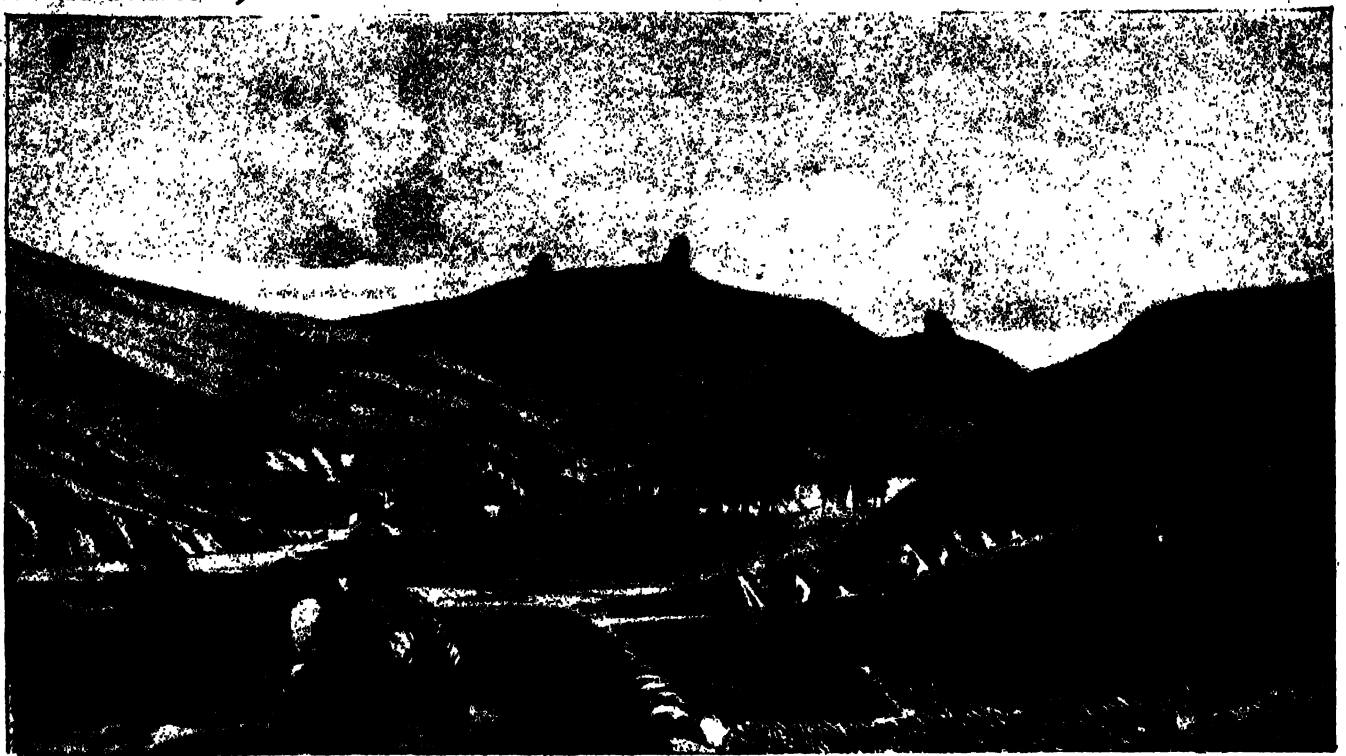
From The Sermon on the Mount *(Chatto & Windus).*

ILLUMINATED TITLE-PAGE BY ALBERTO SANGORSKI.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

Illuminated by ALBERTO SANGORSKI. 6s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

Last Christmas we had the privilege of drawing our readers' attention to a very beautiful edition of Stevenson's Prayers, likewise illuminated by Mr. Sangorski and published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus. "The Sermon on the Mount" is a companion volume to the Stevenson, and one that will doubtless be welcomed by an even larger public than its predecessor. The artist's drawings are to our mind even more beautiful than before. They are touched with a restrained, but very real, religious fervour, and we cannot believe that this passage, surely one of the most beautiful in the whole of the New Testament, has ever been presented in worthier guise. The publishers have expended great care upon the production of a volume which should prove one of the most acceptable gift-books of the present Christmas season.



From **A History of the Royal Artillery**
(John Murray).

BALACLAVA
(Major C. H. Owen, R.A., *del.*)

LONELY ENGLAND.

By MAUDE GOLDRING. With 3 Illustrations in Colour and Decorations in Black-and white by AGNES PIKE. 5s. net. (Stephen Swift.)

Miss Maude Goldring is already well known as the author of a couple of exceedingly clever novels, the main scenes of which were laid among the Sussex Downs. In her latest volume she gives us a number of charmingly delicate studies of the untrodden byways of this country. The author's prose studies are printed alternately with verse, and once more she proves herself to be entirely one with the spirit of the Downs. She has an admirably vivid descriptive style and a minute power of observation that is a rare and invaluable gift, and that she uses to delightful purpose. The little volume has some pleasant illustrations.

JOHN: THE COMPANION OF JESUS.

By ROBERT BIRD. 5s. (Nelson.)

Mr. Robert Bird has already made a reputation for himself as one of the most efficient of Biblical expositors for the young, and in his latest book he continues the series which he began in "Jesus, the Carpenter of Nazareth," and continued with "Joseph the Dreamer" and "Paul of Tarsus." There are few things more difficult or calling for more sensitively delicate handling than such subjects as these. There is danger on the one hand of dealing too boldly with what is sacred to most of us, and on the other of degenerating into goody-goodiness. The life of St. John is one of the most attractive of any of the lives of the Apostles, and the author has brought to his task



From **Winchester**
(Blackie).

BEAUFORT TOWER AND AMBULATORY, ST. CROSS

a keen sense of the dramatic and a literary ability which are tempered by reverence the need of which makes his subject so difficult to undertake Mr Bird is never tedious nor has he written anything which is in bad taste and we can strongly recommend his work as a most suitable and attractive gift book It is liberally illustrated with ten coloured plates and a large number of line illustrations in the text



From Lonely England *(Stephen Swift)*

WHERE SEA WINDS BLOW ABOVE A GREEN TURF

POEMS OF LOVE.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX Illustrated by C. LAVERS HARRIS ... net (Gay & Hancock)

The admirers of Mrs Wilcox's poetry are legion in number and they will doubtless be glad to hear that Messrs Gay & Hancock who by the way are her official publishers in this country have prepared a new illustrated edition of one of the most popular of her volumes "Poems of Love" The delicacy of imagination and execution shown by Mr C Lavers Harris harmonises well with the atmosphere of the poems he illustrates and in addition to his drawings every page is prettily decorated with a design of roses "Poems of Love" is not only one of the most popular of Mrs Wilcox's books it contains some of her best and most characteristic work work that has justly won for her in England and in America much of that general admiration and regard that was given to Longfellow a generation or so back The volume is decidedly a cheap one at half a crown and it should be in much demand as a Christmas gift book

THE GLORY THAT WAS GREECE.

By J C STOBART With ... Illustrations ... net (Sidgwick & Jackson)

"My object," says Mr Stobart, "is to present a general and vivid picture of ancient Greek culture I recognise that the brush and the camera will tell of the glory of Greece far more eloquently than I can My text is



From John, the Companion of Jesus *(Nelson)*

THE APPIAN WAY

intended to explain the pictures by showing the sort of people and the state of mind that produced them. Some history, some politics, some religion and philosophy must be included for that purpose. The result will be a history of Greece with statues and poems taking the place of wars and treaties." The author's language is too modest, but it will at once be seen that the aim of his book is ambitious in the extreme. A panorama of Greek civilisation is not a subject which many writers could be trusted adequately to set before the reader. Yet Mr. Stobart is eminently satisfactory; and at times—as, for instance, in his critical estimate of the Greek drama, or, in a very different vein, in his little sketch of Xenophon, that terror of the schoolboy—he is brilliant. As an illuminating and suggestive piece of work of a highly original kind, we have met with few books to equal "The Glory that was Greece," and we look forward to its companion volume —"The Grandeur that was Rome"—with the greatest interest. The illustrations are printed on a dull-surfaced paper which affords many advantages over the usual "art" paper, not the least of which is that it matches well with that used for the printing of the text.



From The Glory that was Greece (Sidgwick & Jackson).

GIRL'S HEAD. (Bruckmann.)

ROSES, LOAVES, AND OLD RHYMES.

By Annie Matheson. (Henry Frowde.)

This volume is partly a reissue: it includes the out-of-print "Christmas Edition" of Miss Matheson's poems, that was published in 1900, and ten later poems, including three poignant and powerful sonnets on the persecution of the Russian Jews that have not before been printed. There is always thought in Miss Matheson's work, as well as [illegible]. Much of her verse is inspired [illegible] vision and fervour; whether [illegible] sadness, the strife and hope of the everyday [illegible] love divine and the sacred mysteries of the spiritual life, it is the note of earnestness, of profound sincerity that takes hold upon the mind and heart of her reader. "No apostle of Positivism has shown a deeper reverence for humanity," as Mr. C. H. Herford rightly says of her in his Preface, "no apostle of the Labour Church a profounder sympathy with toil." She has a gentle charity and catholicity of outlook, too, and a clear simplicity of faith that lends to all her religious poems an air of serious cheerfulness. We cannot give a better idea of the general tone of the book than by quoting the short poem with which the volume opens:

CHRISTMAS DAY

There is no word save one to tell
  The secret of this world of pain,
Its flame of love that conquers hell,
  Its anguished loss that yet is gain.

One only word since time began
  May utter what we dumbly feel,
And thro' the infinite in man
  The infinite in God reveal.

He is our Christmas Joy, our Hope,
  Our Immortality, our Strength,
The Word of God for whom we grope
  Through all the journey's stumbling
    length.

Oh, when at last unveiled we see
  The Face for which till death we long,
Then shall we know that word to be
  Our Life, our Rapture, and our Song.

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS.

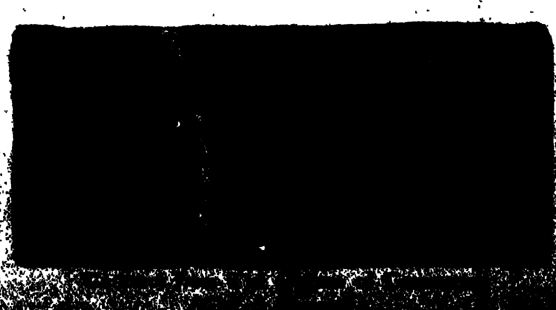
By Cardinal Newman. Illustrated by Francis E. Hiley. 1s. net. (Gay & Hancock.)

Messrs. Gay & Hancock are to be warmly congratulated upon the charming reissue which they have recently published of Cardinal Newman's best-known poem. The volume is attractively bound and well printed; but its chief point of interest lies in the illustrations and decorations which Mr. Hiley has provided for it. In these he shows himself to be an artist of much imagination and no little technical skill, and his drawings are in admirable harmony with the atmosphere of the poem.

MORE PEERS.

Verses by Hilaire Belloc. Pictures by B. T. B. 2s. 6d. net. (Stephen Swift.)

Mr. Hilaire Belloc has devised a line of his own in nonsense verse, and his latest volume, "More Peers," should appeal to as large a public and cause as much laughter as any of its predecessors. The pictures by B. T. B. are likewise as funny as this clever artist can make them.





HYLAS SURPRISED BY THE NAIADES.
Photo by Fleming, Harrow (reduced).
From **The Biography of John Gibson, R.A.** *(Heinemann).*

THE BIOGRAPHY OF JOHN GIBSON, R.A., SCULPTOR, ROME.

By T. MATTHEWS. With 27 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

Mr. T. Matthews founds his most interesting biography upon a series of notes which John Gibson made in the hope that his life would be written by his friend, Mrs. Margaret Sandbach. The early death of Mrs. Sanbach, however, prevented the accomplishment of his desire, and the material has remained unpublished for nearly sixty years. For the publication of this highly interesting and suggestive piece of work, Mr. Matthews deserves the cordial thanks of the public. He has done much to rescue from obscurity the fame of the only great British sculptor, and we have no doubt that every reader of the book will agree with us in considering it a most fascinating and thought-provoking piece of work.

SOUTH AFRICA TO-DAY.

By H. HAMILTON FYFE. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (Nash.)

Mr. H. Hamilton Fyfe's spirited story of his recent visit to South Africa should be read by everybody who is interested in that country. Many books have been written on the subject of South Africa, but few authors have possessed the faculty of interesting their readers to anything like the same extent as Mr. Fyfe. He made a pretty thorough tour of the country, and he also penetrated far into Rhodesia. We believe that the greater number, if not all, of his chapters appeared originally in the pages of the *Daily Mail*, and readers will doubtless be glad to have them bound up in the more permanent form which Mr. Nash gives to the public.

THREE GIRLS AND A GARDEN, AND OTHER STORIES.

By MARY ROWLES JARVIS. With 6 Illustrations. 3s. 6d. (Allenson.)

We have occasion to know that vicars' wives find the selection of fiction suitable for reading aloud at such institutions as Mothers' Meetings a matter of the utmost difficulty. We hope, therefore, that they will be properly grateful to us for our recommendation of the work of Miss Jarvis on such occasions. [illegible] Three Girls and a Garden [illegible] half a dozen stories, [illegible] admirably written and [illegible] read aloud well. We can congratulate Miss Jarvis on her pleasant style and her clever handling of both pathetic and humorous situations.

CLASSIC MYTH AND LEGEND.

By A. R. HOPE MONCRIEFF. With 8 Illustrations in Colour and 40 in Monochrome.

CELTIC MYTH AND LEGEND:

Poetry and Romance. By CHARLES SQUIRE. With 4 Illustrations in Colour and 20 in Monochrome. 7s. 6d. net each. (Gresham Publishing Co.)

The study of the old stories of the world is one which is growing increasingly popular, and in the two handsome volumes issued by the Gresham Publishing Company we have them put before us in a highly attractive form. Mr. Hope Moncrieff's version of the myths and stories of Greece and Rome is written in a most fascinating manner, and one which cannot fail to claim the reader's full attention from start to finish of the volume. Mr. Charles Squire deals with the less well-known, but in no way less beautiful, stories of the Celtic Mythology in an entirely adequate and pleasant fashion. His volume forms a valuable supplement to that of Mr. Hope Moncrieff. Both books are beautifully produced and illustrated and should appeal to a large public.



From **The Glory that was Greece** *(Sidgwick & Jackson).*

THE VICTORY OF SAMOTHRACE. (Alinari)



From Etchings
(Methuen).

LEEDS WAREHOUSES.
(By Muirhead Bone.)

ETCHINGS.

By FREDERICK WEDMORE. With 44 Illustrations. 25s. net. (Methuen.)

As we intend shortly to review at some length this important work by one of the leading art-critics of the day, it is unnecessary for us to do more in the present note than to draw the attention of the reader to the book's existence. The work strikes us as in every way interesting and suggestive, and it is remarkable for its large number of beautifully printed illustrations.

IN THE HEART OF THE VOSGES:

and Other Sketches by "A Devious Traveller." By Miss BETHAM-EDWARDS. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

Miss Betham-Edwards may safely claim to be one of the leading authorities in English upon French personalities and places. In her latest book she bestows most attention upon the latter, and only those people—there are a large number of them, we believe who have had the good fortune to accompany her in her wanderings before can realise how perfectly satisfactory a guide she is. But "In the Heart of the Vosges" is emphatically not a guide-book. It may tell the traveller where to go and what to do, but it leaves him delightfully free to follow his own inclinations. It also supplies many suggestive little sketches of the historical and literary associations of the places visited, and one chapter, "The Marvellous Boy of Alsace," is even a brief and sympathetic study of the life of Gustave Doré. "Unfrequented France" told us something of the places which the ordinary English traveller misses, but "In the Heart of the Vosges" tells us of more, and whether the author is wandering on the



From In the Heart of the Vosges
(Chapman & Hall).

[illegible]

borders of Germany or of Spain she is always entirely readable; she can infect us with a sense of the charm and beauty of her "unknown" towns.

MEMORIES OF TWO CITIES: EDINBURGH AND ABERDEEN.

By David Masson, LL.D., Litt.D. With Frontispiece. 7s. 6d. net. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

The papers published in this volume have been collected from the files of *Macmillan's Magazine* for the years 1864 and 1865, and the editing of them forms a monument of filial piety. The late David Masson possessed many friends among the great writers of a past age, and his reminiscences of the friendships of his youth possess more than ordinary interest to readers of the present day. Among the great men who are here touched upon especial attention has been paid to Dr. Chalmers, Hugh Miller, and De Quincey.

THE ROMANTIC STORY OF THE "MAYFLOWER" PILGRIMS.

By A. C. Addison. Illustrated and Decorated. 7s. 6d. net. (Pitman.)

The English reader knows, comparatively speaking, very little more about the *Mayflower* than its name. Certainly, he understands vaguely that an American who can trace his descent back to one of the original *Mayflower* settlers is in very much the same proud position as an Englishman whose ancestor fought on the winning side at the battle of Hastings. Mr. Addison's highly attractive volume should, therefore, be of real interest and value to the British reading public. He tells in an entertaining fashion the story of the *Mayflower*, and he traces those developments of pilgrim history which reflect it in our own time. The book also describes the individual lives and varying fortunes of the pilgrims after their settlement in the New World. It is a volume of much charm and interest, and one which should find a ready sale on this side of the Atlantic.

MINIATURES.

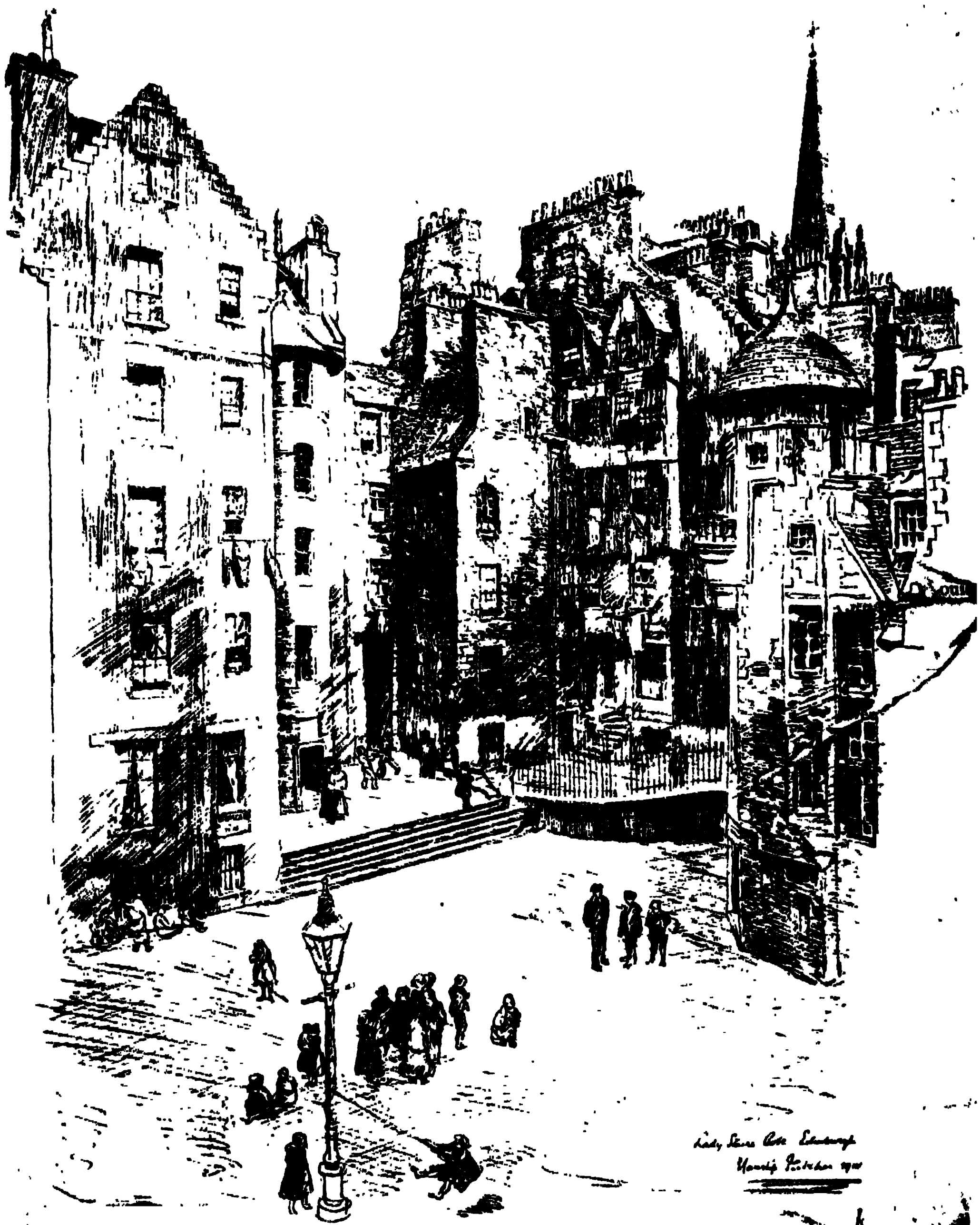
A Series of Reproductions in Photogravure from Paintings by Charles Turrell. 15 guineas net. (John Lane.)

The reproductions in this sumptuous book include miniature portraits of Queen Alexandra, the Queen of Norway, the Princess Royal, the Princess Victoria, and of eighty-one other distinguished persons, the four first being in colour, and finished by hand. Mr. Turrell is admittedly the premier miniaturist of the day and this collection makes a quite unique volume. The edition is limited to one hundred copies for sale in England and America, and each will be numbered and signed by the artist.

WINCHESTER.

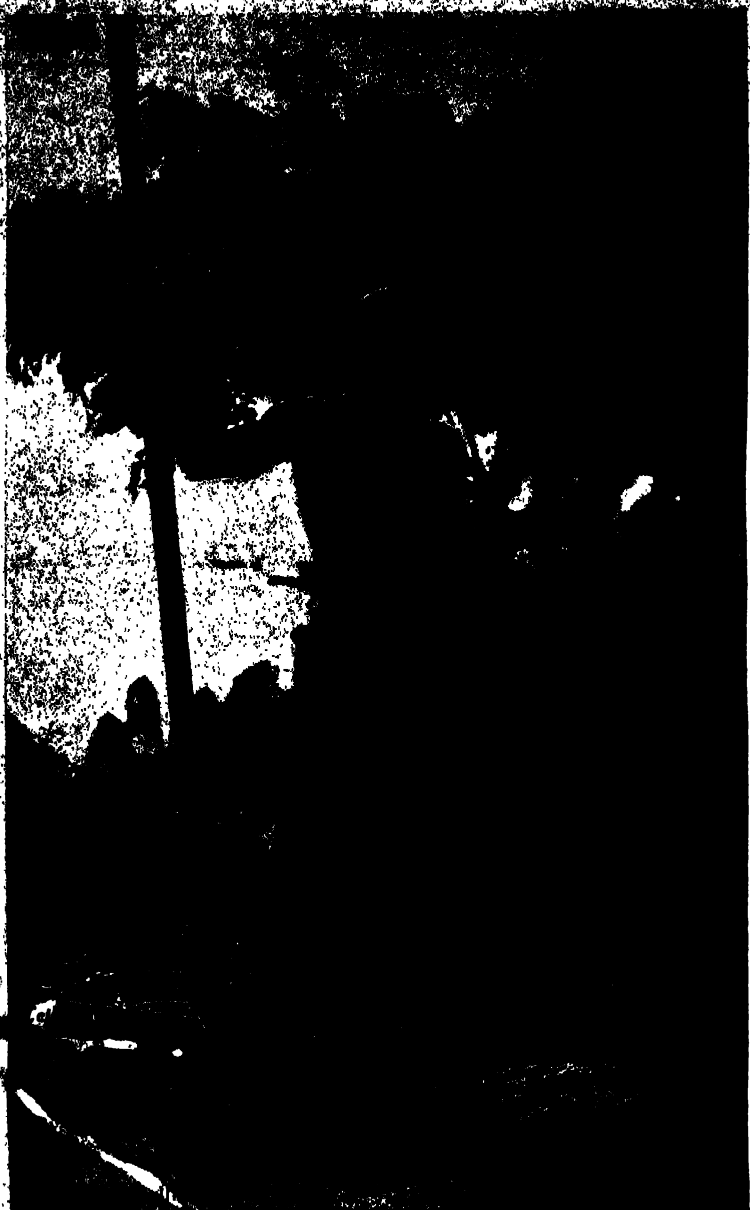
Described by Sidney Heath. Pictured by Ernest Haslehust. 2s. net. (Blackie.)

Messrs. Blackie's "Beautiful England" series is by now so well known that we believe the mere announcement of a new volume is a sufficient guarantee of its merit. For its associations, both historical and picturesque, Winchester is a worthy subject to rank with its predecessors in the series, and Mr. Sidney Heath has turned his opportunity to good account. His sketch of the history of the city is more than adequately performed, and the volume as a whole excellently fulfils the double function of guide and souvenir. Mr. Ernest Haslehust's twelve illustrations, reproduced in colour, are even more successful than ordinarily, more particularly those which have the Cathedral and the College for their subjects.



LADY STAIRS CLOSE.

From **Edinburgh Revisited**
(Sidgwick & Jackson).



From Nigeria: Its Peoples and Its Problems (Smith, Elder).

A BORGU CANOE-MAN.
Photo by Mr. E. Firmin. (Copyright.)

NIGERIA.

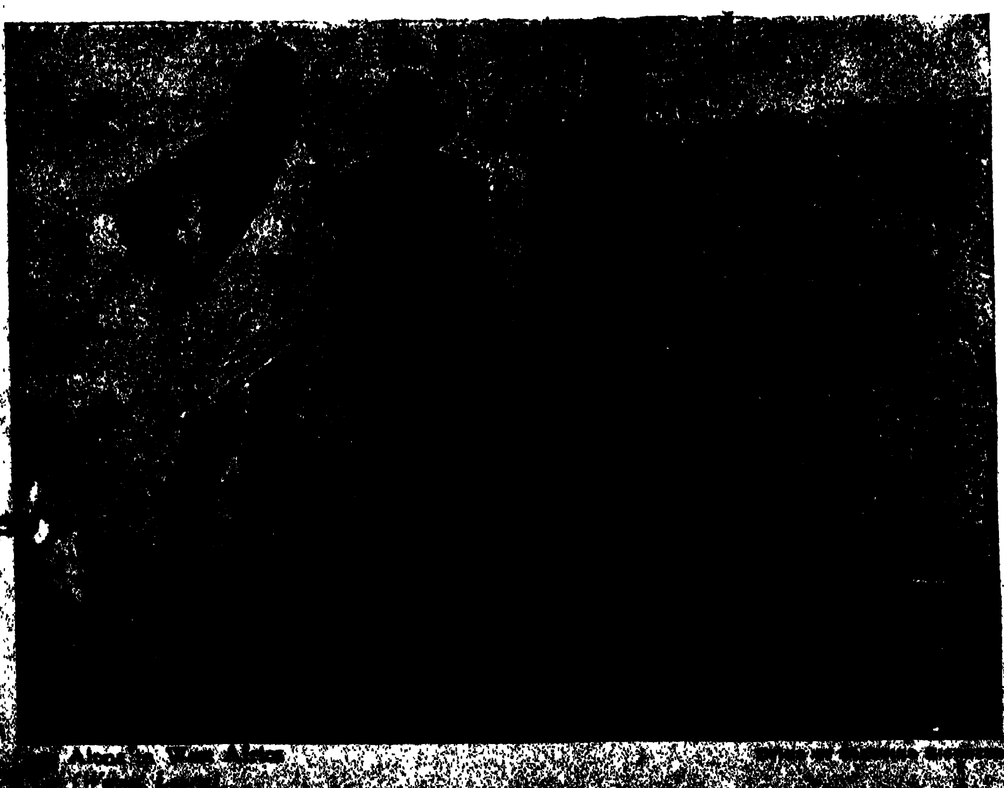
By E. D. MOREL. With Illustrations and Maps. 10s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

Mr. Morel's book has already appeared to a great extent in the columns of the *Times* and the *Manchester Guardian*, and it is marked with that mature judgment which has always characterised the work of this author. Nigeria is a colony of the Empire of which comparatively little is known, and it is to be hoped that this volume will familiarise the public with many of its problems. Mr. Morel always writes well, and here again he is as readable as ever. The book is attractively illustrated and also contains three useful maps.

THE FRUITFUL VINE.

By ROBERT HICHENS. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

The fascination of Rome is impossible to convey in words, yet easy to understand; but the fascination of Roman society though undeniable is less easy to explain. Perhaps the reason is that Roman society, rigidly exclusive as far as Italians are concerned, is curiously catholic in its acceptance of the many foreign residents in the most cosmopolitan of all European capitals. Zola was attracted to describe it, and came nearer to success, at any rate in describing the Vatican section of it, than might have been anticipated from his other work. The late Mr. Marion Crawford, Mr. Bagot, and a host of others have in their turn been tempted to depict the brilliant polyglot society which crowds the Pincio in the afternoon and the salons of the palaces in the Corso in the evening. Mr. Hichens is so ardent a lover of Italy that it was inevitable that he, too, would be drawn to describe the Rome, not of the tourist or the priest, but of the world of rank and wealth. The central figures in his new book are a husband and wife, Sir Theodore and Lady Cannynge, ten years married, but without children. Sir Theodore Cannynge had been in the diplomatic service, where his career promised to be brilliant. But happening to come into some property just at the moment when he had missed the promotion which he expected and felt himself to have earned, he resigned in a huff without realising how unsuited he was to a life of idleness. Alert and forceful both physically and mentally, and a passionate lover of children, he found himself on the threshold of fifty still in full vigour but with nothing to fill his life. Dolores Cannynge, twenty years younger than her husband, to whom she is deeply attached, is tortured by the fear that now he is without the excitement of [illegible] exacting service, he will discover how empty his life is without the children whom she cannot give him, [illegible] whom his [illegible] is craving. [illegible]





From Marvels of Fish Life *(Cassell)* OBSERVATION POND EMPTY

Theodore lets her see that he has come to regard their marriage as a failure and half unconsciously he turns for consolation to his friends the Denzils Francis Denzil, attached to the British embassy in Rome, and an old friend and colleague of Sir Theodore dies with tragic suddenness, and Sir Theodore finds himself in the position of guardian to his widow and the three young children Dolores knows that she has no grounds for jealousy of Edna Denzil, and yet she feels that another woman and another woman's children are filling more of her husband's life than she can For the sake of distraction she abandons herself to bridge and a ceaseless round of social excitements The two drift further and further apart, and Dolores though she never loses her love for her husband, feels herself growing harder and colder The Roman social code though indulgent to marital infidelity is curiously rigorous in demanding fidelity in the lover All Rome puts the worst construction on the relations between Sir Theodore and Edna Denzil, all Rome is equally willing to encourage Dolores to accept the attentions of the handsome Cesare Carelli At last the crisis comes, and Dolores yields to the entreaties of Carelli not so much because she returns his passion as because she is rendered desperate by her childlessness and her jealousy of Edna Denzil, the fruitful vine" This in our judgment is the weak spot in Mr Hichens's story Up to this point he develops the gradual estrangement and the poisoning of the relations between husband and wife with skill and subtlety But he fails to persuade us that a woman like Dolores fastidious and sensitive, would ever have given herself to a man whose passion she did not return, simply for the sake of having a child whose birth could only be a tragedy From this point the story loses its grip because Mr Hichens has falsified his values although the final tragedy is developed swiftly and inevitably As a picture of Roman society the book is brilliant hard and cynical but probably not untrue, and it is hardly necessary to add that in his sketches of the city itself Mr Hichens shows all the mastery of descriptive writing which we have learned to expect from him

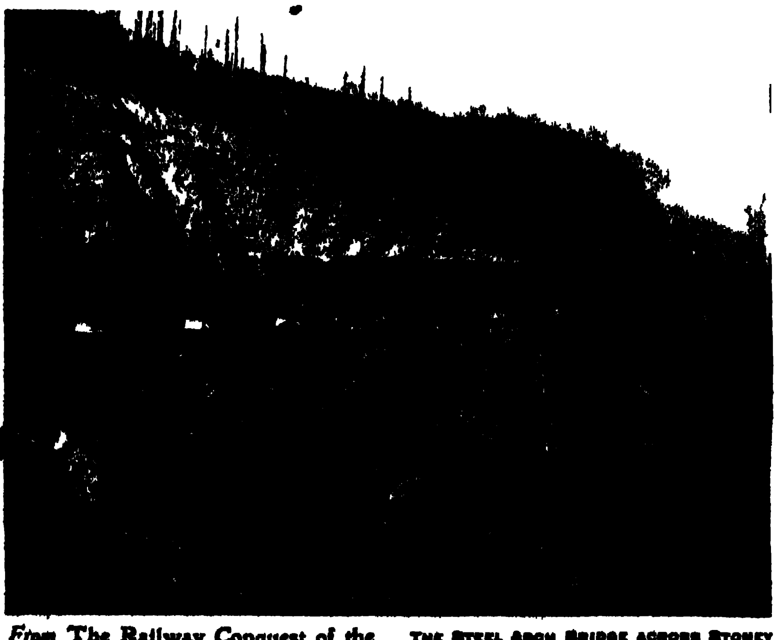


From Marvels of Fish Life *(Cassell)* OBSERVER DESCENDING INTO OBSERVATION CHAMBER

MARVELS OF FISH LIFE.

By FRANCIS WARD M.D. F.Z.S. F.R.P.S. Illustrated 6s net (Cassell)

Dr Francis Ward's book fully justifies its title The study of the fish is a comparatively neglected branch of natural history and Dr Ward's researches will therefore be of the greatest interest to the general reader more particularly as he expresses himself in untechnical language But the author has been not only successful in observing fish in their native element—he has also contrived to secure a large number of exceedingly remarkable photographs The frontispiece for example shows us a perch paling with fear and it is only on a level so far as interest is concerned, with many of the other photographs Dr Ward's book is fully deserving of the great success which we anticipate for it



From The Railway Conquest of the World *(Heinemann)*. THE STEEL ARCH BRIDGE ACROSS STONEY CREEK IN THE SELKIRK MOUNTAINS

THE RAILWAY CONQUEST OF THE WORLD.

By F A TALBOT Illustrated 6s net (Heinemann)

Railways have always had an extraordinary fascination for the youthful mind, and a large percentage of the readers of Mr Talbot's survey of railway history will be boys The book concerns itself more with the construction of railways than with their effects, but it does not lack in readability on this account. Within the compass of 320 pages the author has compressed a vast amount of information with regard to nearly all the most interesting railways of the world Indeed, the only important omission of which we can think is that of the



From The Pirates of Penzance (*Bell*). "I AM A PIRATE."

Uganda railway, which, while it may not have offered many opportunities of distinction to the engineer, was at least one of the first railways to be built in a country situated so near the Equator. In every other respect, however, Mr. Talbot is more than satisfying. His account of, for instance, the construction of the Leopoldina Railway is abundantly vivid and impressive. The volume, which forms one of the Conquest of Science Series, is attractively produced and contains a large number of illustrations.



From Aucassin and Nicolete (Black). "THEN CAUGHT UP HER RAIMENT IN BOTH HANDS."

AUCASSIN AND NICOLETE.

Translated and Edited with an Introduction by HAROLD CHILD. Illustrated by A. ANDERSON. 7s. 6d. net. (A. & C. Black.)

It was Walter Pater, with his essay on "Two Early French Stories," who first drew general attention to the story of "Aucassin and Nicolete," and opened the door for it into the popularity it has come to enjoy. There have been other good translations of it, but none better—none that have more pleasantly retained the fragrance and simple charm of the old French original—than this by Mr. Harold Child. It is just one of those naïve, tender stories of love and loss and final happiness that the world takes easily to its heart—the sort of story that could not be written in such hurrying, driving, starkly practical days as ours, but had to be dreamed and written when the world was young, or not at all, and it wins us mainly because it comes with all the wistfulness and hope and happiness of our lost youth about it. Already it has survived the ravages of seven hundred years, and there is yet no shadow of death upon its beautiful romance. Mr. Child's scholarly introduction is admirable; and for Mr. Anderson's delicate colour-plates we have only praise.

A BOOK OF BABES:

In Woodcut and Verse. By LOUISE M. GLAZIER. [illegible] net. (Elkin Mathews.)

We believe that Miss Glazier scored a [illegible] success with her little book of last year [illegible] Tags and Tails." This [illegible]

[illegible] nationalities, and especially the English. The German verse has perhaps the most attraction for us:

> "No German babe, we must confess,
> Is rude when it says 'Ja!'
> It thinks that it is saying 'yes,'
> And so does its mama.
> An English babe is ne'er too young
> To learn to speak a foreign tongue."

The woodcuts with which the little book is illustrated have been cut by the author, who, in this branch of art exhibits a reticence and delicacy which should combine to bring her well to the front.



From Tennyson's Princess (*Putnam's*).

BIG-GAME HUNTING IN NORTH-EASTERN RHODESIA.

By Owen Letcher, F.R.G.S. With 53 Illustrations and a Map. 12s. 6d. net. (Long.)

Mr. Letcher's breezy volume is adequately described by its title—so far, that is, as its subject-matter goes. In other respects the title is rather modest. Mr. Letcher, for instance, is hardly one of those sportsmen who can find nothing better to write about than the number of animals they have killed. Instead, the author of this volume supplies his reader with many valuable facts concerning the natural history of the animals which fell to his gun. He writes in an easy and unaffected style, and he possesses a full measure of humour. The illustrations from the author's own photographs are unusually good.



"THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL ARE WE."

THE YOUNG IDEA.

By Parker H. Fillmore. 6s. (John Lane.)

Few writers have sufficient imagination and sympathy with children, or a vivid enough recollection of their own childhood, to describe a child's life exactly as it strikes the child. All children recognise that there are many things beyond the comprehension of "grown-ups," and few writers who have tried to penetrate to the child mind have escaped the disabilities attaching to all normal "grown-ups." In modern English literature there are only two successful instances to the contrary, both supreme in their own way—Mr. Barrie and Mr. Kenneth Grahame. Mr. Barrie by sheer force of imaginative sympathy seems to be able to get right inside the child mind. Perhaps the explanation is that, like his own adorable Peter Pan, he has refused to grow up. Mr. Kenneth Grahame has the power, equally rare, of projecting himself back to his own childhood. It would be a gross exaggeration to suggest that Mr. Fillmore has either the marvellous intuition of Mr. Barrie or the delicate grace and humour of Mr. Grahame. But he comes nearer to them than any one we know in his power of making children real to us. The children in "The Young Idea" are real live children. The setting of his stories is American, and many of the details may seem a little strange to English readers. But children are the same all the world over, and no one who loves children could fail to enjoy such stories as "The Ruination of Willie Jones." Mr. Fillmore is not a stylist, and he writes with an artless simplicity which disarms



From Big Game Hunting in N.E. Rhodesia (*Long.*)

A NORTH EASTERN RHODESIAN HARTEBEESTE HEAD

criticism The humours of such stories as "A Case of Fits" and "The Oyling" are occasionally a trifle crude and Mr Fillmore obviously shares the weakness common to most Americans for that obsolete form of humour, the practical joke But these are trivial and pardonable blemishes which do not mar our appreciation of one of the best studies of child-life which has appeared in recent years

THE LIFE OF A TIGER.

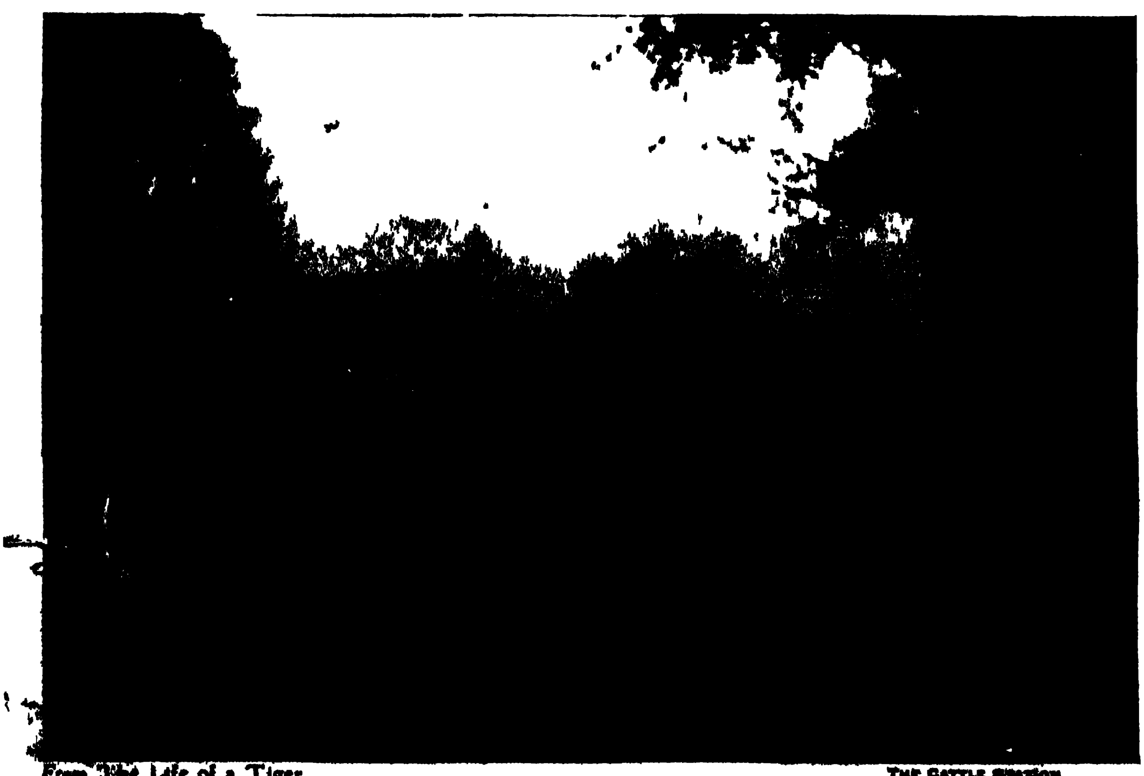
By S EARDLEY WILMOT C I E Illustrated by IRIS EARDLEY-WILMOT 7s 6d net (Arnold)

Last Christmas we had the pleasure of noticing Mr Eardley Wilmot's "Forest Life and Sport in India" a fascinating work dealing largely with the individual experiences of the author as an administrator The present book is of quite another description and its contents are adequately set out by the title The author does not belong to that sentimental class which makes its animals think and sometimes even speak like human creatures his tiger never reasons consciously at any rate Mr Eardley-Wilmot prefers the far more credible paths of plain naturalism His tiger is a wild and savage animal oppressed only with the necessity of obtaining enough food to support itself And curious though it may seem the author has certainly contrived to make his hero more or less "sympathetic", on several occasions the reader will find that his emotions are involved and on the side of the tiger It is perfectly clear to us that Mr Eardley Wilmot has quite an unusual knowledge of the life that a tiger lives and we can congratulate him very warmly upon the result of his observation and his labours "The Life of a Tiger" is quite unlike and far better than any other book of the same genus that we have read

UNDER THE ROOF OF THE JUNGLE.

By CHARLES LIVINGSTONE BULL With 60 full page Plates and many minor decoration from drawings from life by the Author s net (Duckworth)

Mr Charles Livingstone Bull is a successful writer upon nature subjects and his account of a season in British Guiana forms certainly one of the best books that he has written In a series of vivid chapters the author gives a full description of the animal life of the jungle He describes typical lives of many of the inhabitants of the forest separately and if his tales are a trifle too horrible for the squeamish reader the author is at least abundantly justified by facts As he says "Life in the jungle is a tragedy Everywhere the killers lurk or roam in the tree tops among the trunks down on the ground among the roots and underground beneath the roots" Mr Bull's activities are not confined to writing He is also an artist of strong individuality, and the series of pictures—to the number of sixty—which illustrate this volume adds considerably not only to the dramatic intensity of many situations, but also to the serious value of the book as a study in natural history.



From The Life of a Tiger (*Arnold*).

THE CATTLE STATION.
From a photograph by M. Eardley-Wilmot.)

PADS, PAWS, AND CLAWS.

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., A.L.S. Illustrated by Edwin Noble, R.B.A. 5s. net. (Wells Gardner.)

Mr. Edwin Noble's charming and highly individual talent for the drawing of animals is well known, but we cannot remember having seen quite such a delightful series from his brush as is reproduced in "Pads, Paws, and Claws." The artist has been particularly successful in the atmosphere which he has created for his pictures, and he has obtained equally good results with the most varying subjects. The delicate tones, for instance, of the illustration which we reproduce, "The Harvest-Mouse and the Dormouse," are in their way quite as effective as the more striking impression which the brilliantly coloured "Elephant" produces. Sixteen of Mr. Noble's drawings have been reproduced in colour, and in addition to these there are some charming head- and tail-pieces in black and white. Mr. Pycraft, the author of "The Animal Why Book," has performed his task in an equally satisfactory manner. He has not attempted an elaborate treatise, but he does write in a very readable and pleasant style. Children are usually nature-lovers, and there will be few who will fail to appreciate the work of Mr. Noble and Mr. Pycraft in their behalf. In every respect, in fact, "Pads, Paws and Claws" is a very delightful book, and it should be in great demand as a presentation volume.

MATES AT BILLABONG.

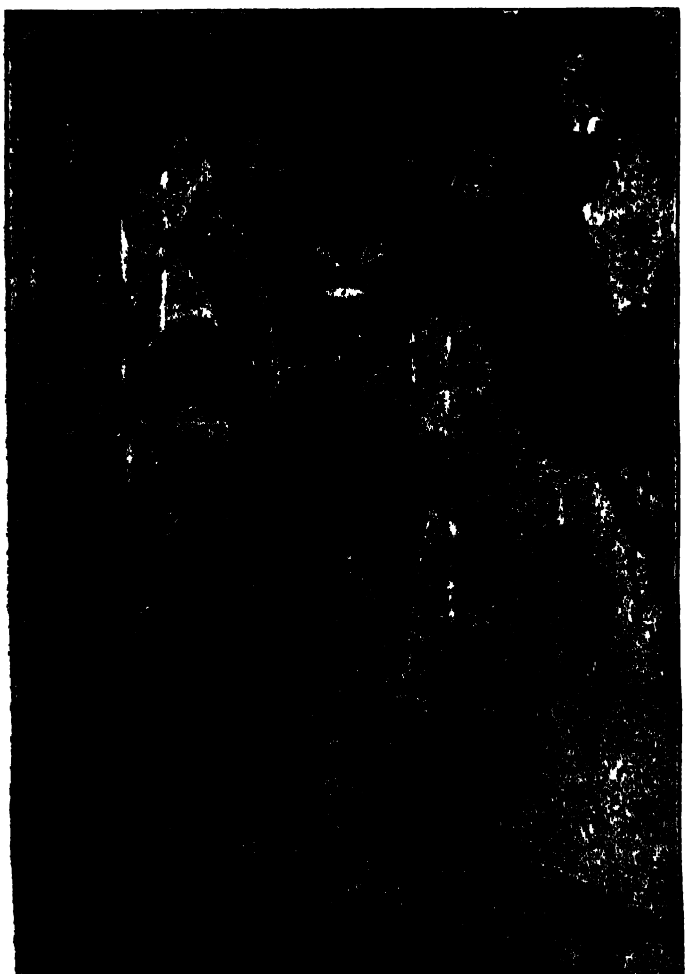
By Mary Grant Bruce. Illustrated by J. Macfarlane. 2s. 6d. (Ward Lock.)

Miss Mary Grant Bruce is the author of "A Little Bush Maid," a volume which we remember with very much pleasure. In her latest book she again concerns herself with Australian life, and she has contrived a strong and dramatic plot. "Mates at Billabong" should prove an attractive gift book to girls in their early 'teens. It is cleverly illustrated by Mr. J. Macfarlane.



From Big Game Hunting in N.E. Rhodesia *(Long.)*

THE MOST HANDSOME BUCK IN AFRICA: A BLACK LECHWE HEAD.



From Under the Roof of the Jungle *(Duckworth.)*

"THE BIG CAT FOLLOWED THE SMALL ONE."



From Cupid and Cartridges *(Blackwood.)*

A DEAD CROCODILE.



From Good Cheer (Fisher Unwin).

THE LADIES' BANQUET
(French, 17th century.) From Lebault's "La Table et le Repas."
(By permission of M. Lucien Laveur.)

GOOD CHEER:

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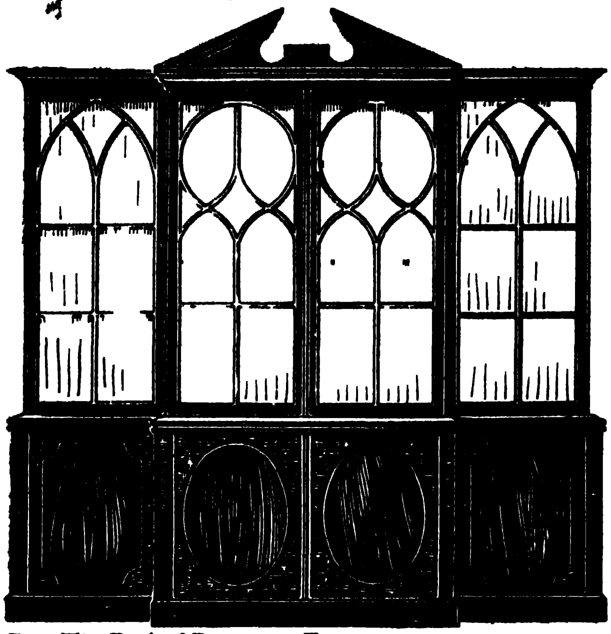
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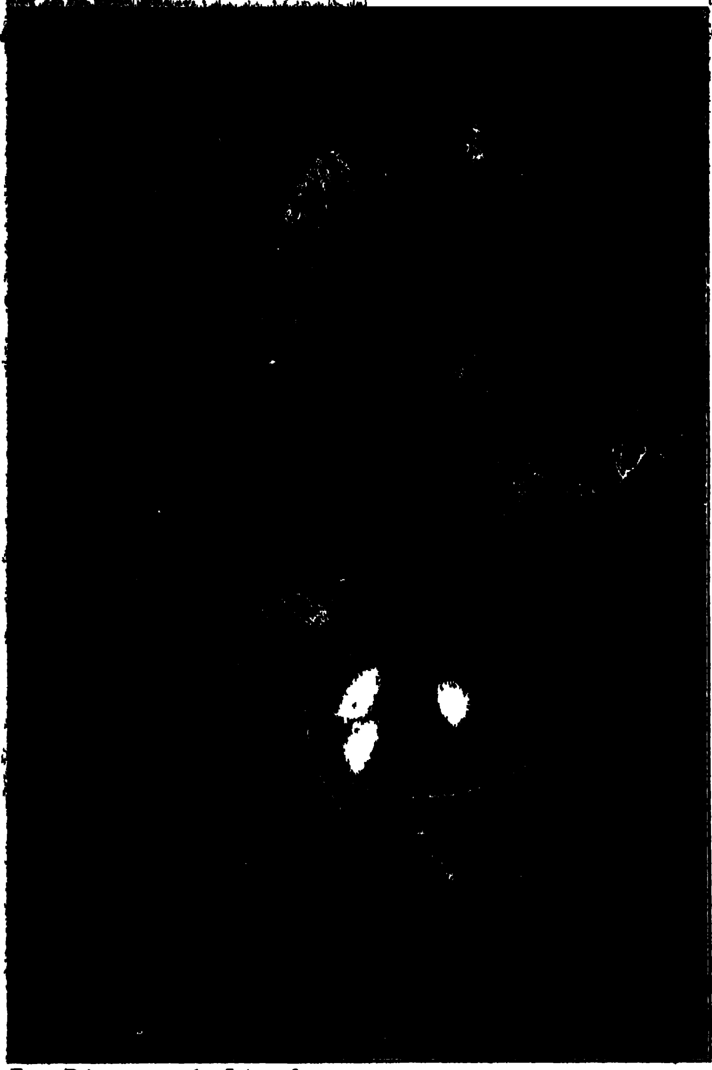
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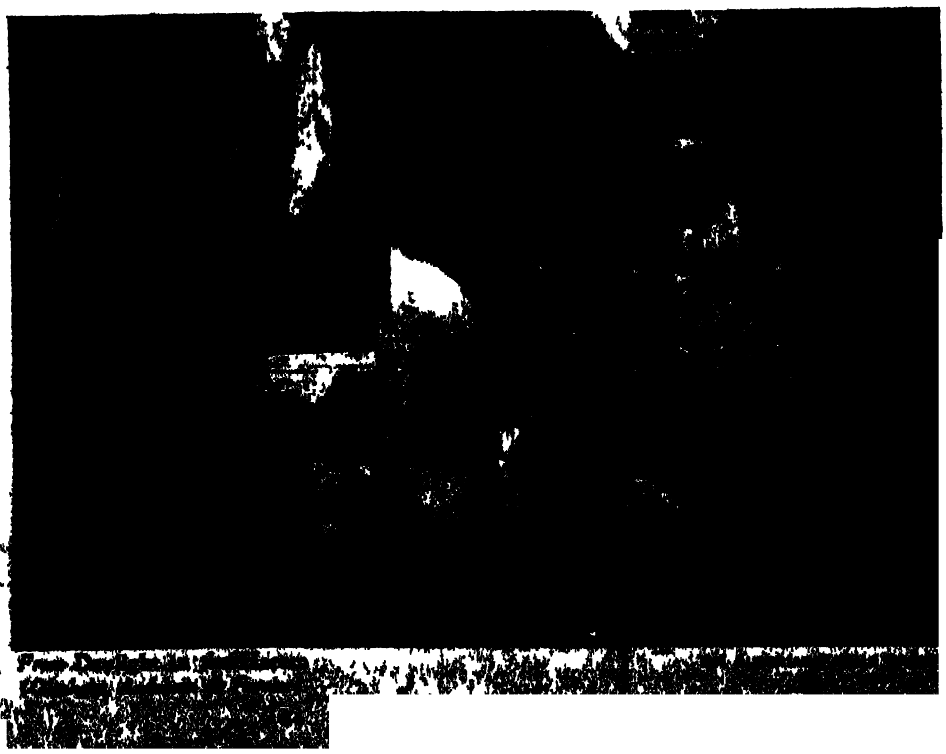
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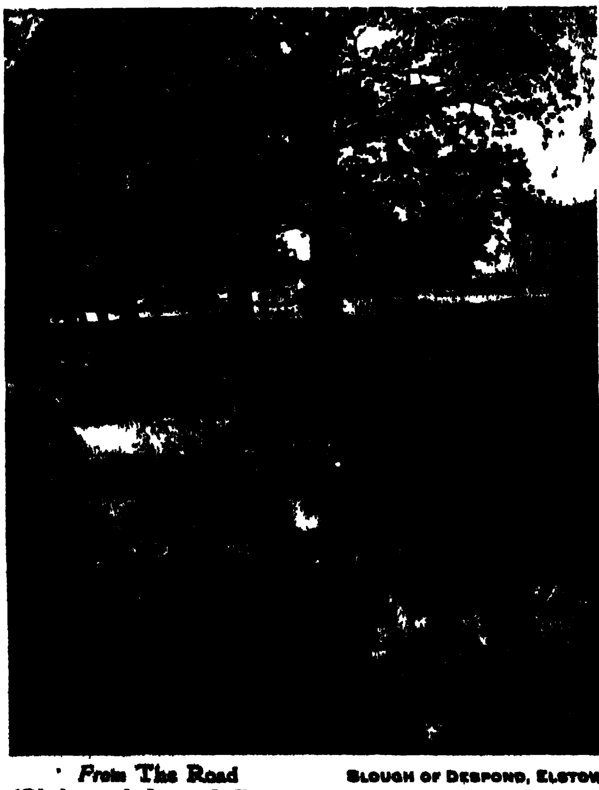
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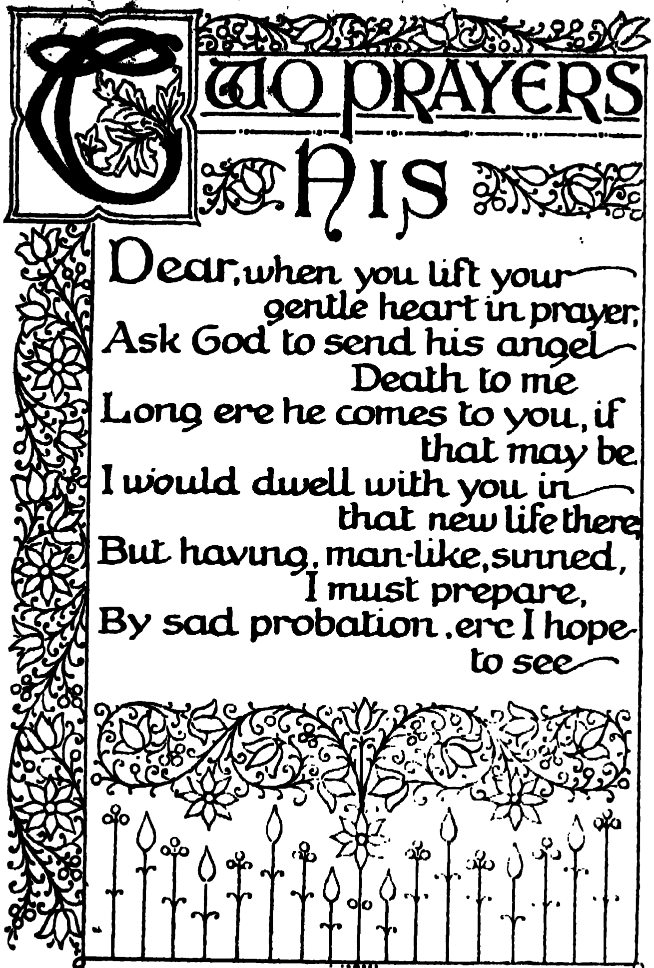
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**** An Illustrated List of Books for Christmas published by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. will be sent post free on application*

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., 39, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

[illegible] ROAD.

By JOHN KELMAN, D.D. Vol. I. With 8 Illustrations from Photographs by the Author. 3s. 6d. net. Also in presentation binding, vellum back, gilt top, 6s. net. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

Mr. Kelman has already made for himself a reputation as the author of the "Faith of Robert Louis Stevenson," and in "The Road" he commences a trilogy upon John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." The first two volumes are intended "as a commentary or text-book upon the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' to be read point by point along with the original." The author is gifted with unusual critical insight, and his expositions of Bunyan's immortal work should make a strong appeal to thoughtful readers.



From Society Sketches in the Eighteenth Century *(Arnold.)* CHEVALIER D'EON.

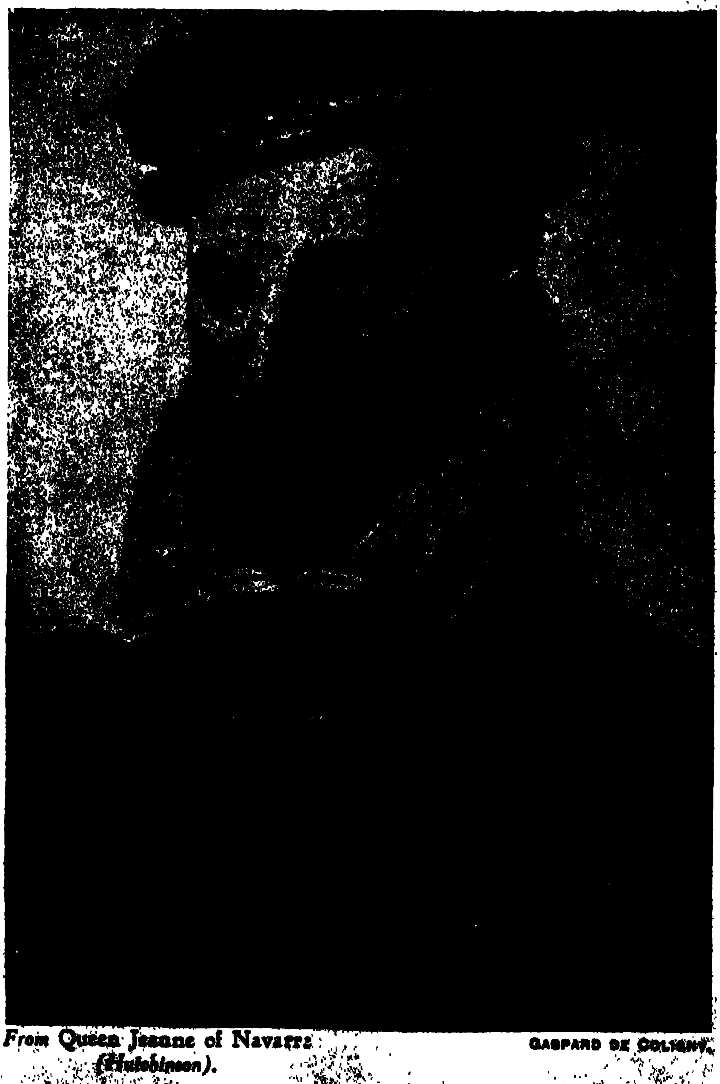
SOCIETY SKETCHES IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

By NORMAN PEARSON. 12s. 6d. net. (Edward Arnold.)

In eleven picturesque and brightly written chapters, Mr. Norman Pearson gives us an interesting and comprehensive account of the higher social life of the eighteenth century. He starts with a description of the discomforts and dangers of the streets, and the doings of the mohocks and other riotous night-birds, and passes to pleasantly gossipy chronicles concerning the virtuosi who founded the Royal Society, the wits, beauties, macaronis, and the gentlemen of the road who helped to give its peculiar tone and romantic colouring to the Georgian age. Other sections are devoted to certain society leaders; and there are excellent chapters on the lighter side of Hannah More and the serious side of Horace Walpole. Mr. Pearson knows his subject intimately; he has an agreeable narrative style and knows how to wear his scholarship lightly—an in[illegible] knowledge, because it enables him to study the [illegible] world of an interesting period and to write of [illegible] a thoroughly interesting fashion. The book is [illegible] portraits.



From The Beloved Princess *(Stanley Paul.)* PRINCESS CHARLOTTE AUGUSTA OF WALES.



From Queen Jeanne of Navarre *(Hutchinson).* GASPARD DE COLIGNY.



From Across China on Foot
(Arrowsmith).

TEMPLE AT SUI-FU, OVERLOOKING THE YANGTZE.

ACROSS CHINA ON FOOT.

By Edwin J. Dingle. 16s. net. (Arrowsmith.)

Mr. Dingle has done something that probably has never **been** done before by a European. He has made his **way** across the whole breadth of China—in itself a con**siderable** achievement—and for the greater part of the **distance** he has gone on foot. The journey with which **he deals in** this book began at Chung-king, which he reached by boat from Shanghai, and it ended at Bham in Burma. The author began his tramp on April 11, 190[illegible] and he arrived at his journey's end on February 18, 1910 but this includes a delay of about eight months throug illness at Tong-ch'uan-fu, about half-way. But the boo is more than the record of a very extraordinary journey the author gives much prominence to the Chinese " refor movement," in which he sees a menace to the safety c the foreigner. It is perhaps a little unfortunate that th



From The Ideals of Indian Art
(John Murray).

ROOF OF MONOLITHIC TEMPLE AT [illegible]



From My Rag-picker *(Melrose).* MY RAG-PICKER.

volume was not published in the autumn of last year, as Mr. Dingle assures us would have been the case had not the printer's proofs miscarried on several occasions; but it is interesting to see, in view of recent developments in China, how well-grounded are Mr. Dingle's impressions of eighteen months or more ago. The book is illustrated with many photographs—several being of places in which a "white" man was hitherto unknown—and it is so well and vividly written, and its main interest is so topical, that it fully deserves all the success which we are confident it will receive.

THE IDEALS OF INDIAN ART.

By E. B. HAVELL. 15s. net. (Murray.)

In the growth of interest in Chinese and Japanese art, that of India has been relegated to the background—quite unjustifiably; but it is to be hoped that Mr. Havell's admirable book will do much to set right the balance. Indian art is essentially original, it is the plastic expression of the national ideal. "Its intention was to make the central ideas of Hindu religion and philosophy intelligible to all Hinduism, to satisfy the unlettered but not unlearned Hindu peasant as well as the intellectual Brahmin." And again: "In the true Eastern ideal, form is used merely as a vehicle for self-realisation." It owes nothing to the Greek or Western ideal. Mr. Havell argues further that it would have transformed the latter: "If Greece, at the time of her greatest artistic development, had established a permanent empire in India . . . I cannot conceive that Indian art would have taken a very different course to that which it actually followed. It is impossible to believe that Greek æsthetic thought would not in such a case have responded to the influence of its environment, as art in its very nature must do." Mr. Havell illustrates his arguments with many examples from the wide field of Indian art—the majority of them being of astonishing beauty. This finely produced volume should gain many admirers, both for the author and for his subject.



"FOUND HERSELF LOOKING INTO EYES THAT SMILED AS WITH AN OLD FRIENDLINESS."
(Drawn by A. I. Keller.)

From Everybody's Lonesome *(Putnam's).*

MY RAG-PICKER.

By MARY E. WALLER. 2s. net. (Melrose.)

Miss Waller is an American writer with a reputation that is already firmly established in this country, and the delightful little story which Messrs. Melrose have produced in so attractive a form is completely worthy of the author of "The Wood-carver of 'Lympus" and "Flamsted Quarries." "My Rag-picker" is Parisienne—not the Parisienne of the salon or the boulevard, nor even of the type that contributes one-half of an Apache dance. She is simply a member of that very large class in all large cities, the respectable poor. She has to work hard, cruelly hard, for a living, and she has to work in a very unsavoury trade. But she is very beautiful (though fortunately nobody looks at rag-pickers) and very sweet. So she charms the heart of a lonely old artist—the narrator of this idyllic little tale—and he does what he can for her. (She does not marry him; Miss Waller has too true a sense of what is fitting to allow that to happen. [illegible]



"PAT."

[illegible]



the whole story—practically; but its outline can give no idea of the tenderness and graceful pathos with which it is told. "My Rag-picker" is a charming little gift-book and it should be especially popular at this time of the year. This is probably what the publishers had in mind when they increased the attractiveness of the little volume by the addition of Mr. Edgar Lander's drawings and decorations.

EVERYBODY'S LONESOME.

By CLARA E. LAUGHLIN. 2s. net. (Putnam's.)

There is a secret in "Everybody's Lonesome"—one which we do not propose to tell the reader. It is a remarkably effective secret too, as you shall see from our account of the story. The heroine is an American girl of the discontented type. She has always lived at home, and domesticity does not interest her. She is frankly bored, and, as she has the reputation of being slightly unpleasant, nobody takes any notice of her. However, when an invitation comes from her godmother, she is none too keen to accept it. She distrusts that godmother, until she has met her. But then all is well, for everybody likes the godmother. And Mary Alice, also, becomes attractive when she has learnt the secret. She goes abroad, and there she has the honour of a personal meeting with the late King Edward—as well as the young Englishman whom she is to marry. To the King she imparts the secret of her godmother's popularity, and the King is very much impressed. So are we too. For Miss Laughlin has written a really charming little story, which it will do everybody good to read. We wish there were more people in the world like the godmother, and the new Mary Alice.



From The Secret of Chauville *(Greening).* "YOU WOULD KILL ME HERE—A BOUND MAN?"



From A Girl from Spain *(Digby, Long).* "HER SUPPLE ARMS AND FEET KEPT TIME WITH EACH OTHER."

THEIR HIGH ADVENTURE.

By JOHN OXENHAM. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Charles Verney, attached to the British Embassy in Paris, meets Sonia, a beautiful Russian, while he is spending a holiday in Switzerland. This is the beginning of their High Adventure, for he is allowed to help her in a desperate attempt to rescue her sister, Darya, from the prison at St. Julienne, where [illegible] is incarcerated for shooting her brutal hus[illegible] [illegible] escapes, and the two girls—dressed as boys—pass for English students travelling with their tutor, as they make their way across the Swiss mountains to Unterhofen, where their aunt has a château and where they hope that Darya will be able to recuperate before the final dash for England and liberty is made. But while they rest, there comes a police-inspector who is smart enough to suspect them. He knows of a silver hair-pin found beneath the dressing-table in the room where one of the English "boys" has slept. Of course the English are all mad, but. . . . And so they are traced. However, with the aid of a French chef, a most perfect servant, they break through a cordon of spies and escape again to the mountains. But snow has fallen and the going is dangerous. They are overtaken by an avalanche which robs them of Darya, and entombs the two others beneath snow and earth for six days. And here we must leave the reader to pursue the High Adventure of the hero and heroine in



From Living in Liberty *(Alex. Gardner).* THE RETURN TO NATURE



From The Tragedy of the Dacres (Allenson) HERSTMONCEUX CASTLE

the skilled hands of Mr Oxenham confident as we are that they will find no disappointments in store for them For the book is written in the author's best manner and should more than satisfy even the most exigent of his admirers As usual Mr Oxenham has sketched in the natural surroundings of his characters with great skill and his descriptions of the Swiss scenery are enchanting

A MELODY IN SILVER.

By Keene Abbott 2s net (Putnam's)

Although the name of the author does not disclose her sex, we have very little doubt that Keene Abbott is Miss There are not many men—in fact so far as we know there are no men—who can write about children with the complete understanding and sympathy that the author shows We knew she was all right when we read this on the front page David had a suspicion He did not know it was that but that was what it was He suspected that mother thought he was a good little boy and he suspected that she thought Mitchell Horrigan was a bad little boy Perhaps mother had a suspicion too, she might have suspected that it was Mitch who had put a certain notion into David's head—a notion which had to do with pants Only you mustn't call them pants, they are 'trouvers'" It was those "trouvers" which captured us, and we think they will capture every reader of the book too In fact, as a truly sympathetic student of child life, we consider that Miss Keene Abbott is very hard to beat Every mother should read "A Melody in Silver."

THE SECRET OF CHAUVILLE.

By David Whitelaw 6s (Greening)

Beginning in the France of the Revolution when most of the aristocrats are being slaughtered on the knees of Madame Guillotine The Secret of Chauville" tells of the aged Marquis D'Artigny's anxiety to hide his great treasures from the greedy hands of the citoyens" in order that his descendants at least might enjoy them This is the burden of the prologue which tells also of the escape to England of the Marquis and his little granddaughter The story then leaps two generations and begins again with the murder—at the present day of a young solicitor by a card sharper The murdered man possesses the key to the treasure of Chauville upon which his murderer Vivian Renton comes by chance How cleverly he escapes detection for the time being taking upon himself the identity of a descendant of the old Marquis and thereby enjoying the riches which by right belong to Stella Benham the fiancée of the hero how retribution very justly overtakes him and everything is made smooth for a romantically happy ending, we leave the reader to find out for himself He will be remarkably well entertained for Mr David Whitelaw is an adept at this sort of thing

THE GIRL FROM SPAIN.

By L T Meade 6s (Digby Long)

On her first meeting with him Maggie Hazel is interested in Aylmer Warwick and she resolves to master the secret which clouds his life and to bring happiness to him But she is not altogether successful for into his life comes the beautiful fascinating Girl from Spain Juanita, married as a child of seventeen to a bold Englishman For a long while Aylmer is torn between his interest in Maggie Hazel who becomes a celebrated author and journalist and his love for the married child However on the very day on which this somewhat gloomy gentleman learns that the cause of his secret has been removed Fate is kind enough to kill off Juanita's husband There is now no doubt as to how the story will end but the author manages to hold her reader's interest until it arrives Mrs Meade is as sympathetic as ever in the study of her girls'



From The History of the Castle of York (*Elliot Stock*) CLIFFORD'S TOWER INTERIOR, 1807. (From an etching by Joseph Halfpenny.)



From **The Common Law** *(Appleton)*

THE LAST ROSE DROPPED FROM HER HAND

characters, though the broken English of Juanita is sometimes unnecessarily annoying to the reader. Nevertheless, admirers of the author's work will find that in it she is quite up to her usual level, for she introduces plenty of incident and several effective love passages.

LIVING IN LIBERTY.

By DUGALD SEMPLE. 2s. net. (Alex. Gardner.)

We picked up Mr Dugald Semple's book "Living in Liberty," and had scarcely finished reading the first chapter when we found we were waxing enthusiastic about the simple life and eager to make reforms and start a new system of living. Mr Semple is a staunch advocate of a more natural state of existence than that which the majority of us at present endure, and he puts his case so clearly and sensibly that one cannot help recognising the logic of his arguments even if one does not agree with them all. Though enthusiasts are frequently inclined to go to extremes, it must be said of Mr Semple that, on the whole, he is very moderate, especially taking into consideration how thoroughly he has studied the subject of which he writes. His book is interesting not only to those who are concerned about the return to nature and "forward to the land" question, but to others who enjoy reading the



From "A Christmas Carol," by Charles Dickens (Robert Scott) "People who would dance and had no notion of ..."

views and opinions of a man who has given much serious thought to the matter in hand, has a clear understanding of life, and is genuinely sincere in what he says.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE DACRES.

By the Rev. J. I. CRAKE, M.A., F.R.Hist.S. 3s. 6d. (Allenson.)

Mr Crake has done earlier and very meritorious work in the sphere of fiction, and his latest volume is no whit inferior to its predecessors. Once again the author presents an aspect of his favourite Sussex; this time the story centres round the famous castle of Herstmonceux, of the historical associations of which the author makes effective use. The plot is stirring and dramatic, and is laid in the times of Henry VIII. Mr Crake has paid particular attention to his characterisation, and his two principal creations are very delightful. "The Tragedy of the Dacres" is a strong and well-written tale, which we cordially recommend to the attention of our readers.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

By CHARLES DICKENS. With 8 Illustrations by E. H. STANTON. ... 3s. 6d. net, ... 7s. 6d. net. (Robert Scott.)

The latest ...

"The Select Classics," is Dickens's "Christmas Carol" This pleasant reissue embodies eight sympathetic illustrations by Mr E H Stanton and its various bindings afford the book-buyer a wide choice

THE SONGS OF OLD ENGLAND.

THE SONGS OF BONNIE SCOTLAND.

Selected by W JAMES WINTLE 3s 6d net 5s net and 7s 6d net each (Ouseley)



From Songs of Bonnie Scotland *(Ouseley)*

THE CROFTER'S TEAM (M'Callum)

For the making of these two delightful anthologies Mr W J Wintle has hit upon an idea which, if not exactly original at any rate has the merit of freshness With the number of anthologies increasing so rapidly as they are at present the excuses for them seem to us to become fewer particularly when as is often the case the same material is used over and over again in different settings and orders A certain amount of repetition is of course unavoidable but on the whole we believe that Mr Wintle's two collections contain fewer "stock" poems that any other anthologies we have come across This is especially the case in the English volume there are perhaps rather too many of Burns's songs in the Scottish A volume of song is not, of course, necessarily a volume of the most exalted poetry for the most truly poetic themes hardly lend themselves to the purposes of the popular ballad Nevertheless we could hardly wish away one of Mr Wintle's selections All the poems included are specimens of "the honest song" he speaks of in one of his dedications And the result is a couple of exceedingly fascinating volumes The publishers seem to have taken great pains in the production of the books and their attractiveness is certainly increased by the inclusion of a number of illustrations reproduced in sepia

THE TROUBLED POOL:

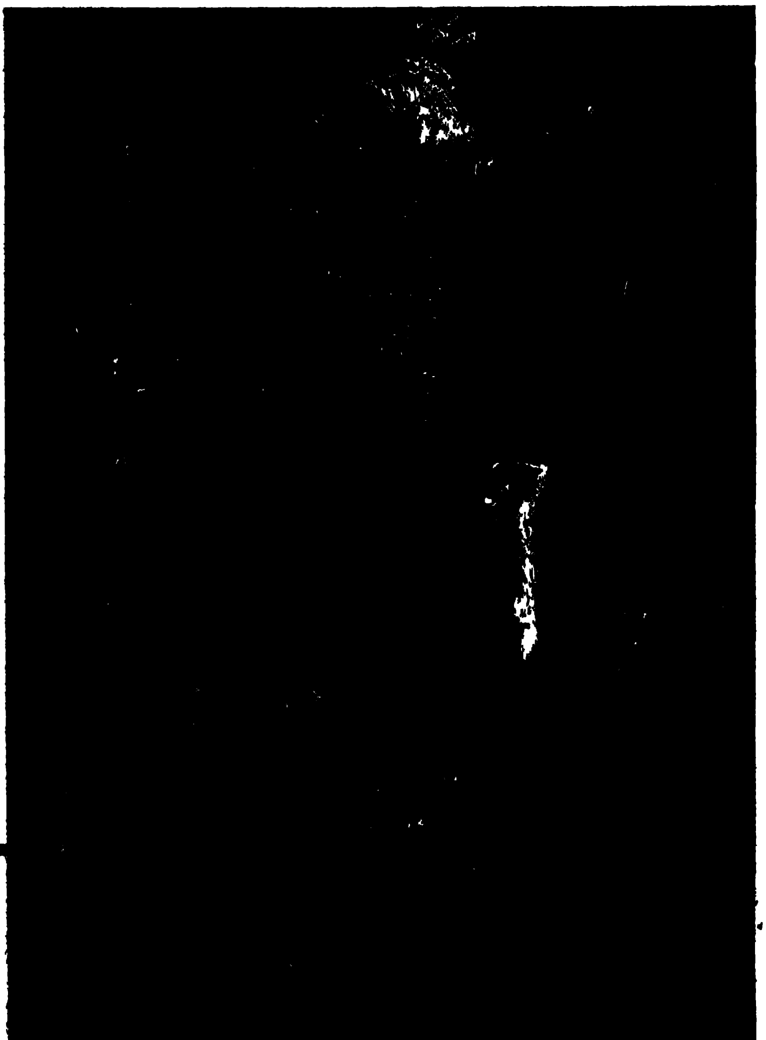
and Other Poems By J GRIFFITH FAIRFAX With 6 Original Etchings by LIONEL LINDSAY £1 11s 6d net (Smith Elder)

This is how one would like to see all poetry produced—in a quiet artistic cover of a light drab with gilt lettering and illustrated with etchings so fine in quality and so in harmony with the poems they interpret as are these by Mr Lionel Lindsay What is more to the point Mr Fairfax's poems are worthy of the dress in which they come to us He has a sensitive ear for delicate nuances of rhythm, and a real sense of the beauty of words "The Troubled Pool" which is in the form of a dialogue between Echo and Narcissus is full of poetic feeling and the various and varied shorter poems in the volume are instinct with the same gracious quality and are finished with a fine, fastidious care One might select as among the best of these such lyrics as "Camaraderie" "Inania" "Love at Even," or "Friendship" but on the whole we choose one of the slighter things because of its airy spontaneity and simple charm, as representing the daintier side of Mr Fairfax's gift

I care not, I,
  Though all men pass me blindly,
    So she look kindly,
Why let the world go by,
I care not, I

I care not, I,
  Though Fame, the jade betray me,
    Her lips repay me
Fame, an you will, good bye,
I care not, I

"I care not, I,
  Though Death the jester, flout me,
    Her arms about me,
This will be life—to die,
I care not, I."



From The Troubled Pool, and Other Poems *(Smith, Elder).*

THE TROUBLED POOL

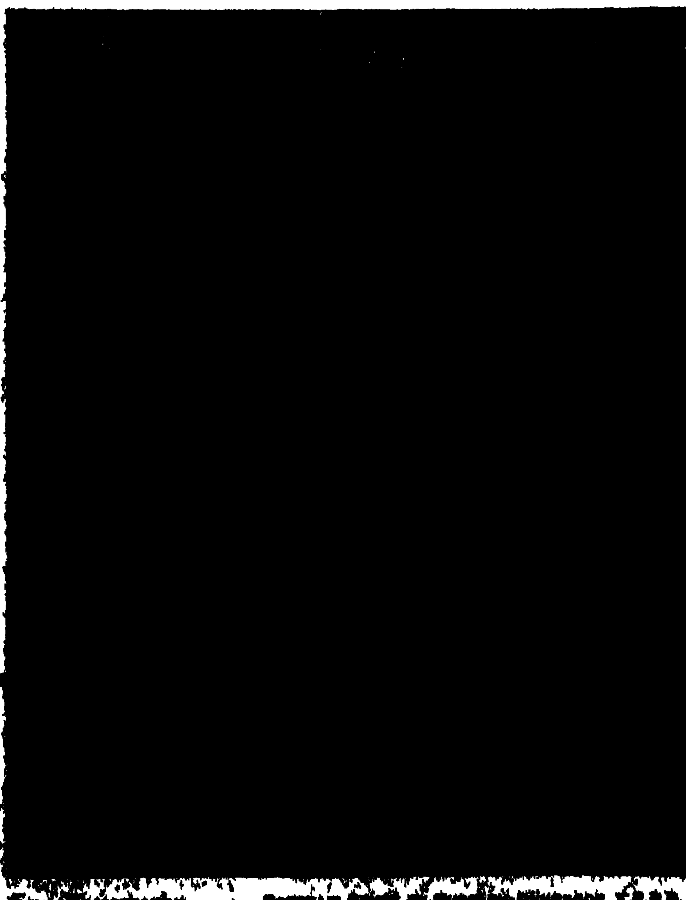


From The Life of Ruskin (*Allen*) RUSKIN'S MOTHER (From a painting by James Northcote)

SOME PAGES OF MY LIFE.

By the RIGHT REV W BOYD CARPENTER D D D C L D Litt Illustrated 16s net (Williams & Norgate)

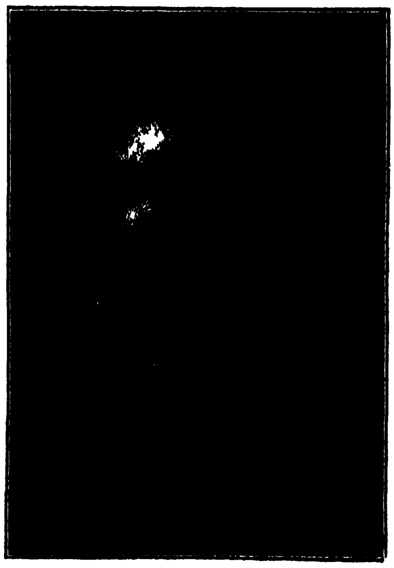
In this very attractive book the late Bishop of Ripon entertains the reader with no stereotyped autobiography but rather with a series of random recollections no single chapter of which is without its peculiar appeal His fancy wanders over topics too numerous to mention his early days his teachers the Great Exhibition Books, Browning Tennyson Queen Victoria the Empress Frederick what may be styled professional experiences and many others In every case the author's touch is light and sympathetic, and no one will take from the volume any thing but pleasant remembrances From among many delightful anecdotes, we copy one · "At one time, when a parliamentary election was pending, I was visiting Abe Rust (a Chartist); he began to talk about it Finsbury was to be contested—William M'Cullagh Torrens and Alderman Lusk were the Liberal candidates—Mr Lucraft was the candidate who to-day would have been described as the Labour candidate I did not doubt for a moment where Rust's vote would go, he would never, I thought, support Conservative or even Liberal So I said, 'I suppose you will go for Lucraft?' 'No!' he said, speaking most emphatically, No I won't!' I said, 'I am surprised Whom are you going to support?' 'Oh! the old men' by which he meant the sitting members, the old-fashioned Liberals I then said Do you mind telling me why?' I hate little men,' he said with a most decisive fervour Little men are the enemies of the poor little men tread them down and do things which the big men would not do' '



A DUKE AND HIS FRIENDS:

The Life and Letters of the Second Duke of Richmond. By the EARL OF MARCH 24s net (Hutchinson)

In these finely produced and well edited volumes the Earl of March presents to the reader a detailed and highly interesting picture of life in England during the first half of the eighteenth century The second Duke of Richmond indeed cut as Lord March puts it a proper figure' among his contemporaries He was not distinguished for any special brilliance but he was an honest man — exceptionally so for his times—straightforward and upright in his conduct By profession a soldier (he fought at the Battle of Dettingen) he won distinction rather as a country gentleman of the old school a connoisseur in art, a magistrate and—above all—a sportsman He possessed numerous friends, and numbered among them some of the greatest wits of the period—such as Pulteney, Chesterfield, and Hervey—specimens of whose correspondence are printed and there are interesting sidelights upon the old age of the Duchess of Portsmouth, Louise de Keroualle, who died in France at the age of eighty-five or eighty-six, "preserving her beauty almost unimpaired, so the chroniclers aver, up to the very last" But a mere list of the numberless persons of distinction who, in one way or another, enter these volumes, is of no particular interest to the reader Suffice it to say that Lord March's hero—and ancestor—knew almost everybody of his time who was worth knowing, and that the book is of great interest and of no small historical importance.



MR EZRA POUND, (Author of "Canzoni" (Elkin Mathews)

THE LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS.

By JOHN FORSTER Memorial Edition, 2 vols. 21s net (Chapman & Hall)

PHASES OF DICKENS.

By J CUMING WALTERS 5s net. (Chapman & Hall)

CHARLES DICKENS IN AMERICA.

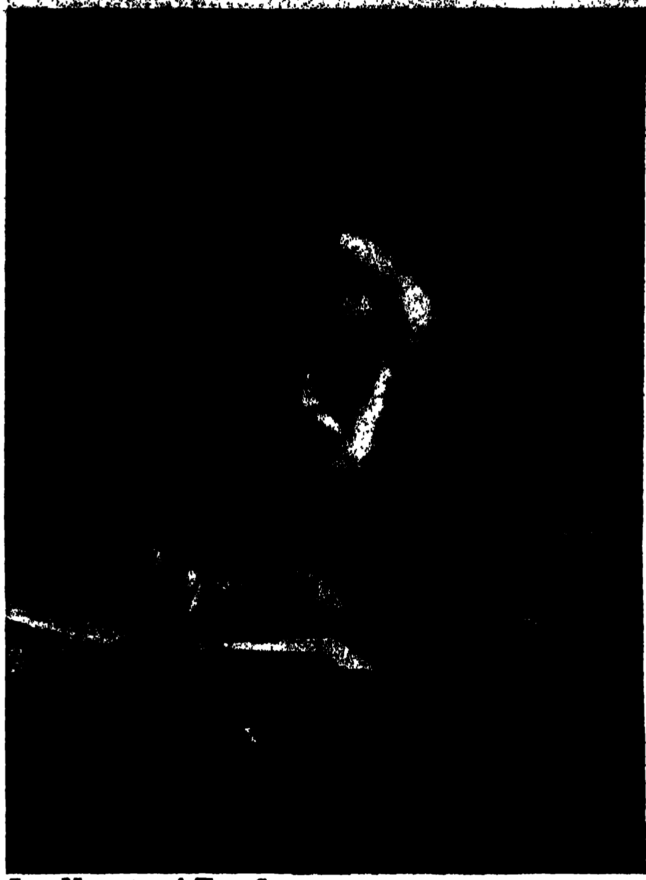
By W. GLYDE WILKINS 7s 6d. net (Chapman & Hall)

No new Life of Dickens

seems possible to publish a more entirely satisfying, a more complete edition of that great work than we have in these two handsome volumes that have just made their appearance under the able editorship of Mr. B. W. Matz. There has rightly been no attempt to amplify the text; that remains as Forster wrote it; but Mr. Matz has used his unique knowledge of Dickens and of all that concerns his life and his writings to bring together a large collection of portraits, sketches, photographs, drawings, and fascimiles that add immensely to the value of the book, and help us to realise more vividly not only Dickens himself, but the people he knew and the places in which he lived and moved. There are five hundred of these illustrations, all carefully arranged and annotated; and each volume contains a full and very useful bibliography. There are numerous portraits of Dickens, of the various members of his family, and of the wide circle of his friends, photographs of the houses he lived in about London and elsewhere, of scenes he visited, theatres in which he acted, halls in which he gave his readings, reproductions of pages of his MSS., and of the original covers of those monthly parts in which his novels first appeared. Every lover of Dickens will feel that he owes Mr. Matz a deep debt of gratitude for the knowledge and thoroughness with which he has done his work and given us in these beautifully produced volumes such an ideal edition of the fascinating biography that Carlyle ranked with Boswell's Johnson. In his "Phases of Dickens" Mr. Cuming Walters has written a series of acute and admirably suggestive studies of Dickens as novelist, moralist, and social reformer. And in "Charles Dickens in America," Mr. Glyde Williams has traced Dickens's journeys through the States and collected a detailed and frequently laughable, always entertaining account of them from contemporary American newspapers, from the private diaries of some of those who met Dickens out there, and other sources. It is an illuminating supplement and commentary on Dickens's own "American Notes," and is excellently illustrated from contemporary engravings. We hope to deal more amply with all three of these books in our Dickens Centenary Number next February.



THE RIGHT REV W. BOYD CARPENTER.
From Some Pages of My Life
(Williams & Norgate).

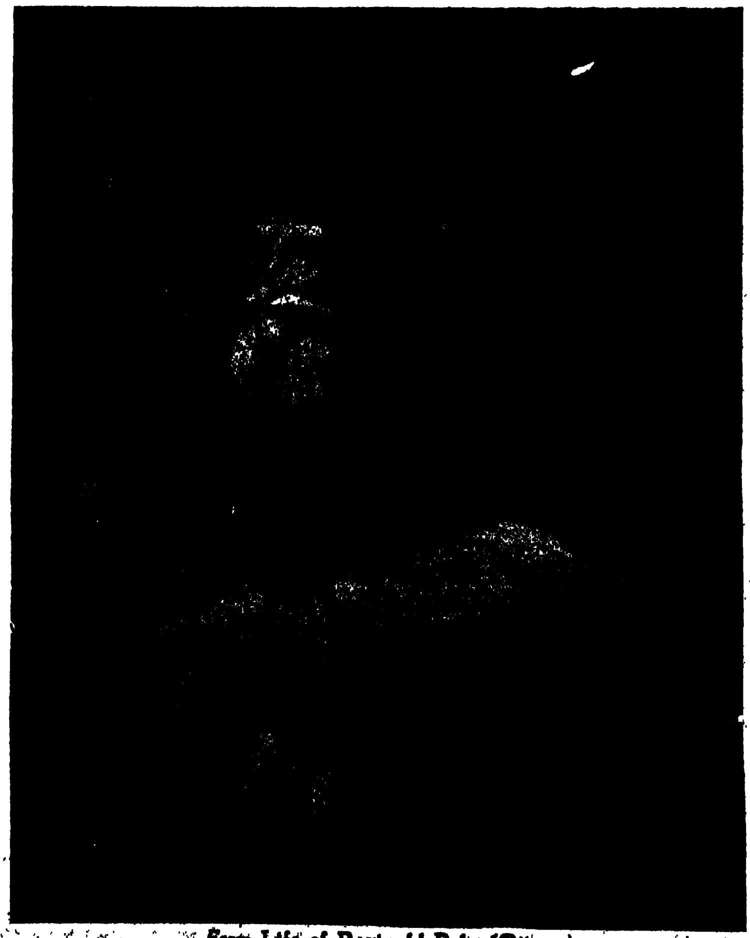


From Memories of Two Cities *(Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier).* DAVID MASSON.

THE BELOVED PRINCESS:

Princess Charlotte of Wales. By CHARLES E. PEARCE. With 33 Illustrations. 16s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

Mr. Charles E. Pearce's "Amazing Duchess" was one of the most successful works of biography published during recent years, and his new volume should appeal to an equally large public. The daughter of George IV. and the unfortunate Caroline was, throughout her short life, the centre of an amazing circle of intrigue and [illegible] but she herself stands out clear, says the [illegible] natural, warm-hearted, loving, and courageous." Mr. Pearce devotes a considerable amount of his space to a consideration of the speculations of Professor Clerici with regard to the mystery surrounding the birth of the Princess. It is, indeed, a very well-managed and well-written piece of biography, and should add to the writer's reputation.



From Life of Reginald Pole *(Pitman),*
Of which important biography a new edition has recently been issued.

THE HOUSE OF THE OAK.

By H. A. Hinkson. 2s. (The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.)

This is the story of a Cromwellian father and a Royalist mother and son who were all three devoted to one another. Although the boy longs to join the King's army, he promises not to do so during his father's lifetime, but as his father is old and needs him that he will stay and see to the tilling of the land and the harvesting of its produce. In the meantime he and his mother pray constantly for the King's cause. Suddenly an opportunity occurs for the boy to help King Charles in his momentous flight after the Battle of Worcester, and unknown to his father he seizes the opportunity. He not only finds the King a hiding-place, and warns him of the near approach of a party of Roundheads, but after the famous oak-tree incident, he steals a passport from the leathern case of a sleeping Cromwellian captain and smuggles it to Charles, thus enabling him to get safely into Wales and so to escape. And in and out of the exciting adventures that fill the book is threaded the fragrant little love story of the boy and a Royalist maiden. It is a very ably and sympathetically written romance.



From Classic Myth and Legend *(Gresham Publishing Co.)* ICARUS

THE STORY OF THE CRUSADES.

By E. M. Wilmot-Buxton. With 16 Illustrations by M. Meredith Williams. 3s. 6d. net. (Harrap.)

Mr. Wilmot-Buxton is to be congratulated upon his retelling of the intricate history of the Crusades. His volume is not only informing and well balanced, but it is attractively written. The picture which he presents of the Crusades will remain vividly in the minds of all readers for a long time, for though the book is one which is probably designed for children, it is not without great attraction for adult readers. Mr. Meredith Williams's sixteen illustrations are full of romantic atmosphere.

SECRETS OF THE HILLS.

By Sterling Craig, M.A., H.B. 3s. 6d. (Harrap.)

The object of this book, says Mr. Sterling Craig in his preface to "Secrets of the Hills," "is to excite interest in the study of Geology, and to introduce a boy to its methods of work." Mr. Craig has found an exceedingly happy way of fulfilling his object by publishing a volume for younger readers that is at once entertaining and instructive. Ronald is a boy who, whilst feeling very



From Pioneers in Canada *(Blackie).* LAKE LOUISE, THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. (Photo by Thompson.)

disappointed at having to spend his summer holidays at school, receives an invitation to stay for a week at the house of a doctor in Scotland, an old friend of his father. He is delighted to go, and after his arrival we follow him through all the geological discoveries he makes up in the hills. It is all told very brightly in an entertaining conversational style, so that the youthful student will hardly realise that he is gaining knowledge, being so agreeably amused.

FROLIC FARM.

Verses by B. PARKER. Illustrated by N. PARKER. (W. & R. Chambers.)

We are entirely inclined to agree with the sentiment which Miss B. Parker voices in the following:

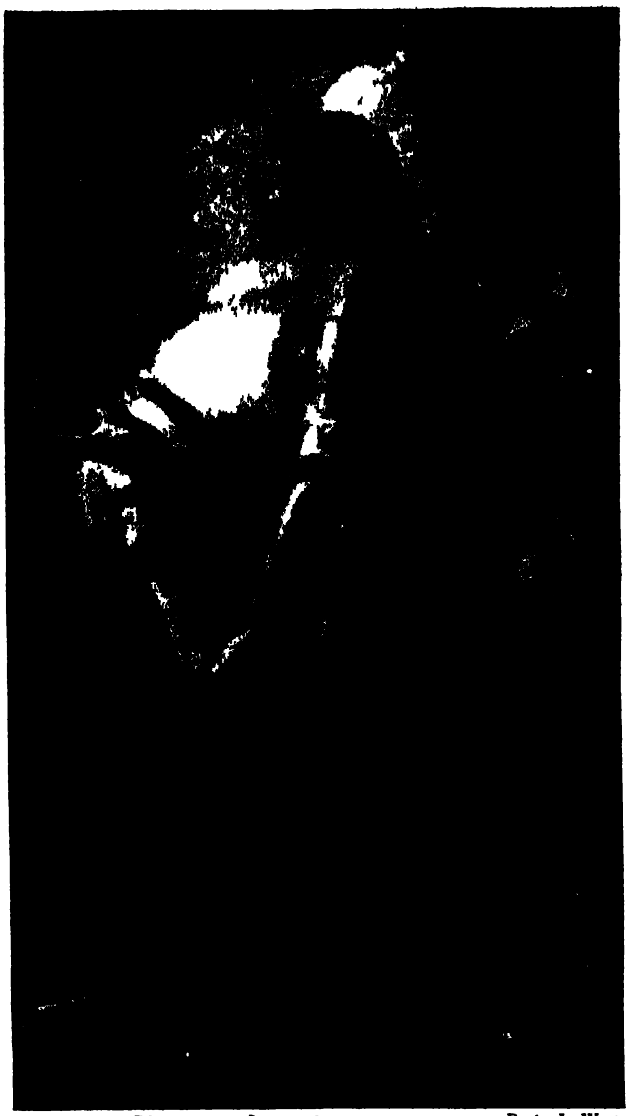
> There's not a spot beneath the sun
> Where birds and beasts can have such fun
> As at the farm these pictures show.
> For we have been there, so we know.

We have been there too, thanks to the generosity of Messrs. Chambers in sending us this book for review, and we can assure everybody who is in search of a book which will amuse children of all ages that it is impossible to better "Frolic Farm." All who are so fortunate as to have the volume given to them will be under a debt of gratitude to the Misses Parker.

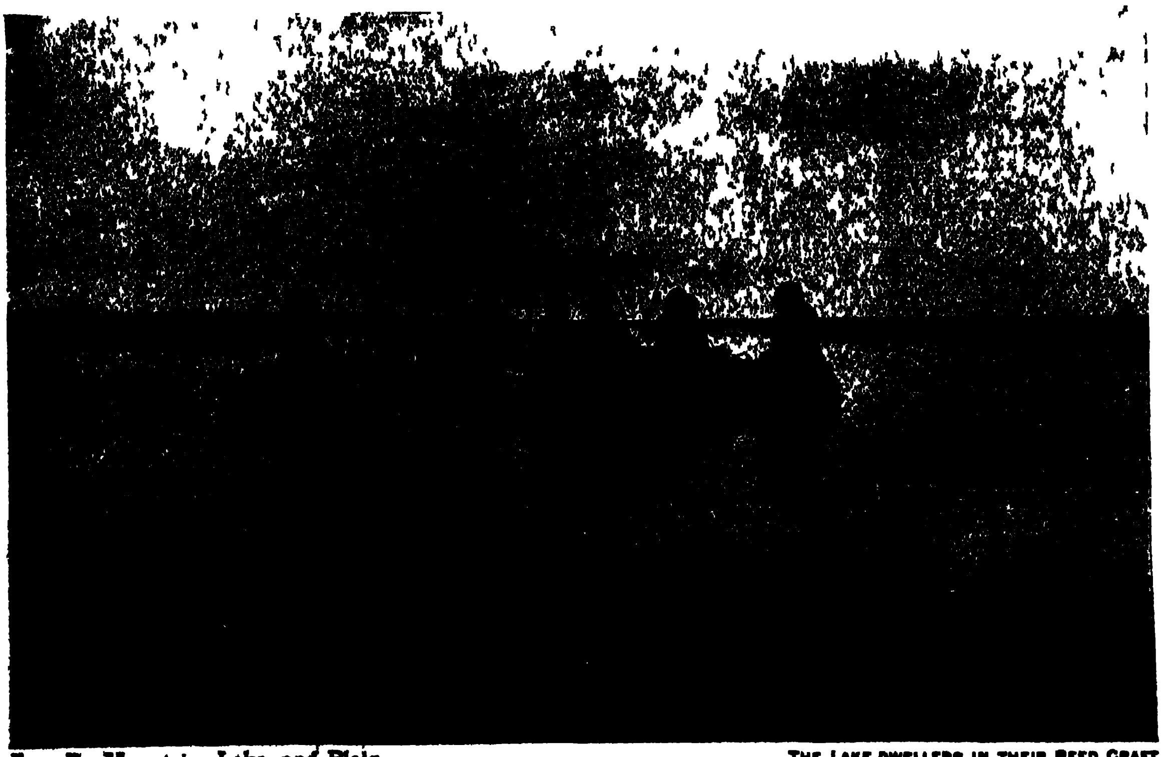
CONTES DE MADAME D'AULNOY.
LA CASE DE L'ONCLE TOM.

Edited by KATHLEEN FITZGERALD. Illustrated in Colour by THOMAS DERRICK. 1s. 6d. net each. (Siegle Hill.)

The charming series which Messrs. Siegle Hill initiate with the publication of the two above-mentioned volumes is likely to prove very successful. There are a good many children who have had a French nurse, and parents often find that the children forget their French after the nurse has left. They will have very much less excuse for doing so now that their requirements are so well catered for. And besides these there are other children who are learning French in the ordinary way, and find the ordinary readers distasteful to them. They, too, will be, or at any rate ought to be, pleased with either the "Contes D'Aulnoy" or with "La Case de l'Oncle Tom." The former volume, which is perhaps less well known than the second, includes three of Madame d'Aulnoy's most attractive and most characteristic stories, "La Princesse aux Cheveux d'Or," "L'Oiseau Bleu," and "La Chatte Blanche," while "Uncle Tom" has been abridged into handy form by a skilled editor. Each volume contains seven illustrations and some attractive decorations in black-and-white by Mr. Thomas Derrick.



From Celtic Myth and Legend *(Gresham Publishing Co.)* By C. T. Watts



From By Mountain, Lake, and Plain *(Blackwood).* THE LAKE DWELLERS IN THEIR REED CRAFT

BRITISH CASTLES.

By CHARLES H. ASHDOWN. With 32 Illustrations in Colour and 37 Plans and Diagrams in the Text. 7s. 6d. net. (Black.)



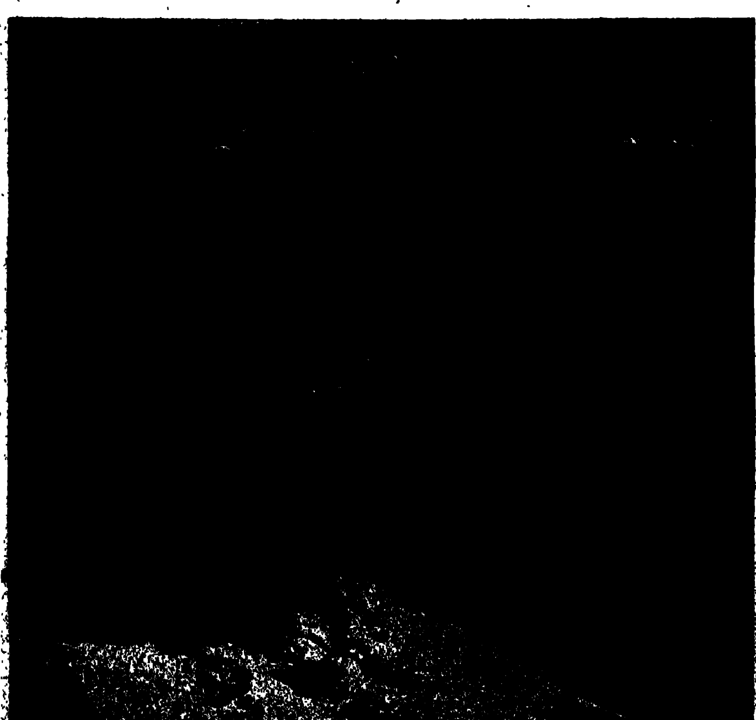
From British Castles *(Black).* CORFE CASTLE, DORSETSHIRE.

Mr. Ashdown has designed his book on a "popular" method. Which is not to say that its quality is in any way low, for such is far from being the case; but the book is written in a manner which is readily comprehensible by the general reader. While supplying the latest information, the writer has avoided technicalities as far as possible, and the result is a most informing and readable volume. Within the limits of a couple of hundred pages, the author has compressed notes on all the principal castles in Great Britain, and beginning with earthworks—the earliest British castles—he traces the development of the castle to its fullest extent. His historical notes are particularly valuable and add greatly to the interest of his book. The volume is lavishly illustrated with a series of very effective pictures in colour, and there are also sufficient diagrams and line drawings to explain any unavoidable technicalities.

MY CLIMBING ADVENTURES IN FOUR CONTINENTS.

By SAMUEL TURNER, F.R.G.S. 12s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)

Mr. Samuel Turner, who last year published his first book—"Siberia: a Record of Travel, Climbing, and Exploration"—is one of the best-known of modern climbers, and the stories of mountaineering which he gives us in this book make decidedly entertaining reading. The author is a natural climber, and—curiously enough—he appears to be prouder of his equilibrium and his other physical gifts for the art than of most of his accomplishments. Most men would be insufferably conceited if they had done what Mr. Turner has done, but he is very quietly matter-of-fact. This attitude certainly adds to the impression that the book will make upon the reader. It is, in fact, an astounding record of success. The author seems to have climbed nearly all the famous mountains of the world, with the exception of Mount Everest (which he is even now planning to conquer), and his most interesting book should be in the hands of all who are in any way interested in the subject. The illustrations—seventy-four in number—are very clearly and artistically printed.



[illegible] Climbing Adventures (Fisher Unwin). [illegible]

HISTORY OF THE FOREST OF EXMOOR.

By EDWARD T. MACDERMOT, M.A. Illustrated. 21s. net. (Barnicott & Pearce.)

The latest addition to a series of local history which Messrs. Barnicott & Pearce, of the Wessex Press, at Taunton, have published is a work that is in many ways one of the most important of its kind which has appeared for some years past. The book is "an attempt at a continuous history of Exmoor Forest from the earliest times of which any records exist down to the extinction of the forest in 1819." Much of the material from which it has been drawn has never been published before, and was accidentally discovered by the author at the Record Office. Mr. MacDermot is to be warmly congratulated upon the form which he has given to a series of disconnected documents and the interest with which he invests a work of monumental patience and industry.

FAMOUS CASTLES AND PALACES OF ITALY.

By [illegible] B. D'AUVERGNE. 15s. net. [illegible]

In Italy the local antiquaries [illegible]

in their churches and early Madonnas—the history of the mediæval strongholds, in the shadow of which they live, they for the most part ignore. The history of innumerable ruined piles is utterly lost . . ." Thus Mr. d'Auvergne's is only the second book in any language which attempts to deal with the subject, which is a very big one indeed. The author has done his work exceptionally well. It has not been possible for him to go to any very great length, but he has made vivid and interesting the history—often in the highest degree romantic—of a large number of castles and palaces which are otherwise neglected. Mr. d'Auvergne's thirteen chapters cover more than twice that number of castles, of some of which he has little to tell. But he has made on the whole so attractive a beginning that we hope he will find it worth his while to pursue the subject in later books at greater length and in more detail. The volume is well illustrated by photographs and coloured drawings, most of them from the accomplished brush of Mr. Charles L. Dawson.



From A Mountain that was God *(Putnam's)*



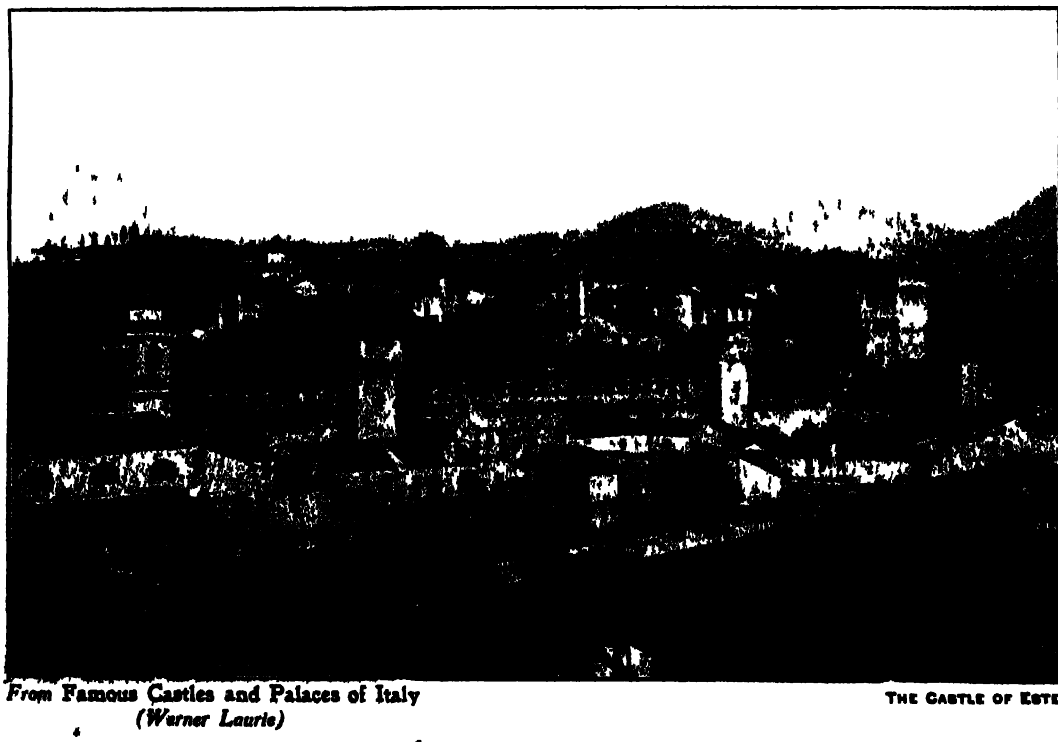
From A History of the Forest of Exmoor *(Barnicott & Pearce)* LANACRE BRIDGE AND COURT HAMS

HOMER'S ODYSSEY:

A Line for Line Translation in the Metre of the Original.

By H. B. Cotterill, M.A. With 24 Illustrations by Patten Wilson. 21s. net. (Harrap.)

We read that statement on the title-page, "a line for line translation in the metre of the original," with certain qualms. We have a conviction that in that way a good poetical translation cannot be compassed, and as a general thing we still hold to that conviction, though we are bound to confess that it is confounded by Mr. Cotterill's rendering of the Odyssey. What one wants to find in a translation is not so much the metre, the exact words, the mere body of the original, as the soul of it. Pope's translation, for all its popularity, gives us neither. It is Mr. Cotterill's triumph that he has in this scholarly and spirited version of his retained both. His hexameters are studiously correct without being mechanical; he varies his accent so cunningly as to avoid all sense of monotony, and his lines have a forcefulness and sweep, a largeness of utterance admirably in keeping with the mighty and primitive narration they have to convey, admirably in keeping with it too as the vigour and simple directness of his language. We have read no translation that in tone and style came so near to being Homer's self, except Chapman's glorious translation of the Iliad. We congratulate Mr. Cotterill on the successful accomplishment of a most difficult undertaking—his Odyssey is a great translation, and what to our mind is more than that, it is a great poem. Mr. Patten Wilson's illustrations are fine examples of draughtsmanship in the severely classical convention. In paper, type, and binding the book is a very handsome production.



From Famous Castles and Palaces of Italy *(Werner Laurie)* THE CASTLE OF ESTE



From The Odyssey *(Harrap)* THE SIRENS

of the earliest historical personages of northern Europe. It is written in a poetic and romantic style and makes very fascinating reading to any one glutted with modern novels. The author is to be warmly congratulated upon the success of his study. Special mention should also be made of the very fine illustrations of Miss G. Demain Hammond.

STORIES OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER.

By Mr. and Mrs. William Platt. With 16 full page Illustrations by M. Meredith Williams. 3s. 6d. net. (Harrap.)

Among the many artistic works of folk-lore that Messrs. Harrap have produced this autumn none is more likely to have a popular success than "Stories of the Scottish Border." Mr. and Mrs. William Platt have handled the material—of which indeed there is no lack—with skill and sympathy, and the book is the more interesting in that the authors have seen fit to include certain old Scottish songs. Mr. M. Meredith Williams supplies sixteen illustrations which are nothing less than a delight to the eye.

THE ART OF HERBERT SCHMALZ.

By Trevor Blakemore. 42s. net. (Geo. Allen & Co.)

Mr. Herbert Schmalz says in a brief preface that he protested against any life of himself being included in this volume, but the increasing circle of his admirers will be glad that his publishers induced him to let them have their own way about it, and that the writing of this story of his career and the discriminating criticism of his work that accompanies it were entrusted to so able and sympathetic a writer as Mr. Blakemore. In spite of what has been said against it by some of our very dogmatic critics, Mr. Schmalz believes in the subject picture, and as Mr. Blakemore says, the two qualities that seem inseparable from his work are "restfulness and human interest." You have only to look over the sixty-four finely reproduced pictures included in this volume to appreciate this; each of these pictures that is not a portrait tells a story, but that does not prevent it from fulfilling the first and last business of a painting, and being a thing of beauty. Mr. Blakemore tells interestingly of Schmalz's slow arrival at recognition, and concludes

DOWN NORTH ON THE LABRADOR.

By Wilfred T. Grenfell, M.D., C.M.G. With 12 Illustrations. 3s. 6d. net. (Nisbet.)

We had occasion last year favourably to notice the very individual work by Mr. Grenfell entitled "Adrift on an Iceberg." Those people who read that story will need no assurance as to his powers to write a series of Labrador stories, and this later volume of his is in many ways superior to its predecessor. The author has studied Labrador life at first hand; he wields a vivid and effective pen, and his sense of the dramatic is very keen. Every one of the thirteen stories which compose "Down North on the Labrador" is well worth reading, and we can strongly recommend the volume to our readers.

HARALD, FIRST OF THE VIKINGS.

By Captain Charles Young. With 16 Full-page Illustrations by Gertrude Demain Hammond, R.I. 5s. net. (Harrap.)

Captain Charles Young here tells in popular form the story of the first of the Viking kings of Norway. The book is indeed a series of vivid chapters from the life of one



From Down North on the Labrador (Nisbet) THE LAST OF A LABRADOR SEAL



From Harald, First of the Vikings
(Harrap)

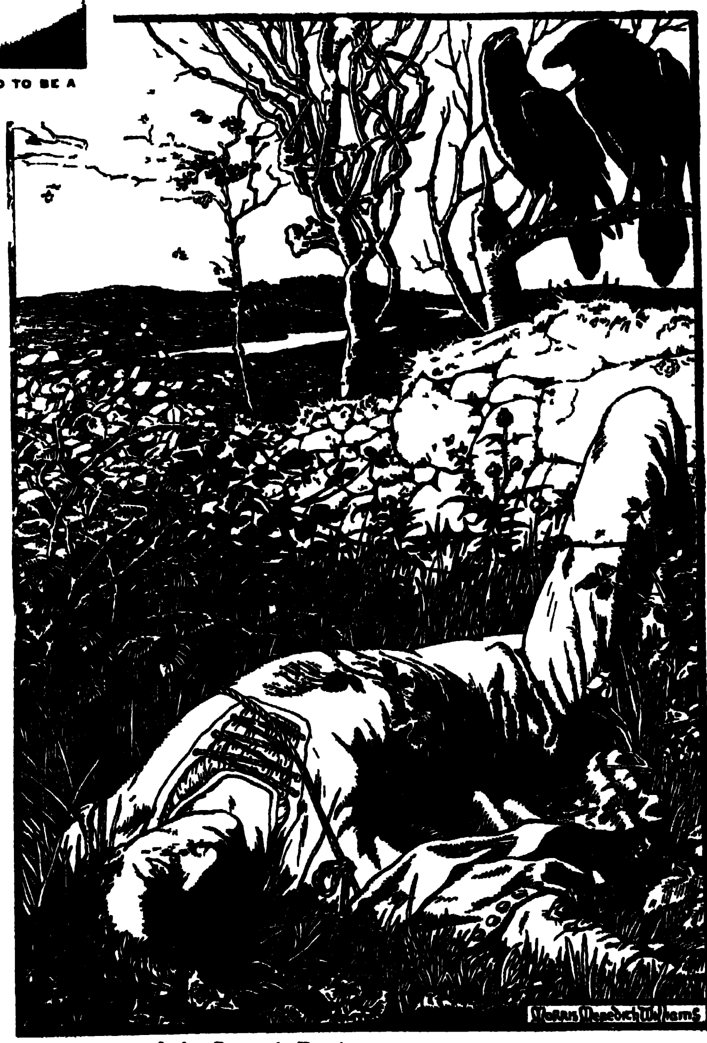
IT IS GOOD TO BE A VIKING!



From The Dream of Gerontius
(Gay & Hancock)

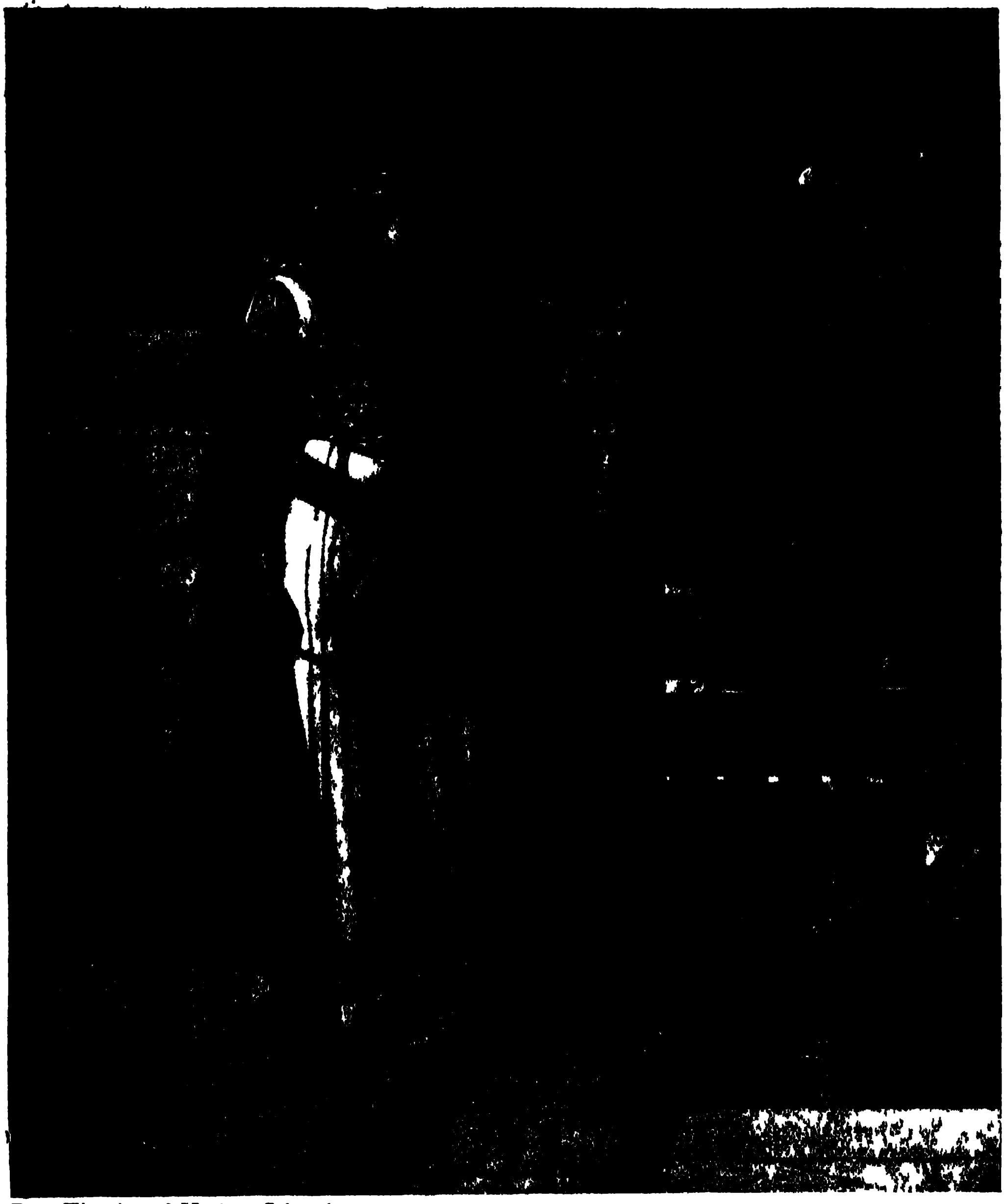


From The Dream of Gerontius
(Gay & Hancock)



From Stories of the Scottish Border
(Harrap)

THE TWA CORBIES



From The Art of Herbert Schmalz
(Allen)

ZENOBIA'S LAST LOOK ON PALMYRA
(From the picture in the possession of the National Gallery of Adelaide, South Australia.)

with a thoughtful well balanced estimate of his achievement and his position in the Art that is not for to day only There are separate monographs by various well known writers on certain of the famous religious pictures It is an attractive and sumptuously produced volume that should do much to popularise the work of a great painter who is essentially an artist for the people and not for the small fussy cliques who can only manage to appreciate what does not appeal to the majority

THE DREADNOUGHT OF THE DARLING.

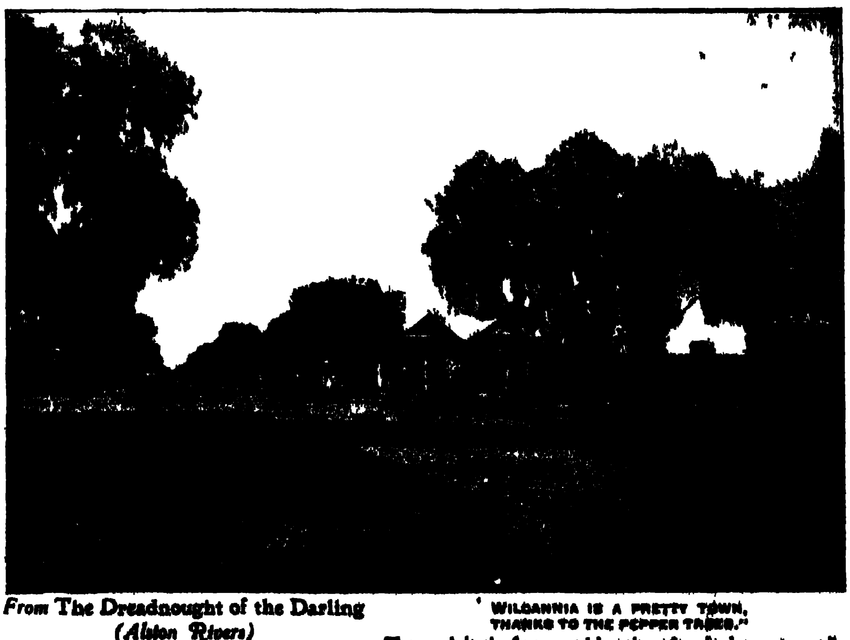
By C E W Bean With many Photographs and Maps 5s net (Alston Rivers)

Mr C E W Bean's arresting study of the wool industry of Australia published last year under the title of "On the Wool Track" was quite an exceptionally clever book In "The Dreadnought of the Darling" he has put together a work of a like class except that in this book he is concerned with a different type of person His work is remarkable for its sympathetic presentation of the life of Australian settlers He is possessed of no small sense of humour and a most readable and attractive style of writing Admirers of "On the Wool Track" should on no account overlook "The Dreadnought of the Darling"

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

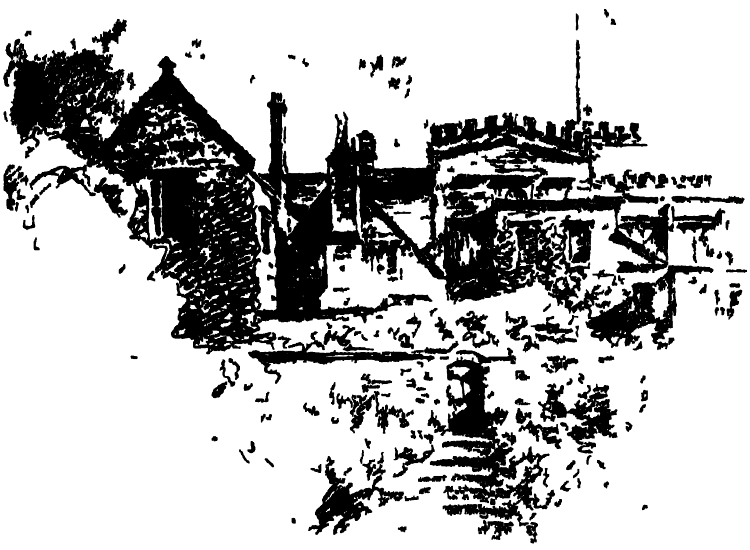
By JOHN BUNYAN With 12 Illustrations in Colour by JAMES CLARK R I and a Life of the Author by the REV JOHN BROWN B A D D 7s 6d net (Cassell)

Messrs Cassell's beautiful reissue of "The Pilgrim's Progress" with the colour illustrations of Mr James Clark should meet with much success as a volume for presentation Mr Clark's drawings are all effective but he is possibly most effective in the quieter scenes of "Christian and Evangelist" and "Christiana Persuaded to Set Forth" The illustrations as a whole are characterised by a strong but restrained religious feeling and much delicacy of touch and we hope that the volume will have all the popularity which by producing it at a comparatively low price the publishers seem to anticipate for it The Rev John Brown contributes an excellent forty page "Life" of John Bunyan which also serves the purpose of introduction to the volume



From The Dreadnought of the Darling
(Alston Rivers)

"WILCANNIA IS A PRETTY TOWN, THANKS TO THE PEPPER TREES."
The coach in the foreground is waiting for a back-country mail.



From Where Dorset Meets Devon
(Constable.)

FORD ABBEY

WHERE DORSET MEETS DEVON.

By FRANCIS BICKLEY. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

Dorset meets Devon, as some of our readers may know, near Lyme Regis, that quaint and ancient little seaside town set in the midst of what the publishers' advertisement quite justifiably calls "wholly delightful country." It is of this town and the country which surrounds it that Mr Bickley deals, a country studded with other such little towns as Bridport, Axminster and Seaton, and with villages romantically named Wootton Fitzpaine, Whitchurch Canonicorum, Chideock and Combpyne. The author has been generous in his appreciation, but not more generous than Lyme Regis deserves. A sketch of the town's historical associations shows that much more happened there than the landing of Monmouth to lead his ill-starred rebellion, for which the place is most famous; and that Monmouth also felt something of the fascination of the town is proved by the little rhyme he made:

> Lyme, although a little place,
> I think it wondrous pretty;
> If 'tis my fate to wear the crown
> I'll make of it a city.

Mr Bickley has certainly fallen under its spell, and his charming book is cunningly contrived to infect his readers also; and the pleasant gossiping form of the author's impressions is enhanced by the clever and delicate drawings—over ninety in number—of Mr J. W. King. Altogether this is a most delightful volume, whether for the holiday maker or the stay-at-home.

THE NE'ER-DO-WELL.

By REX BEACH. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Kirk Anthony is the son of an American millionaire. He has good stuff in him, but it has never been necessary for him to apply himself seriously to anything except football. At this he is a great success as a "coach," and it is during the nocturnal rejoicings after a great victory that the trick is played upon him which changes the whole course of his life. He is shipped off to Panama under the name—and with the unsavoury reputation—of another man. Mr Rex Beach now sets to in earnest and he gives the reader a really brilliant impression of life on the Isthmus at the present day. His hero is forced by sheer poverty to take to work, which he eventually finds as a ticket-collector on the railway from Colon to Panama. Love comes to him in romantic guise, and his affairs are further complicated by the passion borne towards him by the woman who has constituted herself his protectress. The reader can trust Mr Beach to bring things to a romantic and satisfying conclusion, but in the meantime both hero and heroine have to pass through some very trying moments. "The Ne'er-do-Well" is a decidedly strong romantic story, and it would be well worth reading if only for its description of the work of the Americans on the Panama Canal.

PENELOPE INTRUDES.

By KATHARINE NEWLIN. With 4 Colour Plates by W. REYNOLDS. 3s. 6d. (Cassell.)

The name of Miss Katharine Newlin is new to us as a writer of fiction, but "Penelope Intrudes" is in every way a well told and attractive girls' story, bearing no indication



From The Pilgrim's Progress
(Cassell.)

CHRISTIANA'S FAREWELL TO THE WORLD



From The Life of Charles Dickens
(Chapman & Hall).

MRS. CHARLES DICKENS.
(From a hitherto unpublished painting by Daniel Maclise.)



From A Duke and his Friends
(Hutchinson).

LOUISE, DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH.
(From the painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller.)



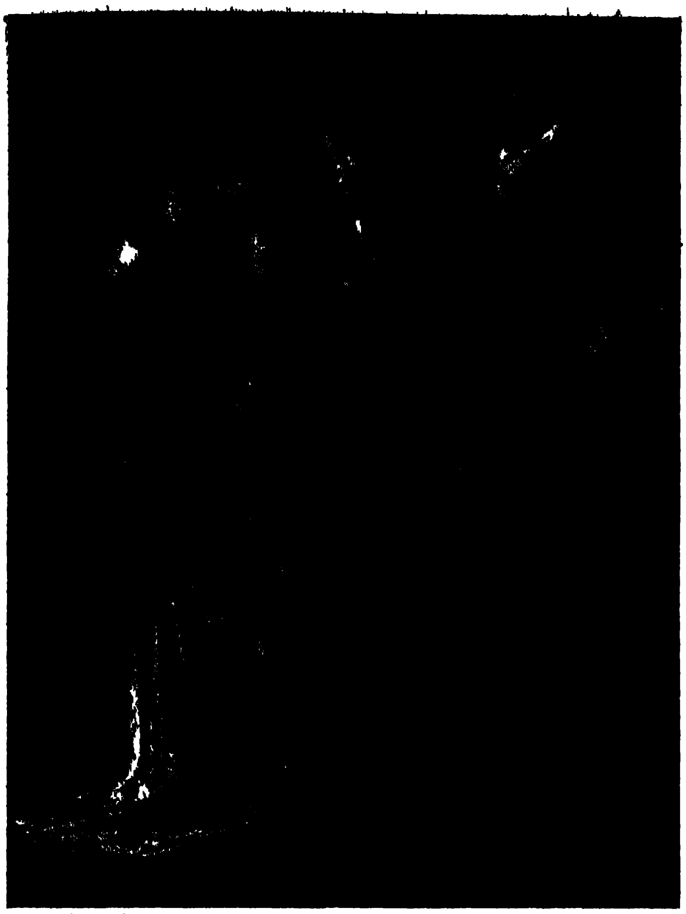
From Allan Paige
(Appleton).

"Must you go so soon?"



From The Story of [illegible]
(Jas. Clarke).

"THE MAN . . . WAS IN THE ACT OF [illegible]"



From The Grain of Dust
(Appleton)

FATHER I HAVE ASKED YOU NOT TO INTERFERE BETWEEN FRED AND ME



From The Ne'er-do-Well
(Hodder & Stoughton)

GO! GO QUICKLY, YOU MAN!"



From Penelope Intrudes
(Cassell).

"'IT'S GOT TO BE MUTTERED KENDRICK



From The Grain of Dust
(Appleton)

' I WILL TEACH YOU TO LOVE ME, HE CRIED.'



From Among the Hills *(Headley Bros.)*

THE DENT D'AMBIN AND SNOW PYRAMID.
(From a Painting by George Soper.)
Viola calcarata, Crocus, and Gentian carpeting the foreground.

of the amateur in its handling. Penelope is an American cousin of Lettice, Honora, and Sylvia, three sisters. But the great disadvantage to her intrusion lies in the fact that she is not well off. As Lettice says: " Whoever heard of a poor American cousin ? " and, indeed, she is something quite new in our experience of fiction. The scene of the story is throughout laid in England and incidents are sufficiently numerous to hold the attention of the reader. The volume has some attractive illustrations in colour by Mr. W. Reynolds.



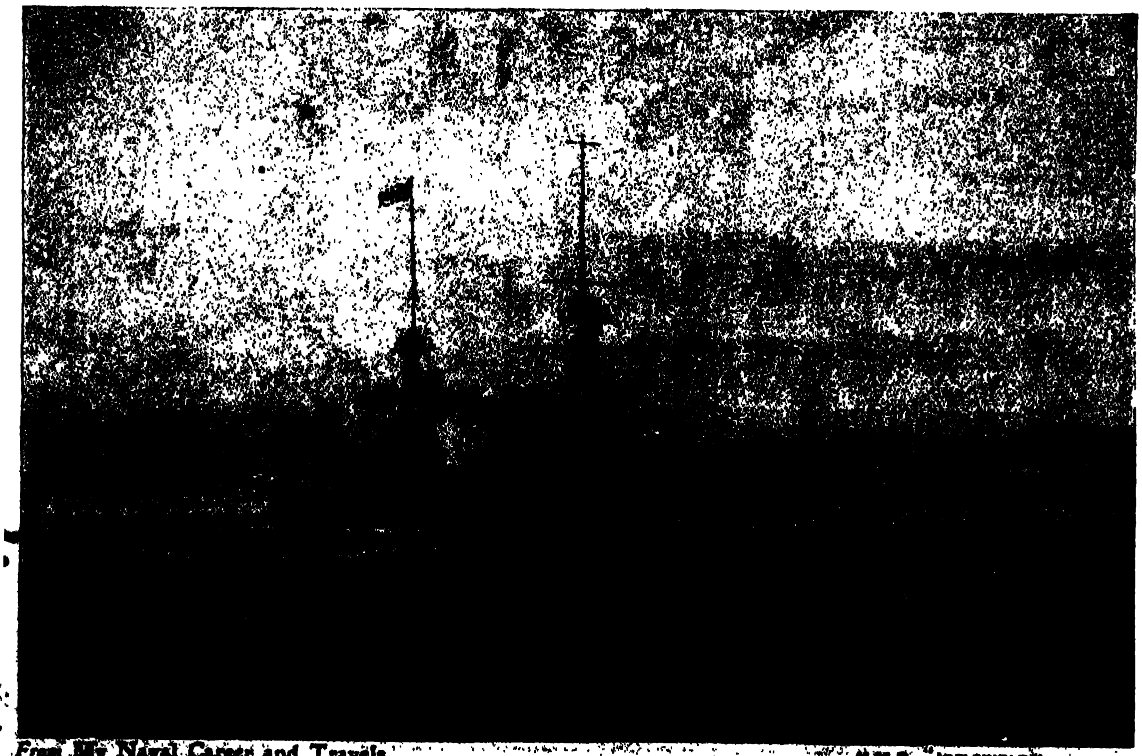
From The New Art of Flying *(Pitman).*

THE HANRIOT MONOPLANE IN FLIGHT.
(Photo by Edwin Levick.)

AMONG THE HILLS.

By REGINALD FARRER. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net (Headley Bros.)

Mr. Reginald Farrer is an exceedingly charming writer upon gardening and flowers, and in his latest volume he devotes his attention to a study of the botany of the Alpine valleys. It would not be just to the writer, however, to represent his book as solely concerned with botanical technicalities. He wields a very fluent and graceful pen, and he has the power of interesting his readers in any subject on which for the moment he may be writing. " Among the Hills" is beautifully illustrated with colour-drawings by Mr. George Soper, and it also possesses a number of clever photographs. It is a volume which is in every way pleasant and attractive to lovers of flowers.



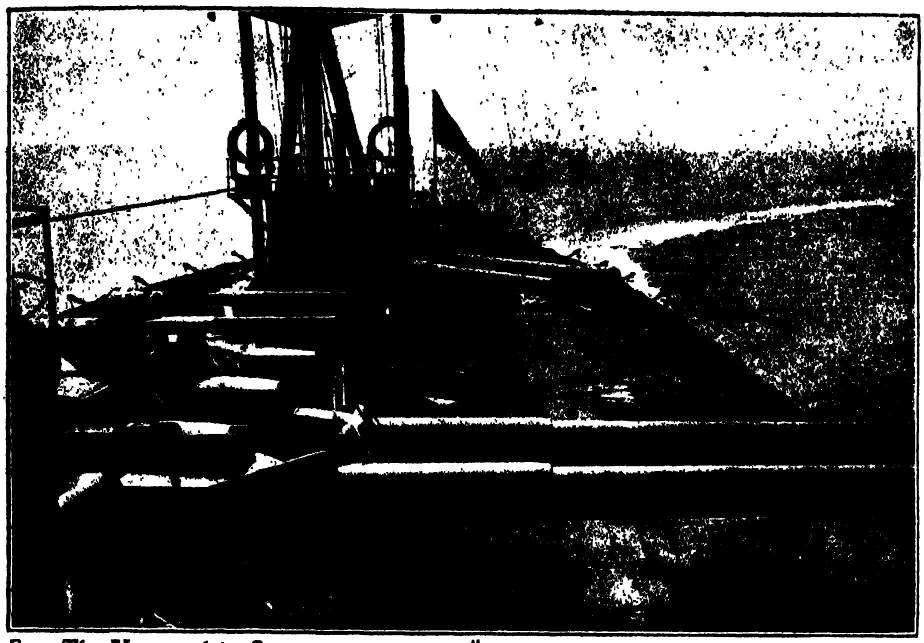
From My Naval Career and Travels *(Smith, Elder).*

H.M.S. "INFLEXIBLE."
The first steam man-of-war to carry the flag of an Admiral of the Fleet.

THE NEW ART OF FLYING.

By WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT. With 86 Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net. (Pitman.)

Mr. Waldemar Kaempffert is an American writer upon aero-



From The Navy and its Story (Macdonald & Evans).

H.M.S. "DREADNOUGHT" CLEARED FOR ACTION, AND ABOUT TO FIRE HER 12-IN. GUNS AT A TOWED TARGET ON THE PORT BEAM. (Photo by Cribb.)

nautics, and he possesses much of the vivacity and freshness which appeal to one so much in the work of our Transatlantic cousins. He gives a complete description of all branches of aviation, and his volume may be considered as in many ways a guide to the art. Perhaps the most interesting chapter, to the lay reader, is that devoted to the flying-machine of the future, upon which question, however, the author is discreetly vague. The book possesses also a useful chapter upon the law of the air, and a glossary of flying terms. It is very well illustrated with photographs of all the best-known aeroplanes, and also possesses diagrams of technical importance.

THE NAVY AND ITS STORY.

By ARNOLD WHITE. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. (Macdonald & Evans.)

It is not often that the real authority condescends sufficiently to write about his particular subject so simply that he may be understood by children, yet in the little volume that is before us Mr. Arnold White specifically addresses himself to children. The book consists of a brief history of the British Navy from the earliest times, and the later chapters are devoted to the more technical branches of the institution, such as torpedoes, gunnery, wireless telegraphy, and so forth. The adult perhaps will turn with greatest eagerness to the last chapter, "What the Navy means to the British." (It may be mentioned here that Mr. White's own conclusion is "That upon the strength, discipline, superiority, and efficiency of the Navy the future of every boy and every girl in the Empire depends.") The book ends with a short collection of songs of the sea in which several copyright poems are included. A feature of the volume is the many excellent illustrations.

THE STORY OF FRANCE.

Told to Boys and Girls by MARY MACGREGOR. With 20 Plates in Colour by WILLIAM RAINEY. 7s. 6d. net. (Jack.)

The adaptation of history for young people is by no means so easy a task as might, upon the face of it, appear. Miss Mary Macgregor has already had much experience of the kind necessary, and we understand that one of her books—"Stories of King Arthur's Knights" in the "Told to the Children" Series—has even sold 60,000 copies, so that it would appear that children appreciate her work. A history of France is a very big subject to handle, and particularly so if you start at the very beginning of things, before the Roman conquest, and finish with the establishment of the third Republic in 1870. Nevertheless Miss Macgregor has contrived to tell her story in a perfectly adequate—and occasionally a detailed—manner in a volume which runs to no more than 450 pages or so. The author has a keen sense of the dramatic, and especially of those incidents which are



From The Story of France (Jack).

"SEIZING A FLAG, HE HIMSELF LED HIS MEN ACROSS THE BRIDGE."



From **English Ironwork** *(Batsford)* A GATE AT BURFORD OXFORDSHIRE

likely to appeal to juvenile readers, she is accurate and she has handled her material in a very efficient manner Mr W Rainey contributes twenty very spirited illustrations reproduced in colour and mention must certainly be made of Mr John Hassall's admirable end-papers "The Story of France" is a volume which will delight many a child this Christmas

MY NAVAL CAREER AND TRAVELS.

By the Right Hon Sir EDWARD H SEYMOUR Admiral of the Fleet With Illustrations 10s 6d net (Smith, Elder)

Admiral Seymour's reminiscences have been written he tells us in the hope that they will be read by young naval officers who may be interested to see the changes in what is probably the finest profession in the world viz the British Navy The author entered the Navy in 1852 at the age of twelve and a half The examination then consisted only of arithmetic including the rule of three no fractions and dictation of twenty lines from The Spectator Three spelling mistakes ploughed a competitor and no opportunity was allowed him of entering again for the examination The writer of this book is perhaps more interesting in his description of his experiences during the Crimean War and many of his criticisms on the conduct of the military operations are extremely penetrating He has also seen active service in China and during the 1882 war with Egypt He restricts his memoirs solely to his professional life and they are written in the clear and slightly matter of fact manner which we should expect in a sailor

THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE RENAISSANCE IN FRANCE.

By W H WARD M A In 2 Volumes with 465 Illustrations 30s net (Batsford)

Among the many important architectural books which have recently been issued by Mr B T Batsford we believe that none has equalled the work of Mr Ward Renaissance architecture in France affords as the reader doubtless knows an almost limitless field of study and Mr Ward's difficulty has probably been chiefly felt in the selection of the best examples Nevertheless in his skilled hands the task of presenting the first complete survey in English of French Renaissance architecture is an entire success The volumes form indeed a monument of erudition and discrimination and Mr Ward may be warmly congratulated upon the result of many years' labours The publishers have carried out their share of the work with evident care and with great good taste It is long since a book has been published so uniformly satisfactory as "The Architecture of the Renaissance in France."



From **Spain Revisited** *(Stanley Paul)*

ROYAL PALACES OF ENGLAND.

Contributed to by MARJORY HOLLINGS, EDITH M. KEATE, CATHERINE JAMISON, GRACE A. ELLIS. Edited by R. S. RAIT. Illustrated. 15s. net. (Constable.)

Mr. R. S. Rait informs us that this book derives its inspiration from work done for the Victoria County History, of which valuable series it is, as it were, a by-product. It is companioned by three other volumes on the royal palaces of Scotland and on the episcopal palaces of the provinces of Canterbury and of York. In the work now before us Miss Marjory Hollings contributes an admirable introductory chapter in which she summarises particularly of the lesser English palaces, such as Fotheringay Castle, Somerset House, Richmond Palace and Woodstock. The more important palaces are each allotted a lengthy chapter. Miss Edith M. Keate contributes those upon Windsor Castle and Hampton Court, Miss Katharine Jamison those upon Whitehall and St. James's, while Miss Grace A. Ellis writes upon Kensington and Buckingham Palaces. The material which has been collected is of much interest, as affording insight into the life and manners of many different periods of English history. In fact the book is no dry-as-dust architectural or archaeological chronicle, but a vivid record of life as it was once lived. It is handsomely produced, and with its thirty-two illustrations is decidedly good value at its price.

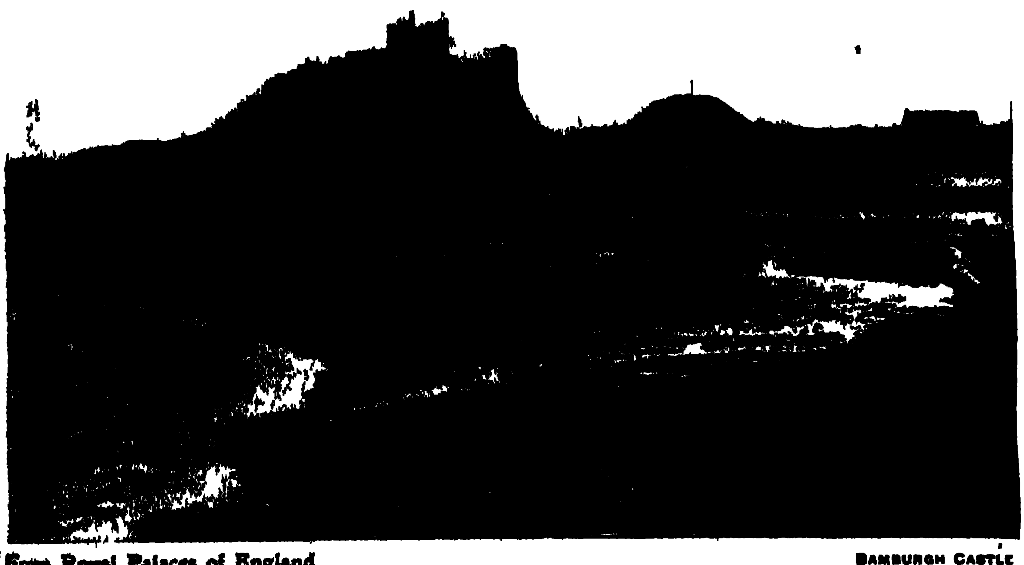


From The Architecture of the Renaissance in France *(Batsford)* — CASTLE OF BLOIS, NORTH FRONT (1824 TO)

MODERN POLO.

By CAPTAIN E. D. MILLER, D.S.O. Edited by E. V. L. SIMMONDS. Third Edition, Revised and Enlarged, with 149 Illustrations. 16s. net. (Hurst & Blackett.)

The previous editions of this standard work are now out of print, and the publishers' selection of Captain E. D. Miller as the compiler of this third edition is particularly fortunate. The book is in many respects an entirely new work, and it is so thoroughly up to date that many of the photographs are of the leading polo teams of 1910. The volume contains an enormous amount of information and advice on every aspect of the game, and exhaustive appendices contain statistics of its conditions not only in England but in every country where it is played at all seriously. It is absolutely the last word on its subject.



From **Royal Palaces of England** *(Constable)* — BAMBURGH CASTLE

LAND AND PEOPLES OF THE KASAI.

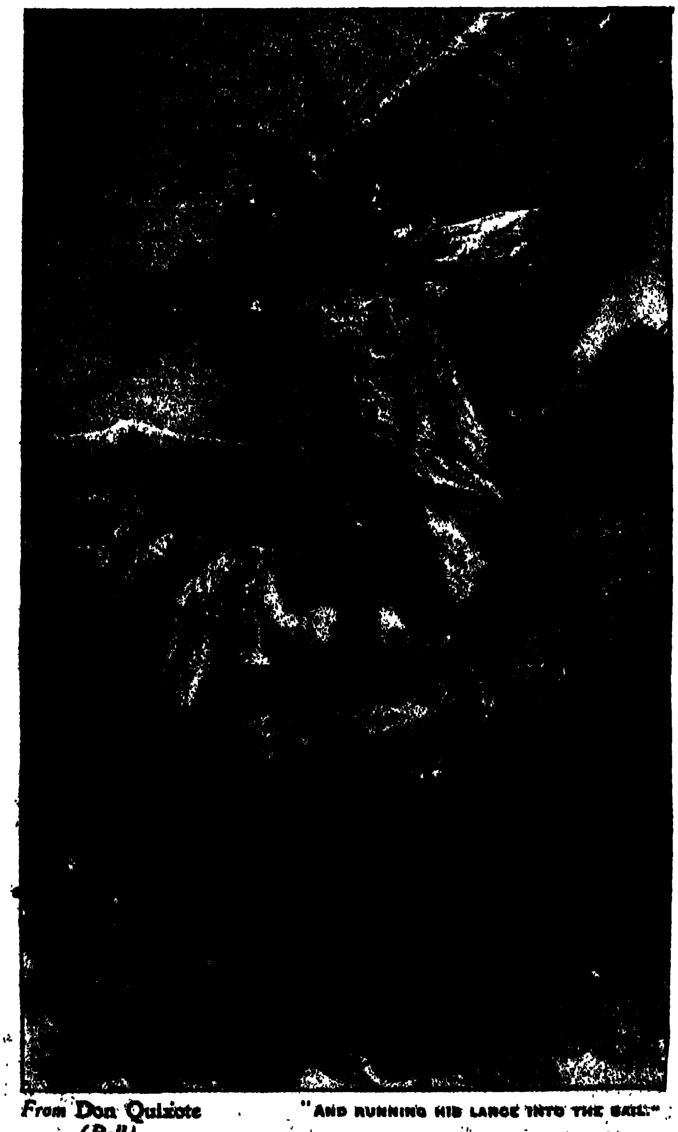
By M. W. HILTON SIMPSON, F.R.G.S., etc. Illustrated. 16s. net. (Constable.)

This is a modest, painstaking and very valuable narrative of a two years' journey among the cannibals of the equatorial forest and other savage tribes of the south-western Congo. Mr. Hilton-Simpson made the journey which ended in 1909 in company with the Hungarian



From Modern Polo *(Hurst & Blackett).* (Photo by M. H. Hayes.)

traveller, Mr. Emil Torday, and during the first six months of the tour Mr. Norman H. Hardy, a well-known painter of native life, was a third member of the party. Mr. Torday's long study of the negro, his liking for the "primitive savage," and his keen insight into native character proved invaluable. Several of those African peoples are steadily coming under European and Arab influences, and our traveller's penetrative and first-hand study of the old order of things, where it still exists, is a matter of considerable interest and importance. The tribes differ greatly, so there is plenty of variety in the record of customs and beliefs. It is suggestive to note that the Bushongo believe in one God, the Creator, and have a set of moral laws of an extraordinarily high character. Some of the most curious customs are those that obtain amongst the Olemba people. Thus a murderer is compelled publicly to hang himself from a tree! In the purchase of brides the price usually paid by the bridegroom to the lady's father is about eight copper crosses (a currency imported from Katanga), thirty-five chickens, and four dogs. Altogether this is a book that adds decidedly to our knowledge of African humanity.



From Don Quixote *(Bell).* "AND RUNNING HIS LANCE INTO THE SAIL."

HEROES OF MODERN AFRICA.

By E. GILLIAT. With 16 Illustrations. 5s. (Seeley, Service & Co.)

Under the title "Heroes of Modern Africa" Mr. Edward Gilliat has, to all intents and purposes,



From Heroes of Modern Africa *(Seeley).* BRUCE AND THE WILD HORSE.

told the story of Africa during the last hundred and fifty years, in so far as it has come into touch with Europe. The author's heroes are all of the Anglo-Saxon race, and they range from missionaries, such as James Bruce, to such travellers as Sir Richard Burton and Stanley, and from fighting men of the type of Lord Wolseley, Kitchener and Roberts, to diplomats such as Lord Cromer. The author manages his brief biographies with great skill, and the book should be in much demand as a presentation volume, for it is exceptionally well illustrated.

ADVENTURES AMONG HUNTERS AND TRAPPERS.

By ERNEST YOUNG. With 16 Illustrations. 5s. (Seeley, Service & Co.)

The latest volume of Messrs. Seeley's Library of Adventure should meet with the success with which we believe its predecessors have already been received. Mr. Ernest Young tells us that he draws his stories from well authenticated books of travel mostly of the nineteenth century. His volume therefore is in no way fictional, but it contains many incidents which are quite as exciting as any that fiction has given us. The book is most attractively written and is well illustrated.



From Adventures among Hunters and Trappers *(Seeley)*. A PERILOUS METHOD OF SHOOTING A FALL

THE POST OFFICE AND ITS STORY.

By EDWARD BENNETT. With 31 Illustration. 5s. net. (Seeley, Service & Co.)

Mr. Edward Bennett is the most generous of critics. Under ordinary conditions the Post Office comes in for more hard knocks than compliments. But the author of this volume has—and quite rightly too—decided to do justice to a much maligned department of the State. His account of what may be called the machinery of the Post Office is



From Land and Peoples of the Kasai *(Constable)* A BATETELA DRUMMER

interesting in the extreme, and we are glad that the publishers entrusted Mr. Bennett with the task of writing this volume. The book includes thirty-one illustrations of varying artistic merit, but of a high level of interest.

THE STORY OF PIERROT.

By S. R. LITTLEWOOD. With 7 Illustrations by SIDNEY FILMORE. 1s. net. (Herbert & Daniel.)

Mr. Littlewood's intention has been "to tell in the simplest way possible a true story—the story of Pierrot," and we have no hesitation in saying that he has been entirely successful. The work is planned rather as an essay upon the figure of Pierrot and his predecessors than as a popular re-telling of the familiar story. The author has accumulated many facts with regard to the appearances of Pierrot—of course under another name—from the Roman era to the present day, and he writes in a pleasantly sympathetic manner. Mr. Filmore's illustrations add much to the beauty of a very charming and inexpensive little volume.



From The Post Office and its Story *(Seeley)*. HEAVING OVERBOARD THE MAILS FOR FERNANDO NORONHA, SOUTH ATLANTIC OCEAN



From Tennyson's Princess (*Williams & Norgate*). THE SURRENDER.



THE LATE MISS MYRTLE REED,
Whose last novel, "A Weaver of Dreams" (Putnam's), was recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN.

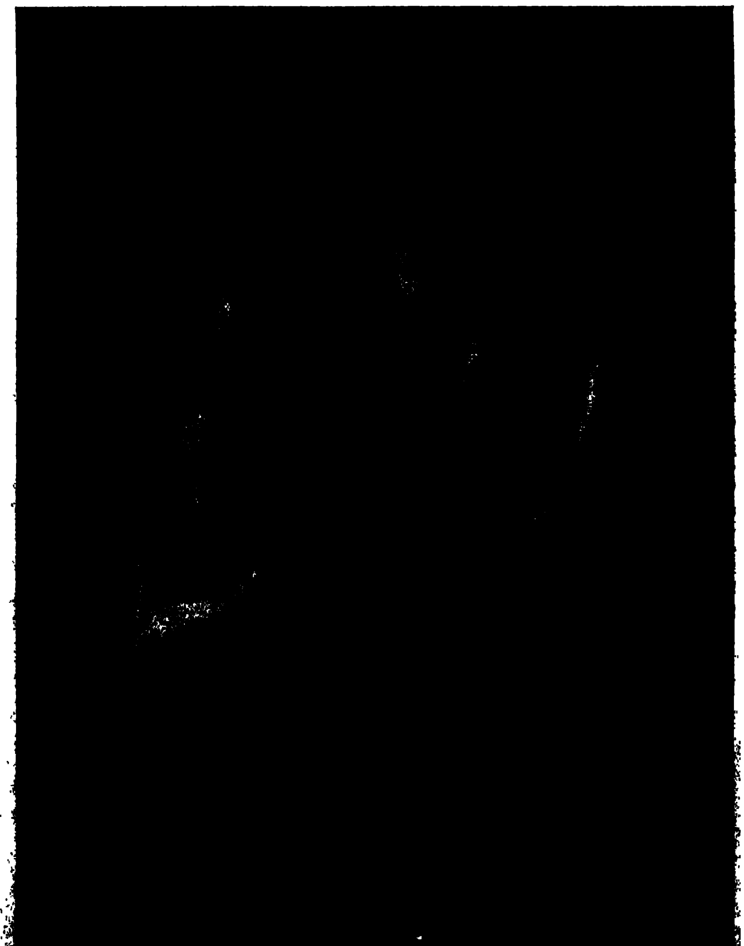
MRS. TREVOR TRESSINGHAM.

By H. MAXWELL. 6s. (Digby, Long.)

Returning home from dinner with a man who has proposed to her and whom she has practically accepted, Mary Fielding runs against a mystery which her journalistic instincts prompt her to unearth. She disappears from among her family and friends for five momentous days, at the end of which she returns as the wife of the Hon. Trevor Tressingham. However, she is married in name only, as the penalty for trying to outwit that most ingenious villain, the Neustrian ambassador. But astonishing things have happened to her feather-brained, extravagant little mother, her lazy brother, and her flirtatious sister, and she feels it impossible to continue to live with them. So,



From The Mistress of Shenstone (*Putnam's*).



From Word Portraits (*Blackwood*).

somewhat against her will, she returns to her husband. There follow more misunderstandings which Mr Maxwell eventually clears up in quite a satisfactory manner. The story is very brightly and readably written, and the main plot—though scarcely original—is strong and well constructed. In fact, 'Mrs Trevor Fressingham' is a thoroughly entertaining novel.

DICKIE AND DORRIE AT SCHOOL.

By E. Everett Green. With 8 Illustrations by Gordon Browne. 2s. 6d. (Wells Gardner.)

Every child who read 'Dickie and Dorrie' will want to know what happened to them at school. So if you are wise you will say nothing about the existence of this book until the day has come when you have got it and are able to make a present of it. Miss Everett Green is a skilled writer of books suitable for what the publishers call 'juveniles,' but she has seldom done better work than in 'Dickie and Dorrie' and its sequel. Here her knowledge of child nature shows itself to the greatest advantage, and her fertility of invention brings about some amusing situations. We are glad to note that the author has given herself a loophole for yet another continuation of her book, which we shall warmly welcome next year if it is anything like as good as this one. The present volume has eight of Mr Gordon Browne's delightful illustrations.



From The Flower of Gloster (*Williams & Norgate*) — THE GOLDEN VALLEY



From Stories from the Pentamerone (*Macmillan.*) — THE SLAVE AT THE WELL

PIONEERS IN CANADA.

With 8 Illustrations in Colour by E. Wallcousins, 8 in Black and White from Photographs, and 3 Maps.

PIONEERS IN WEST AFRICA.

With 8 Coloured Illustrations by the Author, 8 in Black and White from Photographs, and Maps. By Sir Harry Johnston, G.C.M.G., K.C.B. 6s. each. (Blackie.)

All high-spirited boys are under a debt of gratitude to Sir Harry Johnston for the two highly attractive volumes which come to us from Messrs Blackie. The books form the first two numbers of a new series entitled 'Pioneers of Empire,' which should prove a great success if the forthcoming volumes are up to the standard of those now before us. Sir Harry Johnston's name and reputation are universally known throughout the whole of Great Britain, and he has used his gifts to great advantage in these two excellent books for boys. The author deals in clear and graphic fashion with the pioneers who have done so much to extend the boundaries of our Empire, and he undoubtedly has a talent for clothing the dry bones of his story with the glamour of romantic achievement. The volumes are splendidly illustrated and excellently produced, and they should be in much demand.

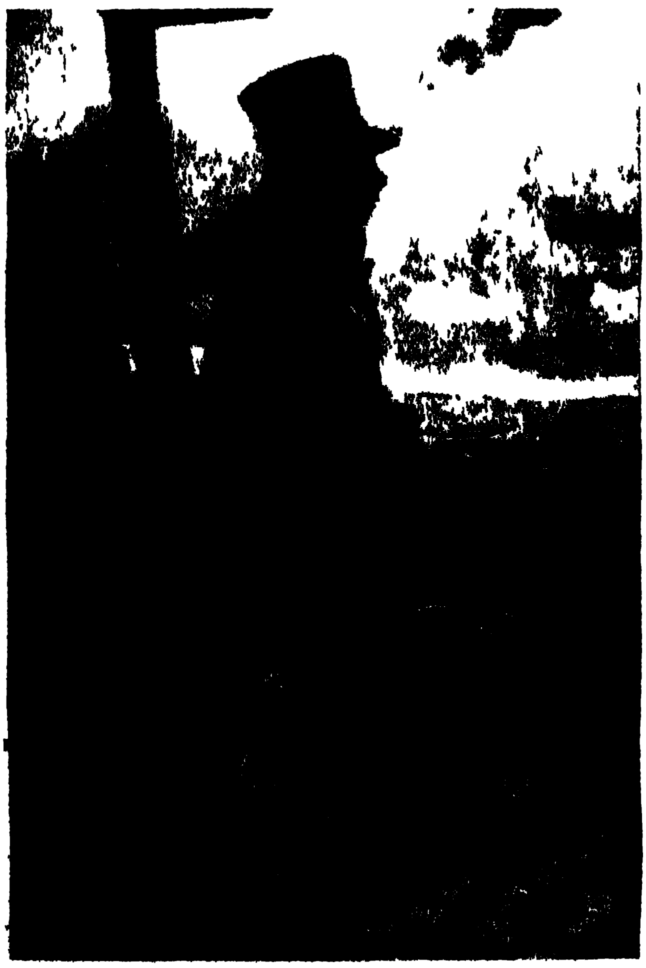


From The Story of Pierrot *(Herbert & Daniel)* PIERROT

THE YACHT OF DREAMS.

By Frank Morton. 6s. (Melrose.)

This novel opens brightly with the engagement of a pretty typist in Melbourne to an alert young American. The latter turns out to be very wealthy, and the pair go off for their honeymoon upon a yachting trip. Presently some other persons arrive on the scene, headed by Lenton, a journalist, and Aubrey Mortimer, a cyclonic figure. Mortimer was "a robust, big-necked man of forty, and was always mistaken for a pork-butcher until he talked. When he talked his best, women's eyes grew moist, and the dullest men took deep breaths. He talked his best but seldom." He talks a good deal during the rest of this book, but he is not the only talker. The remaining chapters, that is all but the first two, are episodes of discussion rather than successive development of a plot. The yacht cruises about. Her passengers and visitors relate or debate love, art, religion, and so forth. So far as there is a story, it blends the real with the fantastic, and finally, with a touch of blunt realism, Mr. Morton sinks the yacht with all aboard, apparently by contact with a loose torpedo from a Turkish gunboat. Work of this kind is doubly difficult. Dialogue is apt to lose reality when the persons are not full-blooded, and Mr. Morton has not altogether avoided this danger. Then the deliberate blending of fantasy and realism requires a delicate touch, and this touch is not always felt in "The Yacht of Dreams." The author has evidently a number of eager convictions about East and West and life in general. Some of his pages are brightly written with literary allusions and comments upon men and things; the semi-allegorical passages often read well. But the didactic purpose has overpowered the artistic sense.



From A Window in Thrums. *(Hodder & Stoughton.)* JAMIE.

NAPOLEON AND HIS CORONATION.

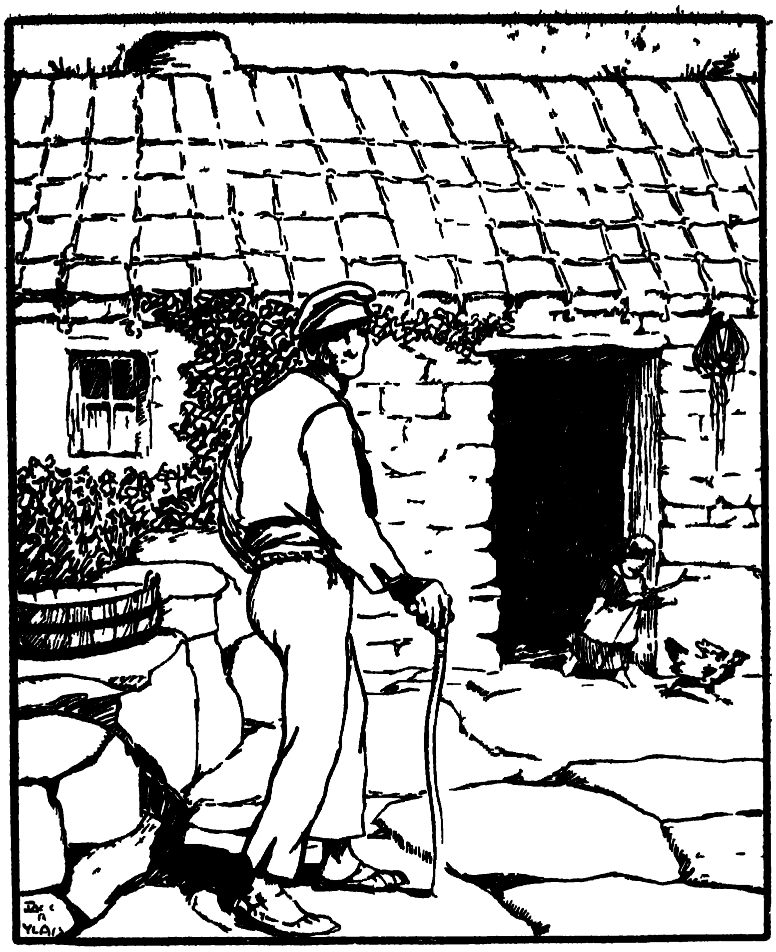
By Frederic Masson. 7s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

Monsieur Frédéric Masson is well known as a diligent and able student of the Napoleonic period, and his reputation is not likely to suffer by the publication of his latest volume, which, though perhaps short as books go upon Napoleon, is a monument of industry and a model of carefully arranged detail. The consecration and coronation of Napoleon by Pope Pius VII form one of the most remarkable incidents of his career, and it is the more interesting in that it failed entirely to impress his subjects.



From Other People *(Lane)*

The majesty of their Emperor and the sanctity of the Pope appealed to the Parisians not at all; their care was only for the sums of money that were being spent upon their entertainment. And the coronation was a costly affair. "There had been paid out of the Treasury of the Crown . . . 4,967,608.87 francs, which represent the direct expenses incurred for the purpose of the consecration itself, not the additional expenses borne at this time by all the services and charged upon the general accounts of the



From The Aran Islands
(Maunsel)

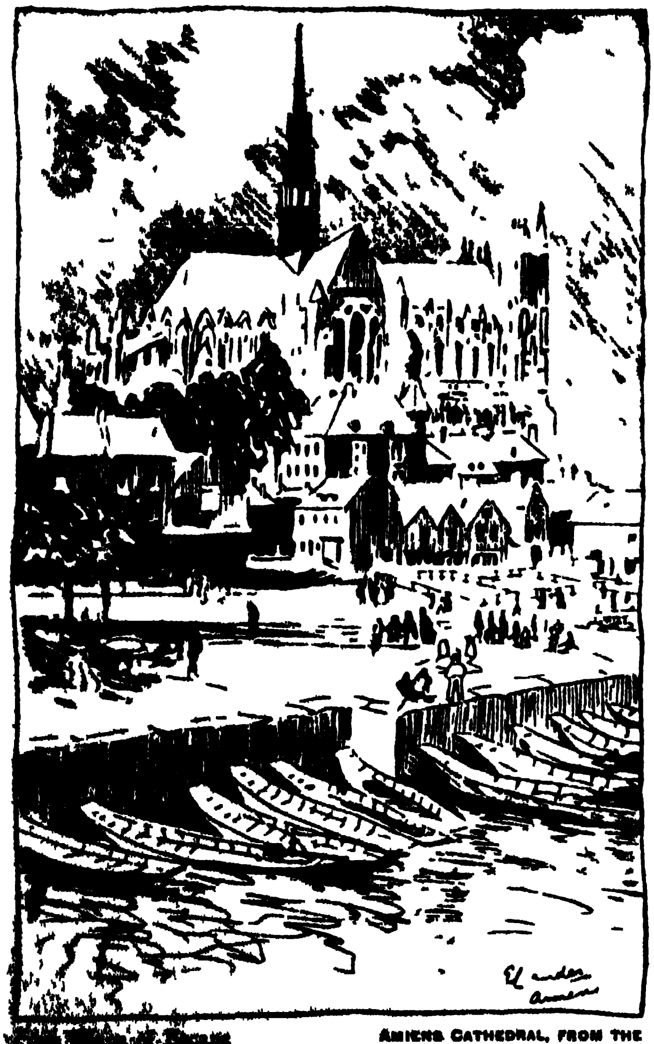
THE MAN WHO TOLD THE STORIES

Budget. There had been paid out of the State Treasury . . . 3,376,397 francs." The reasons for this huge outlay are further to seek, and for them the reader must be referred to the book itself. Mr Frederic Cobb has performed his task as translator very capably, and especial mention must be made of the beautiful drawings of M. Félicien Myrbach which are included as illustrations.

LOVE'S OUTLAWS.

By Archibald B. Spens. 6s. (Digby Long.)

The Beaumonts with their two pretty daughters, Lilian and Jean, are in Venice on a holiday, the enjoyment of which is considerably enhanced for the girls by the presence of Duncan Forman and his friend, Jim Dixon. Duncan soon proposes to Lilian and is accepted, but various unfortunate misunderstandings prevent Jim from attaining his heart's desire. For Jean sees him—or his double—kissing a dark girl in a gondola one evening, and talking the next morning far too earnestly for her liking to a fair lady on a hotel balcony. Their love affair is, however, but a secondary portion of the story, which concerns itself more particularly with the relations between Duncan, his brother Aubrey, and his wife Lilian. There are some strong and well-managed scenes towards the end of the book, and the story as a whole is well told. But perhaps next time Mr Spens will give us rather less dialogue. "Love's Outlaws" suffers from an excess of it.



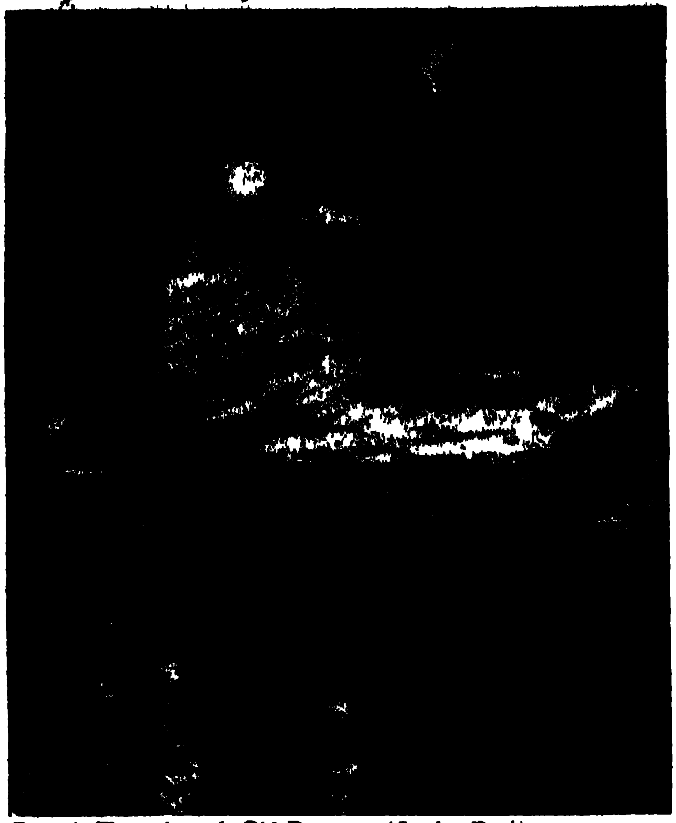
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AMIENS CATHEDRAL, FROM THE PLACE PARMENTIER



From Rip Van Winkle
(Greening)

"ARE WE SO SOON FORGOTTEN WHEN WE ARE GONE?"

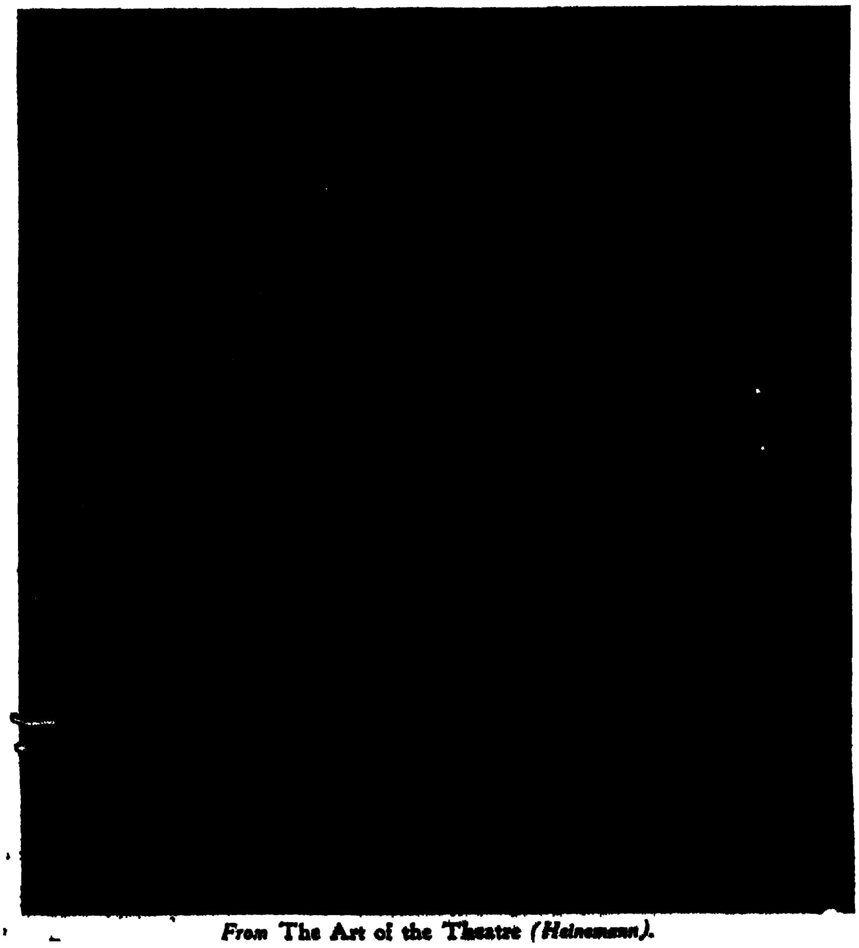


From A Tour through Old Provence *(Stanley Paul)* AVIGNON

WAYS OF ESCAPE:

A Book of Adventure. By DOUGLAS GOLDRING. Illustrated by EDWARD LANDER. 5s. net. (Melrose.)

Mr. Goldring belongs to the class that he styles "bolters." A "bolter" is a person who finds the atmosphere of Charing Cross Station—"the 'main gate' of Europe, if not of the world"—"almost intoxicating." "Bolters" hang about there with a wild look in their eyes, and "at more or less regular intervals their inclinations get the better of them, and, on one pretext or another, they break clean away. . . . They are the only people to whom invariably it happens to go to Corinth, even if they can't afford the ticket. Somehow, merely through vigorously wanting it, they get what they want." It is not necessary to break very far away from England—none of Mr. Goldring's "bolts" have taken him farther than Marseilles, and most of those he deals with are confined to Belgium or Northern France—but it is necessary to get out of England and into a country where the daily life is utterly different from that to which one has become accustomed in London. The "bolter" is not a person to whom the ordinary guide-book is of much use, save as a chronicle of indisputable—and dull—facts, and thus Mr. Goldring's book is essentially personal. He takes you to a few, but not all, of the recognised sights of Arles, or Liège, or Paris; but he heeds humanity more than sights; he prefers the "lustrous Walloon" of his Liège hotel, or Miss Laly of the Concert Walhalla at Namur, to the inanimate mass of Rouen Cathedral. For instance there is the curator of the museum of Les Baux, who "cherishes an autograph album in which different French journalists have written little complimentary sentences to 'l'aimable Fournier.' 'That's me,' he remarked, after we had bowed and shaken hands, in case my intelligence had not been equal to making the deduction. Then he showed me the lion of his collection—a blurred amateur photograph which occupied a page by itself. 'Onnyons Oleevare!' he cried with a declamatory wave. I looked closely at the print and saw that it did actually portray the features of one of the most justly distinguished of our younger novelists. The amiable Fournier had no reason to complain that I was not suitably impressed. He was a nice old man." With many such deft touches does Mr. Goldring create in his reader the spirit of the "bolter," and at the end he is sure to be absolutely converted. At any rate we were, and the last straw was the reading of an appendix, more suggestive than practical, of fares, recommended hotels, and the like. We are quite clear about it: we don't want to review any more books, we want to go to France.



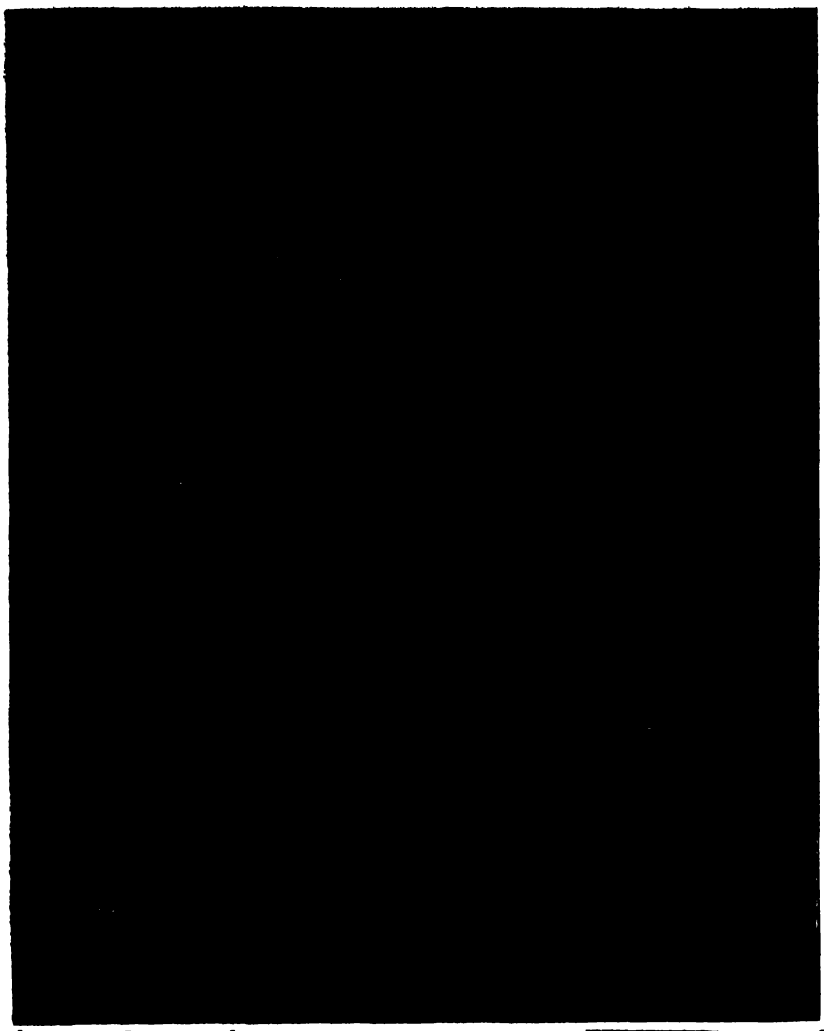
From The Art of the Theatre *(Heinemann)*.

An important work by Mr. Gordon Craig, which is shortly to be published.

THE ARAN ISLANDS.

By JOHN M. SYNGE. With Drawings by JACK B. YEATS. Library Edition. 6s. net. (Maunsel.)

We have unfortunately space to do no more than draw attention to the Library Edition of the works of J. M. Synge, and more particularly, to the reissue of "The Aran Islands," from which volume our illustration is taken. A critical estimate of Synge has already been attempted in the pages of THE BOOKMAN, but, if we remember rightly, no reference was then made to Messrs. Maunsel's Library Edition of his works. The edition is uniformly bound and well printed and produced. The plays may be obtained in two volumes at 5s. net each, the topographical works—if we may venture to describe the poetry and tenderness of "The Aran Islands" and "In Wicklow" by a very prosaic word—in two volumes at 6s. net each, and the Poems and Translations in one volume at 3s. 6d. net. Messrs. Maunsel may be congratulated on having produced a series of volumes which are a worthy memorial to the genius of Synge.



From The Painters of the School of Ferrara *(Duckworth)*

LORENZO COSTA PORTRAIT OF BATTISTA FIERA (National Gallery)

Gardner upon one of the most famous Italian schools of painting The scope and object of the series in which this volume is included are now so familiar to readers that no particular need exists for criticism of the present book Suffice it to say that it is an exceedingly good example of clear and sane art criticism The illustrations are interesting and well printed

THE MAKING OF A GREAT CANADIAN RAILWAY.

By FREDERICK A TALBOT With 43 Illustrations and a Map 10s net (Seeley, Service & Co)

As Mr F A Talbot says "This is the day of great railway building achievements, and among these the Grand Canadian Pacific, stretching across the breadth of Canada, stands pre eminent" Mr Talbot has made a very thorough study of his subject and he appears to have passed over the route of the railway from end to end before this book was written Little information has been given to the world at large on the subject of the Grand Trunk Pacific and Mr Talbot's volume should therefore be the more welcome If only as a record of difficulties overcome the book is well worth reading Forty three illustrations and a map add to its utility

RIP VAN WINKLE:

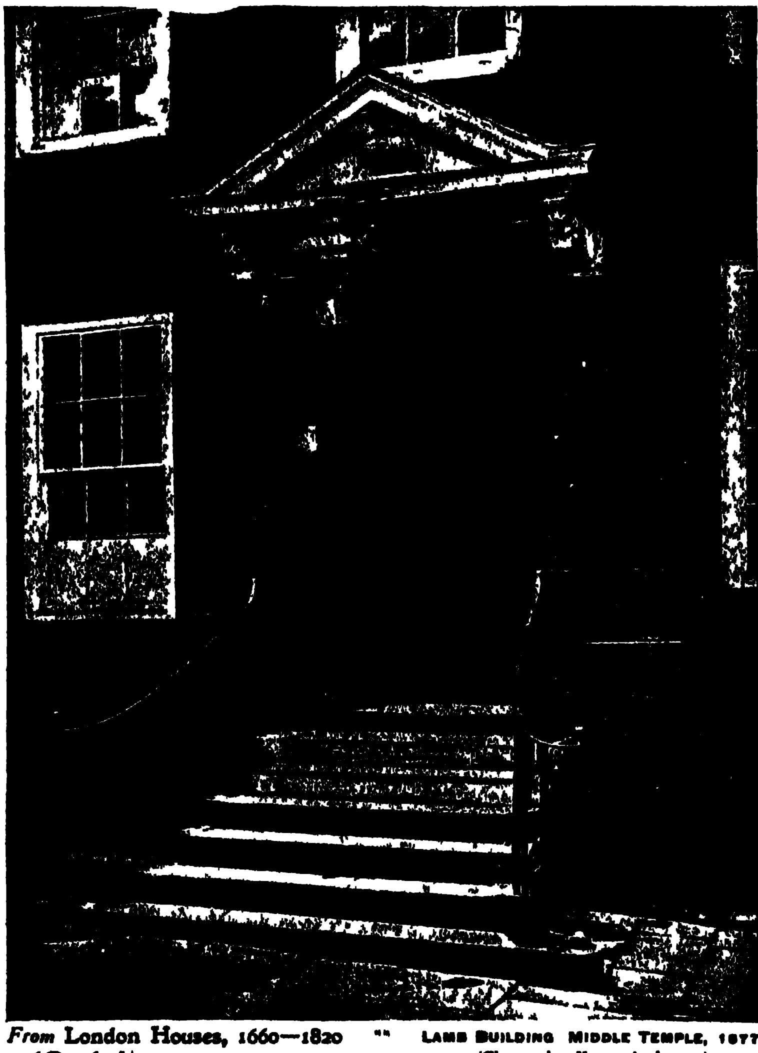
The Playhouse Edition 1s net (Greening)

Whatever its merits or demerits as a play "Rip Van Winkle" as a book has always met with its deserts and there is no reason now that the play is no longer staged in London why Messrs Greening's handy and attractive "Playhouse Edition" should not continue to sell It is well bound (in cloth) and well printed its price is low and it possesses besides Mr H M Brock's clever frontispiece half a dozen photographs of Mr Cyril Maude and other members of his company in character The volume embodies an introduction by Mr S J Adair FitzGerald descriptive of the origin of the story of which Washington Irving made use Then follow the story itself together with the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow" while the German legend of "Peter Klaus the Goatherd" is also printed The volume is closed with an account of "The Stage History of Rip Van Winkle"—again by Mr FitzGerald and an appreciation entitled "'Rip' at the Playhouse" from the picturesque pen of Mr Raymond Blathwayt

THE PAINTERS OF THE SCHOOL OF FERRARA.

By EDMUND G GARDNER M A Illustrated 5s net (Duckworth)

The latest addition to Messrs Duckworth's well-known Library of Art is an exceedingly well-informed and interesting book by Mr. Edmund G



From London Houses, 1660—1820 *(Batsford)* (Reviewed on page 176)

LAMB BUILDING MIDDLE TEMPLE, 1677 (Christopher Wren Architect)



From The Making of a Great Canadian Railway *(Seeley).* RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION ALONG THE SKEENA RIVER.

THE WILDS OF PATAGONIA.

By CARL SKOTTSBERG. With many Illustrations and 3 Maps. 15s. net. (Arnold.)

Dr. Carl Skottsberg is a distinguished Swedish explorer who has already had experience of antarctic exploration. In the handsome book which Mr. Arnold has just published the author gives a description of what he is pleased to call a "modest" exploration made with two of his friends to the southernmost coasts of South America. The object of the expedition was primarily for purposes of studying the geology and botany of the district, but Dr. Skottsberg contrives also to make his account of his expedition exceptionally interesting to the general reader. We can very strongly recommend one of the most interesting works of exploration which we have read for a long time. The volume is well illustrated with photographs taken by the author.

THE FOLLOWING OF THE STAR.

By FLORENCE L. BARCLAY. 6s. (Putnam's.)

The great—not to say sensational—success achieved by Mrs. Barclay with her earlier novels, "The Rosary" and "The Mistress of Shenstone," will doubtless be an important factor in the fortunes of "The Following of the Star," which is a well-managed and very readable story, but hardly, we think, quite up to the level of the author's earlier books. David Rivers is an earnest young clergyman who takes a locum tenency in a small country parish in order to make sufficient money to take him out to Central Africa as a missionary. The local fame of his sermons and a curiosity to see what the young man is like bring Diana Rivers to the church Sunday after Sunday, although she is frankly irreligious and is proud of it. However, David makes a profound impression upon her, and she falls in love with him. She is an heiress, but she has to comply with a condition in her uncle's will before she can inherit her great wealth. She must

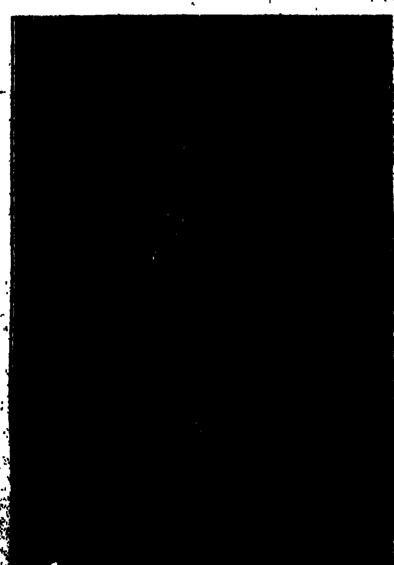


From Gun Running *(John Murray).* INDIAN TYPES.

marry. Now, to quote her own words, Diana does not "hold with matrimony," but she is very fond of money and a comfortable life. So she proposes to David, who, while really loving her, is appalled by her reasons for asking him, and does not for a moment imagine that his affections are returned. After great mental agony, he accepts her, and they are married the day before he leaves for Africa. It is hardly fair to Mrs. Barclay to tell more of her story than this, for, in spite of its shortcomings in some respects, her latest novel is exceedingly well worth reading, and the author's evident sincerity and sympathy with her characters are particularly attractive.



From The Wilds of Patagonia (Arnold). Skottsberg in middle, Quensel to left, Pagels to right.



THE STEEL CROWN.

By Fergus Hume. 6s. (Digby, Long.)

There has been trouble in the little kingdom of Barra in the Balkans, the king has been murdered, and the queen, an ex-opera singer, has disappeared with the steel crown without which no Barra king can be crowned, and with most of the crown jewels She takes refuge in an English boarding-house, of which the only other member is a well-known thief who is known as the Money-Wolf" She is strangled in a mysterious manner and after a baffling search for the murderer, the police give up the case But the hero, who has fallen in love with the boarding house keeper, a charming girl called Catherine Weston takes up the chase with the aid of the Money-Wolf who knows a great deal more about the whole affair than he cares to tell Into the story come the twin brothers Jeckle and Michael, heirs to the throne of Barra Whichever gets the steel crown first is to be king Jeckle is a cold blooded scoundrel who stops at nothing to attain his own ends Michael is a noble prince How Michael with the aid of



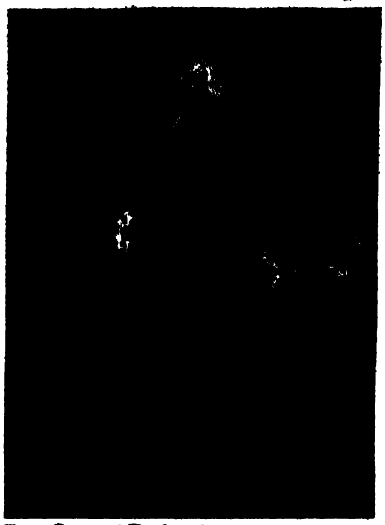
From The Steel Crown *(Digby, Long)* — THERE GLITTERED GOLD AND GEMS GLORIOUSLY IN THE TORCHLIGHT

Anthony Hale, the Money-Wolf, and Miss Weston regains the steel crown and the jewels, and how Jeckle comes to an end which he certainly deserved, we must let Mr Hume tell in his skilful way This story of the romance which came into the life of a quiet, unassuming London solicitor is full of incident and has a pretty love interest For those who wish to wander in the realms of adventure and mystery, we can heartily recommend Mr Fergus Hume's latest book.

THE REGENT LIBRARY: SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

By Sheila Kaye-Smith. 2s 6d net and 3s 6d net (Herbert & Daniel.)

The scheme of the Regent Library is probably familiar by this time to most of our readers, and the plan of Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith's "Samuel Richardson" differs in no way from its predecessors The author contributes a critical Introduction of some forty pages in length This is followed by a calendar of the principal events in Richardson's life, and an appreciation from great critics Following this comes the real subject matter of the book the selection of extracts from Richardson's works Seeing that Richardson was the author of practically only three books it has been found possible to give a more connected selection of extracts than usual The whole is concluded with a short but useful bibliography The volume impresses us as one of the most successful in the Regent Library Miss Sheila Kaye Smith's Introduction shows that writer's sympathy with the times of Richardson, and it is moreover good criticism The volume is produced in the charming style characteristic of its series



From Samuel Richardson *(Herbert & Daniel)* — SAMUEL RICHARDSON

THE CASH INTRIGUE.

By George Randolph Chester Illustrated 6s (Digby, Long)

Cash! The greatest force in all the world The power that can totter thrones and disrupt governments, that can cause wars and support them and end them,



From The Cash Intrigue *(Appleton)*. — "'TELL ME WHAT I SHOULD DO,' SAID ELSIE"



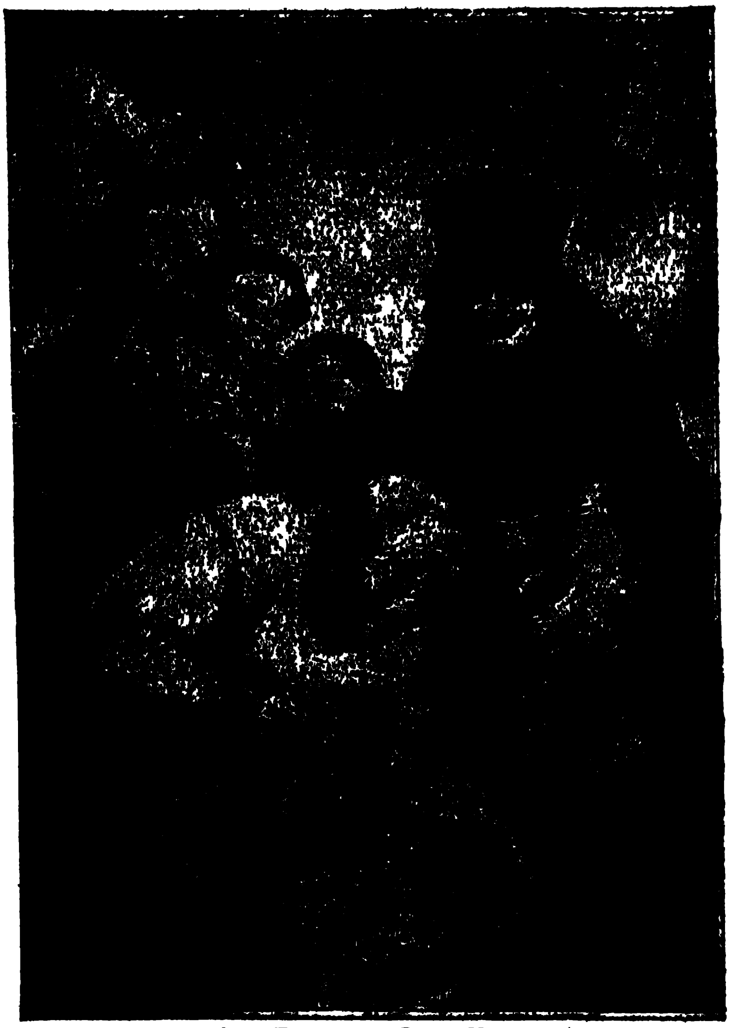
Vignette from Works of Lionel Johnson *(Elkin Mathews)*

that can build cities and devastate them! Cash! The life-blood of commerce! The great social dynamo! The golden lever of Archimedes!' That is how one of the leading characters of Mr George Randolph Chester's latest novel greets the book's main theme. Cash—not money—is for Mr Chester the universal power. It is young Kelvin who puts the means of obtaining cash into the hands of old Breed, the American millionaire. Breed controls nearly all the bakeries of the United States, and by insisting that all accounts be settled in cash he soon gets into his possession the greater part of the available currency. There follow financial and political troubles on an enormous scale and the inevitable end of the whole scheme is violence, bloodshed and death. It grips and holds the reader, and for a long winter evening we should ask for nothing better than "The Cash Intrigue."

UNDER THE CHINESE DRAGON.

By Captain F. S. Brereton. Illustrated by Charles M. Sheldon. 5s. (Blackie.)

Captain F. S. Brereton is by now an old favourite with boys. His work is always characterised by great spirit and vivacity. The story of David Harbor's search for the missing will of his father is vividly and picturesquely told. The bulk of the movement takes place, as the title indicates, in Mongolia, and the author gives a romantic picture of the country, with which he appears to be personally acquainted. The story is exciting from first to last, and will carry its boy readers along with it heart and soul.

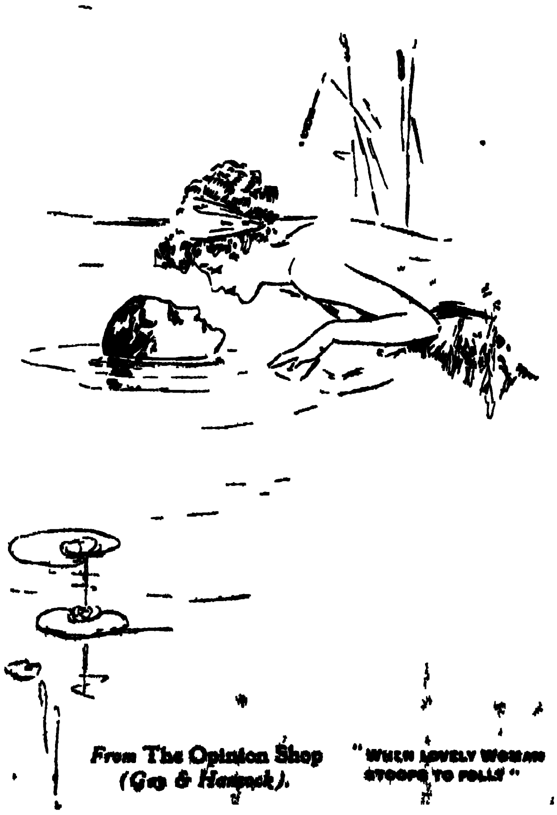


From Great Engravers: Goya *(Heinemann)*



From La Case de l'Oncle Tom *(Siegle, Hill)*

TOPSY



From The Opinion Shop *(Gay & Hancock).*

"WHEN LOVELY WOMAN STOOPS TO FOLLY"



From an engraving after the portrait by Miss Reynolds.
From Miss Annette B. Meakin's "Hannah More" (Smith, Elder), which Mr. Thomas Seccombe is reviewing in the January BOOKMAN.



JOACHIM MURAT AND HIS WIFE CAROLINE BONAPARTE, KING AND QUEEN OF NAPLES.
Lafond, je., *delt.* Choubard, *sculpt.*
From The Wife of General Bonaparte *(Lane).*



From Under the Chinese Dragon *(Blackie).*

"A ROAR OF APPLAUSE GREETED THE FIFTH SHOT"



From Casuals in the Caucasus *(Lane).*

BEAR SKIN DRYING.

[illegible] CHRISTMAS [illegible] AND OUR EMPIRE.

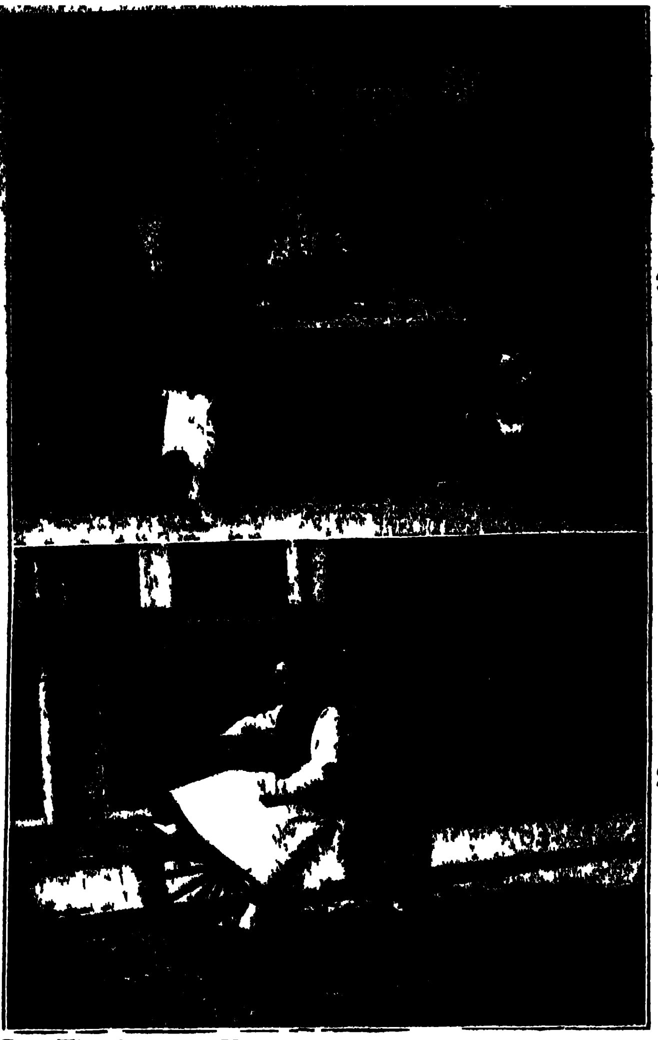
[illegible] Le Feuvre [illegible] 3s. 6d. (R.T.S.)

[illegible] Le Feuvre has been a [illegible] since the publication of "Probable Sons," [illegible] most of the qualities which children demand [illegible] books which they consent to read. She is sympathetic—perhaps just a trifle sentimental—she has a strong sense of humour and a very pleasant and readable manner of writing In addition she always succeeds in presenting a number of quaint and interesting characters These qualities are again well shown in "Us and Our Empire," which has been written as a sequel to "Us and Our Donkey" We believe that few children will allow themselves to be dragged away from this altogether charming book when once it has got a grip of them

THE WIFE OF GENERAL BONAPARTE.

By Joseph Turquan Translated from the French by Violette Montagu Illustrated 12s 6d net (John Lane)

In M Turquan's theory history is pitiless and the historian is not permitted to consult his own opinions on his subjects M Turquan's practice in this volume does not square with his theory As he follows the fortunes or misfortunes of Napoleon and his first wife liberally taking what suits or interests him from the recollections and memoirs of contemporary writers he is profuse in the expression of his opinions Even on palpable and obvious matters he is not content to trust to the reader's discernment he must indulge in his own running commentary caustic comments and sharp exclamations His case—for it is a case rather than a history—would be more plausible were there less of his own personality His theory is that Josephine like Dr Johnson's famous dinner, was as bad as bad could be Heartless immoral calculating, indolent foolish and much more she moves through this book The documents laid under contribution are of unequal value and interest trivial and malevolent gossip is sometimes made to do duty for history On the other hand we are afforded some piquant and certain very human revelations The burden of frailty and frivolity tends to be depressing though the romantic and the heroic have their turn Napoleon is one and the other in M Turquan's pages but his apologist does not forget that he had both mankind's failings and noble qualities



From The Chinese at Home (R T S) 1 A Gambling House 2 The Chinese Barrow



From Links with the Past in the Plant World (Cambridge University Press). [illegible] West Connemara (Photo by Mr. W. R. Welch)

CASUALS IN THE CAUCASUS:

The Diary of a Sporting Holiday. By Agnes Herbert Illustrated 12s 6d net (John Lane)

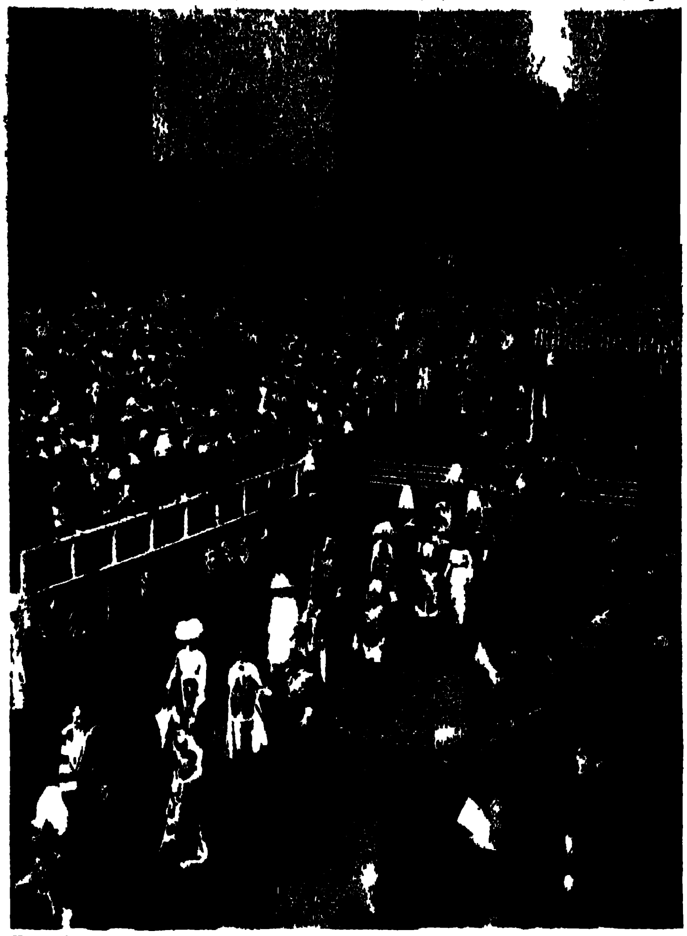
We were afraid in the very early stages that a spirit of levity, if not flippancy, would dominate this record, but the fear was happily unfounded Airiness, gaiety, and picturesqueness duly unfolded themselves After the account of the preparatory proceedings and especially when the authoress with cousins Cecily and Kenneth, comes really to the Caucasus we know that she has a story worth telling, and that she can tell it with freshness and verve. At times her lightheartedness and sense of the romance of travel suggest a Stevenson in robust health The "frosty Caucasus" becomes a rich variegated, and often radiant Caucasus in our imagination We seem to pass through a medley of nations and to hear the music—and otherwise—of divers tongues We appear to be travelling in the East and West at one and the same time The writer says at one stage "We were rubbing shoulders with the remote centuries, and felt the subtle charm of antiquity charged with the vital force of a gripping modernism." This feeling is agreeably communicated to the reader. The sporting side of the holiday had [illegible] hunting grounds, of which [illegible] is said, were [illegible] hunting grounds, in a [illegible]

[illegible] Chinese sense—and though [illegible] romantic [illegible].

[THE] CHINESE AT HOME.

By J. Dyer Ball, I.S.O., M.R.A.S. With [illegible] Illustrations in Colour and 21 in Black-and-White. [illegible]s. net. (R.T.S.)

The author of this extraordinarily interesting volume has already made a reputation as an authority on "Things Chinese"—which, by the way, is the title of one of his best-known works. In this new volume he essays to present to the reader the complete picture of the ordinary life of the Chinaman in his native land. This is naturally a matter of some difficulty, but Mr. Dyer Ball, with the knowledge that he possesses, accomplishes his object with much success. If you want to know what John Chinaman eats and drinks, what he reads, how he travels, how he dresses—you will find it all here, together with a large amount of other interesting information. Mr. Ball's fascinating volume possesses the additional attraction of being topical, and we have little doubt that it will shortly be in considerable demand. It is well illustrated, six of the coloured pictures being reproductions of original Chinese drawings.



From The Year 1911 Illustrated *(Headley Bros.)* INVESTITURE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AT CARNARVON CASTLE

THE YEAR 1911 ILLUSTRATED:

A Record of Notable Achievements and Events. [illegible]s. 6d. net. (Headley Bros.)

We have here the third of the series which began with "The Wonderful Year 1909." The present year of grace has made a far higher score as wonder worker, and is entitled to the highest pictorial honours. Fechner in the West and sundry philosophers in the Orient have revealed or assumed the mystic fact that the earth is alive and has a soul of its own, but that a year is a conscious entity is not yet accepted by philosophy, though understood in poetry. If the poets are right and a year can feel and be open to human tribute, 1911 may well be touched by this offering to his departing majesty. Be that as it may, it will be graciously acceptable to mere mortals, providing, as it does, an entirely tasteful and artistic review, or, if you will, a picture-show of the notable men and matters that were much in the world's eye and mind at any stage of the record time in question. The Briton, looking back on the year, will readily recall great doings in the home isle and the empire, as well as sundry memorable matters beyond the imperial frontiers, but on a glance through this work he will probably realise with surprise that the story was even more striking than he had imagined. Here it is all before him, vivid, connected and spacious. There is just enough letterpress to serve as an informing commentary section by section. The volume should be popular as a Christmas gift book.

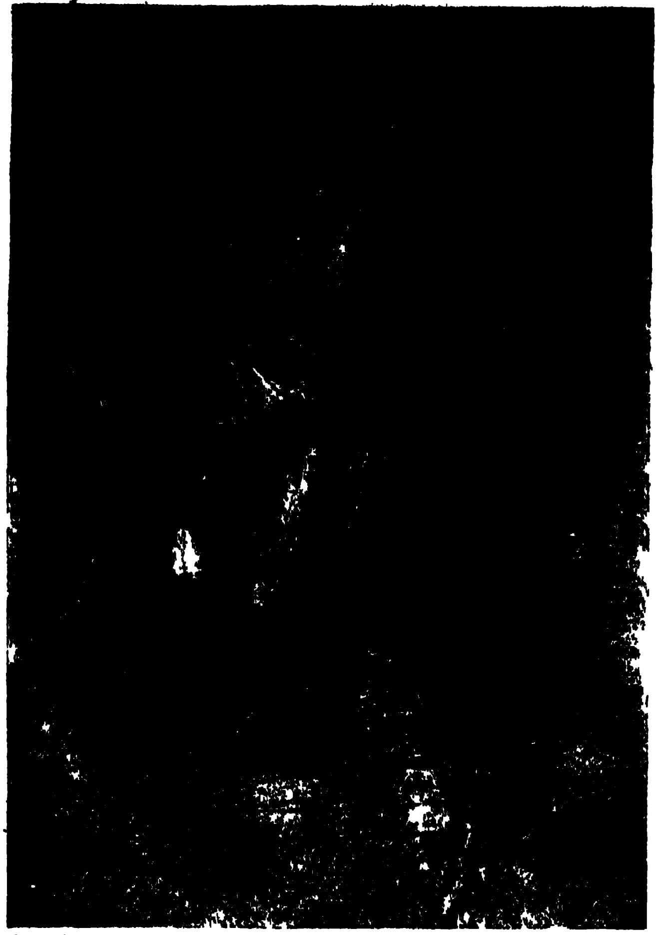


From Dancing, Ancient and Modern *(Simpkin, Marshall & Daniel).* DANCE THROUGHOUT THE AGES, BY AIMÉ MOROT (Fresco in the Hôtel-de-Ville, Paris)

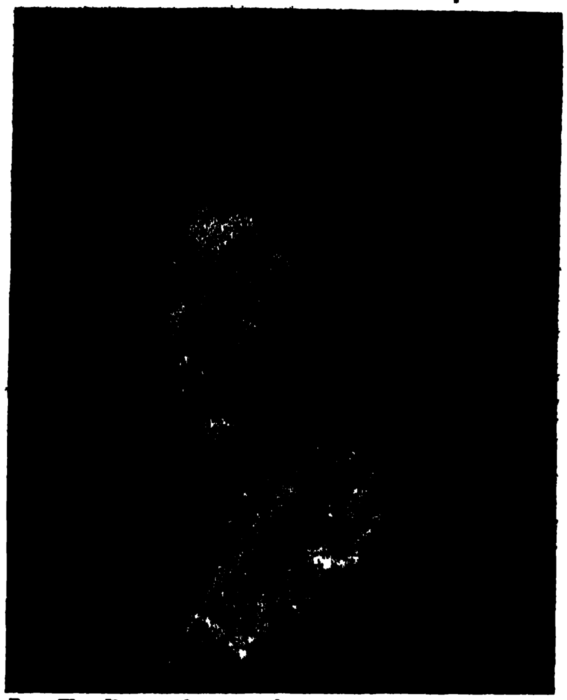
WILLIAM MORRIS TO WHISTLER:

Papers and Addresses on Art and Craft and the Commonweal. By WALTER CRANE. Illustrated. 6s. net. (Bell.)

It is not possible for us to do more than indicate something of the scope of this important volume by an artist whose reputation has carried far beyond the narrow borders of this country. In his twelve chapters the author treats such subjects as "William Morris and his Work," "The English Revival in Decorative Art," "Modern Aspects of Life and the Sense of Beauty," and "Art and the Commonweal." Mr. Walter Crane's lectures are well known, and "William Morris to Whistler" displays his powers to the best advantage.



From William Morris to Whistler *(Bell)* — PORTRAIT STUDY OF WHISTLER BY HIMSELF (From a black and white drawing)

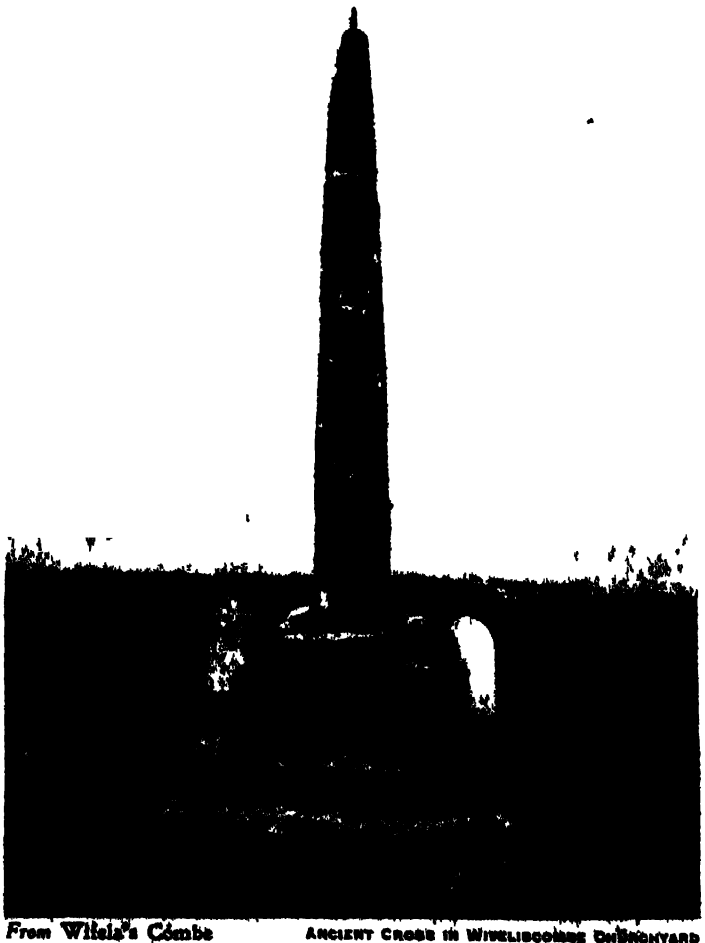


From The Popular Library of Art *(Duckworth)* — GAINSBOROUGH DUPONT

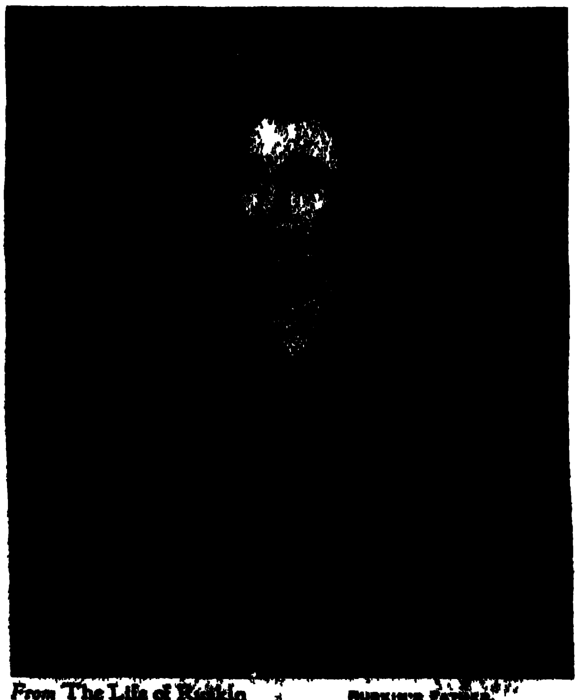
ANIMALS IN FUN-LAND.

Pictures by LOUIS WAIN, HARRY B. NEILSON, ELSIE BLOMFIELD and others. Verses and Stories by A. W. RIDLER. 1s. (Clarke.)

Messrs. James Clarke & Co. are very skilled and experienced providers of wholesome and amusing literary fare for young children, and their latest picture book, "Animals in Fun-Land," seems to us to be just the thing to amuse the little ones when they want to look at pictures. There are pictures here, and plenty of them, and all of them just of the kind that children like. What with Mr. Louis Wain's cats in all sorts of amusing situations (his dogs always seem to us less effective), Mr. Harry Neilson's other comic animals, and the excellent verses and humorous anecdotes of Mr. A. W. Ridler, we think that even the most difficult child will be pleased. The book has only to be seen to be desired, and if you really want it there is no reason why you should not have it, for it costs no more—not so much, in fact, if you go to a discount bookseller—than the present number of THE BOOKMAN.



From Wiveliscombe *(Barnicott & Pearce)*. — ANCIENT CROSS IN WIVELISCOMBE CHURCHYARD



From The Life of Ruskin *(Allen)*. — RUSKIN'S FATHER. (From a painting by James Northcote, R.A.)

JO'S BOYS, AND HOW THEY TURNED OUT.

By Louisa M. Alcott. New and Cheaper Edition. 2s. net. (Sampson Low.)

The name of Miss Alcott is, of course, still a household word, and there is therefore every reason to believe that the cheap edition of one of the most popular of her works will be welcomed with favour. "Jo's Boys" is a sequel to "Little Men," and although its popularity never equalled that of its predecessors, it is nevertheless in many ways one of the late Miss Alcott's best books. The new edition is pleasantly produced and is good value at two shillings.



From Servia of the Servians (*Pitman*).

A Peasant Woman from Shoomadiya (Central Servia).

THE RISE OF THE DEMOCRACY.

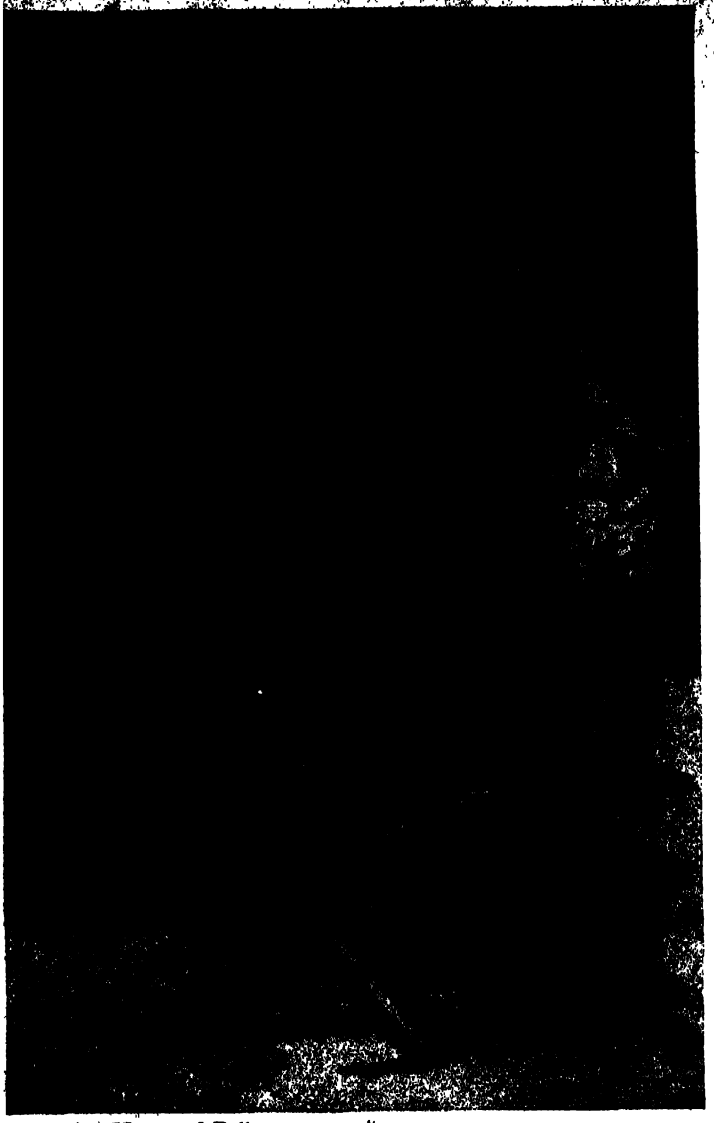
By Joseph Clayton, M.A. 2s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

This is a timely and a very interesting book of Mr. Clayton's. If you are already a democrat, the reading of it will strengthen you in your convictions; if you have no faith in the democracy, it should help to remove your distrust. Democracy loses its way sometimes and makes its mistakes, as every other human organisation does; but at least it has hitched its wagon to a star and toils after the good not of a chosen few but of the whole community. By slow and painful degrees, working under manifold disadvantages, it has risen from ignorance and poverty and is making itself in these days a force that must be reckoned with. It behoves all of us then to know what lies behind this movement, so that we may bear ourselves intelligently towards it, and nowhere will you find a more concise, a fairer or, within its limits, more adequate account of it than Mr. Clayton gives. He writes as one in profound sympathy with his subject, but he has a strong sense of right and a breadth of view that enables him to see and appreciate whatever is reasonable on the other side of the question. His aim has been to go back to the beginnings of British democracy; to show how the people began to realise their manhood and reach out manfully after self-government; and to trace the road by which the English peoples have travelled towards that goal. He records the early struggles against the absolutism of the Crown, and subsequent renewals of that struggle; the triumphs of aristocracy and its repeated defeats; the rise and growth of Parliamentary representation; the gradual enfranchisement of the people; the introduction of Parliamentary reforms; the entry of the working-man into the House of Commons, and the result of his arrival there. If he glories in the increasing strength of democracy, he is not afraid to acknowledge its weakness. He is as impartial as it is good for any historian to be, and has written, with sound knowledge and a sure instinct for the dramatic elements of it all, a history that we unreservedly recommend to all thoughtful readers who are interested in the social and political problems of our own day.



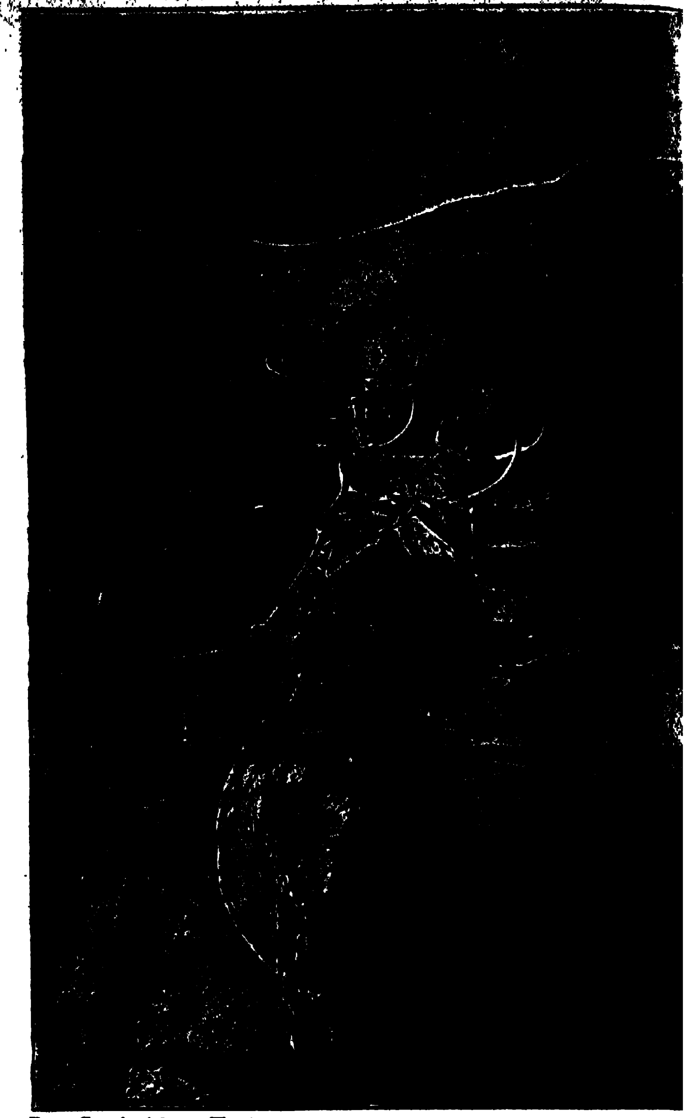
From Pioneers in West Africa (*Blackie*).

The Busa Rapids on the Lower Niger, where Mungo Park and Lieutenant Martyn were drowned in 1806.



From The Master of Ballantrae *(Cassell).*

"THE INDIAN THREW ASIDE HIS TOOL, AND BEGAN TO SCOOP THE DIRT BY HANDFULS."



From South Africa To-day *(Nash).*

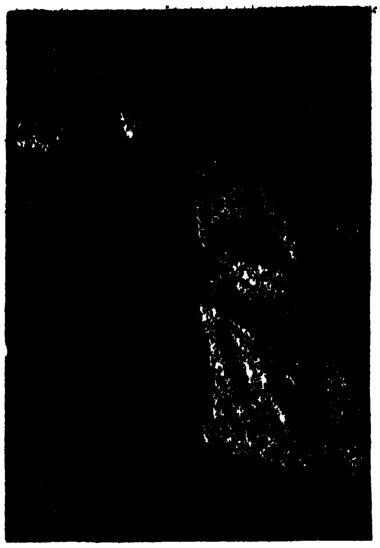
WHAT THE DRIVER SEES (Photo by Dudley Ward.)



From When I Was *(Gay & Hancock).*



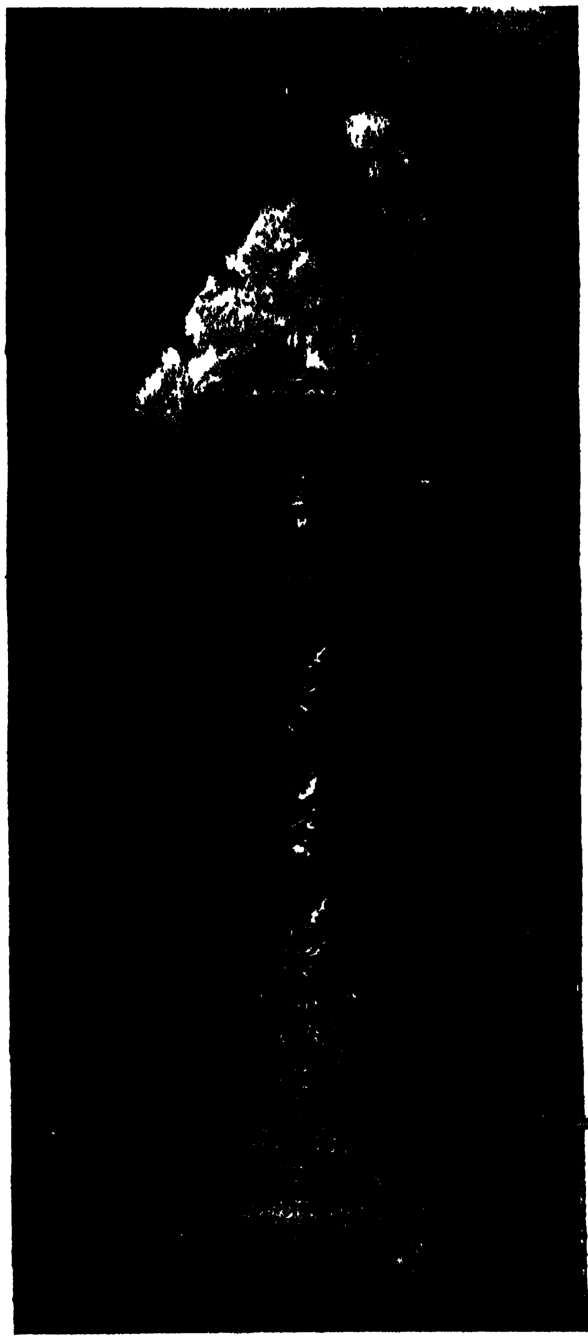
From Pinocchio (Dent) "DON'T LISTEN TO THE ADVICE OF BAD COMPANIONS"



I THINK—I THINK I SHOULD LIKE TO HATE YOU!
(From a painting by John Goss.)
From George Thorne *(Pitman)*



From Poems of Love (Cecil Hennock). "IN THOSE SERENE ARCADIAN DAYS OF OLD."



From Toy Dogs *(Duckworth).*

CHAMPION WINDFALL.
(Photo by J. Lytton.)



From Walton's "Compleat Angler" *(Hodder & Stoughton).* (See page 140.)

"GET SECRETLY BEHIND THE TREE, AND STAND AS FREE FROM MOTION AS POSSIBLE."

WIFELA'S COMBE:

A History of the Parish of Wiveliscombe. By F. HANCOCK, M.A., S.C.L., F.S.A. 10s. 6d. net. (Barnicott & Pearce, Taunton.)

The history of an ancient township, however obscure, is almost certain to be interesting, and Mr. Hancock's book is unusually well written and well constructed. The date of the actual foundation of Wiveliscombe appears to have been anterior to the Roman conquest, while during the time of the Wessex kings it was an important place. Edward the Confessor granted its Manor to Bishop Giso of Wells, and it remained the property of that see until the beginning of the last century; once, in the days of King Stephen, it possessed a mint. Its history has never, perhaps, been particularly eventful, but the author puts what material he has to good account. We cannot resist his story of the grave of Tytibye, a suicide: "A poacher belonging to a party who frequented the then open commons on Maundown declared that, passing this eerie spot, he saw a motionless figure standing on Tytibye's grave. His companions determined to play a trick on his fears, and one of them, arrayed one night in a bullock's hide, went previously to the place and waited until the rest came up. Soon the others arrived at the crossway, and one of them said to the ghost seer, 'Now, do you see anything there?' 'O yes,' said he, 'there's the devil and Tytibye looking over his shoulder.' At this the fellow in the hide gave a loud yell, flung off his horns and tail, and ran away for his life with his companions, who rushed helter-skelter down the lane into the town!"

SERVIA OF THE SERVIANS.

By CHEDO MIJATOVICH. 6s. net. (Pitman.)



MR. EDWARD MARSTON, Author of "Easy Chair Memories" (Sampson Low).

Monsieur Chedo Mijatovich, the late Servian Minister at the Court of St. James, may be congratulated on the fact that a new edition has been called for of the remarkably complete and interesting account of his own country which he published a couple of years ago. The new edition differs in no material respect from its predecessor, but we do not doubt that it will be welcomed by that large public to whom things Servian are still a closed book. The volume, which forms one of Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons' useful "Countries and Peoples Series," is very fully illustrated, and it well deserves the great success it has met with.

TREASURE ISLAND.

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. With 12 Illustrations in Colour by JOHN CAMERON.



From A Scottish Fly Fisher *(Alex. Gardner).*

NEARING THE END.

THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE.

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. With 12 Illustrations in Colour by WAL PAGET. 7s. 6d. net each. (Cassell.)

Among the many beautiful reprints which the present publishing season has brought us, a high place is taken by Messrs. Cassell's editions of two of Robert Louis Stevenson's most popular stories with coloured illustrations. "Treasure Island" has been entrusted to Mr. John Cameron, who seems to us naturally well fitted for the task. Mr. Cameron is less subtle than vigorous, but he is certainly gifted with considerable powers of imagination and a strong sense of drama. His colour sense is very strong, and he spares no

effort to make his villains properly villainous. As an illustrator he possesses the great merit of appealing directly to the reader's imagination. Mr. Wal Paget, who has undertaken "The Master of Ballantrae," has, perhaps, a more delicate sense of drawing and a more reserved scheme of colour, but in their own way his pictures are quite as spirited and effective as those by Mr. Cameron. Both volumes are exceedingly well printed, with delightfully wide margins, and we can imagine no more welcome Christmas gift than either of these two beautiful books. Perhaps we should mention that an *édition de luxe* is issued of "Treasure Island," which possesses separately mounted plates, hand-made paper, and other refinements.

GEORGE THORNE.

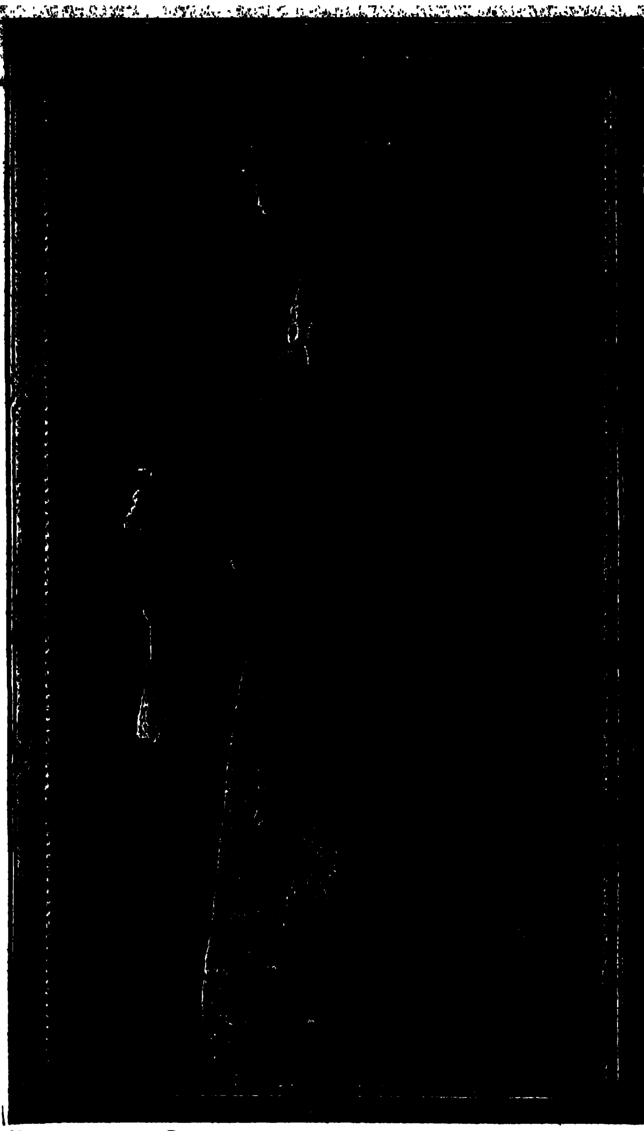
By NORVAL RICHARDSON. 6s. (Pitman.)

In his latest novel Mr. Norval Richardson has essayed something of a *tour de force*, for, although the reader may admire the hero's force of character, there is nothing amiable in the method by which Thorne achieves his ends. From the first, when he imposes himself upon a lonely couple as their child, only to be recognised as an impostor by the heroine, to the time when he uses his knowledge of her divorced husband's mode of life to wound the woman who knows too much about his past, he exhibits a ruthlessness of character, even a cruelty, which would not ordinarily attract the reader. Yet there can be no doubt that George Thorne is not only a possible, but a sympathetic, character. Mr. Richardson has an insight into the working of men's minds and accurate valuation of the motives underlying their actions which are exceedingly refreshing in these days of scamped characterisation. "George Thorne" is in many respects a fine novel, and the sincerity of the author deserves every praise. If the British public knows a good thing, it will not neglect Mr. Richardson's work either now or in the future.

A SCOTTISH FLY-FISHER.

By A. LEITCH. With Illustrations by the author. 4s. 6d. net. (Alex. Gardner.)

The modesty, not to say, self-abasement, of the author



From My Own Story (*Nash*). THE EX-CROWN PRINCESS OF SAXONY IN FANCY DRESS AS MARIE ANTOINETTE. (Reviewed in THE BOOKMAN for October, 1911.)

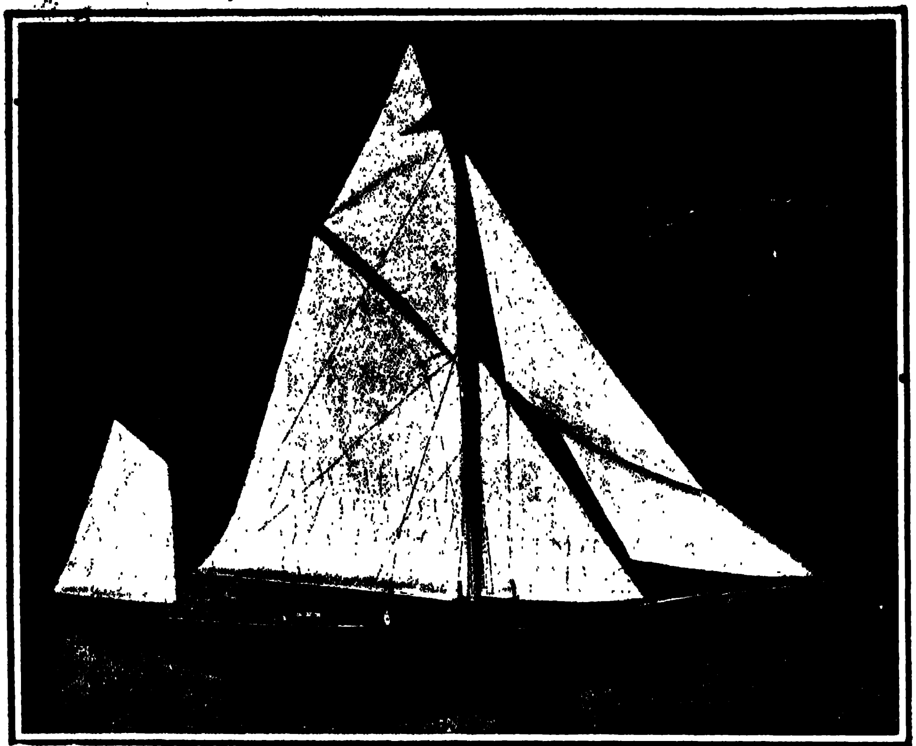


in his Preface awakens interest and also suspicion. From Scot or angler it is too much. "Little that is new," "supplies no felt want," "its purpose is not instructive"—such avowals and the general pretence that he is poor in resources, unsensational in experience, and lacking in ingenuity are startling. The author is by no means so naïve and artless as he here pretends. His book is much better than he would have us believe. It is often entertaining, sometimes combative, but in a dry and delicate way. The apparently casual and quiet way in which he introduces questions like those of Fate and Predestination is artistic. But the proportion of theology to that of trout is small. Of the angling temperament, and even of the psychology of anglers, there is no slight measure of revelation. Some apparently quiet pages will cause strife in the souls of brother fishermen. But for these and others there is also some curious and agreeable lore.

FORE AND AFT:

The Story of the Fore and Aft Rig from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By E. KEBLE CHATTERTON. With over 150 Illustrations and Plans. 16s. net. (Seeley, Service & Co., Ltd.)

Mr. E. Keble Chatterton is probably the leading literary authority on the history of ships and of the sea. Among his previous works, for instance, are numbered "Sailing Ships and their Story," "Steamships and their Story," "The Romance of the Ship" and the "Story of the British Navy," and he now adds to them a volume which, in many ways, is the most attractive of all. The book is a complete history of the fore and aft rig, from the earliest times to the present day; it is elaborately illustrated with [illegible] and diagrams of the [illegible]



From **Fore and Aft** *(Seeley).* THE YACHT "JULLANAR."

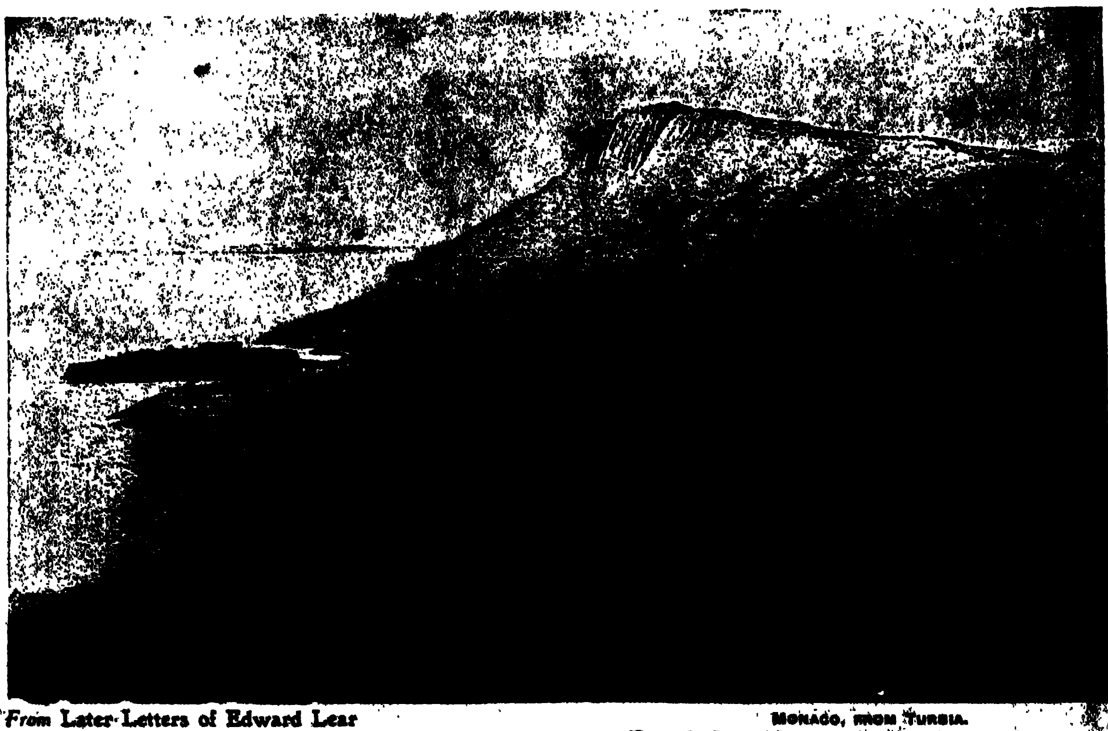
A WHISTLING WOMAN.

By ROBERT HALIFAX. 6s. (Constable.)

We were not so much taken with Mr. Halifax's novel, "The Borderland," but his "Low Society" greatly impressed us, and his latest book, "A Whistling Woman," goes a good step beyond that and definitely places him in the foremost ranks of those present-day novelists who write of life as it is lived in lower London. Briefly, the story is of a woman, Lydia Whambley, and a man, Arthur Carter, whom she loves. She gets the name of the Whistling Woman because it is she who does all the love-making; she puts up with all Carter's unmannerly rebuffs, his sullen moods, his crude, ill-mannered contempt, and pursues him with her love, openly and unshamedly, in spite of everything. She is so humbly and troublesomely persistent that there are times when one half sympathises with Carter, unlicked cub as he is; but in the long run your sympathy slowly comes round to her; it might be more accurate to say that it comes round to them both, and is even extended to Lydia's mother, with her indigestion and general afflictions. There are vividly realised pictures of the life in mean streets, and the characters—not only Carter and Lydia themselves, but the fussy, lovable little Miss Summerbell, the senior curate of St. John's, Mr. Dering, and the rascally jerry-builder, Caswell, whom we are interested to meet again—are drawn with remarkable insight and ability. Mr. Halifax is a realist; his story, with the well-kept secret that overshadows Lydia and her mother, is a piece of life; his people are the authentic poor people of Barking, and some of the happier class who work among them for their betterment; but the inevitable sordidness of his narrative is edged with delightful touches of humour and humanised and made attractive by the charity and understanding kindliness of his treatment.



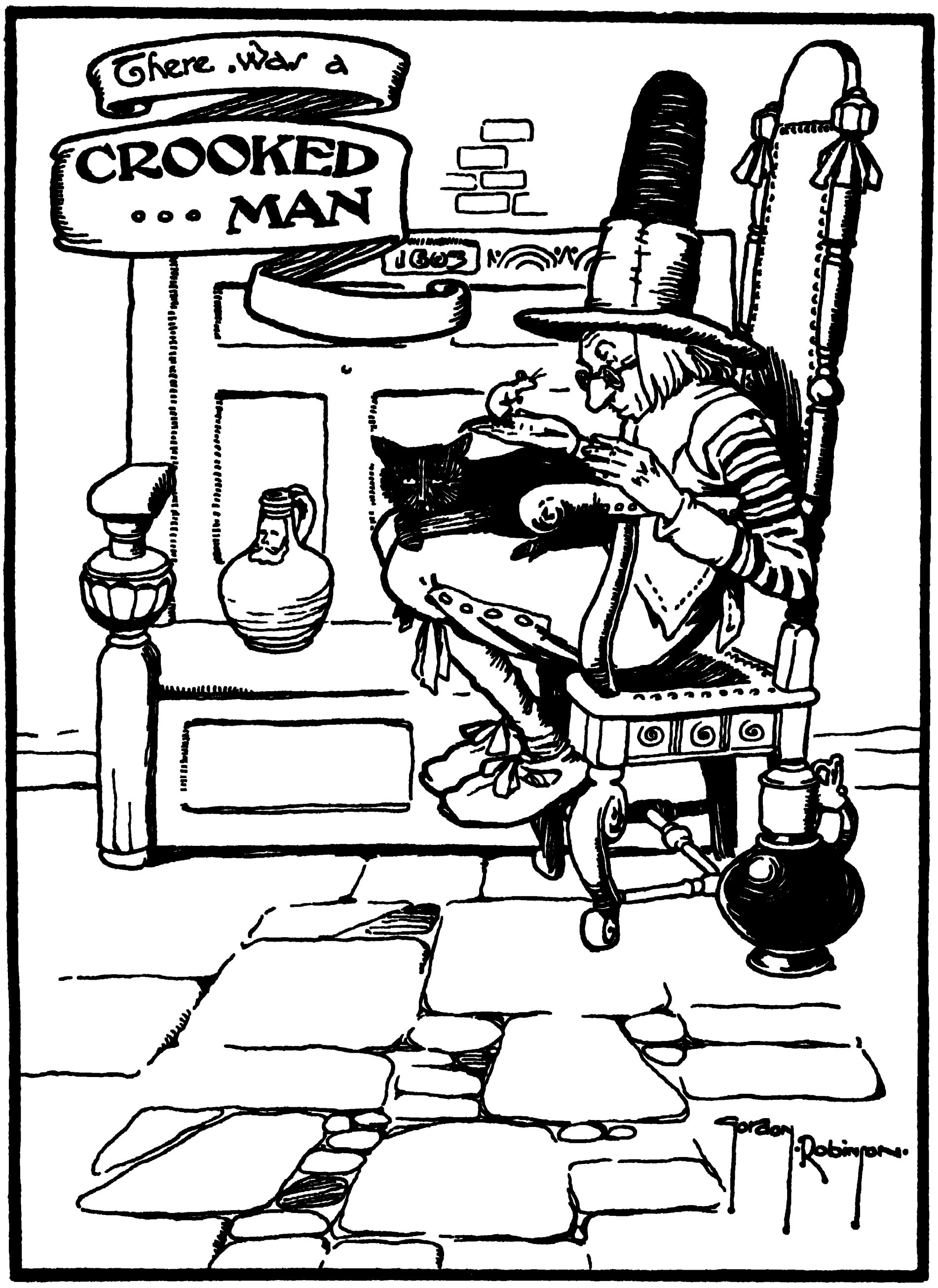
MISS JEANNETTE MARKS,
Author of "The End of a Song" (Putnam's).



From **Later Letters of Edward Lear** *(Fisher Unwin).*

MONACO, FROM TURBIA.
(Drawn by Edward Lear for "Poems by Alfred Lord Tennyson," and reproduced by permission of Lord Tennyson.)

Christmas Books for Children



From **The Rosebud Annual, 1911** *(Jas Clarke)*

(Reviewed on Page 122)

IN FAIRY-BOOK LAND.

By Katharine Tynan

OF some Christmas books it may be said that they are better than chocolates, in that they do not disturb the children's digestion Because of the conscienceless laziness of their elders the most lovely Feast of the year is apt to be for children of the comfortable classes a debauch of chocolate. Roast beef and plum pudding have lost their zest Chocolate has



From Queerie at the Pole *(Melrose)* QUEERIE AND THE PENGUIN

descended like a blight upon Christmas, and it is lucky that there are here and there wise mothers or greedy mothers, who select the richest chocolates from the children's store and lay them away in a cupboard The worst Christmas books, since the children do not read them, do not give them a mental indigestion, and their covers make for a forlorn gaiety as they lie on the nursery floor the day after Christmas, which is still tinged with the bilious hues of chocolate

However, we will not look as far ahead as that Some years ago there was a fashion of tomfoolery in young children's books, which seems to have gone the way of many bad fashions And the best books are a glory and a joy When the chocolate is no more than a sickly memory there are the good books on which the child's head and heart can rest as on the bosom of a friend

The nurses who used to tell fairy stories are out of fashion I remember "The Black Bull of Norroway," and "Hudden and Dudden and Dan'el O'Nale," told in a rich Irish brogue in a ruddy firelight of long ago Folk-lore is not among a nurse's qualifications nowadays So the children must learn the stories for themselves and the next best way to acquire them is to read them, lying face-downward on the hearth-rug before the nursery-fire—if the modern nurse will only permit it I don't know what there is in the attitude to stimulate enjoyment But certainly the enjoyment is less if one reads in one's chair Face-downward on the hearthrug a certain little girl of ten read in the course of yesterday a wet November day—Mrs Frances



From The Magic Crook *(Fifield)*

Hodgson Burnett's "Secret Garden"[1] It was like a good dream come true her finding 'The Secret Garden' in the big bundle of Christmas books, for she had read a portion of it once in a magazine and had been bitterly disappointed not to get the end of it It is a *hortus inclusus* of a book—a very fragrant book, sweet with the sweets of the Hidden Garden, and with certain other flowers that grow in the soil of the human heart It is a privilege when such a writer as Mrs Burnett gives her fresh and living art to writing stories for children Indeed this is a book which elders too may read with delight. Mr. Charles Robinson, a delightful artist and a master of fanciful detail, has imagined excellently what Mary, the unwanted child, looked like at her various stages. Altogether this is a



From Popular Fairy Tales *(Blackie)*. PUSS IN BOOTS.

[1] "The Secret Garden." By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Illustrated by Charles Robinson. 6s. (Heinemann.)

very tender idyll, quite in the line of succession to "Little Lord Fauntleroy," with just that touch of the grown-up heart and experience about it that makes it belong almost as much to general literature as to the literature of the schoolroom. From seven to seventy-seven one might read "The Secret Garden" with delight and profit.

Another book, read by the same young lady in the same attitude, with equal delight, is "The Wonderful Garden," [1] by E. Nesbit. "I'd advise you to read it right through," she says, "it's jolly ripping." Well, I have sampled it pretty deeply; and, upon my word, I envy the young people who read these two books of Secret Gardens. E. Nesbit is as different as possible from Mrs. Burnett. She is not idyllic, though she cannot help being poetical. She is jolly, breezy, open-air. Her boys and girls talk like real boys and girls. There is nothing bookish about them. Plainly they are studied from life, and to read about these youngsters exhilarates one like a real meeting with jolly, slangy boys and girls. Their adventures when they go on that visit to their



From Tales from the Woods and Fields (*Wells Gardner*). "I GIVE ONE SPLENDID LEAP"

Great-Uncle Charles are just what might happen in real life; and yet they have over them the coloured mist of enchantment which belongs to the true adventure. There is always character, always a true conception of the differences in places and people. Though a fogey, I am of E. Nesbit's circle of readers henceforth: and am going to return upon the tales which have been recommended me by Ten-Years-Old, *i.e.* "The Would-be-Goods," "The Magic Carpet," and all the rest of this charming writer's delightful books.

There are fairy-stories and fairy-stories. Mrs. Molesworth's Christmas book this year—dear delightful Mrs Molesworth!—is a book of fairy-stories, "Fairies Afield," [2] worthy to rank for its simplicities, its delicacies, its humanities, with the work of the masters—of Perrault, of Grimm, and Hans Christian Andersen. There is no middle way with fairy-stories. They are little classics of their kind or they are naught. Nothing requires so much the vision of the poet, with the simple intimate emotion of the makers of folk-lore. "Fairies Afield" is a delightful book to lose one's self in of a grey November day. It smells of roses, of the magic pot-pourri which Linde and Aria took to market.

[1] "The Wonderful Garden." By E. Nesbit. 6s. (Macmillan.)

[2] "Fairies Afield." By Mrs. Molesworth. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)



From Alice's Adventures in Wonderland (*Headley Bros.*) "CURIOUSER AND CURIOUSER."



From Bedtime Stories (*Nisbet*). "THE GOBLIN GAVE THE LUMP OF GOLD TO LIZA."



From **Plutarch's Lives for Boys and Girls** *(Jack)*

THE QUARREL BETWEEN ALEXANDER AND CLITUS

Mrs Armfield in her fantasy, "Sylvia's Travels"[1] displays a sparkling wit and invention We follow little Sylvia's ingenious adventures with delight and when we want to see how the Magic Bird or any other of the delightful creatures or places looked, we have but to turn to Mr. Maxwell Armfield's jewel-like pictures Surely the best of everything is offered to the children nowadays Here is an art most fresh most brilliant, laid at the feet of the nursery folk The colour-printing in these pictures is certainly very remarkable it has a pastel-like effect A beautiful book to own and to keep

[1] "Sylvia's Travels By Constance Armfield Illustrated by Maxwell Armfield (J M Dent & Sons)

Here is another book of beast-stories and fairy-stories "Bedtime Stories,"[1] by Mr and Mrs Coulson Kernahan The stories are good no doubt at bed time but they would be equally good at any other time Here are beast-stories in which Mrs Kernahan seems to have caught something of the spirit of Kipling, and here are light and fanciful allegories such as Mr Kernahan has made us familiar with All have a spiritual and a human and humane significance No child who reads these stories can fail to be the better for the reading

A book of Japanese folk lore must needs be of a special interest and the stories in "Wonder Tales of Old Japan"[2] are taken down from the lips of the Japanese story tellers themselves by Alan Leslie Whitehorn and are illustrated with twelve drawings in colour by a Japanese artist Shozan Obata Japanese art needs no bush and the folk stories full of a mingled cunning and simplicity turning mainly on friendship between man and the creatures will be indeed Wonder Tales to Western children

The old fairy tales are never out of fashion and here is Perrault[3] newly translated and in a fine new dress with charming illustrations by Honor Appleton One can imagine the child jaded with the ransacking of East and West all brought to his treasure house sitting down with delight to discover for himself "Cinderella" and "Puss-in Boots" "The Sleeping Beauty" "Jack and the Beanstalk" and the other immortalities All the stories in the world pretty well, are founded on the old fairy-stories, and you have in Perrault and his fellows the real root of romance and adventure. These will be loved when the painstaking efforts of moderns to amuse are gone into the limbo of unessential things One is grateful to Messrs Herbert & Daniel for this charming book.



From **All Sorts of Stories Book** *(Longmans)*.

[1] "Bedtime Stories." By Mr. and Mrs. Coulson Kernahan. 2s. 6d net (Nisbet.)

[2] "Wonder-Tales of Old Japan." By Alan Leslie Whitehorn Illustrated by Shozan Obata. 3s. 6d. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

[3] "Perrault's Fairy Tales." Translated by S. R. Littlewood. [illegible]

Win and Twin in "Fairy Rings"[1] met with quite enough adventures to equip a dozen fairy-books. They started from Maoriland for the strange lands the fairy rings opened to them, which fact in itself gives an unaccustomed and pleasant flavour. But they might as well have started from Kent or Sussex, for they were carried to the most wonderful places which had nothing specially to do with Maoriland. Miss Edith Howes is to be congratulated on her prodigal invention, which is quite a fairy ring in itself.

Lilian Turner, the Australian writer for girls, has been called a second Miss Alcott, which is high praise. "April Girls"[2] is one of the harmless novels which appeal to girls in their teens, and are so much more wholesome reading than the novels their mammas receive from the circulating library. It is a charming story brightly and tenderly written, with fresh and winsome heroines and just the adventures for them that girls like best to read about. The Australian atmosphere in which the story is set does not make for unfamiliarity; in fact, Lilian Turner's Australian girls seem very much like their cousins at home.

More fairy stories! "Amabel and Crispin"[3] by Margaret Clayton has its fair share of adventures. Very wonderful and sometimes very alarming things, to bring the nursery heart into its mouth, happened to Amabel and Crispin when they ran away from their cruel stepmother at the instigation of Faustina the Cat. The nursery cat and dog must be by this time suspect creatures, one would think, for the fairy stories are full of talking animals, and to be a plain cat or a plain dog must be to be ordinary if not extraordinary.



From King Arthur's Knights *(Jack)* YOUNG OWEN APPEALS TO THE KING

"Mister Piccolo"[1] by Brenda Girvin is a fanciful story written with Miss Girvin's peculiar charm. The story turns with naïveté on the valuable person of Miss Blanche, a white hen who is given in charge to Nita by General Graburn, and who might be a little white girl, so precious is she. The perils the white hen underwent at the hands of the gipsy gang and how she was rescued by Piccolo, the gipsy boy, make a very pleasant story, which Ten-Years-Old recited to me on a winter walk. It seemed to be one of his special favourites of the batch.

"Pinocchio: the Story of a Puppet"[2] is a most quaint and delightful thing. Perhaps the children of the South know the secret of the childhood of the world better than we do. Anyhow, here is imagination, pathos, gentleness, wistfulness, sweetness. Oh, indeed, the imaginative child who receives "Pinocchio" for a Christmas gift will have a well-spring of pure joy. The illustrations by Charles Folkard have caught the spirit of quaint delight which is in the tale. The head- and tail-pieces are most airy and fairy.

"Jack Goldie"[3] by Charles Brookfield is, as one would expect it to be from the authorship, no ordinary book. There are no fairies except those of the imagination to



[illegible] in the Land of Nursery Rhymes *(Allenson)*. "'PLEASE, YOUR MAJESTY,' SAID JACK, 'IT IS BREAD AND HONEY.'"

[1] "Fairy Rings." By Edith Howes. 3s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)
[2] "April Girls." By Lilian Turner. 2s. 6d. (Ward Lock.)
[3] "Amabel and Crispin: a Fairy Tale." By Margaret Clayton. 3s. 6d. net. (Chatto.)

[1] "Mister Piccolo." By Brenda Girvin. 3s. 6d. (Allen.)
[2] "Pinocchio: the Story of a Puppet." 5s. net. (J. M. Dent & Sons.)
[3] "Jack Goldie." By Charles Brookfield. 5s. (Duckworth.)



From The Winning of the Golden Spurs *(Nisbet).* THE ASSAULT ON ST BARBARA'S TOWER



From The Flying Boat *(Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton).* "MR. TINS ASTONISHES THE SCHOOL."

carry Jack through his wonderful adventures after he had escaped from the thraldom of a wicked stepfather, who is also a vivisectionist, and the prospect of an unknown school in Switzerland. The children will take the fairy-story for granted, and will be unaware of the delightful quips and cranks with which Mr Brookfield enlivens his story for the grown-up reader. A book which might quite well have been the work of Mr. Anstey.

Hawthorne's "Wonder-Book" and "Tanglewood Tales"[1] is an acknowledged classic, and one need not write about it nowadays beyond mentioning that Mr Werner Laurie has brought out a sumptuous edition of it, beautifully illustrated by Maxwell Parrish. A book that has won the purple and gold and here goes finely clad in it.

"Stories of Indian Gods and Heroes"[2] by W. D. Monro, gathered from the Vedas, from the Ramayana and Mahabharata, is less a book for children than a book for their



From Brother Scouts *(Chambers)* "JACK SLIPPED HIS TOE ROUND AH FOO'S RIGHT ANKLE, AND TRIPPED HIM UP."

elders. It is beautifully illustrated in colours by Evelyn Paul, and a clever and imaginative boy or girl might find it fascinating, but the stories would have more interest for the scholarly mind than for the mind of the nursery. And when I have written so much I find Ten-Years-Old passionately absorbed in it. So much for the Cocksure Critic!

"Pinafore Tales"[3] is a long way from the Ramayana and the Mahabharata, and expresses itself quite fully as "a book of Story and Verse for Little Folk." It is quite adequate to what it sets out to be, and small children will derive much pleasure from it, both letterpress and pictures.

Finally here is the ever-delightful Mr John Hassall, R.I.,

[1] "The Wonder Book" and "Tanglewood Tales." By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Illustrated in Colours by Maxfield Parrish. 12s. 6d. net. (T. Werner Laurie.)

[2] "Stories of Indian Gods and Heroes." By W. D. Monro. 5s. net. (G. G. Harrap & Co.)

[3] "Pinafore Tales." By Gladys Davidson. (Sands & Co.)

with his Book of Fairy Tales[1] excellently imagined, excellently drawn full of wit and humour altogether a joy to any but the stupid

And now, lest it be supposed that children may suffer from a plethora of fairy-stories as of chocolate this Christmas I would explain that it is not possible since no happy child suffers from too much Fairyland it being his or her native country Wherefore you shall find it very hard to astonish the small child who lives and moves amid the strangest happenings all the while I once brought small children to see Seeth and his thirty lions at which show I sweated in mortal terror of the jungle Not so the children who hardly deigned to be interested being accustomed to lions and worse monsters every day

> I was grown folk that the show delighted
> Grown folk that laughed and were affrighted
> The wise children yawning sat
> They knew a tale worth two of that



From Mister Piccolo (*Allen*)



From Jack, the Fire Dog
(*Allenson*)

FIRE!
[illegible] E. Stewart
[illegible] the [illegible] and Suffolk
[illegible] (Copyright)

QUEERIE AT THE FOLE.

Created and Illustrated by J R SINCLAIR Verses by JOHN [illegible] 2s 6d net (Melrose)

Perhaps you have seen the Queerie Doll at one of Messrs Hamley's toy shops if so you have probably bought it And if you have bought it you will probably want to know all about the original Queerie's adventures which his creator Mr Sinclair has told in a series of vividly funny pictures and Mr Lea has further explained in some clever verses But if you haven't seen the Queerie Doll there is no reason whatever why you should hesitate about buying the book that Mr Melrose publishes for the charm (in their grotesque way they certainly have charm) and humour of the pictures is not dependent upon the possession of a Queerie, though the appreciation of them is enhanced if you have one of these dolls to hand The original doll was a much-travelled person, for he started on his quest from the heart of Central Africa impelled thereto by the fact that "a greedy Lion stole his home and frightened him away,"



From Kit of the Carabineers
(*Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton*)

JENNAWAY'S SWORD FLEW O'ER THE CARRIAGE TOP

[1] "Fairy Tales." Illustrated by John Hassall R I 2s 6d (Blackie.)



From The Schoolgirl Princess *(Nisbet).* "'GET BACK INTO THE CARRIAGE AT ONCE, PRINCESS,' HE CRIED."



From The Girl Crusoes *(Froude and Hodder & Stoughton).* "THE THREE [illegible] THE [illegible] OF THE [illegible]"

and his ensuing adventures reflect much credit on Mr. Sinclair's imagination and at the same time give his peculiar artistic powers full play. Altogether, this is a delightful book for small children.

THE MAGIC CROOK:

Or The Stolen Baby. A Fairy Story. By GREVILLE MACDONALD, M.D. Illustrated by ARTHUR HUGHES. 6s. net. (Fifield.)

Fairy tales full of wise meanings may fail for lack of humour and of that childlike spirit of fun which plays upon *ideas* as well as upon words and makes the inconsequence of "Alice in Wonderland" so enticing. Dr. Greville MacDonald's fantasy suggests no such deficiency, and will set imaginative children laughing with delight. The eldest son of George MacDonald, the poet whose fairy



From Three Girls and a Garden *(Allenson).* "'YOU SAVED MY LIFE!' SAID THE CHILD."

tales are loved in other lands besides our own, Dr. MacDonald holds his torch high and carries on a noble tradition. The perfect relationship between the shepherd and his wife and children and their idyllic way of life make a background touched with light and delicate brush, while an occasional touch of Wonderland nonsense gives an added charm to what is more allegoric, so that it would wrong a story, as free from heavy moralisings as it is rich in unobtrusive wisdom, to call it by any other name than just a fairy tale. The lost baby, the fairy queen and Curdie, the faithful sheep-dog, all play their parts in the exciting adventures of the shepherd-father; and the lavish and enchanting illustrations by Mr. Arthur Hughes, that bravely imaginative painter, who is the last of the so-called pre-Raphaelite group, give to the volume a unique place among new Christmas books. Some of the little songs have the random lilt which children like, and the light of the magic crook [illegible] in the pretty dedication [illegible]

TALES FROM THE WOODS AND FIELDS.

By GLADYS DAVIDSON. With 3 Illustrations in Colour and 18 in Black-and-White by HARRY ROUNTREE. 1s. and 1s. 6d. (Wells Gardner.)

Miss Davidson has already proved herself to be an able and sympathetic teller of nature-stories. In this charming little volume she addresses herself more particularly to young children, who will be able to gather from her much information with regard to the habits of familiar wild animals. But it should not be imagined that the author belongs to the improving school which thinks it necessary to be dull in order to be impressive. On the contrary, every one of her delightful little tales will be read upon its own merits and quite apart from the lessons which it teaches.

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND.

By LEWIS CARROLL. Illustrated by GEORGE SOPER. 5s. (Headley.)

The illustrations of Mr. George Soper are, naturally, the outstanding feature of Messrs. Headley Brothers' edition of "Alice in Wonderland." It is only in his coloured drawings—of which there are six—that Mr. Soper deviates to any considerable extent from the Tenniel tradition, which certainly is a sufficiently sound one for all "Alice" illustrators. Nevertheless, we could wish that the artist had been a trifle more original in the line drawings—with which he and the publishers have been very generous. Certainly Mr. Soper has proved—though it is heresy to say so—that certain improvements on the original are possible. His Alice, for instance, is a far more attractive and more natural little girl than that of Tenniel, while "Curiouser and curiouser" and the "Father William" drawings are, in our opinion, entirely successful. On the other hand, the Mad Tea-party and the [illegible] croquet mallet are nearly failures. But such [illegible] [illegible] and we are more than [illegible] Mr. Soper gives [illegible] "Alice" deserves [illegible] [illegible] Christmas [illegible]



From More about the Twins in Ceylon (*Duckworth*). BENJAMIN BUNNY.



From Lives of Great Men (*Nelson*). WATT AND THE TEA-KETTLE.



"[illegible] INSTANT A FIXED BAYONET [illegible] THE WAY."



From A South-Sea Buccaneer (Melrose). "HAYES DROVE THE LONG-SNOUTED SHELL INTO THE BREECH."

PLUTARCH'S LIVES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

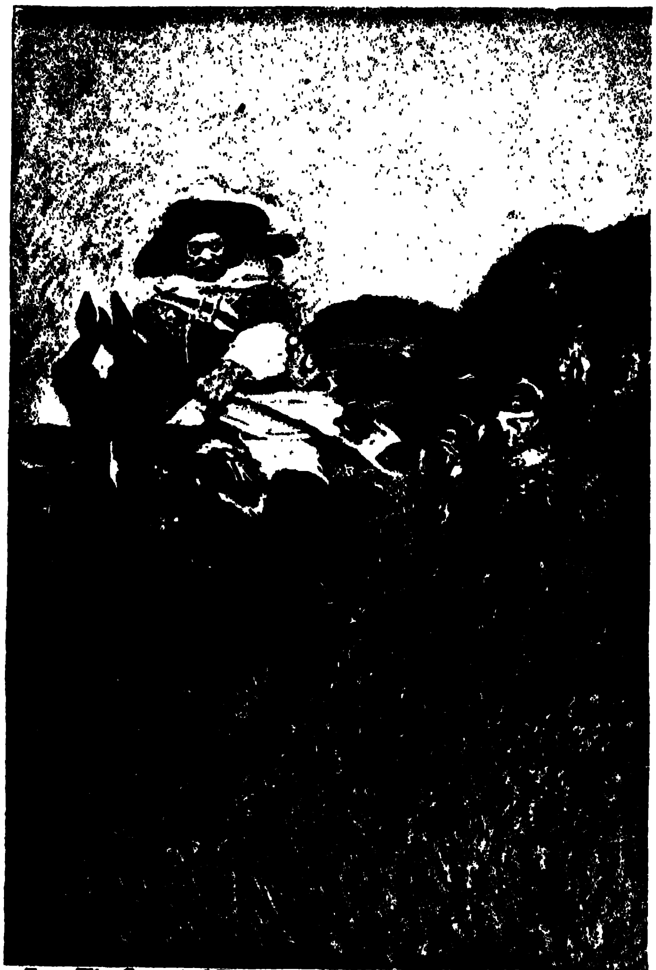
Selected Lives Freely Retold by W. H. WESTON. 7s. 6d. net. (Jack.)

Some very dreary afternoons spent in Plutarch's company



From Stories of Hebrew Heroes (Headley Bros.) "I WILL GIVE YOU MY BOW AND ARROWS."

sprang to our mind on opening this book. In undiluted form, that excellent historian probably never will hold the complete attention of his juvenile readers ; and this is what Mr. Weston has realised. Quite apart from the fact that the original is written in an unfamiliar—and, worse still, a "dead" language—it remains that long passages of Plutarch are dull, at any rate to those natures which are always calling for "something to happen." So Mr. Weston's version, which strips the original of its "discursive reflections," should be very welcome. Not only has the editor briskened things up, but he has composed a very readable rendering of a dozen of the Lives. We have no doubt whatever that boys and girls will have a very different opinion of Plutarch after they have read Mr. Weston, nor is there any reason why a large number of adults should refuse his good offices. Mr. Rainey's sixteen clever illustrations—all reproduced in colour—deserve mention.



From The Sword of Freedom (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton). "'THERE THEY GO!' CRIED THE WAR-HORSE. 'HAVE AFTER THEM, MY BULLY BOYS!'"

THE ALL SORTS OF STORIES BOOK.

By MRS. LANG. Edited by ANDREW LANG. 6s. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

"The All Sorts of Stories Book" should certainly be kept on the family bookshelf, for in it will be found stories to suit each and every member of the family—no matter what his or her taste in tales. True stories, fairy stories, adventure stories, weird, mysterious stories, stories of wrecks and treasure hunts, and Red Indian stories, and many others, are to be found between the covers of this book, including the curious true story of a "man who met in America the other man whom he had been hanged for murdering in England." The true stories include a tale about Charles the Second, and "My Aunt Margaret's Mirror," a strange relation of an incident that really happened to the grandmother of the aunt of Sir Walter Scott. Then there is a weird tale called "The Vanishing of Bathurst," in which Mr. Bathurst, who is standing at the heads of the horses of his carriage, and under the eyes of several persons, suddenly disappears. The stories which

have all been re-written by Mrs Lang, have been "hunted" and "caught" by her and Mr Lang in "all sorts of books," and they are to be heartily congratulated on the excellent selection they have made as the publishers are on the attractive way in which the present volume is presented to us

KING ARTHUR'S KNIGHTS:

Re-told for Boys and Girls. By HENRY GILBERT With 16 Illustrations in Colour by WALTER CRANE 7s 6d net (T C & E C Jack)

Among the many delightful volumes which Messrs Jack have produced this season none perhaps is more likely to attract the book buyer than the very handsomely



From For School and Country (*Cassell*) — I WAS AFRAID OUR EFFORTS HAD BEEN IN VAIN

produced 'King Arthur's Knights Tales from the "Morte d'Arthur" and the Mabinogion which Mr Gilbert has re told in the most spirited fashion have been especially selected with regard to their suitability for boys and girls At the same time we are free to confess that we found the book one of quite unusual fascination and we believe that there are many adults in like case Mr Gilbert has not only a thorough acquaintance with his subject, but he is possessed of considerable literary ability and his rendering of the stories is one of the most satisfactory re-tellings that we have met The volume is characteristically illustrated by Mr Walter Crane

IN THE LAND OF NURSERY RHYME.

By ADA M MARZIALS With Frontispiece by BYAM SHAW 1s 6d net (Allenson)

Miss Marzials, the author of the clever little book now before us, is a practised kindergarten teacher, and she should therefore be thoroughly acquainted with the sort



From Ursula Tempest (*R T S*) — HER EYES WERE FIXED UPON THE HORIZON



From The Quenchless Fire (*Warne*) — "THEY PAUSED NEAR ONE OF THE OUTBUILDINGS OF THE HOTEL"

of stories that young children like. In this little volume she has gathered together a number of short stories based on familiar nursery rhymes. The tales are briskly and effectively written and the morals, which are separately inculcated, are so cleverly interwoven that children will absorb them without suspicion The author is to be warmly congratulated upon the little book which makes reading which is in every way charming

THE WINNING OF THE GOLDEN SPURS.

By PERCY WESTERMAN Illustrated 5s (Nisbet)

Mr Percy Westerman is an old hand at the writing of historical romances for boys and in his latest book he is fully up to his usual level The story is laid in the troublous times of the beginning of the fourteenth century a period which is to a great extent untouched by historical writers Mr Westerman has devised a fine plot and he possesses sufficient imagination in the invention of minor incident to hold the reader's interest from the beginning of the book until the end We can strongly recommend "The Winning of the Golden Spurs"

THE FLYING BOAT.

By HERBERT STRANG 3s 6d (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton)

This story one of Mr Strang's latest deals with the wonderful invention of two school chums who go out to China together One of them buys a hydroplane which they try to turn into a flying boat "The hydroplane was now by no means identical in appearance with the vessel that had roused a passing curiosity at Plymouth During the year they had been in China the boys had devoted



From Contes de Madame d'Aulnoy *(Siegle Hill)*

all their spare time to turning it into a hydro aeroplane They replaced the original hull with a much lighter frame of canvas fitting a kite shaped half keel under its forward part They kept their engine but adapted it to work two propellers one at the stern below the water line for driving the vessel through the water the other raised some feet above the forepart for driving it through the air To the sides they fitted floats and large planes capable of being folded back when the vessel was to be used as a hydroplane and adjustable at various angles By means of differential gearing they contrived that the power of the water screw could be gradually reduced while the air contractor gained in the same proportion The effect of their arrangements was that as the speed in the water increased the vessel rose a little then, bringing into play an elevator and the tractor they made the vessel rise completely out of the water and behave in all respects as an aeroplane" The owner of the machine goes through many thrilling adventures with it, and the book is alive with vigorous action from cover to cover "The Flying Boat" is a rattling good story



But lightning left the Princess more than a hand's breadth behind him

From The Italian Fairy Book *(Fisher Unwin)*.

BROTHER SCOUTS.

By JOHN FINNEMORE Illustrated by W. H C. GROOME 5s. (Chambers)

Mr. John Finnemore's work for boys has gained for its author a considerable reputation, which he thoroughly deserves, and in his latest volume he once more tells a very strong and dramatic story which cannot fail to appeal to the boy mind. The hero, Jack, is the leader of a patrol of Boy Scouts formed in the [illegible] ment of a Chinese town, and the [illegible] that their duties entail serious [illegible] Finnemore writes this sort of book [illegible] well; he never allows the reader's [illegible] to slacken for a moment, and [illegible]

appears to possess first-hand knowledge of the many subjects with which he deals "Brother Scouts" is quite one of his best books It possesses six coloured illustrations by Mr Groome which add to the attractions of the volume

JACK, THE FIRE DOG.

By AUNT LILY With 6 Illustrations (Allenson) 3s 6d

Among Messrs Allenson's many attractive publications particular attention is given to the production of literature of a high religious tone and also to stories suitable for the young It is in the latter category that we must include Jack the Fire Dog which is a sketch of the life history of a dog of no particular breed spotted black and white like a carriage dog but larger and heavier in build and who at the beginning of the story is to be found in the engine room at No 33 The author tells her story simply and effectively and the book should be popular with children

KIT OF THE CARABINEERS:

A Soldier of Marlborough's Days. By D H PARRY 5s (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton)

What boy who is already a reader of Mr D H Parry's fascinating books will not hail with delight Kit of the Carabineers his latest historical romance? As the title signifies the story bristles with dramatic incident and the thrilling adventures which overtake the young hero Kit Dawney are enough to keep one breathless with excitement Many well known personages who figure in English history make their appearance between the covers of Mr Parry's book for no period was more productive of stirring deeds than the early years of the reign of Queen Anne Kit meets the Duke of Marlborough whilst the Duke is visiting his uncle a Jacobite who holds secret meetings in order to get the exiled Stuarts back to the throne The Duke takes an interest in the boy which proves very fortunate for Kit and enables



From Two to Nowhere *(Fisher Unwin)* THEY FLEW ON THROUGH THE COOL SUNNY AIR

him to realise the great desire of his life Mr Archibald Webb's coloured illustrations add greatly to the attraction of the book

THE SCHOOLGIRL PRINCESS.

By ARTHUR WYATT Illustrated 2s 6d (Nisbet)

The Schoolgirl Princess is the story of the exciting adventures which befall a girl of thirteen while on a holiday abroad with her uncle—told by herself When staying in an old castle in Borovia Jessamine Deane finds a timid weeping Princess who is in urgent need of a good holiday by the seaside before she undertakes the arduous task of regaining her lost throne from the clutches of her usurping uncle So while the unfortunate Princess is smuggled away Jessamine takes her part and very successfully she does it being an English girl of decidedly sporting tendencies She leads rebellions ousts the usurper from his place and smacks the face of his unpleasant daughter Luise who, however retaliates by delivering her into the hands of her enemies But after three days of starvation Jessamine escapes to lead the army once more against the wicked uncle and his daughter This time she permanently conquers them and drives them from the kingdom and then—gracefully retires in favour of the true Princess Mr Wyatt has told his story with great spirit and we believe that no normally constituted girl or boy either—can fail to be thoroughly entertained If the book gets the success it deserves both author and publishers ought to make something like a fortune out of it



From For Dear Dad *(Chambers)* "SACHA'S DOLLS WERE IN SPECIAL REQUEST"

THE GIRL CRUSOES.

By MRS HERBERT STRANG 3s 6d and 2s 6d. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton)

This is the story of three plucky sisters who find themselves marooned on an island in the South Pacific They

came from England on a voyage in the uncle's barque, but during a terrible gale one night the ship strikes a reef and is sinking. The girls are persuaded to save themselves by taking to the dinghy, the only boat the storm has left them, and their uncle promises that he and the men will make a raft and follow as soon as possible. But alas! when they have rowed some distance from the scene of the wreck, looking back, they see the vessel has vanished completely, and apparently all on board have gone with it. And they are alone on the great, vast, merciless sea—three young girls, very frightened, inexperienced, and miserable! At last they come to an island—a beautiful wooded island with great cliffs sloping down to the ocean. There is no sign of habitation of any sort, but the girls land, and after the manner of Robinson Crusoe, begin to make there a temporary home for themselves. Adventures come to them galore; incidents exciting and interesting follow each other in quick succession. It is a book that will appeal not only to girls, but boys also; it cannot fail to delight all who are fond of tales of adventure, tinged with the wonder and mystery of the far-away little-known islands of the South Pacific.



From The Air Scout *(Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton).*

THE WRECK OF THE CHINESE AEROPLANE.

LIVES OF GREAT MEN:

Told by Great Men. Edited by RICHARD WILSON. 6s. net. (Nelson.)

Mr. Wilson's method in this book has been to make a number of great men tell for themselves the chief events of their own lives. For example, he selects passages from Lamb's essays which describe his birthplace and something of his early years—his experiences at school, at the East India Office, and on his retirement. Pictures of Wordsworth's life are drawn from the Diary of his sister Dorothy; of Borrow's from certain of his books. The story of Cromwell is distilled from Carlyle's "Life and Letters" of him; of Boswell from his "Life of Johnson"; of Alexander the Great from Plutarch's Lives; and so forth. The idea has not been to give a full record of these great careers, but to focus the readers' interest on the outstanding and significant episodes of them. Within these limits Mr. Wilson has done his work very ably, and has produced a series of twenty-three biographical sketches that younger readers will find full of interest. The numerous illustrations in colour are excellent reproductions of famous paintings.

A SCHOOL-GIRL OF MOSCOW.

By MAY BALDWIN. With 6 Coloured Illustrations by W. RAINEY. 6s. (W. & R. Chambers.)

The scene of the story is laid in Moscow soon after the great political disturbances in Russia a few years back. Nina Hamilton, her Aunt Penelope, and her father go to Moscow for two years in connection with some estates which they own out there. Nina is sent to a Muscovite school, and Miss Baldwin is most interesting in her description of Russian school life and customs. But Nina soon gets herself into trouble. She makes great friends with the elder sister of one of her school-friends, and goes to see the condition of the poor in Moscow—whereat she and her Aunt Penelope are greatly shocked. Not being content with this, however, they are heard to utter treasonable words and are known to be associates of



From More Peers *(Stephen Swift).*

Lord Abbott's coronet was far too small,
So small, that as he [illegible] White Hall
Even the youthful Proletariat
(Who probably mistook it for a Hat)
Remarked on its exiguous extent.
Here is a picture of the incident.



From The Boy's Guide (*Nelson*)

THE MINIATURE RAILWAY SUTTON COLDFIELD PARK NEAR BIRMINGHAM
(Photo by Messrs Bassett Lowke Ltd)

doubtful characters They have most stirring and exciting experiences with the Revolutionaries and are finally rescued by Nina's father who decides that they are far better out of Russia if they cannot control their sympathy with the poor and oppressed So they are sent back to England The author has given us a very readable and exciting book full of incident and adventure, and replete with interesting observations upon life and customs in Moscow It should prove a most acceptable gift to girls in their teens Mr W Rainey has made six very good illustrations for the book

A SOUTH SEA BUCCANEER.

By ALBERT DORRINGTON 6s (Melrose)

Mr. Dorrington's Bully Hayes is already a familiar figure to the magazine-reading public, and we believe that all the stories which compose this book have appeared before in the columns of a popular magazine Not that this is a disadvantage, for the tales as a whole are completely worthy of the more permanent form in which they are now produced and a general welcome should be forthcoming for the volume Hayes is the central figure of all the tales, which tell of what must be only a few of his experiences as buccaneer, captain of a pearling lugger, and gold-prospector—as well as a few other professions, for Hayes is nothing if not versatile. All the stories are well managed, dramatic, and exciting, but we confess to a special liking for the sardonic humour of "The Gold Throwers," which, with "A Deal in Planets" and "An

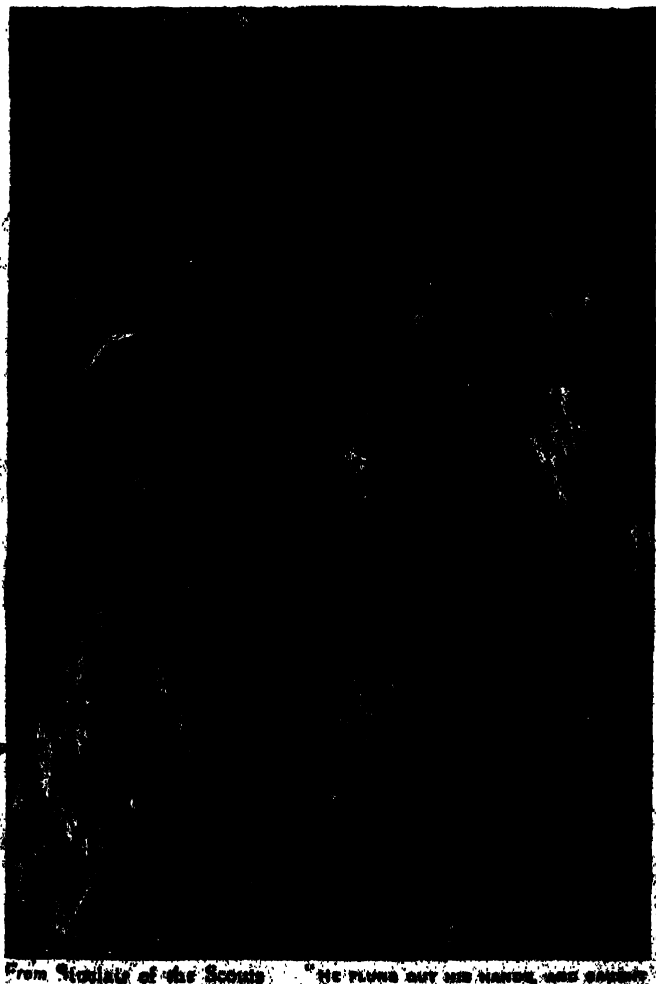


From Every Boy's Book of Railways and Steamships (*R.T.S.*)

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY: THE IMPERIAL LIMITED MAIL, LOCOMOTIVE No [illegible], 4-6-0. From Montreal to Vancouver, [illegible] miles, in 4 days 14 hours.



From Prester John (*Nelson*). "'IN THE NAME OF GOD,' CAME THE VOICE, 'I DELIVER TO THE HEIR OF JOHN THE SNAKE OF JOHN.'"



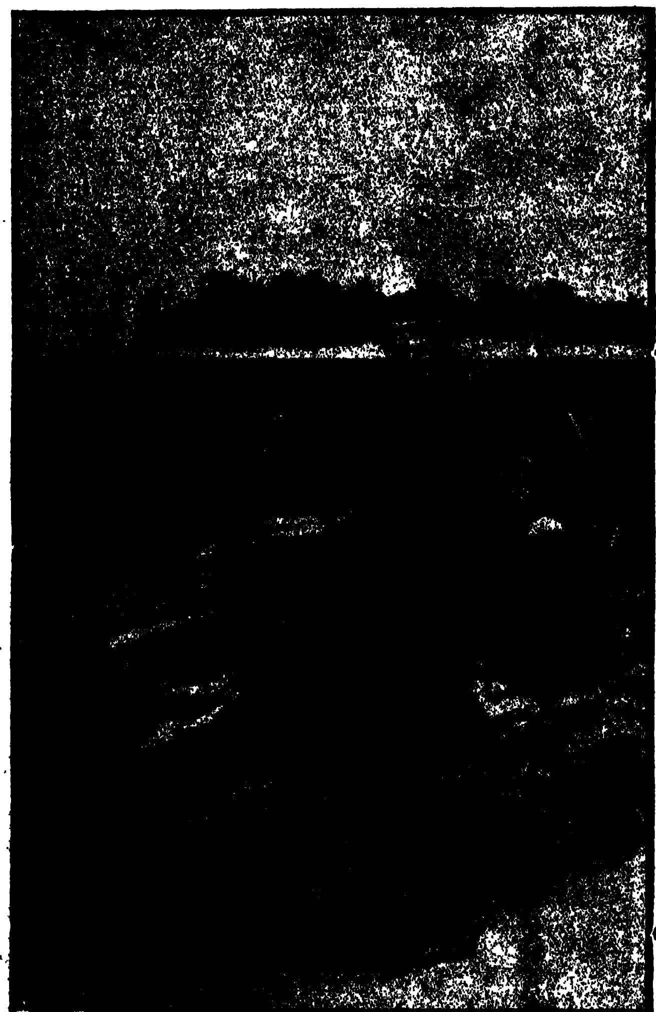
From [illegible] of the Scouts (*R.T.S.*) "HE FLUNG OUT HIS HANDS [illegible] THE PYTHON BY THE NECK."

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From The Brig "Jane Mary" (*Jarrold*). "JUST RAISING HIS HEAD SUFFICIENTLY TO WATCH WHAT WAS AFOOT."

portant mission. He arrives in London at the break of day, after an exciting adventure at a country inn, and makes his way to a narrow street at the back of Fleet Street; down a dark, mysterious passage he goes and comes to an old stone archway with a sleeping sentry at the foot of some wooden stairs. In the room at the top of the stairs he finds three gentlemen seated round a table. He discusses with them a plot that is afoot to drive King James off the throne and finally proposes a toast to the health of Queen Mary Stuart and King William the Third. " And it was as they drained their glasses to the dregs that the great bolt on the oaken door without shot back with a snapping sound; and through the wicket there came a small, half-stifled cry like to that of a girl afraid. And then they four were caught and caged alive like so many mice in a trap." What became of the four and who it was that had overheard them plotting, together with many enthralling happenings, is told here powerfully and dramatically; and all through, in the background of the story, looms the grim, dark Tower of London.

STORIES OF THE HEBREW HEROES.

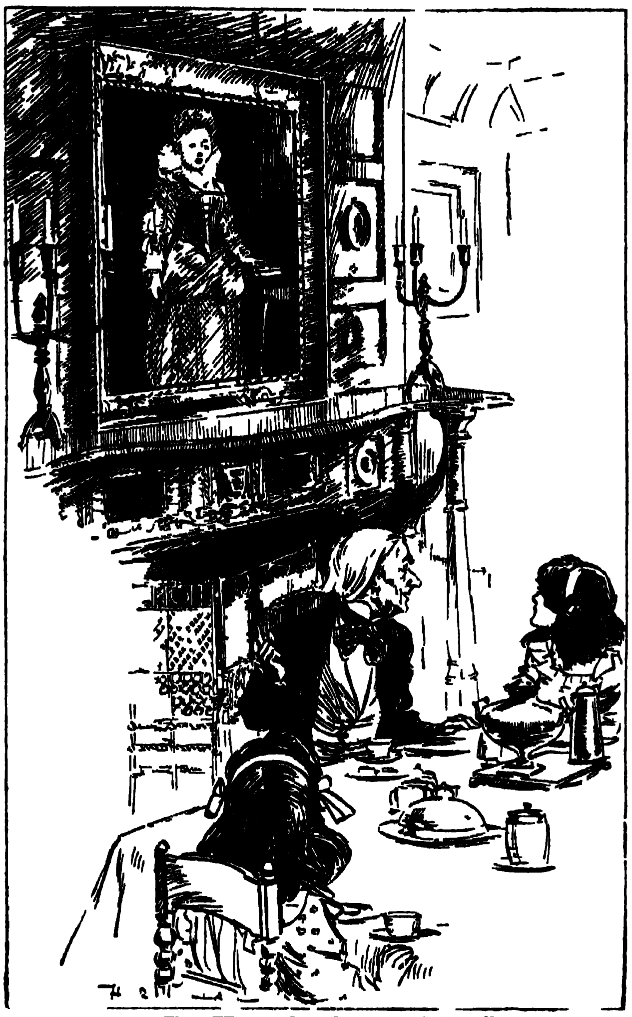
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"Mother may I go out to play"
Yes darling if you'll try
To mind and keep where the water's deep
And don't go where it's dry

From Cover of A Garland of Verse *(Stanley Paul)*



From The Wonderful Garden *(Macmillan)*

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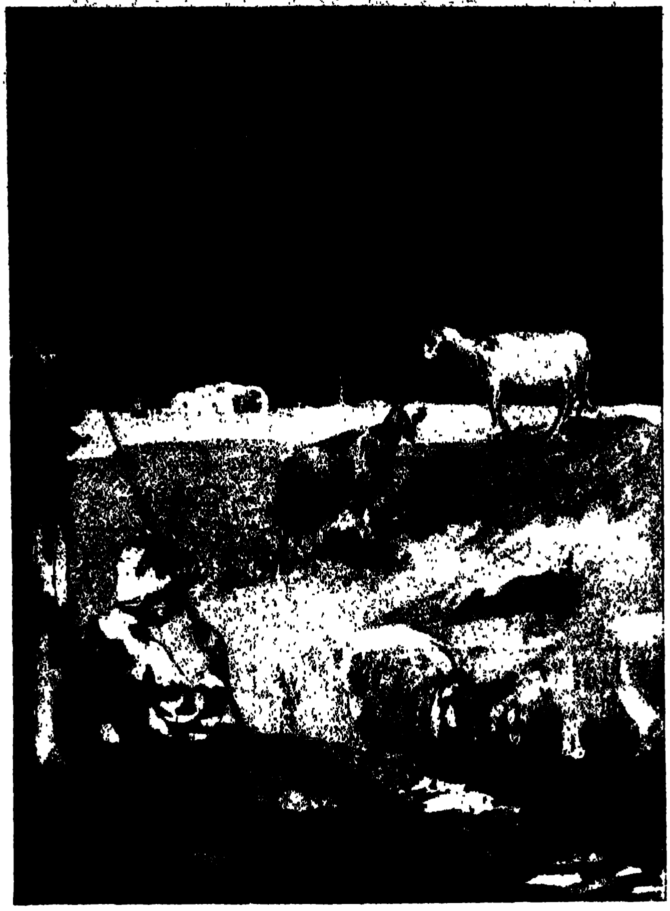
End-paper of Amabel and Crispin *(Chatto & Windus)*

ceeded in compiling a volume which is as good as any of its kind that we have met. Italy is unusually rich in folk-lore and local tradition; in fact, the compiler's difficulty can never have been as to how she was to accumulate sufficient material for her book. We consider, therefore, that seeing the end she had in view—that the book should appeal primarily to children—she has made a most judicious selection. She herself is presumably responsible for the rendering of the stories into English, a task which has been exceedingly well performed. The volume is elaborately illustrated and decorated in red-and-black by Mr. M. Meredith Williams.

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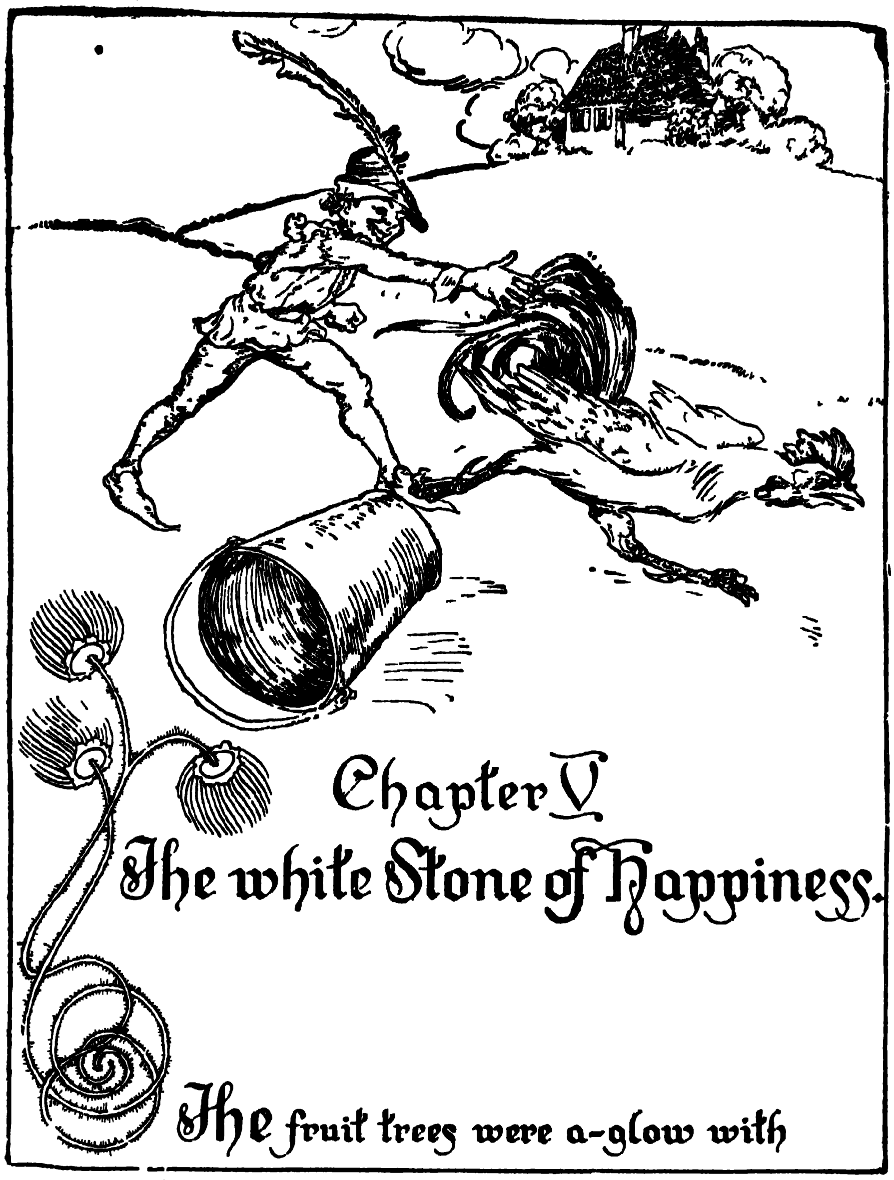
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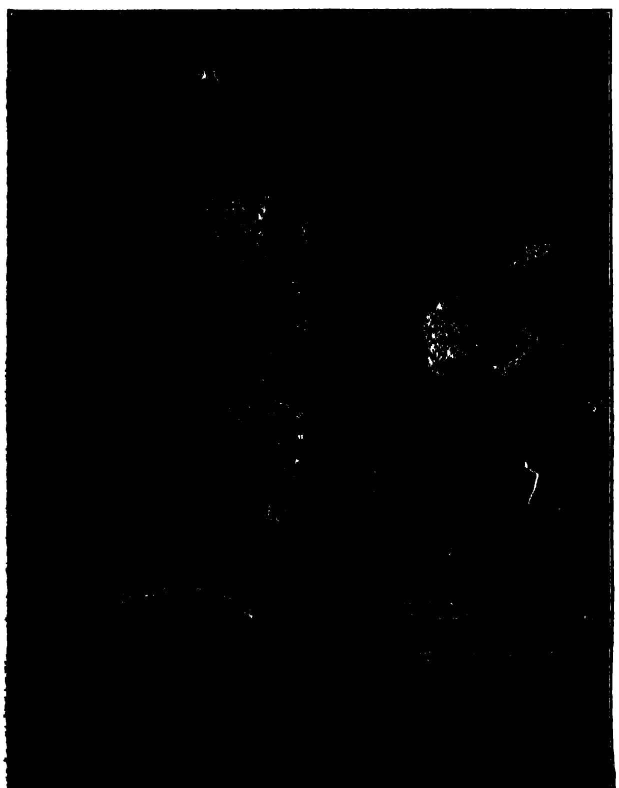


Chapter V
The white Stone of Happiness.

The fruit trees were a-glow with

Facsimile page of Fairies and the Christmas Child *(Harrap)*

went to in the Magic Egg. The grown-up child who had left his bed cold until he had discovered why Bolo had spoiled Winks's chance of wedding the Fairy Prince admitted the justice of the appeal. There is no doubt that Winks deserved all she got for her treatment of her ugly cousin Albert, even if he was a bit of a prig and thought too much of arithmetical tables and geography and such things; her conduct was highly reprehensible. If she had even at the last moment taken her nurse's advice and written a nice letter to Albert after he was gone, telling him how sorry she was for hurting him and that she really didn't think him ugly at all, she would have escaped all the trouble which afterwards befel her. The result was that when the Prince saw Winks he burst into a roar of derisive laughter. "You call this a fair maiden," he said as soon as he could speak, "and think I should be happy to marry a wife with a face that I could never see without having a fit? You are playing with me. Why, I never saw such a funny face before outside a penny show." And all the while he said these things Winks, despite her wrath, was aware that there was a certain likeness between this young man and her cousin. There was a great commotion in the King's palace and many unpleasant things were said before Winks, her father and mother, Jane and Lady Charlotte, the doll, departed. But only Winks remembered afterwards what had happened and

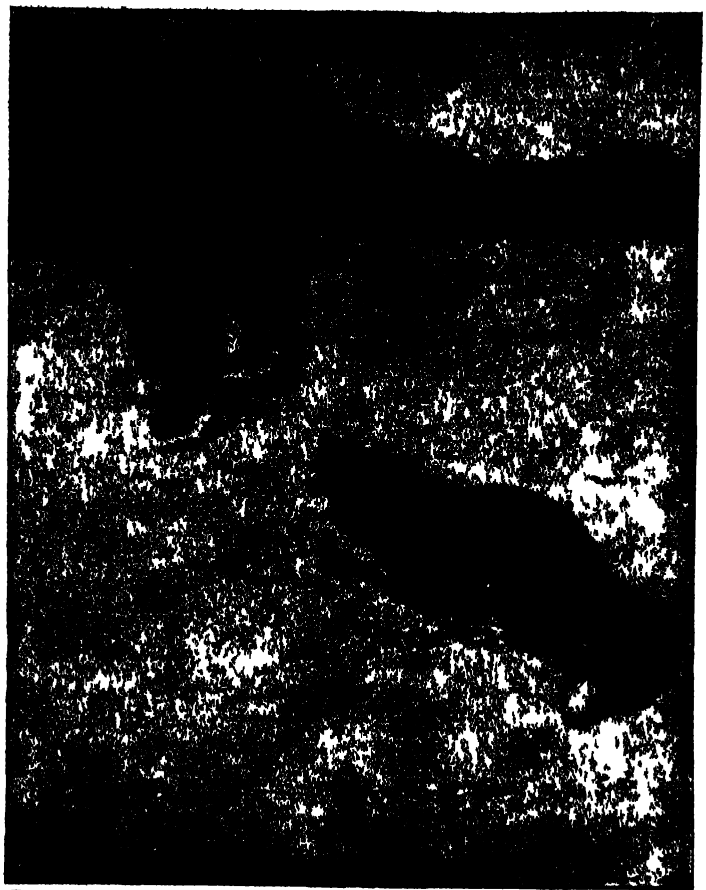


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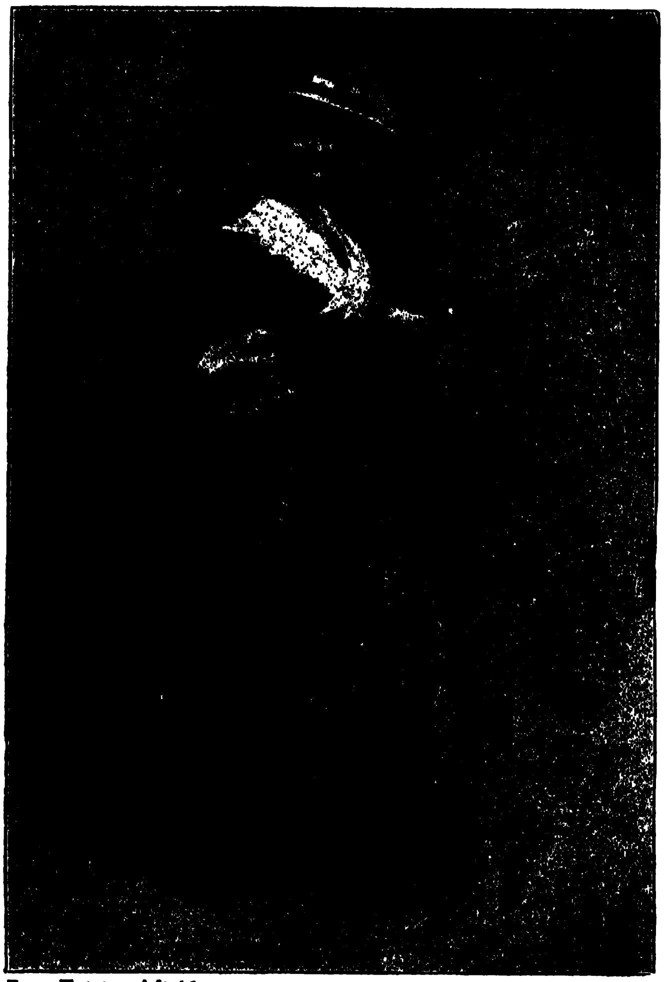
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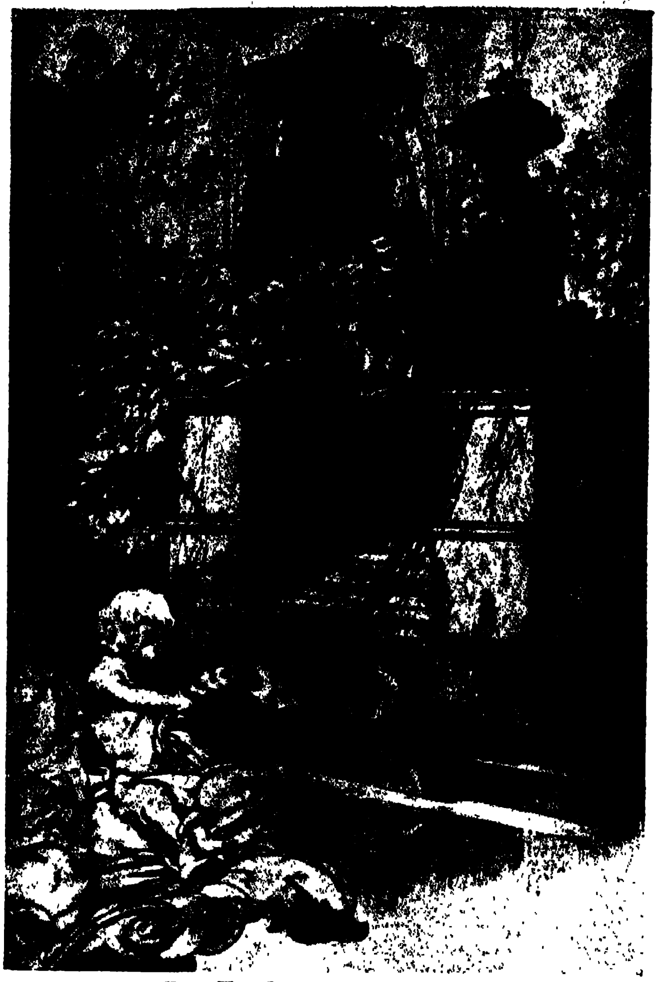
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two-shilling series of copyright novels. And now it is republished in an attractive form as a book for boys. Of course, it is exactly the sort of thing that boys delight in. Without being in any way unoriginal, the book is a sort of blend of "Treasure Island" and "King Solomon's Mines" – that, at any rate, is the best brief description we can think of for the moment. The new form which the publishers have given to it merits attention for the artistic setting of the type and the breadth of margin, both of which are worthy of an edition de luxe. Add to this that you get a number of coloured illustrations by Mr. Stephen Reid, and we believe that it will be confessed that Messrs. Nelson have done their duty both by the author –in making the book so beautiful and by the public—in making it so cheap.

EVERY BOY'S BOOK OF RAILWAYS AND STEAMSHIPS.

By Ernest Protheroe. With Coloured Plates and many other Illustrations. 4s. 6d. net. (R.T.S.)

No boy could resist the appeal of such a book as this. Mr. Ernest Protheroe writes very clearly of the romance of the construction of railways in Great Britain. It is indisputable that a little more space might have been devoted to some foreign railways. In his second section, which he devotes to steamships, Mr. Protheroe is probably seen to better advantage. He traces the development of the liner from early times to the present day. His writing is always pleasant and readable, and there should be a great success in front of "Every Boy's Book of Railways and Steamships." It possesses sixty-two black-and-white illustrations and five coloured plates.

SINCLAIR OF THE SCOUTS.

By J. Claverdon Wood. With Coloured Illustrations by J. Finnemore, R.I. 5s. (R.T.S.)

If you are buying Christmas presents at a book-shop and you come across a copy of "Sinclair of the Scouts,"

you will make a very great mistake if you pass it over, more particularly if you are yourself interested in West Africa. For this is altogether an unusually fine book It would be a mistake to call it a story. It has, certainly, a slight plot. The hero's father has been captured by an African tribe, but there are indications that he has not been put to death, and young Sinclair is brought up to the idea that he must rescue his father. Circumstances give him a large amount of useful knowledge, and he also learns Arabic and a West African language. To such good purpose does he put his training that at the age of eighteen he has made a reputation for himself. There follow passages descriptive of war in its naked barbarity with West and Central African savages, and then Sinclair finds his father, and takes revenge upon his captor. Both return safely to England, which Sinclair only leaves again during the Boer War, returning to peace and comfort with the capture of Pretoria. But it is not for its plot that the book should be read. The volume is, in reality, the biography of a scout. The author unquestionably has a thorough personal knowledge of his subject, and he has put that knowledge to the best account. There is a tremendous amount of information within the covers of this work, and the whole has been written with a sincerity and candour that cannot fail to impress the reader. As a volume for older boys, "Sinclair of the Scouts" will take a great deal of beating.



From The Story of the Crusades (*Harrap*). THE VISION OF MOHAMMED

THE BRIG "JANE MARY."

By FRANCIS MARLOWE. With Coloured Frontispiece by F. E. HILEY and 8 Illustrations in Half-tone by R. CATON WOODVILLE. 3s. 6d. (Jarrold.)

Mr. Francis Marlowe's new boys' story is of the kind that an adult on the look-out for a rattling good yarn of adventure will find just as entertaining. But who ever reads it—father, son, or both—nobody, we think, will feel at all inclined to stop when once it is begun. Dan Cook, a sailor who is spending on shore the money that he made on his last voyage, is cajoled with a friend on board the brig *Jane Mary*. There both men are drugged and taken to sea. Although they discover that their shipmates are



From Animals in Fun-Land (*Jas. Clarke*). "NO MORE NOW—IT'S DINNER-TIME."

no less than pirates they are compelled to navigate the brig. There is a secret treasure at the bottom of all this, and there is besides a great deal of adventure before the treasure is salved by the right people. Once Mr. Marlowe has got properly under way he does not lose his grip on the reader until the last page is reached. "The Brig *Jane Mary*" is quite an excellent tale of its kind.



From Treasure Island *(Cassell)* TWO GUINEAS! ROARED MERRY SHAKING IT AT SILVER

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES.

6s. (A. & C. Black.)

Messrs. A. & C. Black have published this Christmas a very fine edition of Grimm's fairy tales. It is to the brothers Grimm of course that we owe such familiar favourites as the Sleeping Beauty, Tom Thumb, Little Red Riding Hood and other of those fascinating stories which the children will never be tired of hearing. We may say we outgrow fairy stories, but even in the heart of the grown up there lurks a secret fondness for the Frog Prince and Rumpelstiltskin and all those old friends of his youthful days, and if some of the older of us sat down and took up Messrs. Black's attractive volume we should find we were not so old as we thought we were. The book contains many admirable illustrations by Mr. Charles Folkard, and includes John Ruskin's introduction to Grimm. Altogether one could not find a more charming edition of an old favourite or a more satisfactory gift for a young friend.

CHILDREN OF PERSIA.

By Mrs. Napier Malcolm. With 8 Coloured Illustrations. 1s. 6d. net. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

In this series of short chapters Mrs. Napier Malcolm brings vividly before children the life of their contemporaries in Persia. The author has written the little volume in a bright and chatty fashion, but her intentions are to raise interest in the Christian missions in that country. In this she succeeds very well, and by humanising the Persians perhaps she does something towards increasing the reader's interest in foreign missions. The book is illustrated by eight very clever drawings in colour.

THE FAIRIES AND THE CHRISTMAS CHILD.

By Lilian Gask. With many Illustrations in Colours and Black and white by Willy Pogany. 5s. net. (Harrap.)

Last year Miss Gask and Mr. Pogany entered into a pleasant conspiracy to give us one of the most attractive fairy stories which it is possible to imagine, and it seems likely that an arrangement has been made by which they shall continue to give us a series of beautiful volumes published every year. Miss Gask's story is quite as attractive as its predecessor, and Mr. Pogany's illustrations are once again a joy to the eye. "The Fairies and the Christmas Child" is, we think, easily the most beautiful book at its price which has been published this year.



From Perrault's Fairy Tales *(Herbert & Daniel)* SHE WAS A HUNDRED TIMES MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN HER SISTERS COULD BE

ZOO FOLK.

Interviewed by W. J. Roberts. 1/8 3 [illegible] net. (Laurie.)

The latest volume of Mr. Werner Laurie's "Eclectic Library" is one that should prove very popular as a gift-book. Children are almost always voracious readers of works of natural history, provided that such books are written in a sufficiently attractive style, and they will certainly find that Mr. Roberts does not weary them with unnecessary scientific detail. At the same time, the author never sacrifices accuracy for the sake of readableness, and he has an exhaustive knowledge of the subjects he treats. He knows, besides, his "Zoo." And the result is a book that nobody can afford to despise as a companion on his next visit. The author is sufficiently familiar with the animals – or perhaps, after all it is only with their keepers— to have the personal history and the private habits of many of them at his fingers' ends, and he lightens the way for his juvenile readers with many a good little anecdote. The book is illustrated with twenty-six well-printed photographs.

By Ethel Turner. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)

Miss Ethel Turner's delightful stories for children are already so well known that further recommendation from us is almost unnecessary. The charming volume which Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co. have just published under the title of "An Ogre Up to Date" contains some half-dozen short stories and eleven pieces of verse. It is elaborately illustrated both in colour and black-and-white, and it does full justice to Miss Turner's talents.



From An Ogre Up to Date *(Ward, Lock).*

THE SUNSET OF THE HEROES.

By W. M. L. Hutchinson. Illustrated by Herbert Cole. 5s. net. (Dent.)

In "The Sunset of the Heroes," Mr. W. M. L. Hutchinson tells very vividly the story of the adventures of the victorious Greeks after the fall of Troy. In his Prologue he summarises briefly the events of the first nine years of the Siege, and he begins his regular narrative with the account of the death of Achilles. The book is throughout written in a very charming style and it should prove popular as a prize or gift book for boys in their teens. The volume has the advantage of eight full-page illustrations—reproduced in colour—and several very clever line decorations by Mr. Herbert Cole.



From The Sunset of the Heroes *(Dent).*

THE NEW CHILD'S GUIDE TO KNOWLEDGE.

By Laurence Housman. 2s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

In "The New Child's Guide to Knowledge" Mr. Laurence Housman skilfully burlesques the Cautionary Stories of Mrs. Elizabeth Turner, to whom he dedicates his book. "Brief life," he says in the dedication, "we know, is here our portion ; 'Twas you reduced it to a Caution." Many



From The New Child's Guide to Knowledge *(Sidgwick & Jackson).* Savoir Faire.



From **When I Was**
(Gay & Hancock)

THE CIRQ, THE POPEE AND THE FINDOLS

of the moral lessons are connected with a young lady named Jane, and the author states quite frankly why he chooses this name for her:

> I'm fond of Jane, for every time
> She comes so usefully in rhyme.

We are also introduced to Matilda, the girl who "gets her own again," and to Mrs. Keen, who

> "... commenced to teach
> Her infant son the rules of speech,
> She started her instructions thus:
> 'Pray never be ambiguous!'"

It is a clever and delightfully amusing little book, and admirably and fittingly illustrated with "Elegant Engravings, Drawn from the Best Sources."

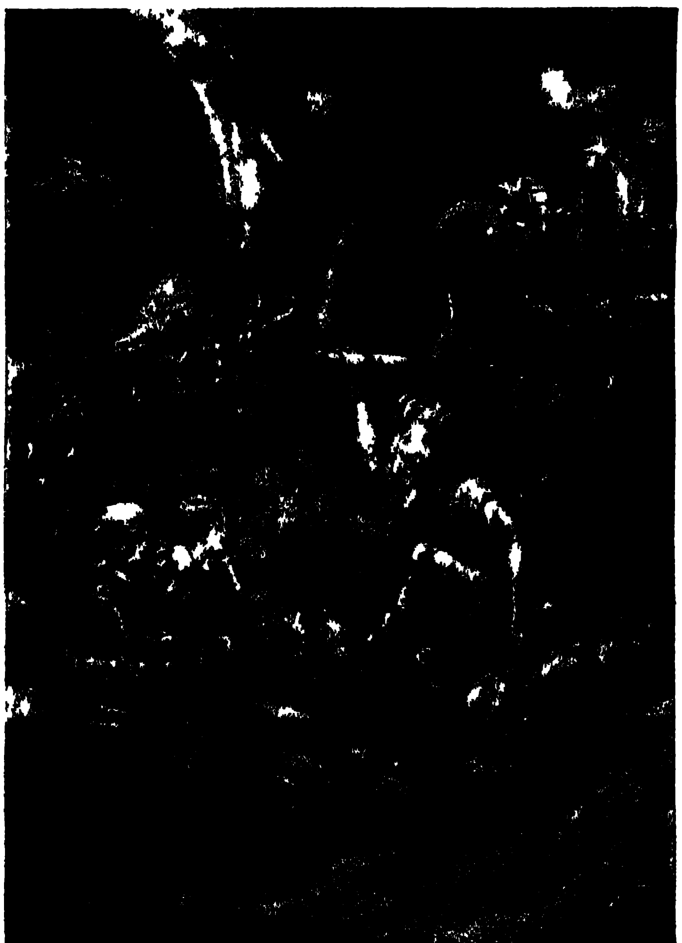
WHEN I WAS.

By Mrs. Charles Benthall. With Introduction by Eden Phillpotts and 30 Illustrations by the Author. 2s. 6d. net. (Gay & Hancock.)

The praise which Mr. Eden Phillpotts bestows upon this remarkable little fairy book is certainly well deserved, for Mrs. Charles Benthall has imagined a fairy story of an entirely new kind, and the only fault we have to find with the book is that the frontispiece gives little indication of the extraordinary nature of its contents. The cover certainly is truly successful in this, but it has no inscription. And so possible buyers of what is in our opinion quite the best grotesque fairy story which has been published for many years are left ignorant of the fact that this book will introduce them to the Cirq, the Ognoo, the Wong-dong, the Gollywuoc, the Gung, and many other strange creatures too numerous to mention. Hardly a child but will be fascinated by the author's extraordinary inventive powers, and this book is worthy of the deepest attention on the part of adults as well.



From **Mother Goose** *(Warne)*

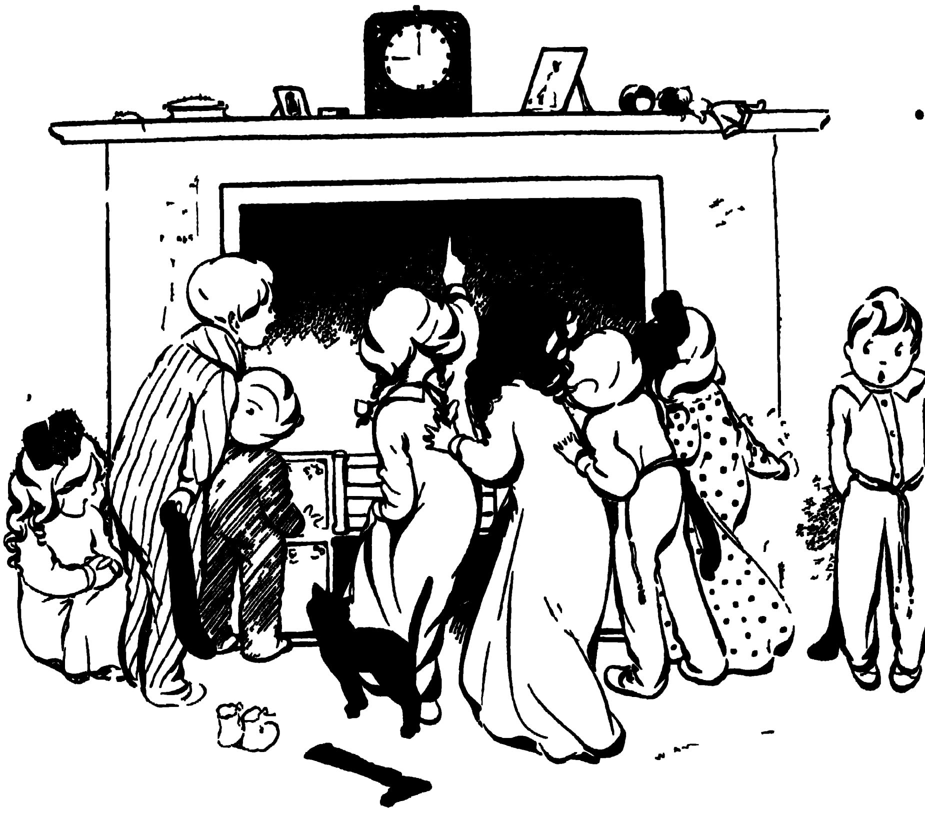


From **Fairy Rings** *(Cassell)*

MOTHER GOOSE

Or The Old Nursery Rhymes. Illustrated by KATE GREENAWAY. 1s 6d net (Warne.)

One of the cheapest and most charming little Christmas gift books imaginable comes from Messrs Warne in the form of a reissue in handy form of Kate Greenaway's well known illustrations to the nursery rhymes. Forty four of the most familiar rhymes are treated and in every case the drawings have been reproduced in colour. Kate Greenaway's illustrations were always full of charm and those that she made for "Mother Goose" are among her greatest successes. The present pleasant little volume should have a great future before it.



From Happy Hearts *(Ward Lock)*

WARD, LOCK & CO.'S WONDER BOOK.

A Picture Annual for Boys and Girls. 1911. 3s 6d. 5s 6d.

HAPPY HEARTS.

A Picture Book for Boys and Girls. 1s and 1s. (Ward Lock.)

Messrs Ward Lock's Annual for Children are as good as ever this year and the "Wonder Book" in particular does more and more to justify its title. As most of our readers know it is a collection of short stories and verse of high quality and suited for children from the ages of eight to twelve. It is also very fully illustrated both in colour and line and is well printed on a good quality paper. The "Wonder Book" means more than 300 pages of amusement of the best kind. "Happy Hearts" is designed for rather younger children and the quantity of material that it comprises is probably slightly less than in the "Wonder Book." The publishers have taken pains to keep the two volumes at the same high standard so far as quality is concerned. Both the "Wonder Book" and "Happy Hearts" are perfect Christmas presents. Any child will be delighted with them.

THE WONDER BOOK OF RAILWAYS:

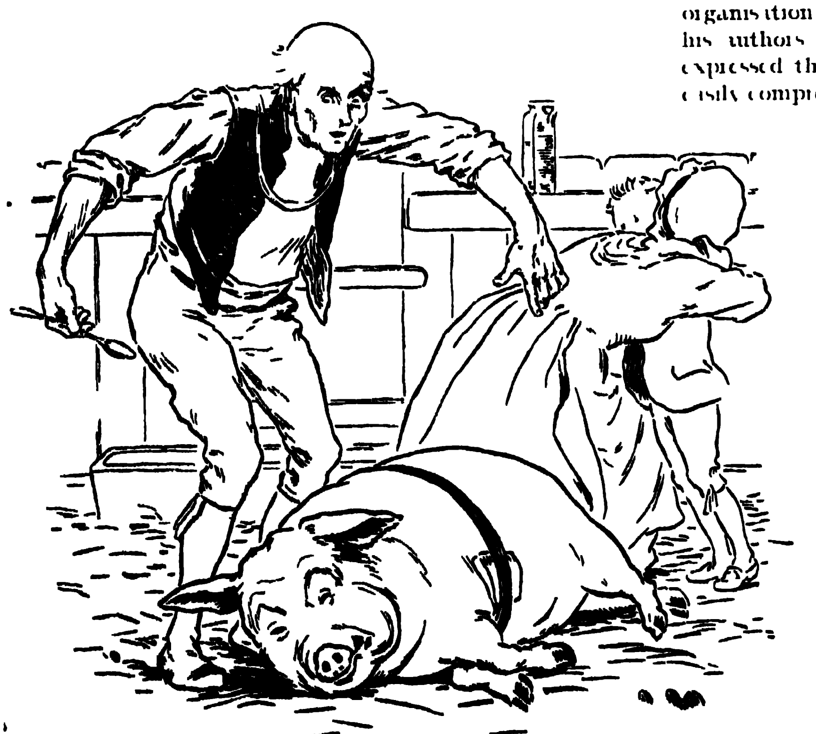
For Boys and Girls. Edited by HARRY GOLDING. With Illustrations in Colour and over 300 in Black and white. 3s 6d. (Ward Lock.)

Mr Harry Golding has edited a most interesting miscellany upon railway life and organisation. The fact that his authors have one and all expressed themselves in terms easily comprehensible to young children in no way diminishes from the accuracy of the facts to be found within the covers of this volume, and in addition to this ... the more technical portions are brightened by extracts from the work of such well known humorists as Mr E Raymond Coulson and Miss Jessie Pope. It is crowded with illustrations of all varieties and it is a book which should attract every normally constituted boy.



PORTRAIT OF ARTIST AS A CHILD BY HIS FATHER

From Jack B. Yeats *(Elkin Mathews)*

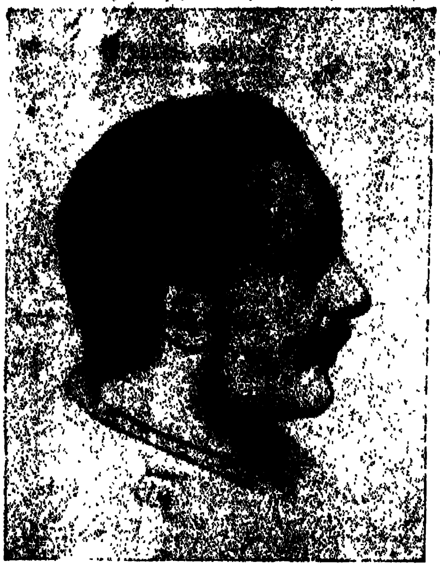


From The Tailor and the Crow *(Warne)*

THE TALE OF TIMMY TIPTOES.

Written and Illustrated by BEATRIX POTTER. 1s net and 1s 6d net. (Warne.)

Miss Potter certainly has a way with her so far as children are concerned and we believe that the series from her pen in which "Timmy Tiptoes" is included already numbers among its volumes several outstanding successes.



CHARLES GEORGE GORDON, 1882.
(Edward Clifford, *del.* Emery Walker, *Ph. sc.*)
From **Gordon at Khartoum** *(Stephen Swift).*
Reviewed on page 20.

"Timmy" should assuredly be one of the most popular of the little books. In it Miss Potter is as direct and charming as ever, and her little coloured drawings which illustrate the volume are a sheer delight. "Timmy Tiptoes" is the tale of a "little fat comfortable grey squirrel" and the adventure which he was compelled to undergo by reason of his industry. It has no moral, and the author has not tried to supply one; this, we believe, is just what the modern child likes.

CAPTIVE ROYAL CHILDREN.

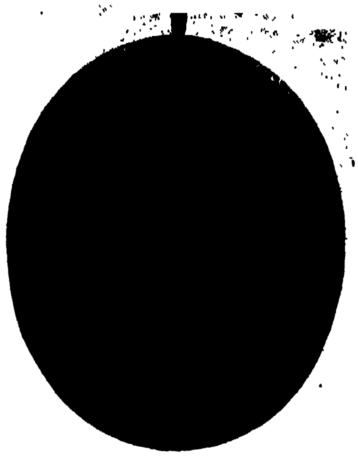
By G. I. WHITHAM. Illustrated by A. G. WALKER, Sculptor. 6s. (Wells Gardner.)

It is the Tower of London that looms sadly behind nearly all Mr. Whitham's sympathetic studies of a number of the royal children who have been held prisoners in England from Plantagenet to Stuart times. Some of the children, certainly, were never imprisoned in the Tower; but the majority of them were. And perhaps one of the author's reasons for writing the book that he has, was to stimulate the interest of visitors to London's most historic monument. In this he scores a great success. There will be few children, we think—and for the matter of that few adults—who will not have their curiosity whetted and their sympathies aroused by the tragic little tales that Mr. Whitham has to tell. There are happy endings to some of the stories—to that, for instance, of the captivity of Queen Elizabeth—but they serve rather to throw into relief the pathos of the other ones. Nevertheless, Mr. Whitham has done his work very well; he has taken care never to be unduly harrowing and he lays some stress upon the amusements of his heroes and heroines. The book is charmingly printed and bound and it has the advantage of a large number of highly accomplished black-and-white illustrations by Mr. A. G. Walker.

PARTRIDGE'S CHILDREN'S ANNUAL.

3s. 6d. (S. W. Partridge & Co.)

Messrs. Partridge's Annual will again take rank with the most popular of publications for children this Christmas. As usual it is full of good things: pictures, stories, and verse, which are sure to amuse the little ones and bring them endless pleasure. There are many attractive coloured plates; the stories are simply worded and printed in good large type. A more suitable present for a small girl or boy could not be found.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA.
From **Miniatures** *(Lane).*
Reviewed on page 31.



From **The Wonder Book of Railways** *(Ward, Lock).*

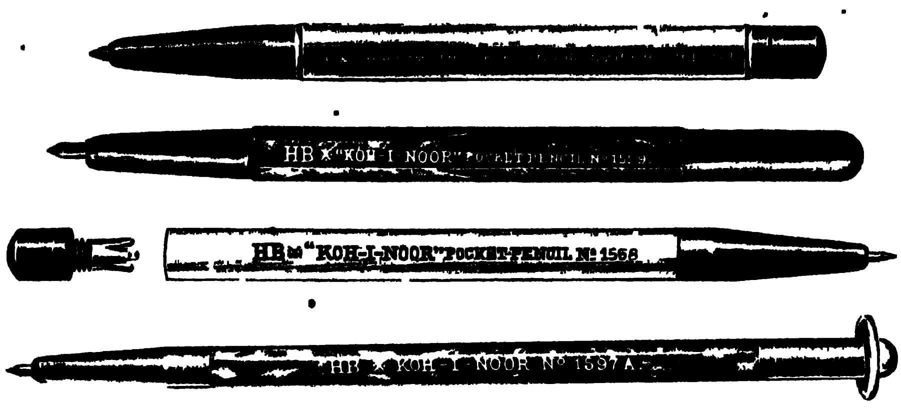
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A Special and Specially Beautiful Christmas Edition of Dickens' "Christmas Carol."



TINY TIM, one of the colour drawings in the "Daily Chronicle" *Christmas Carol*, here reproduced in black-and-white.

THE London "Daily Chronicle" has just re-issued, at 3s. 6d. net, the special Christmas edition of Charles Dickens' famous "*Christmas Carol.*" It is illustrated with a series of colour drawings by Miss Ethel F. Everett, who has caught the spirit and characters of the "*Carol*" in a quite remarkable way. The volume is printed on fine thick paper, is handsomely bound, and altogether is a book beautiful. Indeed it is not too much to say that it is one of the most beautiful books provided for this Christmas. It can be got from any bookshop or bookstall, or post free for 3s. 10d. (abroad 4s.) from "The Daily Chronicle," Fleet Street, London.



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No. 1568, illustrated above, can be had, if desired, in plain 9 ct. gold at 15/-.





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